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The Superior Ones

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

Orange tongues of flame from a bright, crackling fire danced erratically above the burning wood. Three men, bundled in blankets to protect themselves from the piercingly cold night air, sat around this campfire for warmth. Behind them, the tall, dark outlines of woodland evergreens rose up from the ground to stick the sky with their pointed peaks. The trees were silent, impassive listeners to the low, hushed conversation around the fire — hardly the conversation of men on a camping trip.

"We lost Pete yesterday," one was saying. The speaker was a huge, burly man with a face that, for all its naturalness, could have been borrowed from a mannequin. "He was with me when it happened."

"Did he go quickly, Wallis?" asked another man who, shrouded by a heavy woolen blanket, was busy sipping coffee.

"Yes, he didn't know what hit him," was the reply.

"Well, as much as he was a dear friend, I must say that we won't get anywhere mourning him," retorted the third. It was a small man with a rugged, weather-beaten face that had spoken last. "The plan still goes off tomorrow," he continued. "The only hope for this whole district lies in us and our success. We've got to free the people."

"Just think," began the coffee-drinker, "four months ago, we were three hundred strong — three hundred from all over Chicago — or what's left of it. And now we're down to three. We're probably the only free men in the whole of America, the way things are going."

"It's about that bad, Matt," admitted Wallis. "Listen to this," he said, withdrawing a piece of long, white, printed paper from his shirt pocket. "It's a report to the people. We — the superior ones — have now conquered eastern, western seaboard, North American continent. Have computed South America to be defeated in eighty-seven hours,

forty-three minutes. We — the superior — are victorious. Europe and Asia are faring a little better than this," Wallis said, flipping the paper into the fire. "I think there are one or two thousand unaccounted for there. But Howard's right, we've got to pull off the plan tomorrow."

"Right!" chimed in Howard. "Now, let's get down to brass tacks. We know that they have their center here in this building," he stated, scratching an X in the dirt. "It has two floors, the first is where the people work. We're not worried about them just yet; we've got to knock out the enemy who are on the second floor. Once they've been destroyed, the people will no longer be under their push-button, hypnotic control, and they'll return to normal again."

"Now, just to refresh your memories, the plan is this. Tomorrow morning, at 8:00 sharp, Matt and I will enter the building on the first floor and ascend the stairway to the second floor. Once there, we'll destroy the machine that controls the workers. Wal, give us two minutes after we enter the building. Then, you rush in and organize the people. Arm them with steel rods and have them follow you up the stairs to help us destroy the enemy. Any questions?"

After a brief pause, Matt answered, "None here."

"I think perhaps now, since we've got everything straight, we should split up until morning. After all, a group at night is a big target."

"Good idea, Wal," said Howard. "We meet here tomorrow morning at 7:30."

With that, he doused the fire with his coffee and kicked dirt into the sputtering flames until they were dead. Wallis was the first to go, setting off on the path that would bring him near to the enemy center.

While folding his blanket, Matt gazed in the direction of Wallis' retreating footsteps. "Say How," he began, "have you noticed how Wallis always likes to sleep near the enemy building. He sure is brave, don't you think?"

"Yea, he is. There's no doubt about it. I think he sleeps that close to them out of mere spite, sort of like laughing in their faces. Funny though, he never likes anybody to go with him."

"Well, I'm done. See you tomorrow. Goodnight!"

The two men departed, each to his own sleeping ground. Overhead, a full moon crept out from behind the corner of a cloud to shine its light down upon the earth, down upon the woods, down upon the glowing embers of a dead campfire, down upon a partially burned piece of white paper, half buried under blackened twigs and ashes.

Two men in overalls and jackets crept close to a huge, modern, stone building. They entered through two glass doors, turned to their

left, and walked past rows of hundreds of workers, workers who labored methodically, obediently, silently on huge mechanical creations. They did not even take notice of Matt and Howard as the latter began to climb a stairway. The clattering noise of construction and drone of machinery faded as these two neared the top floor. Now instead, they began to perceive soft, whirring sounds and short, quick beeping noises mixed in the air with the gatling gun sound of typewriters, constantly in operation.

Four more steps and they would be on the second floor. They lowered their heads and crept forward; every muscle, every reflex, every sense was alerted and readied for action. With each passing step the noise grew louder, and their hearts beat faster — one, two, three steps. They took one more step — the last one, and suddenly they were face to face with row upon row of computers, teletypes, radar and air defense machines, and others, more advanced and powerful, products of man's genius, all working together, simultaneously. They now stood before the enemy that had conquered man; they stood before the superior ones. Matt and Howard saw all this in four seconds — the last four seconds of their life. Then, there was a high-pitched whine, a flash, and they were gone.

Wallis walked through the main entrance, past hundreds of workers on his left and ascended the stairway. He emerged onto the second floor to meet hundreds of electronic machines — all operating feverishly. He took several steps forward which brought him before a large panel of lights and dials. With a clear, deep voice he spoke:

"Patrol Guard R89 reporting. Mission accomplished. Ready for programming for new assignment."

Sleep

by ANTHONY L. FISHER

After his debt was paid —

He was no longer afraid.

The finger of God upon him crept,
and then he slept.

THOUGHT

by KENNETH K. McNULTY

Thought . . . To me, it's at least as amazing as the mystery of life itself. Although it may sound odd at first, I'm talking about using the mind — reflection.

Thought . . . You would probably be surprised at the noticeable disuse of "grey matter" in our daily lives. I wonder how many people noticed that they put the fluorescent lights up twice on the scaffolding around a construction site downtown. One week I watched a team of men putting the light fixtures up parallel to the sidewalk, and I thought to myself, "Now someone's thinking." The following week, to my horror, I watched the same team of men take down the lights, which seemed to be working very well the night before, and put them back up perpendicular to the sidewalk. Maybe someone has money to burn, but in my mind, doing a job twice without any noticeable improvement in the result leaves me wondering.

Thought . . . How many times have you been hurt by what someone has said to you? Or, for that matter, how often have you made off-the-cuff remarks that may have had effects you can't see? Among the lost arts somewhere, is a skill that used to be called tact . . . or is it prudence? Your mother plans a fabulous, steak dinner, but, in the preparation, she over-seasons the meat or burns the vegetables. What do you do? Your buddy is wearing a new sports coat, and you say something like, "Where'd you get that rag?" O.K., so you were only joking . . . Are you sure he knows that? If people would just stop and listen to themselves . . . Someone once said, "Think twice before you speak, especially if you intend to say what you think."

Thought . . . Of all the teachers I've ever had, one helped me most of all — thought. A human being's ability to come into a situation, ask a few thoughtful questions, and then come up with credible conclusions is really quite astonishing. I think Kipling says it best: "I have six, honest, serving men; they've taught me all I know. Their names are what, and where, and when, and how, and why, and who."

Thought . . . T-H-A-N-K-S. When was the last time you used that word? It's a one syllable word, and so easy to say. How 'bout that guy who gave you a ride into town last week? He didn't have to, you know. O.K., so you forgot to thank him . . . How 'bout that Fellow who's keeping you in existence? There is a Creator and Sustainer, you know. Suppose He forgets . . . ? How did you become the brain or beauty you are? Do you think you earned your qualities and abilities? You didn't. He gave them to you . . . FREE. "Lord, thank-you for all the gifts I didn't deserve . . . and for making me the man I am, and not the one I might have been."

Thought . . . Are you living more now and enjoying it less? Try reflection by the makers of happiness and contentment. Actually, we trudge through life like robots. Often, a person can tell you very little about what he did last week because most of it was done out of habit and "instinct." If you thought about the things going on around you and just became "aware," life could be so much fuller. I'm not telling anyone to become a daydreamer or self-conscious. I'm asking you to use your mind constructively, more often. You'll be happier for it. I'm told that a young fellow by the name of Lincoln once said, "Most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be."

Thought . . .

Thought . . .



To a Rock Which Befell the Poet

by DANIEL F. RODGERS

"Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
quicumque primum, —"

Horace Bk. II Ode XIX

Curse the day that thou wert formed,
Let that day be ever mourned;
When the Lord unto nothingness said,
Be a rock in thy stead.
From high above let punishment be just,
And in due time be unto dust.
For what you did that fateful day,
When upon a hillside I did stray.
In my work emersed and lost,
A dreadful price it did cost.
Standing in weed knee-high deep,
With fearful sickle did I sweep.
A backward step my eye did miss,
The hand which flung me into the abyss
Of weed and sky and rocky land
Until the bottom I did stand,
With cuts and bruises and painful woes,
Which cost me one day's doles.
Let the hand of vengeance swing,
Until your destruction it doth bring.

The Vigil

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

The old church bell echoed once.
She sat, alone, on Cobble's Hill.
With anxious heart and yearning yet,
She sat there waiting, waiting still.

The old church clock echoed twice.
She stood and looked around at it.
A tree swayed softly in the breeze.
She stared ahead ignoring it.

The old church bell echoed thrice.
Without another human near,
Like Penelope, she waited long.
Her mind reflected, alone, one care.

The old church bell four times did toll.
She yawned while eyes pierced the deep.
Still no shadow moving in,
She then gave in to blessed sleep.



Venturam Esse

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

I wonder of just what will come.
How will man save fruitful lands?
Will some nuclear war break out,
And turn our Carthage to desert sands?
Will time, the healer, bring us wisdom?
Shall man become, still, more wise?
Will computers, now so ever helpful,
Be, yet, more harmful than they surmise?
Suppose science cures our going hearts,
And cancer becomes some rare disease.
Will some unheard-of plague prevail,
And harm man more than he foresees?
The future holds all shut up tight.
God, only, knows what's yet to come.
Yet, numerous worries adhere to us,
And stay they will 'til futures done.

SACRIFICE



by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

John Davis had been ordained just twenty years ago. Previously, he had been a chaplain in the Navy and at several Catholic hospitals. For the past eight years he had been here. Here was St. Stephen's, a parish on the edge of the downtown section of the city. For a few months, due to the onslaught of redevelopment, St. Stephen's had gradually decreased from fifteen hundred to a mere two hundred parishioners. Then Father John was betrayed. The Bishop had sold St. Stephen's to a construction company. In fact, work had already begun on the adjoining lot. The frame of the huge building outside his window made him even more bitter. He loved St. Stephen's. Parting from it was painful enough. But, that the church had to be destroyed was unbearable. He was leaving tomorrow.

It started to rain. The bulldozers and cranes would have to stop. Then, he heard it. There was a piercing snap followed by a thunderous roar. He bolted from his room, through the hall and out the rectory door. He saw the workmen running toward the cliff which descended into the building foundation. A corner of the girders and beams were no longer standing. He reached the crowd, and felt the horror hanging on the faces of the workmen.

Father John rushed down the path to the bottom of the pit. There, he found the answer. One of the men had been drilling a tunnel into

a side of the dirt cage. He had bored for twenty feet when the tunnel collapsed. They had heard his scream.

There was a half-filled gap for about twelve feet, then an earthen wall. Father John dived into the hole. They called him to come back. He continued to wallow through the soggy clay until he reached the barrier. The damp air clouded his eyes and soaked the strength from him. Clawing at the ground, his hands caked with mud. Then, there was the noise. A faint scratch could be heard. It grew louder and louder. His fingers dug in further. The surface gave way and his hand shot through. Someone seized his wrist.

"It's Father Davis," he whispered, "Hold on." The grip hesitated.

Then, there was a groan, "Father . . . a priest?" "Yes," was the reply, "Grab my hand." But, his wrist was set free.

Father began to widen the space when the plea was moaned, "Father, . . . Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

Father John wanted to scream to the man to grasp his arm. Instead, he said, "Yes, go on."

The next second, the rest of the foundation gave way. The workmen tried wildly to remove the dirt from the grave of one of their friends and Father Davis.



PATIENCE

by JEFFREY J. CRUMBAKER

From our earliest childhood, one virtue is invariably stressed, namely, patience. Even in the high chair we see our mothers exercise patience, as we hurl our baby food to the floor. Next follows our schooling, when we are urged to self-discipline in our work. Finally, in a career we employ perseverance in our labor and waiting for the next pay check. One would think that after all this self-discipline, we would have perfected ourselves.

However, one field threatens destruction to that facet of our natures. This impending danger is the sport of fishing.

I am not referring to the child's bamboo rod, rusty hooks and juicy worms, but, rather, to the advanced science of adult angling. The modern fisherman today must be equipped with an abundant supply of both money and time. He is assailed by thousands of fishing devices

besides the rod, which can cost from ten dollars to one-hundred dollars, and the reel, running from seven to two-hundred dollars. He can be tempted by sonar devices to attract fish, by various lines, all of which guarantee strength, durability and lack of visibility to the human eye (no mention of the fish's eye), or by an infinite amount of multi-colored lines, which promise a twenty-pound bass for even the novice. Besides these, he is under attack by many other inventions such as a crafty tool which an amazed Maria Zinpletti attests will extract the hook from any denizen of the deep.

The next choice an angler must make is where to fish. Since every town, park and club brandishes a roadside poster depicting the battling fish leaping furiously from a nearby lake or stream, I dare not delve into this vast field. Nevertheless, it is worthy of mention that some credible lists are available on this subject.

If after all these decisions, the fisherman can still find time for fishing, he is ready to pull in the big one.

Now, the devotee scrambles through the underbrush to the place of his choice, probably suffering nothing more than minor cuts from the eternal brambles, or bruises from a hidden log. If by this time he is not soaked by moist bushes, he has a good chance of slipping in the muck and falling in the lake. I have mentioned an obviously rugged terrain since the true angler feels a virgin area is a necessary factor.

At last, he can experiment with his costly new equipment. With a graceful flick of his wrist, he sends the tantalizing line off to the fish-filled waters, only to experience the terrible realization of finding it decorating the highest bough of a nearby tree. If he can free it by sundown, he will have the pleasure of hitting several underwater snags and cleaning the mud out of his seventy-dollar reel.

At sundown, he stomps back to his car, freed of the burden of rod and tackle which, in a complete breakdown of patience, he has hurled into the murky depths of the lake.



Frederic Ozanam

by ROBERT P. MILTENBERGER

Frederic Ozanam was born in 1813 in Milan, Italy, of French parentage. He was one of fourteen children whom Dr. and Madam Ozanam brought into this world. He grew up with sorrow — eleven of his brothers and sisters died. He knew poverty — his father worked a great deal with the poor. He experienced fear of God and love of God by the way his mother knelt and by her expressions while at the bed of her husband's dying patients. With such a background, is there any wonder that he turned out to be the man he was?

All the literature concerned with Frederic Ozanam seems to extol his pity for the poor and love for God. There is no doubt that Frederic Ozanam had these qualities; however, I believe that he had two other attributes foreign to the twentieth century person. These distinctive features are individualism and initiative.

Individualism seems to be the greater of these two qualities. Frederic Ozanam wanted to be different. He wanted to do something that wasn't being done. He wanted to be himself not John, Jim or someone else. This, coupled with his love for God and Pity for the poor all of which were foreign ideas not only to his generation but also to the assembly-line humans of today, made him a born leader of Christians. The only thing he needed was the initiative to start a movement in the name of God.

This quality, although not quite as rare now as it was in the 1830's, is found in relatively few men. Frederic Ozanam had such a rare attribute. Unlike many of his counterparts who later joined his program, he had a life-long desire to help.

In 1833, he organized the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. Within the next twenty years, Frederic Ozanam's singular conference had blossomed into a world-wide organization helping the people who need help the most, the poor. Today, there is a sector of his organization in every Catholic parish and diocese.

To such a man, the greatest thanks should be awarded. Frederic Ozanam possessed four great characteristics: love for God, pity for the poor, initiative and individualism. At the present time, the Church has bestowed no honor of glorification upon this man. Who knows, if the Church feels as I, maybe Frederic Ozanam will soon be beatified and then made a saint so that we may look upon him as a true Christian of today.

Different Perspectives

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

Leading the good life in a perfect land
Of unrealistic love and sorrow with
Peace, kindness and goodwill following in
Suit to vice, uncurable, vile and such,
I loved abstinence from all unpleasing to
Me, good, bad, all only half-sought. Alas.

None was real enough to seek if my heart
Did not desire such a thing, then, but then,
Variance is of essence they did say —
Not necessary, really, if not found
In complete categories. If so, life
Would be like a half-read book or poem.

Not only must our attention be set
In writing, thinking and in other things,
But attention must be complete, not just
Partial. The half-formed idea or deed is
A bridge to nowhere, wasting our time and . . .
But it brings need for a somewhere.



Time

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

An old man's enemy,
A young man's need.

A fleeting figure,
A crawling form.

An unseen stranger,
With seen effects.

A measuring rule,
Along which we tread.

Time's up.

Death

by MICHAEL X. ZELENAK

He races through a chilly night
After he is born anew,
To steal away a young child's life
Who with him holds no grudge.

Or, quickly rushing to end it soon,
A desperate person asks him to come —
But he cannot refuse, come he must,
For his duty is definite — clear and precise.

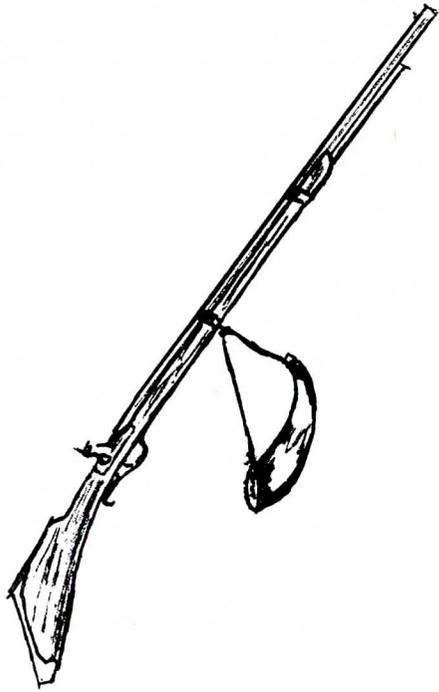
In battles, he fights everywhere,
Mounting and scaling the walls of men,
He strips the body of the life within,
For he is father and mother of wars.

Sometimes, they say, he even dares
To grapple with powerful Psyche —
He fears no one,
But, possibly, himself.

Although a famous man in town,
His patronage is shunned,
And only Mortis Ician cares
To undertake this task.

All places are his playground,
All havens are his hell,
Since the boat across the Stygian
Is always brimly filled.

I shall someday visit his kingdom,
For I too must make the journey.
"He cannot be avoided" says E. Turnity,
Erasing the i-m from immortality.



The Causes

by THOMAS F. SCANLON

It was 1777.

Corporal James Henry Stark lay flat on his back on the Virginia hillside. All his thoughts turned to his dearest wife, Lisa, and their meager Richmond homestead. He had been with the Continentals for two years, ever since he enlisted back in November of '75. He had seen neither his wife nor his home since that time.

The reason for his returning home would probably take those two years to explain, since it took that long to build up. But, it is sufficient to know that the war has been hard on him. It has demanded his courage, and he has responded in such a way that he is drained of all spirit. What he is doing now might, in some instances, be called desertion. His enlistment isn't up, but his endurance is.

As he stood up from his rest, he turned and looked for the searching party. All he could see was the yellow Virginia moon and a spattering of white stars. He was too far from camp to see the glowing campfires or to hear the annoying sniper fire.

The Corporal turned away and started down the hillside. Over and over, his mind recounted the day's hectic events. The quiet morning, the unexpected Hessian attack, his close brush with the enemy and

death, and the argument with Major Andre were all so bitter to him now. The sooner he could forget soldiers and war, the sooner his mind would be at peace. If he were found he would be killed on the spot. But he was willing to risk his life to leave it all behind.

He had risked his life for another cause for the past two years. Now he realized that that cause, freedom from oppression, was unreachable and not worth dying for. His present cause, a safe and peaceful family life, made more sense to him. A wife he loved was strong enough cause to lead him home.

If a searching party had been sent after him, they should be closing in about now, he thought. He should reach home by dawn if he continued at this steady pace all night. Upon reaching a rise, he stopped to catch his breath and survey the situation. He climbed a tree and looked back. He strained his eyes to penetrate the complete blackness. The moonbeams fell lightly on a dirt road up ahead. It looked familiar. Sure, now he recalled. He was about seven miles from home. He had made good time up to now, and with that incentive he would move even faster. He jumped down from the tree.

On the road the journey looked long with the hills and streams ahead. Behind, it looked . . . In back! There they were, over on that bend in the road heading this way. The party was too far off to spot him.

"Filthy rats, every one," he thought, "They should have enough sense to forget the war and go home. Like me. Go home. Turn your horses back home. I know what's best. Don't you fellas have no sense?"

His emotions stacked up. He had feared once, but he feared no more. His fears had been of war, death, searching parties, and soldiers. But now his fears melted as a candle melts when the flame grows hot. The fear dissappeared when the heat of anger was added.

He thought, "What sense they got? Them and their wars and killing. Don't they know of love and a cause of their own. Fools!"

The searchers drew nearer. He sung out, "Quit your war! Get home, you spineless murderers!" They responded in a volley of rifle fire.

The causes met, and both had their say.

THE TRAIN

by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

I must go, no longer can I wait.
Hasten to the train. Soon it departs.

The people crowd aboard, too many.
Will they all reach the end, like me?

Alone, alone it must be done alone.
Everyone is cold. Yes, we will make it.

Man is man's worst enemy.
The only hope is solitude.

The isolation mounts, the faces begin to show
Signs of confidence, indifference and . . . despair.

No, not despair. This is the only way.
Don't give up. You must do it. Then, he jumps.

He was too weak, poor fellow, but then
Alone, alone, it must be done alone.

More are leaving now. Fools, don't they know
We, the apathetic, we will complete the journey.

The brakes shriek and tremble. We cannot stop.
The cliff comes near. We are lost.

Death, hate and pain lie in the wreckage.
Alone, alone it cannot be done alone.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY COG

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

There is a rumor in circulation today that life has been standardized. Each man now lives to fill his own insignificant niche in society for which he was predestined. He must conform and accommodate his space as neatly as possible. His life can be reduced to an equation, to a regular pattern of chronological development. He is born, educated and takes his place in the world. He marries, raises a family and withdraws from all to await the end. So, this is life: birth, training, work, death — quite a standard procedure.

For the people whose lives fit the equation, life is not living. For these, it is a process that must be mechanically and unquestioningly performed, much like computer programming and assembly line production. Many deny that they fit the formula, though unconsciously, they do. Their goals are financial security and social status. Yet, what are these, if not fitting into one's economic and social niche, if not surrounding life with the walls of the world? These people are trapped.

But, somewhere, haunting me is a voice that seems to whisper, "There is more!" Life should not be a formulaic existence. If it were, then there would be nothing for which to look forward; everything would be part of the pattern. At the present, all our goals must be temporary. Perhaps, many of us feel depressed because we are trying to elevate these temporary, minor goals to the height of major ones. The truth is, though, they simply do not fulfill the requirements of our anticipation. As a result, we feel lost and dejected. Could it be possible that plugging neatly into our respective social sockets may not be the key to a happy life, to a living life?

Then, if there is more to life, what is it? It, whatever it is, is obviously not to be found in worldly possessions or security. It follows then, that it is not of this world, but of some other; yet, it can and must be sought on this terra firma. Is it one thing, or a group of things? Whatever it is, it has certainly been ignored and excluded from the formula. Is it the same for everyone, or different for each person? If it exists, it must complement life with a meaning and a purpose. It must remove life from the conveyor belt. Once you find it, you can cease to be the bolt in the machine, the cog in the gear, the part neatly in its place.

The "it" in question is God's love. This is the one and only answer to the problem. God's love is the missing term in the equation. If it

is left out of life, life turns into a monotonous, purposeless existence. On the other hand, the person who has found God and His love is living life to the full. He can see the pleasures and goals of this life in their proper perspective and value them accordingly. But all the while, he can look beyond the obvious and the tangible towards that which gives them meaning, towards that which puts them in their deserved places. His anticipations are fulfilled by seeking the goal of loving God in return and coming into closer contact with Him. He is free from the conveyor belt; he has ascended to a higher level. The one-time prisoner of the world has found God and been freed.

He Who

by DANIEL F. RODGERS

He who hath the spirit sought,
Knows if he's been rightly taught.
That goodness lies in work and deed
In tending to mankind's need;
To forsake one's own selfish wants,
Aim over desire; that's what counts.
For in the struggle 'twixt life and death,
Oblivion takes no precedent.
Riches are found in the aim,
Not in gathered wealth and fame.
For if all things are rightly sought,
Then evil hath the seeker naught.

Sinu



by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

Draped with eagle feathers and cackling beads, the war lances bent stubbornly to the gentle breeze that now swept the Plain of Death. They were still wedged firmly in the backs and chests of copper-red corpses. This had been the day of the Test. The Mauche had just defeated the Atropois in a bloody slaughter of both tribes.

Nonetheless, the Mauche had won, led by the fearless warrior Sinu. He had been content plowing his farm and raising his children. But, the Atropois had overrun the land of the Lanou, the Mauche's neighbors, and threatened his own territory. The Atropois offered an alliance. However, Sinu knew this meant slavery, and he wanted to be free. So, he led his tribe to victory. Now, he was chief, and others were seeking his protection. Many tribes smoked the pipe of Union, and it seemed the days ahead would be good. The crops were plentiful. The forests full of game. The people were happy. Sinu's sons were becoming men, and his heart was warm.

One day, a scouting party returned with long faces and went quietly to Sinu's tepee. A new tribe had arrived in the valley of the Waterfall. The Mauche were aroused. Would this new tribe be another Atropois? Sinu assembled the chiefs of the Union. They sent an embassy to learn the intentions of the new ones. The embassy returned

satisfied. The new tribe, the Gree, meant no harm. They, too, wanted peace. Gifts were exchanged, and all were happy.

The Mauche Union and the Gree became friends. More and more Gree appeared in the Mauche villages and intermarried. Soon, the smaller Mauche tribes demanded equal portions of the annual hunt. But, their people were not as many, and Sinu refused. They began to stir the others, and anger mounted. Sinu would not punish his people.

There were more banquets, and the warriors neglected their duties. The crops and the meat supply dwindled. Sinu encouraged them with fiery speeches but went no further. He would not punish his own people.

The annual hunt was neglected, and the Mauche grew soft. They now traded blankets and weapons to the Gree for food. Sinu's sons were staying at the village near the Waterfall. One of the larger tribes had broken the Union and lived as a dependent of the Gree. The Gree sent warriors into the Mauche villages to urge them to revolt against Sinu, who had become old and gray. But, Sinu was confident his people would remain loyal. Finally, the villages became enemies, and the wheat and corn were burned. The people began to starve, but the Gree would sell no more food.

One night, the Gree raided one of the Mauche villages and butchered the inhabitants. Now, Sinu gathered his people and said it was time to fight and unite as of old. The Mauche would not listen. They wanted peace. Anyway, that village had deserved ruin.

Weeks later, Sinu was again telling his people of the Union that had been lost. Suddenly, a band of Gree braves rode up with Sinu's eldest son in the lead. He proclaimed that the Mauche were weak and would be treated as slaves by the mighty Gree. An arrow plunged into the chest of Sinu as the people were led away. Falling to the ground, no one heard his last gasp, "Unite, unite."

The bodies of the Marines lay studded with bullets on the beach of Iwo Jima. The Allies had just defeated the Axis, led to victory by the United States. She was now protector of the world, but a new nation, Soviet Russia, appeared. She wanted peace.

The Moments Before

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

The Rev'rund calms; the family burns
As death does turn you pale.
For now you make the final turn
Of a long and winding trail.

Thoughts into your mind will drift
As death draws ever near.
You spy the earth and heaven rift;
You begin to fill with fear.

Earth moves from you fast away;
You leave good times and friends.
Onward to an unknown bay,
You sail through troubled winds.

Panic plays upon your soul
As darkness shades the light.
The evening bells of life will toll
As you slip into the night.

Seconds pass through time's old wall;
The present becomes the past.
You long to catch them as they fall,
And hold them in your grasp.

The train of Life is flying by;
You make one final leap.
You fail in this, your one last try,
And now forever sleep.

In Step With a Lottery

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

From near and far, all come for tradition.
Done **mazzolato** to please the crowd,
The condemned man stands by the priests.
All but few wait impatiently for the time.

The condemned man quirks with nervous hate.
A base man, it seems, is to pay atone now
While spouse looks on unmoved, impassive.
Mother, alone, is pale as a ghost.

"What did he do," says one to many.
"Who cares, It's done," one from there cries.
"Death is due. You see his face.
Its evil I think." But fear it was.

The mace was raised, and death came next.
Unmoved by blood, the crowd gaped.
Then it was done. No more to see.
All went their way. Their work was undone.