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THE VOLUNTEER ARMY OF LOVE

by Frank J. DiLeo

In 1965, President Johnson launched an undeclared war on North Vietnam, in which one hundred eighty thousand American soldiers were commissioned to halt the increasing success of the quick-moving Viet-Cong. Today, well over three hundred American troops are stationed in South Vietnam in order to protect the citizens from the terrorizing communist guerillas. Since 1965, the war has been greatly escalated due to the daily bombing raids over North Vietnam and the numerous military operations conducted in the swampy fields of Vietnam. The result of all this activity has raised the question "why?" Why do we spend over four billion dollars a year for the cause in Vietnam? Why do we send our young soldiers to Vietnam? Why do we remain patient with a government and a country which has grown in its hate for American ideals? The answer is one word, "freedom." For centuries man has fought and died for this precious gift, and now America stands as the proud protector of this freedom—a freedom in which man can live in peace with his brother.

In 1961, President Kennedy also launched an undeclared war on the world's most hated enemy, poverty. In this war over one thousand men and women were chosen to wipe out the effects of poverty on the backward nations of the world. Today, over ten thousand of these volunteers are stationed in forty-six countries through out the world. But, this isn't an army of machines and weapons, with orders to kill, but rather, an army of self-sacrifice and love dedicated to mankind. This army is called the Peace Corps.

At the turn of the century, ideas of a volunteer army to work for peace and harmony began to emerge from the American mind, and this dream was finally materialized during President Franklin Roosevelt's term in office, when the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was established. This successful organization started and completed thousands of conservation and construction projects in the country. In 1950, the International Voluntary Services (IVS) was brought into existence, and the members immediately began working with the poverty-stricken inhabitants of South East Asia. Then, on March 1, 1961, President Kennedy, with the consent of Congress, organized the volunteer army, named the Peace Corps, under the direction of Sargent Shriver. By August of the same year, over one thousand American trainees were sent to the dozens of underdeveloped nations across the world. Today, there are over sixteen thousand men and women engaged in this true expression of love. But, once again the question "why?" pops up. Why do these volunteers sacrifice a few, precious years of their lives to go in these underdeveloped nations and free the people from the death of poverty? The answer can be summed up in one word, "love."

These volunteers are just ordinary people, but their hearts are deeply burning with the zeal to serve their less fortunate brothers. Through instruction in such fields as agriculture, education, and economics, they have been able to lift thousands of people from the savage jaws of poverty. The Peace Corps members are looked upon as leaders, brothers, and "nice guys," who are ready to sacrifice themselves for their brothers. They actually become members of these poorer families.

In the field of agriculture, these volunteers have instructed the poor farmer in the modern techniques of plowing, crop rotation, and conservation. The results have been fabulous. The quality as well as the quantity have reached new heights. The land is being restored with the rich minerals which were rob-

bed because of the poor farming methods. The farmer can now look to a new life for himself and his family. He is indeed deeply indebted to the efforts of the Peace Corps.

In the important field of education, there have been enormous results over the past five years. Over 442 schools have been built in South America alone. Hundreds of teachers have conducted classes for the poor children so that they can look forward to a brighter future. The plan for a television educational system is well under way in many countries of South America. The fight against poverty is very furious in this field, but through the continual efforts of the Peace Corps, higher living standards will emerge victorious.

The field of engineering and construction has also produced some fantastic results. By 1965, eighty-eight health centers, eighty-two bridges, 425 kilometers of road, and one hundred two aquaducts were all constructed by the Peace Corps. In Africa, medical progress has been very encouraging as diseases have constantly been fought and wiped out.

Each year, thousands of men and women take the entrance test to qualify for the Peace Corps. Each year, despite vicious hostilities, the Peace Corps continues its good will work among the poor in over forty-six countries throughout the world. The rewards aren't great, but the battle against poverty will continue many years from now, and possibly may become desperate. Nevertheless, as long as armies like the Peace Corps continue their efforts, we can some day look forward to a complete victory against the world's most hated enemy.

PRAYER

by Raymond M. Niedenberger

Immortal man prays with actions of living,
Not with his word-less mumble of nothing.
Exemplary moves reach more than prudent lips,
As we drop our quarter in saint so and so gyms.

We think we did our daily duty now,
We worship our little god and bending bow,
We carry on our day, forgetful of the cause,
We trip and stumble till our eternal pause.

Then heaven opens its golden gates wide,
We pray nihils and enter the fiery tide.

L O V E

by Fred N. Bush

Reach out and touch,
Grope and try to find
Love,
Love in someone's mind.

Blind we walk about,
No one knows to reach out;
Love,
Love is what it's all about.

Life in death we live,
Living without Love;
Love,
Love is what we cannot live without.

HIGH UP ON THE MOUNTAINS

by Frank J. Dileo

"Danny, God had to take Buddy away for awhile to His shining palace in heaven. He lives far away on the top of those tall mountains where no one can go," said Lora, Danny's mother, pointing to the majestic peaks through their cracked cabin window.

"Why can't no one go there, ma?" questioned sobbing Danny with a brilliant twinkle in his inquisitive eye.

"It's so far away that no one can go there; besides, He's so great that only His holy angels and saints can look at Him. You're still too young to go see God. Now, you go to bed, Danny, because you have a big day ahead of you tomorrow," replied his mother.

But, how do you reasonably explain to a small, disillusioned seven year-old that his playful, warm dog has died? For years, Buddy and Danny had lived like close friends sharing in each other's secrets, joys, and sorrows. Still, Lora was somewhat confused by this unexpected barrage of seemingly useless questions.

With a new stream of tears rolling down from his red, swollen eyes down his rosy, innocent cheeks, Danny slowly turned his back and hobbled into his cold, lifeless room; he dreaded the fact of having to sleep alone that night and every night thereafter. Danny had produced such a mournful, yet determined, look on his face that Lora's caring and omniscient heart sensed some trouble. That night was a nightmare for the young boy; he couldn't find the peace of sleep as he tumbled to and fro in his uncomfortable bed. All night long an endless stream of heart-warming tears rushed down his dejected face. Only the thought of Buddy filled his disturbed mind.

By morning, the house was thrown into an even greater state of turmoil. Danny was nowhere to be found; there was only a note on his jumbled desk, saying:

Dear mom,
I had to go see God and ask Him to give me
back Buddy.

Love,
Danny

Neither Danny's mother or father could grasp the peculiar meaning of this message until Jim, his father, had fortunately discovered in the snow a fresh set of tracks leading to the mountain tops. This was the only sign of his disappearance, but why?

"Oh, Jim," Lora cried frantically, "I told him yesterday that God lived in those awful mountains and that no one could go see Him because it was too far away and because He was too great."

"Don't cry, Lora; I'll find him and bring him back home," replied the comforting father.

Immediately, Jim began rounding up some willing neighbors to form a search party, but Danny had over a half day's head start, and the search party was just getting organized.

For a little boy, Danny was making unbelievable progress up the steep and rugged path, until by noon, he had completed well over half of his tiring journey; nevertheless, he was all the more determined to have his showdown with God. For a moment, he stopped for a breather and surveyed the seemingly dead surroundings. Everything looked so dark and lifeless; below lay a huge canyon which was cut by a

winding valley. Both sides were heaped with mountainous walls of snow, which desperately tried to reflect the dim rays of sunlight. The whistling wind was sheared as it raced through the treacherous valley, pushing a thick cloud of falling snow. Overhead, rose the towering peak capped by a huge drift of snow. It was here that he thought God lived in His gleaming castle filled with singing angels and saints. His eyes were suddenly drawn to his feet where the weak sunrays penetrating through the thick, fluffy clouds were transforming the tiny snowflakes into glittering, squirming lizards. Now, the cold wind was biting through his light windbreaker as the swirling blasts of wind blew the dangling flakes into his chilled face. There were no signs of life, just the roaring north wind and the snow gently swishing on the newly fallen blanket.

By now, the search party was under way, but they had difficulty following the footprints which were quickly being buried by the onrush of huge flakes.

The climb got steeper, but he continued at an amazing pace, spurred on by his subsequent visit with the mean Lord. At the moment, his mind was troubled about his approach to God. He had been always taught that God was his loving and tender Father, but, he would have to tell Him that He was just a mean, old man who was very bad for taking away his best friend. He would have to tell His mother to spank Him real hard with her paddle until He learned to be a lot nicer to people. He reminded him of his crabby old school-teacher who gave him nothing but punishments.

Coming back to his senses, he continued his rugged journey up the breath-taking hill, but suddenly, he slipped and began rolling down the mountain side until he was stopped by a mammoth, colorless boulder, but nothing happened. Because of a sharp pain in his left leg, he couldn't get to his feet. The snow, sprinkled on his agonized face, began melting and dripping down his raw cheeks. He also felt the stinging pain of a deep cut in his right hand, and his glove was nowhere to be found.

"God, You're mean and bad," he yelled in a ferocious tone. "Leave me alone. You already hurt me enough by taking Buddy. Just go away. I'll get even with You yet. Don't..."

But Danny couldn't find anymore vengeful words to fill his gaping mouth. He just sat there while huge tears once again began rolling down his shivering face. Nothing but hate was brooding in his little mind.

Slowly, he worked his way to his feet and brushed the snow from his chilled face; then, he wiped the tears with his sleeve. After he brushed the snow from his pants and jacket, he began looking for his glove which popped through the twinkling snowflakes.

Now that the snow had temporarily let up, everything seemed so still. The only sounds were his tiny grunts and his feet trampling down the soft snow. But now, he was getting cold and tired; moreover, his stomach was growling from hunger, but his determination to see and talk with God surmounted all of these obstacles. By five o'clock, he had reached the top of the mountain. He was overjoyed that half of his mission had been completed.

But, to his disbelief, the place was completely bare. There was only a flat plateau covered with snow and accented on the far left by a small grove of staggering pine trees. Here and there, rose a few jagged boulders which were totally blanketed by the white covering. There was no place, no God, no angels, and no saints. The wind began to blow much harder, and black clouds passing overhead were beginning to drop a thick shower of flakes. The sun had dipped behind the distant grove, and the shadows began disappearing. It was getting much colder, but Danny just had to see God before He went to bed. So, he pressed on trying to find the palace or any other sign of God.

Below, the search party continued its hunt, but the blinding blizzard soon covered the tracks, and there was very little daylight left on the steep hill. The wind was blowing directly in their faces, but still, they gallantly pressed on to find the lost child.

Meanwhile, Danny was frantically pacing the peak, but he had found nothing except snow, rocks, and trees. Suddenly, the stillness of the dusk was shattered by Danny's shrilling voice;

"Where are You, God?"

But, the only reply was the echo rushing across the empty mountain side.

"Come out from Your hiding place. I know that You're here; everyone tells me so. Where is Your shining castle and all Your friends? Where did You hide Buddy? Come out so I can talk to You."

For a moment, Danny listened for an answer, but only the piercing wind rushed to his attentive ears.

"Why did You take him away? You didn't have to do that. Buddy was a good friend. We played lots of games in the summer down by the pond. We went on lots of hikes and camping trips. I'm lonely. I want him back, God. You're mean, but everyone says that You are good and nice, especially to little kids. I want him back right away, or I'll bring my gang up here tomorrow and take him away myself," cried Danny.

Still, nothing reached his frost-bitten ears. God wasn't around, and Danny began to cry. Tears rolled down his icy face. He was cold and afraid. No one was around, only the wind and falling snow.

He started running looking for God's palace. The only light came from the murky moon which was, for the most part, hidden by the passing clouds. He rushed on wildly stumbling over the hidden rocks and timbers. His body was completely covered with snow. He slipped again and cried out;

"Help me, God; I'm afraid."

The search party was closing in on the lost boy; the wind slowly let up, and the snow stopped falling.

THE SEED OF LIFE

by Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

The road I took was long, but travelled fast.
The end stood high above the world.
Grew up afresh the verdant fields, the siren
Hillsides-the weaving vallies.
And above all, my love, the Breath of Spring
Spoke my name, and the ashes stirred;
I rose, for Life had called.

"Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven."

Thomas Tickell: On the Death of Mr. Addison

In this issue of The Miter, we present a special section on the life of Saint Thomas More, whose inspiration has filled man for over four hundred years.

FOUR CENTURIES OF RELEVANCE AND MORE

by Raymond M. Niedenberger

A little over four centuries ago, there was a man who fought for the principles which he deemed necessary for a worth-while life. A little over four centuries ago, there was a statesman who was beheaded for serving God first instead of a haughty king. A little over four centuries ago, there was a real Christian who protested divorce, social injustice, the wealth of the Church, and graft in politics.

In present-day America, we, as individuals and honest Christians, face many of the same problems and difficulties which Thomas More had so courageously met and challenged. The question of divorce is still relevant to American society. Social distinctions and injustices are now disturbing the minds of millions of so-called "Christians." Today, Christians everywhere are witnessing a great revival in the Church. Finally, the word politics is now too frequently identified with graft and bribery. The world revolving around man has not changed significantly in four-hundred years or even a thousand years. Man, the core of the earth, has not developed much beyond the stage of which Thomas More was a part except for a few materialistic gains.

In this age of anti-ballistic missiles, millions of people of every race and creed are pressed with the question of divorce. Divorce is now becoming a practice as ordinary as marriage. As lord chancellor of England under King Henry VIII, Thomas opposed the King's divorce to the extent of losing his job and, later, his life. He knew that it was a problem of obeying Christ's law, coupled with the fact of an honest conscience. He never wavered under pressure. How many of us would even stand up against our neighbor in discussing divorce? Are we frightened?

In this age of instant meals, we have neglected our fellow man as our ancestors had done before us. Social injustices and the question of equality of man make front-page news practically every day. Americans are witnessing race riots and a civil war. In May, 1517, Thomas More defended the foreign working class and verbally dispersed a mob of angry Englishmen. When his own people were sentenced to hang, he spoke out in their behalf before the king. He respected and loved the common workingman throughout his life. How many of us have participated in civil right marches? Are we weak?

In this day of air-conditioned cars, Christians are in the midst of a period of reform in the Church. Priests and laymen informally discuss many points of interest in an attempt to bring the Church down to reality. Thomas More realized that the Church needed definite reforms and corrections, but he also saw that King Henry's reforms of the Church was not at all proper and suitable. He also discerned that a decrease in the Church's wealth and power was necessary for following Christ's principles. His opposition to King Henry on this point was another factor in his death. How many of us are even willing to sit down and talk about our Church? Are we indifferent?

In this age of electric toothbrushes, our society makes light of the fact that politics is an opportunity for many ambitious men to obtain public funds for their own use. Even the smaller public offices, such as the police department, condone bribes. Thomas More was not a wealthy man even though he held the highest position under the King. Thomas never accepted any money outside of his salary and liked the simple things in life. He donated much of his salary to the poor and even gave his executioner a piece of gold. How many of us generously contribute to charities in our neighborhood? Are we greedy?

More's principles still apply today. A conscience relying on reason and duty to God forms a level of man which cannot be surpassed. Man's potential is remarkable, but man's fears and indifferences are disgusting.

A little over four centuries ago, Thomas More defended the foreign workingmen, and opposed the dishonest enterprises of the king, such as graft and divorce. A little over four centuries from now, will the world still be enveloped in the obscurity of materialistic progress, rather than in the thoughts and actions of More?

SAINT THOMAS MORE

by William M. Ogradowski

The word saint, as used in the religious sense, brings to most people's minds the images of plaster, polychromed individuals, whose memories, though, often enough, surrounded by mythical details, have been perpetuated by religious and artistic concerns. Understandably, this situation is helped by the fact that many saints seem to have faced problems that are not, in general, of particular relevance to 20th century society. However, nothing of this kind can be said of Thomas More. This is mainly true because More was both a political and saintly man. Consequently, there is no more effective way of highlighting his relevance to modern society than by contrasting him with some of today's politically-involved individuals.

The first of these is the ex-secretary of the Senate Democrats, Bobby Baker; his escapades still fill the news media almost daily. Raising funds under false pretenses and using them for his own purposes are but a few of the sordid facts established about this man's career. Most disgusting of all, however, was the nonchalant manner in which he carried them out.

Second on the list is Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's controversial Representative. No doubt, all politicians take advantage of their positions in some way, but Powell's distribution of thousands is a little more than excusable. Yet, it is far worse just to conceive of an elected official of his rank making such deliberately fraudulent use of his power.

These two accounts are hardly worthy to be compared with the excellent career of Thomas More, but the contrast is too valuable to be passed by. Bobby Baker gained an ample amount of prestige and wealth through his dealings, but Lord Chancellor More had much more to gain by simply supporting Henry VIII's divorce, for he was already a close friend and confidant of the English monarch. Yet, his faith-dictated principles could not permit political maneuverings for personal gains. Indeed, he lost his position and his very life, and only the

truly second-sighted could possibly have seen the eventual effect of the Saint's staunchness. Also as important is the fact that More did not think so little of his Faith and office that he allowed them to become pawns of the king. Of scanty value were these sentiments to Thomas More on earth, but they do serve to underscore his tremendous relevance to the world of today. This is, namely, that men of high principle can exist in the field of politics, and they must exist in order that individuals like Baker and Powell will be few and far between.

Unfortunately, infamous politicians are more often remembered than the socially beneficial ones, but the mere testament of the political life of Saint Thomas More is powerful enough to discount the old saying that "the least government is the best."

THE BASIC MAN

by Robert F. Debski

A rumpled hulk stirs on the cold, stone floor. A key is slammed into the door nearby. Two guards pass between the bars and approach the form. A pair of groggy eyes blink open slowly. This is the only trace of life in a face drawn with pain, exhaustion and lack of sleep. Then, a faint glow of resignation appears. Suddenly, the man's arms are twisted behind and bound with a biting cord. Resistance is nil as they lead him out of the building into a courtyard radiant with the first rays of day. Towards the center, he can detect the outline of another man carefully balancing a huge axe on his shoulder. Fear crosses his face.

This episode occurred in 1535 A.D., about four centuries past. The setting is England during the Tutor Dynasty. At this time, the Catholic Church was under severe examination and criticism. The armies of Martin Luther and John Calvin began to gain more and more battalions. The faith which gave light in the Dark Ages was being gradually dimmed. Rebellion grew against the religious institution founded by Jesus Christ.

Thomas More lived in such a time. He was a Catholic. Today, he is a saint. Most men and women proclaimed saints after the Edict of Milan were either clergy or religious. But, Thomas More was not. In fact, he was by profession a lawyer. Nevertheless, he was selected as one of those to whom God gives special recognition on earth. Why was he canonized?

Unrest and dissatisfaction continued to mount. Then, the climax occurred. Henry the Eighth, the reigning monarch of England, wished to divorce his wife, Catherine, in favor of Anne Boleyn. He was refused by the Pope. Henry was determined to have his way and split with the Catholic Church. He asked for support from the prominent figures of England. Among the minority who disagreed, there was a certain man, Thomas More. More felt that Henry had made an oath with God in marriage. Breaking this oath and defying the Holy Father demonstrated serious contempt for God. Thomas More would not stand for this. He publicly denounced Henry and was brought before the king. He remained faithful in torture and in death.

Thomas More left to history his character, his motivation, his faith. Mankind is his heir. He is to be followed by all as an example of the basic man as created by God, a man dedicated to his Creator and humanity. The world is presently undergoing another reformation. This one is far more drastic than that of the Renaissance. It is not merely a question of the authority of the Pope, but rather, a question of the very existence of God. Religion is under attack from the atheists of the Communist world, the apostates of the college intellectuals and the heretics of modern society. Morality and world attitudes in the twentieth century are rapidly drifting away from God. Man must act so that religion, the purpose of life, is not lost. Catholics must rise, as Thomas More rose, to defeat the agitators, those who have either abolished God or reduced Him to materiality to such a degree that he no longer holds any meaning. The task cannot be left to the clergy by simply, "that's their job." Thomas More was a layman. What is done in the future will depend upon what is done by the layman today. Once the challenge is made, everything must be risked, even life itself.

He continues to climb up the platform, ever nearing his execution. A wry smile crosses his face. He stares unrelenting into the eyes of the form holding the sharp hatchet. Reaching the top, he completes a last prayer. He bows his head on the pedestal. The axe comes down.

"IT'S LIKE I'M WALKING"

by David H. Carey

It's like I'm walking on a smooth-worn path,
One with no scenery, with no variation,
And weary of my walk, I halt.
I find behind my knee, raw skin, a cut.
I bend my leg to take a step--it hurts.
I bend again, again, and then, again
To try to make the smarting go away.
It stays; so, like the lines of choppy verse,
I hobble onward with my leg held stiff.
The weather's dull; a cloudy atmosphere
Is all I see for days.....I watch the sky,
And suddenly the clouds are gone--deep blue!
I stand and gaze--The World smiles, nay, it laughs!
With bursting joy I break into a run
As scenery appears: green, peaceful miles,
Vast vales, entrancing with variety,
And summits soaring steeply, at whose sight
I feel exhilaration surging through
Me, cool and windy. All is deep delight.
But soon, grey, heavy clouds return to fill
The sky, and all seems gone, except the clouds,
The road, and me. I'm conscious of the cut;
I stop; I hobble on.

WHEN LIFE STOPS

by Patrick M. Joyce

"Why?" he thought, but he again caught himself. After all, he was a professional soldier and a lieutenant, at that. He had no right to question orders. And yet, he saw men, his men (or what was left of them) sitting where boys sat hours before, huddling around the fire. He saw their sunken eyes and their gaunt cheeks. They had fought that morning; they would fight again. But, so soon? They had pushed back the best "Charlie" had to offer. Now, they were veterans. But, there was a job, and his men were told to do it.

"I won't do it!" he began to tell himself. "I won't lead them out there to die. What the hell kind of war is this? Stuffed-shirts sit on their cans all day and decide who is to die. Oh God! God, I can't!"

What began as a soft whisper was now a shrill moaning from deep in his throat.

"Achhh! Achhh!"

"Something wrong, sir?" asked Thompson.

"No, nothing, soldier. Stay at your post."

His mind was reeling ironically now, "Got to grab hold of myself- Don't want what Mentos got- strait, padded walls..."

The sun had just peeked over the hill as he gave the order to move out. He had not much sleep that night. His mind was numb and even thinking was troublesome. Their objective was a small ammunition dump separated from them by a large hill.

He looked into their faces, and saw the confidence they had in him.

"Oh God!" he thought. "Don't let me do it."

He ran along in front of his men. He thought this was a game and he was with his old gang. They were not running to almost certain death but were running through the park back home.

Suddenly, all hell broke loose. It was a trap, and they were in the middle. He snapped. No longer was he Lieutenant James Cloburn, but Jimmy Cloburn. He lay down in a crater of an exploded mortar and watched as his men dropped one by one. He began to laugh, but the laugh was not real. This sound quickly turned into a shrill moaning deep within his soul.

"Achhh! Achhh!"

A merciful sniper's bullet punched the period on Lieutenant James Cloburn's sentence. He suffers no more.

SPRING

by Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

I waited for Dawn, and hoped;
A voice through the ashes came:
Come, my love; come.
I rose and followed my love
Through the fields where the
Risen flowers swayed. And
'Twas Spring that called.

MOWIS, THE LEADER OF THE TRIBES IN THE NORTH-LAND

by Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

Prologue

Far on the edge of the forest stretches the grave of a maiden;
Quilted with leaves and with sorrow's tears, it sits near the North-wind.
Here stays the body of Tescum, bride of the Snow-god Mowis.
Still in the shadow of death is she faithful, still does she linger
Wainting and walking the breezes that bring back her Snow-god in winter.
If you believe in such stories, and if you will follow these verses,
Then, gentle reader, read on, and hand down the tale of the homeless.

I

Once when the spruces and pine trees warded the game of the forest;
Once when the hillsides were empty except for the tents of the Shawnee,
Out on the verge of the village there stood the lodge of Niwona,
Chief of the tribe of the Shawnee and sire of enchanting young Tescum.
Wistful and warm were her features, long flow'd the braids o'er her shoulder;
Somber and lone were her eyes that sought for her spirit's fulfillment.
Stirred were the hearts of her suitors, who burning fought for her notice.
None would she give her assent to till came from the North-land a stranger:
Sturdy white oak seemed his legs, and burnished limbs formed his stature;
Glancing with eyes like the deer-fawn who leaps in the moss-covered woodland.
Mowis his name he told them, leader of tribes in the North-land:
One day mounting his great silver stallion he spied chief Niwona
Fording the stream with his daughter, and cheerfully tracing the rabbit;
Unlocked his heart deep within him, thawing the chill in his breast.
Breath of the Spirit had called him to reach for the hand of the maiden.
Now would he carry her with him or settle beside her own nation
Should chief Niwona be willing to give him the heart of his daughter.
Readily nodded Niwona and pledged him the hand of his offspring.
Straight to his wigwam he brought him and joyfully called for his daughter.
Fairer than fair shone the women who rose to the door of his household
Bathed in the hues of the sunset and humming the tunes of the breezes.
Eyes of the two met together, and bound them in love's strong embrace while
Happier still was Niwona who betrothed the two in the twilight.
Homeward th' enchanting bright maiden from there with the stout bridegroom
turned.
Howeward the stallion bore them abreast the mists of the North-wind.

II

Night with its peaceful caresses befell the land of the forest,
Wandering lone with Tiwone the spouse of the moon. And
Clasped in their lone embraces the youth and his radiant flower
Listen'd for echoes of nighttime: The doe at the bank of the river
Slowly treading the snow-fall, bestirring none of its silence.
Then spoke the prince of the North-land with accents deep and majestic,
"Mowis your love is no mortal as those who must hunt for their dinner
Tracking the fowl of the rabbit, that make their path through the vallies.
Risen as dew in the sunrise chief Mowis was raised by the god of the snow-fall."
Dropping her eyes, then, did Tescum let go of his arm and before him
Bow'd low her head. He smiled, and just as the sun cleaves the storm-clouds,
Thus did his smile break the darkness that stole over reverent Tescum.
Slowly at length they retired and so passed the wintery season
Till as the wren cried, the sun rose, introducing the Spring-time.

III

Out of the wigwam, out past the fresh hides, out near the woodland,
Just as the sun wormed the snow crust passed the young god Mowis.
Tescum rose and turned to the doorway and watched for the fall of his stepping.
Then in their places she stood and followed the trail of her husband.
Deeper and deeper he moved, deep in the sylvan Eden
Fading and melting away in the Sunshine, he looked on the face of Tescum.
"Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest."

IV

Spring filled her grave with his verdure and hummed to the wist of the fir-trees
Hemlock and pine swayed their branches to shade the slumbering maiden.
Night and the breath of the Spirit now stirs above her dwelling;
Phantoms of love in the thicket go in the hand of Tiwone
Searching the lodge of the Snow-god who wanders far in the North-land,
Far o'er the knolls of the pine cones, yet near to the close of the forest.

LOVE & SORROW

by Louis A. Farnish

a long time ago
in the ancient land
of love & sorrow
there was born
from all eternity
a Man

man made history
when he became man
a man for a person
the one who gives him
love & sorrow
a Woman

then came a time
a time in history
Love
he never had such love
in all his life
a Child

time passed on & on
love blossomed & grew
later
he had no more love
he had loved so much now
Sorrow

LIFE FROM A TREEHOUSE

by Raymond M. Niedenberger

"Hey mom, can I have a cookie?"

"No you can't. Your father will be home in an hour, and then, we will eat dinner."

Joey gently turned the knob of the hall closet and grabbed his windbreaker. He tiptoed through the dining room into the kitchen lifted the lid of the cookie-jar, stuffing his pockets with Oreos, his favorites. He stealthily crept to the kitchen door, opened it, and yelled, "Good-bye, mom," as the stainless steel door slammed.

Joey ran down the porch steps and gaily trotted across the widely scattered patches of recently planted grass. It was the final week of March and the long raging winter had at last lost its fury. The first three weeks of March had been unusually pleasant and had convinced the city of Berger that spring had taken command of their city and lives.

Joey jumped a short, wire fence, which led into the neighbor's yard and climbed a crudely made ladder to a small, but sturdy treehouse. According to a secret code, he knocked on the old battered door, which had been taken from an icebox, a style popular in the early forties. He opened the door and crawled into the darkness, which reeked with smoke.

"Hi Joey! Did ya get any food?"

"Sure did, Mickey. I told you that I wouldn't let you down. I swiped a whole mess of cookies while mom wasn't looking."

The other two boys greedily reached into his dark blue windbreaker and pulled out a handful of Oreos. The tall boy, Dave, was twelve. His long blond hair was disheveled all over his large head. Mickey was a year younger, and his dark hair and smallness contrasted with Dave's fair hair and large proportions. After they quickly finished the cookies, Dave lit up a Newport and spoke to Joey.

"I don't know if we should let ya join our club. You're only going on eleven, and ya still might be a mother's boy! Here, take a drag of my cigarette and see if ya can inhale."

Joey had never touched a cigarette before, and he had been admonished several times about the dangers of smoking, especially for little boys. He sensed that his parents knew that some of his school friends smoked. He placed the "cig" to his lips and drew in the smoke in a quick breath. He coughed as it entered his lungs and dropped the "cig" to clutch his throat. Dave and Mickey laughed at him and made fun of his first failure. Finally, Mickey glanced at Dave and said;

"He'll learn, won't he? We'll teach him real good."

Dave answered, "Sure thing. Joey's a real good kid, and he knows about the crummy way our parents treat us and about those nuns who tell us to do all kinds of things. We gotta do homework and pray to Christ. I wonder if He's just another fairy tale like Santa Claus."

There was a slight stillness in the cozy shack as Mickey and Dave lit up another one. Joey sat staring at the floor as he tried to think of something to say. He liked Sister Susan at school and had always said his prayers with his mom or dad before going to bed.

After a sort of philosophical meditation, he looked at his pals and whispered,

"My parents don't understand at all. I asked for a B.B. gun last Christmas and do you know what they said? They said that I was too young to have a gun and that I might get hurt."

Dave and Mickey now displayed faces full of malice and revenge. Dave spoke hatefully, "My old man whipped the hell out of me for taking a few bucks out of his wallet. When I'm sixteen, I'll buy a car and get a job. Then everything will be fine. I'll show them what they get for hitting me. They'll wise up real quick."

Mickey nodded in agreement and began tossing his pocketknife into the floor of the cold treehouse. The wind began to howl and sputter through the numerous cracks in the planks. There were no windows in the treehouse. Only faint beams of light were emitted through the openings on the straw roof. The structure shook as the boys unaware continued to talk bitterly about their parents and life in general. Mickey finally tossed his knife viciously into the wall.

Then, he said spitefully, "Ya know how we used to play baseball, go swimming, and play cards. We sure were a couple of babies. I'm real glad that we met Bob. He's really a neat kid. Ya know, he's only fourteen, and he drives a car and fights with a gang. Boy, he hadn't moved into this neighborhood, we still would be riding bicycles."

They all laughed, but Joey's laugh was bitter and showed signs of disappointment. He had enjoyed riding his fire engine-red English racer which his parents had bought him for his ninth birthday. He tried to cover his disappointment, and he then began to tear apart one of the cigarette butts which were strewn all over the cold floor. He couldn't figure out why he had ever wanted to join the club. He had plenty of friends who like to play football and cowboys. He looked up at Mickey and Dave. Dave caught his eye and turned to him.

"Me and Mickey have decided to let you in the club. Of course, Bob will have to check you out, and he might have you do something for initiation. You'll like him. He's really bad news."

"Sure, he probably is real neat. I'm going home and eat dinner. It's pretty late; I'll see you guys later. The old lady's probably calling up every house in the neighborhood."

Those words really hurt him deep inside his small body. He opened the old refrigerator door, accidentally designed with chips from the porcelain, and stared from the darkness at the world. As his eyes became accustomed to the lights, he put his feet on the first rung of the ladder and slowly closed the door. Joey didn't feel well. He pulled the hood of his windbreaker over his head and the wind blew some of the white stuff into his face. The entire world seemed strange and different, and he didn't like it at all.

THE EPITATH

by Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

I used to stand and worship them
That sat in judgment over me.
Yet, they, too, passed while they sat;
At least it can be said, "I stood!"

WHAT IS LOVE ?

by Lawrence W. Kustra

It's a very interesting word, this term love. What does it mean? Is it merely a physical attraction to a person? Is love present only when a person "falls in love" and therefore, only directed to one individual? Must true love be intellectual? Must it arise not only from a strong attraction but also a very deep understanding of the "loved" one? Could love be only a transitory emotion which man uses to escape reality? Does love fail to give any lasting sense of security and therefore, prove to be something designated for the weak? This is what we seek to discover in our lives with other persons. In fact, could this not possibly be our whole life?

First of all, love is an emotion, but instead of taking us out of reality for a moment, it puts us in the center of it. It places us in the very midst of others around us. As a matter of fact, love causes us to actually enter into another while remaining complete in ourselves. Love might well mean a physical involvement, but this is surely linked closely to an involvement of the mind. We must come to know and understand a person before we can truly say that we love the person. Yes, love is all these things; yet, it is still more.

Love is being. In order to love, one must recognize and accept himself for what he is. He must see himself with all his successes and failures and accept them as they are. Only after he fully possesses himself can he be to some other person, and it is in being that we love. Until we become persons, whole persons, we cannot love because love involved a complete giving of self, and unless we are complete persons, we may all too easily be engulfed in a sea of passiveness, which would not be love at all. Only as complete persons can we involve ourselves in love which at once requires that we become one with another and still remain entities in ourselves.

Love is truly an emotion, but a lasting one. It requires involvement of the mind as well as some physical attraction. But, unless we become complete as persons, we cannot be. And unless we can be, we cannot love, for it is in being that we come to love, and without being there cannot be real love.

AREI

Air silken conspires with
Wind, tree's foe. So he fights
Not-but friends who do.

LIFE

Life finds truth hunting
Her in ne'er ending Orange
Blossom: she, the Tree.

HAI KU

Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

LIGHT

Voiceful sunlight soft
Whispers and drenched stones sing back
Her praise from the stream.

SEARCH

Blind darkness spheres o'er
Celestial arcs, searching
Brightness he couldn't hold.

VALE OF THE DEAD

by John A. Yurko

Ambling through the mountains
Composed of the musty coffins of the dead.
Stepping over the lifeless remains,
Thinking of the open mouths and the words they could have said.

They could have said that life was false
That only there half-belief in One was real,
Spoke omens of warning to us who follow,
And start the glistening bell of experience to peal.

But their lot is that of endless death
Their decaying bodies left behind for naught.
They cannot speak of what they have seen
Of the Fates and lives who live to ought.

I finished my steps and, turning back to the path,
The way that separates left from right,
Returned to the glittering globe that was my abode
And promptly forgot all my portentous sight.

IN AN OFFICE ON TENTH STREET

by John A. Yurko

PICNIC IN THE PARK

by Michael J. Murphy

Laying on your back
In the middle of God
Thinking of nothing, now
And everything.

Looking at the stars
Feeling the soft sharp green
Experience, the air,
The total mind.

Take beauty in hand
Whispering softly now
Smiling so beautifully
Silly yet wise.

Unconsciously be
Giving the life in you
Lay on your back awhile
"Being," always.

I've seen that masked face before
One endless variation or never dying themes
Your constant depths don't need explored,
That Coppertone face is exactly what it seems.

I say it's love
Your rounded mouth agrees.
But in your eyes, a bitterness
That will never let you see.

You say each affair was a pretty thing,
I've seen them all, so I know,
Now, your velvet arms had them sing
Before that pitted love let them go.

Your deep voice never raises
It wouldn't be as dignified
For a man like you so suave,
To have a chest heaved with a sigh.

Success is the golden game you play
Soaked with the imperious cloak of cool,
Your desert will not come from what you say,
But from the soul, that musty, unused tool.

THE RICE PADDIES

by Gilbert Z. Puznakoski

The California sun smiled radiantly upon the newly planted fields of rice.

"Yeah, it's gonna' be a good year. Look't all those sprouts."

"Ya know, Tom, you're right. It's sure gonna' be a good year. But what about them lousy workers we have? They ain't done a bit of work."

"Sure; but, you remember last week they had a riot in their quarters over who should sleep by the door. Crazy thing to fight about, huh?"

"Boy, sure is."

"Anybody try to stop them?"

"Why yes indeed; that guy from the mid-west went right in there and told them to stop."

"Did it work?"

"You, kidden? They all started fighting and screamin'. What a mess!"

"Well it's good he went over. He'll show them. As one of my heros once said: 'Talk softly and carry a big stick.'"

The sun rose that day without ever hinting that it would bring such a deluge of heat. The rice sprouts began to wither, and by noon were all lying prone on the farrows.

"Well, I did as much I could over the East-side; how'd you make out?"

"Not too good. Wish you could get them workers out here. At least they could bring water for me. If I do any more my self, I'll have a sunstroke!"

"I know just how you feel. We need these plants; they cost an awful lot."

"Yeah, and by the way, that guy from the West ain't any good. He was just as lazy as the rest of them! He was sleepin'-right over there."

"Oh, don't tell me; I saw him workin'."

"I'll show you the place; he's still there."

"Whoddaiya mean, don't you believe me?"

"You never liked that guy. You always had it in for the workers. That's all."

"Oh yeah, let's see if you believe this!"

Fists began to fly, and mud flew through the muggy atmosphere as the two fought. Night began to rise over the far region, and the blazing chariot slowly receded into the darkness, leaving all the plants withered beyond all hope.

Throughout the rice paddies, shouts were heard as workers and managers battled. There was really no reason for it, but the spirit was contagious.

Plants and men were enveloped in the dewy mist, but all were too busy to turn on the lights.

