

THE
MITER

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LATIN
SCHOOL



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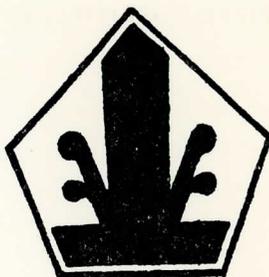
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Dedication

He was the friend of every student at the Bishop's Latin School.

He was the confidant and professional advisor to every member of the faculty.

He was a quiet man; yet, his voice rang with the authority of his office.

In every way, he was a man to be admired and emulated.

He was the person who guided many of the organizations of our school in their formative stages.

His help was a prime factor in the development of the *Miter*.

He is the Reverend William J. Walsh, S.J., the former Headmaster of the Bishop's Latin School, who was re-assigned this year to undertake special studies at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

To Father Walsh, this edition of the *Miter* is respectfully dedicated.

—MR. JOHN C. FERRANTE



Uncle Tom's An Angel

by STANLEY J. JANIAK

In a dark, deserted slum street, as a puff of hot summer air was stirring a few bits of newspaper and candy wrappers, thumping steps could be heard on the sidewalk. The lonely steps were soon joined by others, and a boisterous conversation arose. The noisy talk and tramping footsteps belonged to a group of five burly Negroes. They reached a pair of steps which led to a smoke filled bar room. Inside, the din of the conversation was deafening. At this time of year, most of the talk was about the Dodgers.

The five soon joined in the merry-making by shouting hardy greetings to their friends. In a matter of minutes, they joined the laughing, drinking crowd—all but one, Link. He moved off to a vacant table in the corner. His footsteps could be easily identified as the lonely ones which were first heard on the sidewalk.

From the gloomy corner, he scanned the crowd with a pair of dull eyes. There was Jim Fellows who had a job with the city and made eighty dollars a week. Over in the far corner, Tom Jackson was laughing loudly, and why not? He made eighty-five a week. Bill Brown was ordering another drink. He could enjoy himself, too. Link was jealous of everyone he looked at. They all made more than his skimpy fifty a week, and with a wife and three kids, his pay didn't go too far. Sometimes his family would even have to do without electricity because he couldn't meet the payments. His children had to run around in ragged clothing and worn out shoes. For these and many other reasons, he was jealous of his more fortunate friends. Taking a small sip of beer, he let his jealousy paint other exaggerated pictures. He thought about how he couldn't even drink his beer like a man. He was always taking small sips to make his drink last, and he could barely afford this one. When Bill Brown's drink came across the bar and Bill gulped half of it in a swallow, that was the spark which set off his blazing anger. He, too, wanted to taste a whole mouthful of cold beer at a time. At that moment, he vowed to get back at Bill and all the others who laughed and drank while he was suffering.

A few weeks later, Link's footsteps could again be heard on the sidewalk. This time they were not hurrying along. Link had nurtured his

anger over the past two weeks, and it had boomed into a plan for revenge. Tonight was the night to put it into action.

As usual, he was joined by his friends, and they walked toward the bar room. When they asked him why he looked so gloomy, little did they know that they had just laid the groundwork for Link's plan. A few moments later five somber faced Negroes walked into the gay bar room. Upon their arrival, the high spirits were dampened. In the silence which followed, Link could feel his plan picking up momentum. Everyone looked to him for an explanation. He took advantage of this opportunity. There would be no talk of the Dodgers tonight.

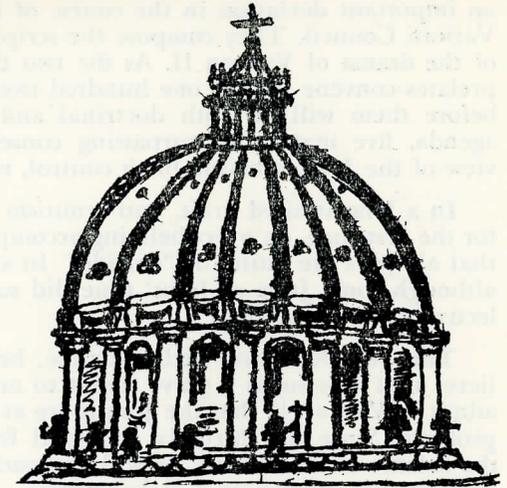
Link began to give the speech he had carefully planned about the evils of the white man. He told how his boss was always pushing him around. He related the countless number of times he was called "nigger," and the many times he had to leave a restaurant hungry because he was refused service. From the expressions on the faces of his audience, Link could tell that they too had similar feelings. The drinks flowed faster than usual that night as the crowd listened to Link's speech. They grew angrier with each passing minute and began to look like an ugly mob. Finally, as their rage was reaching fever pitch, Link jumped up onto an empty table, the same table where he had vowed to get his revenge just a few weeks earlier, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Well, I don't know about you, but I ain't gonna be an 'Uncle Tom' any more!" These words had their desired effect, and the mob answered with shouts of "Down with the white boy!" and "I ain't no 'Uncle Tom'!"

Many angry people filed out of the bar that hot night. A few hours later one of them was stopped for speeding. As the cop was writing out the ticket, he remembered what Link had said. He wasn't going to be an "Uncle Tom!"

No puff of wind blows bits of newspaper in the streets any more; instead, a rush of stampeding feet now hurries on the sidewalks. Glass is shattered all over the streets, and sirens scream in the distance. Nowhere in this section of Los Angeles is there peace—nowhere except in a deserted saloon. One lonely figure stands in the silence. It moves triumphantly to the bar and pours out a drink. Link raises the mug to his parched lips. His wish has been fulfilled. Finally he can have as much of the cold beer as he wants. His watering mouth, however, shrinks from the ugly taste. It isn't cold and sweet as he had expected; instead, it is warm and sour. He spits the beer from his mouth and dashes the mug to the floor. He hurries out the door to join his friends in the looting because, after all, his kids need shoes.

THE COUNCIL

by ROBERT F. DEBSKI



The dark-skinned Jewish family finally evacuated their humble abode meshed in the predominantly Christian community. After three years of friendship-seeking, always resulting in that omnipresent hatred, they had surrendered. How could they, direct heirs to the murderers of Jesus Christ, even attempt to dwell in such a stronghold of Christianity?

The somber, ascetic Basque briskly paced the distance to the microphone. The veins swelled his skin as he boomed in a forceful tone, "Who exactly is the atheist?"

The housewife jittered in her chair. Her face portrayed a confused appearance as she fumbled with the black purse in her hands. Distorted opinions and her own convictions so completely revised the picture that she, as she had done many times before, muttered to herself, "Why does the Church forbid artificial birth control?"

Run, that was the only solution. Run and start over. Christians were everywhere, but he would hunt out a spot. He would overcome the hatred and prejudice that he had met simply because he was orthodox. So, panting heavily, he plodded forward as quickly as possible.

The tears at first came down in little drops and then, finally, in a torrential rain. Her life was ruined. The totally innocent side in a divorce trial, she was now forever separated from her husband. She was a Catholic, a very fervent Catholic, and she could never marry again.

The spotless white host loomed alone above the eyes of the two thousand cardinals, bishops, and priests. Solemnly, the Pope returned the little circle to its place on the paten and, in turn, elevated the shining gold chalice.

These are six very different and distant situations; yet, all will be united. All will become well acquainted with the others. All will depict

an important deviation in the course of the final session of the Second Vatican Council. They compose the script of the final and climactic act of the drama of Vatican II. As the two thousand-five hundred Catholic prelates convene for the one hundred twenty-eighth time, the challenges before them will be both doctrinal and institutional. On the formal agenda, five matters of surpassing consequence appear: the Christian view of the Jews, atheism, birth control, religious liberty, and divorce.

In a long-awaited draft, anti-Semitism has been condemned by name for the first time, an overwhelming accomplishment. Gone is the teaching that all Jews are guilty of "deicide." In substitution is a reminder that, although some Jews of Jesus' time did solicit His crucifixion, Jews collectively are exonerated.

The Very Reverend Pedro Arrupé, head of the Society of Jesus, believes that atheism is a grave threat to mankind. But, he is expected to admit to Vatican II that the Jesuits are at a loss to find a solution to this problem. Since his thirty-six thousand fellow Jesuits are charged with the defense of the Church, he will approach the Council Fathers with the intention of unleashing a global survey.

The torment over birth control perhaps most pithily presents a need for the Council's consideration. This one issue sows confusion through the largest and strongest moral body in the world. The dilemma invades all spheres of Catholic life and has spurred non-Catholics to doubt anew the Church's ability to think about the values and perils of modern civilization. A special Church commission will be appointed by the Pontiff for the sole purpose of further investigating this problem.

The ecumenical movement will reach a considerable high point. Upon stating that human dignity establishes every man's right to free exercise of his religion, the Church will once again condemn all religious intolerance.

The Council's three year silence on the question of relaxing the prohibitions against divorce will be cracked in this session. It remains to be seen, however, if the fate of the innocent partner in an abandoned marriage will be somewhat altered.

Each of these, the innocence of the Jews, religious liberty, birth control, atheism, and possible reduction of the restrictions on divorce, combined with the important variations in the liturgy and other milestones of the previous sessions, prove the substantial progress the Church has made under Vatican II. The ecclesiastical conditions which existed when Pope John XXIII first opened the Second Vatican Council with his plea for unity have vastly improved. Let us hope and pray that the religious body of which we are members will continue to grow and mature even more under the infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Get Away

by ROBERT J. KUHN

With a joyful of luck,
And a faceful of hair,
I shifted the gears
On my red-and-white mare.

With a tankful of gas,
And a mouthful of air,
I tore down the street
And shot down the care.

With a dayful of live,
And a heartful of dare,
I raced with the sun
In a world without where.

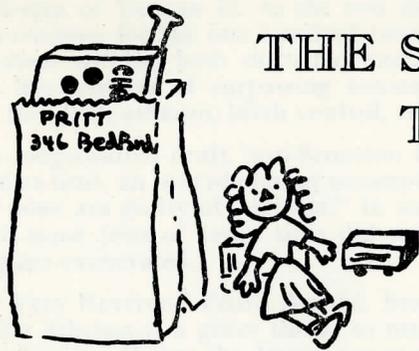
Rose and Eye

by ROBERT J. KUHN

Out in the garden eye met rose,
A pure petaled flower of white;
He stooped to tell her all his woes,
And talked on through the night.

Out in the darkness eye met rose,
And picked her beauty off the ground;
He told her how his life song goes,
Without a breath of sound.

Out in the silence eye met rose,
They talked awhile in quiet;
They used a language no tongue knows,
But every eye should try it.



THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

by NICHOLAS P. CAFARDI

The Wednesday before Christmas was a day decked with boughs of holly. The holidays were here, and school had just recessed for two weeks. I was in the school cafeteria saying good-bye to my friend, Rege Shaw, when I saw Father Stetter, our sodality moderator, headed our way. He had the kind of gleam in his eyes that said he wanted us to do something. I knew that I would say yes even before he asked if we'd mind taking a ride to the Ozanam Center with him.

I can still remember that ride in Father's stationwagon. In the back seat, Rege and I were wondering what we were going to do at the Ozanam Center. Behind the wheel, Father Stetter was trying to sing Christmas carols along with the radio. When he had asked us to come, Father used that vague manner of speaking typical of a person who wants a favor. Rege and I didn't find out why we were going until we arrived at the Center. The Sisters of Charity had prepared bags of Christmas toys for the poor people of the Hill District. These bags had to be delivered, and we had unknowingly volunteered for the job.

This was a surprise. Our sodality had worked at the Ozanam Center before, but we had never ventured into the homes on the Hill. The Hill District, the center rot of our city, holds the Center in its choking grasp. Here, within the ghetto, the Negro poor are kept out of sight. Just the thought of entering their ramshackle, tumbledown houses bothered me. But the toys had to be delivered, and I was already there.

Father Stetter, Rege, and I left the Center with a station wagon full of toy bags. As we drove along, a heavy snowfall was disguising the cold incongruities of the Hill.

The name and address of a family was written on each bag. The first address we stopped at was the Miller family's. Father waited in the car while Rege and I went to the door. I knocked, and an aged Negro man answered. I saw at least four small children inside the house, and all we had was a small bag of toys. I knew that it wasn't nearly enough, but I

didn't fill the bags, I only delivered them. I managed a Merry Christmas, and Rege told the man that the toys were from the Ozanam Center.

The houses on the Hill are deceiving. From the outside, they look like one family dwellings. The inside, however, is broken up into homes of boxcar proportions for three or four families. Rege and I went in a house like this looking for the Pritt family. There was a colored soldier in the front room of the first floor apartment. He was in dress uniform brushing his hair in front of a bureau mirror. The room he was standing in seemed to be bedroom, living room, and kitchen. Inside were a sunken bed and a bureau with an old model TV beside them. Off to the side, there was a gas stove with its empty burners on full blast to heat the home. The soldier said yes, the Pritt family lived there, so we gave him the toy bag and said Merry Christmas. Since we had a bag for the Lee family at the same address, we asked the soldier if the Lee family lived upstairs. The soldier said he didn't know who lived up there. Rege and I took a chance on climbing up to the second floor where we found the Lee family.

One address we called at was a world apart from the ordinary houses on the Hill. It was a brick house, not warped wood, but solid brick. None of the paint was peeling. Through the front window, I could see a beautifully decorated Christmas tree. No, I told myself, this couldn't be the right address. No one getting a bag of charity toys could live in a house like this. I checked the address again. It was the same as the one on the bag. We knocked and asked for the King family. No, said the woman who answered, the King family didn't live there. They lived around back. Rege and I picked our way through a snow-slippery alley to the right address. The house in back looked like it deserved to be there. It was so old and fallen that it seemed to hide from the world behind the sturdy house in front. Its concave roof was barely checkered with shingles. One of the front windows had been boarded and cardboarded, but the snow still made its way through the chinks. The teen-aged colored girl who answered the door was carrying a baby in her arms. Three little children trailed behind her. As Rege and I left, we could hear their shouts of glee over that bagful of toys.

Another time Rege and I were delivering another toy bag to another house on the Hill. We were looking for this address, but we couldn't find it. Many of the houses on the Hill just don't have any house numbers on them. We were standing in front of the place we thought was the address when a colored man, who was passing by, stopped and came over to us. I asked him if he knew whether the Lincoln and Morris families lived here. When he heard Morris, he said yes and knocked on the door for us. A trembling old Negro man answered the door, and the passerby led us in. The house was crowded with the closeness, the combination of oppressive heat and smell, that characterizes so many dwellings on the Hill. We came to a door deep in the house, and the passerby opened it. Through the blue-gray haze of a smoke filled room, we could see a group of Negroes gathered around a table. The open door stopped their conversation as they all stared at Rege and me. Just inside the room was an

Morn of Destruction

by GEORGE A. KLINE

At 8:30 A.M. the metropolis of Pittsburgh teems with wandering office workers and department store clerks. Lines of commuters file off of the innumerable trolleys that crawl into the city. Coffee shops are stacked with drowsy white collar workers. Life-giving cups of java cross the counters. Lobbies become stockyards, each person pushing another. They shuffle back and forth and eventually squeeze into an elevator. Upstairs, the crippled limp out of the cramped cars. Outside, the frenzied police unpile the morning's accidents. Still more people come.

In Shadyside, the narrow streets are clogged with cars full of school children. Their harried mothers creep along, still trying to beat the first bell. Sleepy junior executives chase their buses, hoping to be only twenty minutes late. Teenagers shun the excitement. They dally on the corners a block from the high school. Time can wait for them. There is nothing important going on this morning.

Flash! Fire rains the corner. Streets lined with houses become plains lined in void. The happy crowds of children vanish as a hot drizzle of radioactivity begins to fall.

Gimbels becomes four walls, and the Hilton is no more. The herds of people fade away. Automobiles are cinders. The siren whines no longer. The frightened masses in the shelters have roasted to ashes.

The important business of life ceases. There are no survivors; the city smokes in its grave. If there were time, it would be 8:47.

I DIED

by ALBERT J. SHANNON

The morning was bright,
The sky was clear,
But I was sad
For death was near.

I searched the sky
For a sign from God
To spare me from
Death's fateful nod.

Her pallid stare
Would fall on me,
As quiet fog
Sets on the sea.

Sick then for nigh
On three weeks straight,
I knew to die,
Would be my fate.

I thought of deeds
Both good and bad,
The fun, the joy,
The pains I had.

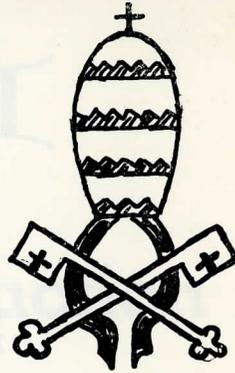
Past images were
Vivid now,
I knew my life
Was all a trial.

To God or Devil
I would soon depart.
I knew that I
Had played my part.

Death's on me now.
I cannot hide.
I fear not death.
For I have died.

Kidnapping, Italian Style

by JEFFREY J. CRUMBAKER



Throngs of people were pushing and jostling in the Piazza. It seemed that the cheers had united into one continuous roar. Beggar and noble could be seen side by side. All the people of Rome must have come to see the Pope. Even now, the stately automobile was slowly advancing across the Piazza. And there, resplendent in his robes, was the Holy Father.

A thrill filled my soul, and for a moment I thought of God and of the Christ. I thought of the Faith I had abandoned years ago. But this was no time to reflect upon things of a serious nature. This was a time to revel in the streets and dance with the pretty girls. It was now that I noticed that my companion, Luigi, was not cheering and whistling, but was staring silently at the "Father of the People."

"Luigi," I asked, "Where is your heart? You look as though someone has just offered you full time work."

For a moment, he gazed at me with sobriety in his eyes, and then, in the same calm manner, he said, "Marcello, let's kidnap the Pope."

Immediately, I burst out in laughter and didn't cease until my sides ached and my mind reeled. The gala affair ended, and, reluctantly, the crowd melted away.

I lived with Luigi here in the Piazza dei Ponziani in Trastevere. Here dwell the working people in the same place they have lived for centuries. The buildings are ancient and the centuries have left their mark. Weather-beaten beams and plaster, loose, faded tiles, and, of course, the fountains, are trade marks of this area.

But today as we strolled home, I did not notice the pretty girls nor the multitude of children playing at the fountains. I was musing about what Luigi had said. It frightened me. He had not spoken for mere amusement's sake. There had been an earnest look in his face, and his voice had been grave. No longer could I hesitate.

"Luigi, were you joking about kidnapping the Pope?"

With complete assurance he said, "No."

We spent the entire evening arguing and discussing and debating and finally dreaming, dreaming golden thoughts of a ransom worthy of kings.

The next morning we arose late and decided to explore the Vatican. The buildings shone and glistened in the sun. The pillars were arrayed against us like a formidable army of giants, and the inconceivable glory overawed us. Nevertheless, we strode forward, intent upon our task. Four hours later, we were exhausted, and, even worse, we had found no possible method of reaching the Holy Father. The dreams of the future began to tarnish.

Suddenly, Luigi cried out with delight. His eyes sparkled. "The tomb!" he exclaimed. "How could I be so blind?"

Soon Luigi was in the library, excitedly leafing through volumes of early Christian history. He showed me the reason for his joy. There, in one of these massive studies, was the complete outline of the city's ancient catacombs. Swelling with pride, Luigi said, "See, all we must do is enter the Vatican through St. Peter's tomb."

Luigi and I spent all that night planning for the next day. I chuckled happily as we discerned the best time and route for our strike. As the burnished rays of the sun began to pierce the darkness, we finished our scheme. I rose and sauntered to the window. Far down the dark and intricate way could be seen the Piazza. The fountains were silhouetted against the murky darkness, and all was abandoned.

I remembered my childhood on these unchanging streets, and I regretted that I might have to leave my home forever. But a dream, a unique dream, beckoned, and I answered.

The merry bell of the knife grinder awoke me. I could hear the sweet voices of the children who watched him, fascinated, exclaiming over his magic. Down in the square, harsh tones of aggravated women, complaining about their husbands, were audible even here.

Luigi and I, recalling our plans of last night, smiled in satisfaction. We dressed in our finest clothing, ate a small breakfast of wine and cheese, and left the apartment. My hands were trembling with excitement. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind, and I considered abandoning the plan, but I replaced this thought with visions of wealth.

Soon Luigi and I reached a grassy hill on the very edge of Trastevere. Evidence of excavation was scattered about, and there, concealed by boards, was an inky black pit. We both scrambled into the catacomb. It was pitch dark and cold. A strong draft was swirling throughout the cave, chilling our bones. I flicked on my flash, and immediately, we began to make our way through the labyrinth.

By four in the afternoon, we were picking our way cautiously through the cavern just outside the tomb of St. Peter. And then, far down the wall, we saw a shaft of light. The sacred tomb of St. Peter! From here a ramp led to the door, and there was our entrance to the Vatican.

Unheeded by guards, we hurried down the spacious halls. No one had ever entered this far without permission, and so it was taken for

granted that we had passes. Every painting seemed to glare at us, and we feared the statues would come alive and call out in betrayal. However, we reached the spacious door to the Pope's dining room without incident. The moment had arrived.

Assuring ourselves of quick success, we cautiously swung wide the doors. There, at the end of a lengthy table, sat the Pope. His head, adorned with a meager fringe of hair, was bowed in humble prayer. Since no one interrupts the Pope at prayer, we stood at the threshold, waiting respectfully.

Finally, having blessed himself, he looked up at us and smiled warmly as though we were expected guests. His eyes glistened capriciously, like those of a happy grandfather, as he asked, "Will you join me in dinner, my friends?" Entranced by his conviviality, we approached the table and sat opposite His Holiness. To our astonishment, the first course was spaghetti. The Pontiff even fastened his napkin about his neck and let it drape over his expansive chest. The sparkling wine filled us with a warm glow, and we ate heartily. Here was a man who treated us like two favorite grandsons.

Inwardly, we wondered how we could turn against such a trusting host.

Having finished eating, the Holy Father rose and, like an indulgent friend gave us his blessing, and said, "Ite in pace."

Like any good Italians, we obeyed.

Now Playing

by ROBERT J. KUHN

A billion billion arms that wave,
Each has its own hello;
A billion billion shaggy necks,
Without a head to show.

A billion billion fluffy worms,
Each stands up on its tail;
A billion billion leaning masts,
With greenish wisps of sail.

A sturdy sturdy hunk of trunk,
So solid at the base,
He bravely grips the restless rest,
And never shows his face.

A living-color spectacle,
A thrilling show that's free;
Just look out through your window pane,
And meekly meet the tree.

The Temple of God

by CHARLES J. WOERTZ

Setting out from his cabin, he entered the dense underbrush and then, the forest. How majestic it was! The fog hung entwined around the trees like a heavy cloud of smoke just starting to rise. Fresh dew glistened on the weeds and flowers like diamonds on a ring. A comfortable dampness encompassed the man as he tread the soft pine needles and dead leaves of the forest floor. Everywhere, the light, golden notes of birds echoed joyfully, and the happy chirping of crickets rang out.

Farther back in the forest, the chattering of a brook could be heard as it cascaded down huge rocks and through stately trees on its way to a river. The man, as he approached this natural spring, could see the foam-white tail of a young spindle-legged fawn. Not far away, the graceful mother could be seen loping lazily back and forth, ever mindful of her new-born offspring. In the middle of the sparkling pond, a multi-colored trout darted inadvertently back and forth. A string of bright, crisp notes rose from the throat of a royal blue jay hovering over the brook.

A golden gleam welcomed him into a field of ripening wheat and tall grass. Elegant flowers were perfectly interspersed among the slender green blades by the touch of an expert.

The sun, slowly sinking on the western horizon, gave an eerie look to the forest and cast a long shadow over most of the field, stealing its iridescent glow. This made the man decide to retrace his steps back to the cabin.

The man was awe-stricken at the splendor of nature—the stately forest, the loquacious brook, the dazzling field, and the crimson ball of fire that was now setting. These wonders urged him on to the realization that God dwells in a much greater temple than any built of stone. He dwells in the beauty and majesty fashioned by His own hand. He dwells in the whole universe, the true temple of God.

Jeanie's First Snowfall

by ROBERT J. KUHN

It's white! It's white!
Dancing, dancing, twirl
The lots of happy snowkins,
Spinning boys and girls,
So tiny, so bright,

It's white! It's white!
A hundred smiling teddy bears
So soft and white inside,
Fall apart in heaven there,
And float down into sight,

It's white! It's white!
A sparkling blanket new
Tucks down daddy's driveway,
The baby bushes too,
A smoothe blanket of light,

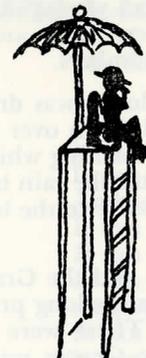
It's white! It's white!

The Sea

by DAVID H. CAREY

The sea is a mighty rhino,
charging into the bay.
It ripples its powerful muscles
under a hide of gray.
It tosses high its mammoth head,
bellows, foams, and rumbles
And bursts into a sheet of spray,
as onto the shore it stumbles.
It backs away and charges again,
its chest heaving wildly with ire.
Over and over it batters the beach
never seeming to tire.

The Grape Society



by ROBERT J. KUHN

When you walked back into the fields, the ground would surge up to support a tremendous view of the Phips' estate. There, alongside the lazy ripples of Lake Erie, Warren Phips had conquered the land. Endless rows of flourishing vines stretched along the water as far as the eye could see. And from up by the road, the Phips' mansion watched carefully over those precious acres, its rectangular eyes gleaming in the early sun.

In the middle of the fields a twenty foot tower stood with a massive chair secured to its peak. There, Warren spent the day under the shade of a big red umbrella, the black tubes of his field glasses glued to his eyes. He watched his workers, the Grapes.

When Mr. Phips used a man, he paid no attention to his name. Instead, the wise master gave him a number and sent him into the vineyards as one of his laboring Grapes. Warren was proud of these workers. They never dared to let him down.

Standing in the shadow of the skeletal tower, the lean frame of Grape #7 was always ready to serve. As the Grape with the most seniority, he worked as the master's personal assistant. His life wasn't unbearable. He slept in the heated barracks. He had a warm meal every noon. There was a doctor for the Grapes, and they even had a little cemetery up on Raisin Hill. No, life was very much bearable for the working Grapes.

Looking down from his elevated throne, Warren gave some concise orders to Grape #7. The obedient creature ran off into the fields and returned minutes later with Grape #37 and Grape #62. They had been sitting in the fields, smoking. A law had been broken.

"Kneel!" their master commanded as they looked up to his perch. Mutely, they obeyed. The sunlight sparkled on the tiny beads of sweat that dripped from their tanned faces.

"You have broken the law. I've given you the chance to work. I've given you the comforts of modern society. You've rebelled, and, therefore, you must be done away with."

As Grape #7 led the two others away, Warren turned back to his observation. The working Grapes were a magnificent sight as they toiled in the fields. Their bodies were dark and sweaty. Their backs were branded with their respective numbers.

In the distance, a wall of clouds was drifting in off the lake. As the billowing shades of gray settled down over the plantation and the lake's waves turned a cold green with foaming white caps, the Grapes continued their work in the fields. Even after the rain began to pound down on their weary bodies, they didn't dare retire to the barracks till they were ordered to do so.

The next day was Saturday, and the Grapes had the morning free. A large, warm sun looked down on the long procession that weaved through the fields toward Raisin Hill. There were two canvas stretchers in the lead, each bearing a body. The Grapes walked along in silence. There wasn't a tear to be seen in the long line of somber faces. The twisting chain snaked along the terrain, following Grape #7 up the hill.

They found two deep holes, into which they quietly dropped the two bodies. Then, everyone sat down on the grassy slope and turned to Grape #7.

The sun lit up his handsome face, and the wind played with a wisp of his golden hair. He looked out over his fellow Grapes.

"We are Grapes!" his voiced boomed. "But, our ancestors weren't so lucky. They had the daily rat race. They had crime infested streets. They had suffering and poverty. They had to invent religion to console themselves. If there ever was a hell, they had it.

"But, we are Grapes. Our lives are systematic; they make sense. Each one of us has a purpose. There is no poverty, no crime, no rat race. Thanks to the noble mind of Master Warren, we are neither Americans nor men. We are Grapes!"

At this, the crowd cheered wildly. They swept down to the fields in a wave and began their work an hour early.

Master Warren watched from his mansion and was pleased.

The Clay Masterpiece

by KENNETH L. GARVER

It can laugh;
It can cry;
It can suffer,
And wonder why.
It can seek;
It can find;
It can loose;
And it can bind.
It can love;
It can despise;
It can be foolish,
And it can be wise.
It is the greatest invention,
Yet a common creation.
It will endure the ages,
Unto manifestation . . .
It is man!

A Noisy Chain

by ROBERT J. KUHN

A noisy chain of bearded men
That clanks across the street,
Declares that war is such a task
We ought to try defeat.

These men who feel the chilly draft
Of that which we must fight,
Would rather live with Karl's wrong
Than die for what is right.

In all our cities, large and small,
They form their ragged lines,
And then to freedom's principle
They wave their scribbled signs.

And so they traipse about our land
To show how much they hate
The way we deal with tyranny,
The way that made us great.

Pressing On

by ROBERT J. KUHN

The endless rumblings of the sea have ended. The undying gales, those stinging screams of the unknown, have died down to a whisper. The unshakable reign of blue sky has been shaken. There is a biting cold and a nervous calm.

A mumbling is heard. A deliberate chant of heavy voices drifts through the curtain of fog. The outline of a ship's bow begins to take form in the mist and suddenly breaks from a rolling cloud. The handsome prow cuts quietly through the slapping waves, proudly leading the vessel through the shifting atmosphere.

As the steady voices of the crew join in their solemn anthem, the long, stiff legs of the ship stretch out together and, in one sweeping motion, claw into the restless sea. Their rhythm is precise; their movement, endless.

Human silhouettes bend over the oars; firm hands grip the blood-stained handles; long rows of sturdy backs and powerful arms are in constant motion. The sweaty muscles glimmer in the dull light. The air is thick with the smell of working men. Their heads are bowed; they grit their teeth and brace their cramped legs against the ribs of the ship. Their trembling bodies are wrapped with rags and spotted with sores. They squeeze their eyelids shut as they chant their song of endurance and row on through the gloom.

A man stands in the stern. His flashing eyes breathe faith into the beaten hearts of his men. As the stately ship fades into the drifting murk, the hushed tones of the singing are lost in the billowing mist. Odysseus and his crew travel on.