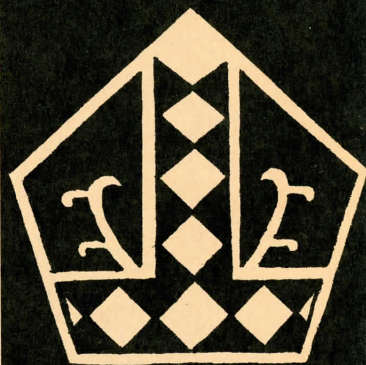


THE  
MITER

BISHOP'S  
LATIN  
SCHOOL



# THE MITER

*A LITERARY MAGAZINE*



*Published by*

THE BISHOP'S LATIN SCHOOL

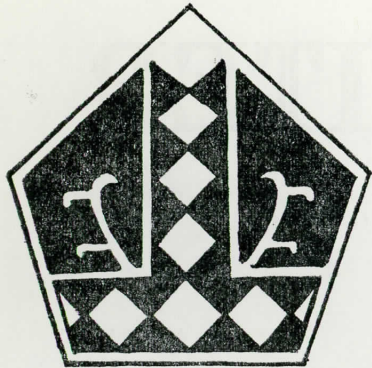
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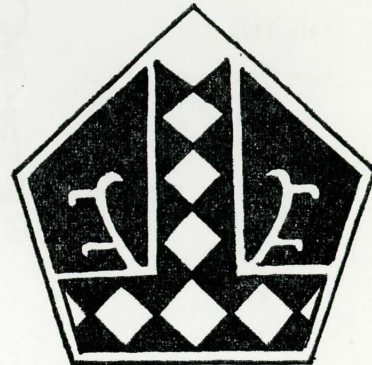
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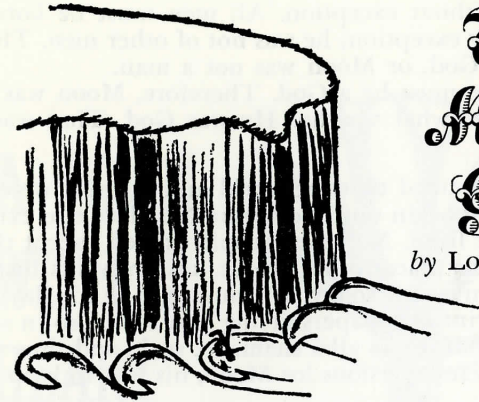
# Foreword

The students of the Bishop's Latin School proudly present the first edition of their literary magazine, *The Miter*.

This magazine has a three-fold purpose. It serves as a symbol of student initiative and desire to excel in writing. It serves as a vehicle for the students of this school to exhibit their writing talent. Lastly, it serves as a stimulus to writing better English.

The students of the school sincerely hope that the reader will enjoy the results of their first efforts in the field of poetry, the short story, and the essay.

MR. JOHN C. FERRANTE



# The Moon God

by LOUIS F. VALLONE

Many people thought it sad that Moon had no father. They were always saying how pitiful it was to see such a fine boy stumble through life without some man to look up to, to idolize, to imitate.

But Moon did not feel as these people did. True, he had no father to be a god for him, but he had no need for one. Once, long ago, his mother had tried to explain something about his father, but Moon was too occupied at the time to pay attention. And now, he was not at all interested in hearing about it; more than that, he was adverse to any reference to his father. He had formed for himself the conviction that he was the only one in all creation that had ever been born without a father. This is what he believed, and he would allow no one to raise a question to this belief.

Moon's mother was merely an ordinary human being. She was not overly attractive, overly intelligent, or overly personable. In fact, to Moon she was no more than a fruit or a vegetable. A cocoon, that is what she was: a dull, drab, hairy mass which, once the milk is sucked and the inside scraped, is only a shell.

Oh, she was a nice enough woman, Moon supposed. But she was not living up to the fact that she was the mother of the only fatherless child in the world. As a matter of fact, in time Moon had convinced himself that she was not his mother at all, but merely a shell that allowed him to suck her milk and scrape her insides. And so Moon became the only person in the world who was born without the help of either father or mother.

Yes, Moon thought, someone unique, apart from the rest of mankind, a wonder of God he was. He was not procreated; he was not generated. He just came into being, independent of anyone. He was a wonder of God.

But then Moon began to wonder about God. People said that God controlled and ruled the universe. The universe and all in it had to fol-

low the precepts of God, without exception. All men must be born of other men. Moon was a living exception; he was not of other men. Therefore, either there was not a God, or Moon was not a man.

Moon reasoned that there must be a God. Therefore, Moon was not a man. If he was not a man, what was he? He was God. That was it! Moon was God!

Then it was that Moon decided that the world and all in it were for his benefit. The world did not begin until he began. No place else existed except the town in which he lived. No other people existed except those whom he knew. Names of other places, other people, unseen events, history, news, everything had been invented solely to amuse him. Each day, the people in the town would print newspapers saying that so-and-so in such-and-such did thus-and-thus. But it was all a sham. So, such, and thus were not a part of reality. They were diversions for Moon, his toys to keep him content.

One day, Moon walked to the farthest section of the road where the plateau, on which the village was built, ended suddenly, in a sheer drop of one thousand feet. Below was the river, and beyond this, a sea of gold, dotted with gray, green, and brown, stretched to meet a blue sky, spotted with white. This was the side of the box that enclosed Moon's domain. This was a canvas hanging in mid-space, but so large that the space could not be seen. The void was covered, and that was all there was to be found beyond the canvas. A void there was, nothing else.

As Moon thought of the void in front of him, he began to think of the void behind him. The town, the people in it, were not they actually a void also? They only existed because Moon wanted them to. Now Moon no longer wanted it so. There was no town, no people, only the land of his domain. But Moon was here, sitting on the cliff with the canvas before him. What need was there for the land of his domain behind him? Now there was only the canvas before him, the cliff beneath him.

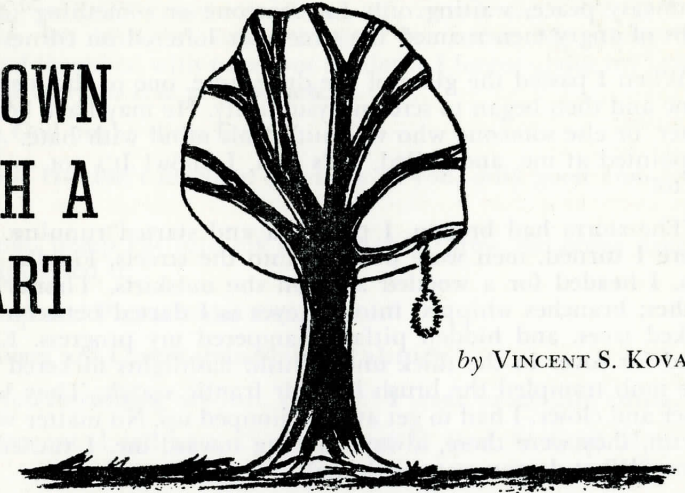
The canvas, however, seemed unnecessary. After all, its purpose had been to box in the land of his domain. There was no longer any land; therefore, there was no need of a canvas: therefore, there was no canvas, only a cliff beneath him.

The cliff was supporting Moon. But Moon was God; he needed no support. The cliff vanished from beneath him.

All had ceased to be: father, mother, the outside world, the town, the people, the land, the sky, Moon.

When the coroner gave the report that the fall from the cliff was most probably suicide, all the people thought it sad that Moon had lost his father while yet a baby; and that his mother had suffered paralysis of her entire body because of a brain injury. The boy had nothing to live for but himself, they said. And Moon used to agree.

## A TOWN WITH A HEART



by VINCENT S. KOVALIK

*"Yes, 'n' How many deaths will it take till  
He knows that too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is Blowin' In The Wind,  
The answer is Blowin' In The Wind."*

You asked me how I came here? If you care to listen, I'll be glad to tell my story. Some of the details are a little fuzzy, for it happened so long ago—or so it seems, anyway.

I was a drifter then, young and free as the wind. I never could stay in one place very long, always had to keep moving. One day, I felt that old urge again, so I boarded a bus for New Orleans. Ever been to New Orleans? It's a great town!

Well, that night we were passing through Georgia farm country. I always did like the quiet countryside because it really made me feel free. The bus roared down the deserted highway. As we neared one of those small, "hick" towns, the headlights caught a sign in their beams, and held it there for a brief instant. I think that I'll always remember that particular sign. In large, bold letters, it proclaimed for all to see:

WELCOME TO HARMONY

"A Town With A Heart"

I was scheduled to change buses in Harmony, so I decided to look around the town, which wasn't much. I remembered reading that a girl had been attacked there only two days before. The stranger who com-

mitted the crime had not been caught yet. The girl had died the day after the incident.

As I walked through the silent streets, I noticed a strange calm. It was an uneasy peace, waiting only for someone or something to shatter it. Mobs of angry men roamed the streets, or loitered on corners.

When I passed the glare of the drug store, one of the men looked up at me and then began to scream hysterically. He may have been the girl's father, or else someone who was out of his mind with hate. At any rate, he pointed at me, and yelled, "It's him, I know! It's got to be him, it's got to!"

The storm had broken. I panicked and started running. No matter where I turned, men were pouring into the streets. Finally, in desperation, I headed for a wooded area on the outskirts. Thorns tore at my clothes; branches whipped into my eyes as I darted between the closely-packed trees, and hidden pitfalls hampered my progress. Exhausted, I dived for cover in the thick underbrush; flashlights flickered all around. The mob trampled the brush in their frantic search. They were getting closer and closer. I had to get away. I jumped up. No matter where I tried to run, they were there, always moving toward me. I turned and faced them. "What do you want with me?"

"You killed my daughter, you dirty —," the man from the drug store cried, as tears streamed down his hate-twisted face.

"I didn't do it. I just got to town. Give me a chance to prove it."

"What chance did you give her? You beat her and beat her until her face was a bloody mess. She was such a pretty girl. You're going to die real slow, with lots of pain, yes, lots of pain."

"Look mister, I tell you I didn't do it."

"Don't listen to him, Dave! They say they always return to the scene of the crime."

"You're going to pay. Yes, you're going to pay, by God! You'll suffer like she did."

The crazed mob moved toward me; I tried to break away. They pounced on me. They kicked, and they beat me. I felt the blood streaming down my face from the countless cuts. My arms hung limp and useless. They jerked me roughly to my feet. I remember screaming as the savage pain shot through my aching body. The mob shoved me toward a gnarled oak tree.

"Please, you guys, I didn't do it. You're making a mistake. Please, for God's sake, listen to me. Please!"

"Shut your filthy mouth, you murderer, shut it before I shut it for you, permanently!"

"Let's get that rope up there!"

"He looks like he'll put on a good show up there. He's goin' to dance real pretty."

I watched in horror as the rope snaked through the air and over a strong limb, not ten feet over my head. My mouth went dry, as I saw how happily the bereaved father formed the noose. My whole body throbbed and throbbed with pain, but suddenly I forgot about my bruised and battered body, as fear gripped me.

"Please, God, make them listen!"

"Shut up! He don't listen to the likes of you, only good and decent people."

The rough hemp cut into my neck as they threw the noose over my head and tightened it.

"God help me! Please make them listen."

"Let's hurry up! C'mon string him up already."

"Yeah, you're ruining my fun. Let's go! I want to see him swing."

"I'm innocent, I tell you. I'm innocent! O God, O God! Help me, please!"

I felt myself lifted from the ground. The rope burned and ripped my raw neck. I couldn't breathe. I struggled and struggled. My feet kicked wildly back and forth. My whole body was jerked and thrown in every direction. Blood rushed to my head, and my tongue began to swell as I slowly strangled.

"He looks kind of pretty up there, don't he?"

"That's it boy. Now you're gettin' the hang of it. Too bad we didn't hire a band; he's really dancing real good."

As I fought and fought to live, my mind miraculously remained clear. I couldn't bring myself to hate them. Searing into my brain and growing louder and louder until every part of my body seemed to shout were the words of that sign, "WELCOME TO HARMONY—A Town With A Heart . . . A Town With A Heart . . . A Town With A Heart . . . A Town. . ."

# Alone

by NORBERT J. SIEBER

Alone yet happy  
As peaceful night  
Brings contentment,  
and enthusiastic  
with anticipation . . .  
pleasant thoughts,  
surrounded by  
light, dim,  
in plaster box,  
four walled world,  
supported by colorful  
art, painted,  
no frames, Van  
Gogh, etc. Soft  
soothing sound  
fills room . . . then  
ears with jazz.  
No worries, hardly  
thought . . .  
except — Great!  
Existence of  
Relaxation destroyed,  
ended, — . . . suddenly  
darkness . . . Sleep.

# MARTIN LUTHER KING

by DENNIS W. STRAIN

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." This is an excerpt from Dr. Martin Luther King's address at the March on Washington. Dr. King, who several weeks ago received the Nobel Peace Prize, is the symbol of the American Negro non-violent movement. He is a man with a goal, a man of love, and his movement is one with a goal, and one of love. The man is very closely connected with his cause, and his cause is very closely connected with him. To read about his life is to read about the present Negro struggle for equality.

Dr. King first came into contact with segregation and its evils when he was a child, as most Southern Negro children do. As a youth, he considered segregation "both rationally inexplicable and morally unjustified." He found that social injustice and economic injustice went hand in hand, and he was naturally appalled at the situation of his people. However, like most Negroes, he did not at this time have a firm determination to lead his people out of their misery.

Mr. King had no thought of such leadership even in his early seminary days. However, something very significant occurred while he was in a theological seminary: he happened to read the works of Ghandi and, for the first time, came in contact with the theory of non-violence. Before this time, Martin had felt, like too many Christians, that Christ's Sermon on the Mount was a personal code and was not to govern the relationships between nations and races. He now saw a way in which Negroes might fight against discrimination: with love and brotherhood. Non-violence was the only way for his people to rise out of their terrible state, for hate could only be conquered by love.

In 1954, non-violence was put to the test. Dr. King was assigned to a church in Montgomery, Alabama. One year later, the Negro people of Montgomery rebelled against segregated buses. The "rebellion" was touched off when a Negro woman refused to give up her seat to a white "gentleman" and, as a result, was arrested. This was the beginning of the famous Montgomery boycott which lasted for two years. When the boycott began, the Negro people asked Dr. King to be their spokesman; he was then catapulted into the leadership of a non-violent movement, a movement which followed the principles of Christ and the tactics of Ghandi. It was the Montgomery boycott that convinced him of the power of non-violence.

But Montgomery was just the beginning. Dr. King now dedicated himself to helping his fellowman all over the south. He became the president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which now has offices in every Southern state. He led the non-violent demonstrations in Albany, Georgia, in 1962 and was the head of the non-violent movement in Birmingham, Alabama, during the summer of 1963; this was the movement which broke down the walls of discrimination in the most segregated city in the nation. And in 1964, when 10% of the people in Harlem were rioting, Dr. King was called in to try to bring some kind of order to the frightened city and the disturbed people. Dr. King is currently writing history again with the non-violent demonstrations in Selma, Alabama.

But the non-violent movement has not been a pleasant undertaking for Dr. King. Twelve times he has been imprisoned in the jails of Alabama and Georgia, and he and his family still receive threats of violence almost daily. In addition, he has been the victim of a near-fatal stabbing.

Even though he has suffered much, the leader of non-violence is not a bitter man; on the contrary, he loves, and by his forgiveness and love, he tries to further his cause and Christianity. But even the most Christian person meets some discouragement, and Dr. King is no exception. He meets discouragement daily, for he daily finds apathy for his cause among fellow "Christians". Despite this, he faces the present with determination and the future with hope.

Dr. King believes that the non-violent movement has changed the American Negro. Negroes are now standing up like men and are trying to break the chains of oppression, and they are doing this with love, not violence.

He feels that non-violence brings the evil of oppression into the light. Before, the brutality of segregationists was concealed by the darkness of night; now, the whole world sees their actions in the naked light of day.

An essay of this size cannot do justice to the work being performed by Martin Luther King, but perhaps we can make a point for his cause, in his own words, "I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering in the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice."

## Collaboration

by NORBERT J. SIEBER

lone thou-  
sand strings  
perfectly com-  
bined together,  
one sound,  
one concert-  
O! Beauty-  
ful (l)  
rich tones  
resounding . . .  
and again, in  
symphony, al (l)  
-ways magnificent





## NEVER AGAIN

by PAUL J. SCHRATZ

"Carol, have you seen this book yet?"

Carol turned and saw Tom walking across the room toward her with two other fellows at his side. He handed her a small, leather-bound volume entitled *The Cannon Roars*. Carol opened the book to glance through it, but she got no farther than the first page. A loud bang was accompanied by a gasp of surprise from Carol and peals of laughter from the men.

"What's the matter, Carol? Can't you take a joke?" one of the men chuckled.

As usual Tom laughed louder and longer than the rest. He was always the one who thought of pulling the trick and the one who enjoyed it the most. He was in rare form that night at Diane's party, and that was bad news for Carol. True, she was engaged to him, but she was still the favorite target for his practical jokes.

"I guess I'm just a little edgy tonight," she said, forcing a smile. "I had a rough day at the office. The boss was like a bear because his golf game is getting worse again."

Carol was not the only person in Aberdale whose nerves were worn thin. For the past three weeks the atmosphere around the whole town was tense and strained. In those three short weeks, two young girls were found murdered in the small forest to the south of town. Both girls were strangled, and Aberdale could feel its very breath being choked off by the strong fingers of fear.

Tom finally managed to stop laughing at the fine trick he had played and said, "Come on, Carol. I'm sorry. Let's have a drink of punch."

He led her across the crowded floor to the table where the crystal punch bowl glasses sparkled in the light thrown from the fire place. While Tom was filling the glasses, Sandy started a conversation with Carol and so, when he handed Carol her drink, she did not notice that familiar twinkle in his eye. But as soon as she took one sip, she felt a burning sensation in her mouth and throat. Tom was laughing again because another of his tricks had succeeded. The blood rushed to Carol's face and her eyes burned like coals.

"Thomas Johnson, you have played your last practical joke on me! I am sick and tired of your childish pranks! You act like a two-year-old, and I'm not about to marry a baby. Good night!"

She turned and walked quickly to the closet where she snatched her coat from its hanger. Tom rushed up to her and began making apologies, saying he would stop his fooling, but he was still smiling at the genius of his last escapade. He was still laughing to himself as he offered to ride her home if she still insisted on leaving.

"No, thank you, I'm quite capable of getting home myself," she said sharply.

She marched out the door, crossed the long porch, and descended the wooden steps to a wide path which led across the field in front of Diane's house. Tom stood on the porch and yelled a few apologies in the crisp night air, but he still had that twinkle in his eye and that ever-present smile on his lips. She kept walking briskly across the field, however, without once looking back.

In a few minutes she reached the woods and the path narrowed. Not many people travelled through these woods, especially at night. The forest had always had a bad reputation, but the reputation had grown since those young girls were found strangled there. However, Carol did not remember that now. All she was thinking about was Tom and his tricks. If only he would stop being so childish! If only he would stop playing those practical jokes!

The longer Carol walked, the more she detested his tomfoolery. But still, the longer she thought about it, the more she regretted the tongue-lashing she had given him. The only fault he had in all the years she had known him was his weakness for monkeyshines. Regardless of what she had said, she still loved him, and now she was tasting the bitterness of her own words.

She walked along weighing all these ideas in her mind when she heard a rustle in the leaves behind her. She spun around but saw nothing except the path she had just followed. Nothing moved, not a breath of air was stirring, and everything was as motionless as a picture. It was just a squirrel, Carol thought. She continued walking homeward, but this time a little more quickly than before. It was early spring and the trees were still stripped of their leaves so the moon shone brightly on the trail in front of her.

Once again she heard a sound behind her and she spontaneously turned to see who or what was in back of her. Once again she saw nothing except the trees and bushes she had just passed. "It must be that crazy squirrel again." This time she said it out loud to convince herself of the statement and to bolster her courage. Again she quickened her pace, wishing she were out of the forest, and admonishing herself because she had not accepted Tom's ride.

A couple hundred feet farther she heard the noise for a third time, but now it was much closer than before. All the rumors she had heard since the other girls' deaths flooded her mind as she turned and looked behind her once more. This time the rustling did not stop but came closer and closer. This time everything was not motionless, but Carol could see the bushes moving slightly as if someone or something were coming toward her. She began walking very quickly now and sometimes ran a few steps. All the time she kept glancing back over her shoulder. All the time the rustling sound never ceased, sometimes coming closer, sometimes fading slightly. All the time the bushes kept moving, sometimes nearer her, sometimes farther away.

Carol's heart beat faster and faster, and she began to run more and more quickly until she was soon plunged into headlong flight, trying to shake her pursuer. However, the person or thing in the bushes was keeping pace with her and seemingly had no trouble following her.

Carol pushed herself harder and harder. Her eyes grew wide with fear and her body was shaking as she raced through the dead, decaying leaves strewn over the path. She thought if she left the path she might be able to get away from her hunter. She looked around with indecision, searching for a place where she might flee. The trees seemed to point in all different directions with their bare branches like gnarled, skinny fingers showing alleys of escape. The bright stars against the black sky above seemed like guiding lights indicating avenues of flight beneath them.

She quickly ran to the right, unmindful of the thorns and branches that scratched her and pulled at her clothing as if they were trying to help her hunter. But Carol rushed on blindly, safety her only thought. She reached a large, old oak tree and finally could go no farther. She hid behind the oak and, finding a rock at her feet, picked it up and waited for her pursuer. Her heart beat wildly like a drum, and she felt certain whoever was following her would hear it. The bushes moved again, and as the movement grew very near, she hurled the rock with all the strength that fear and desperation had given her. The missile reached its mark for she heard a thud and then a moan just before the form of a man fell from behind the bush. The rock had caught the man squarely on his head. Carol ran toward the body and gazed down on two eyes that twinkled and two lips that smiled at her.

"Tom!" she whispered in disbelief.

"What's the matter, Carol? Can't you take a joke?"

# PERSONIFICATION

by LOUIS F. VALLONE

Not long ago, there was a cigar jutting from a firm English bulldog jaw.

Not long ago, there was a pair of sparkling papal eyes shining above a warm Italian smile.

Not long ago, there was a pair of finely carved American hands working on Laotian bodies.

Not long ago, there was a generation of quality and virtue to be proud of. But what of now, of the modern generation?

This generation may lack the courage of a Churchill — a Winston Churchill who braved physical death no less than twenty-five times during his life, suffering and surviving everything from pneumonia to a bullet in the chest. On five different occasions, his political career was considered finished; yet, with each setback, he doggedly pushed aside ruins and built mansions. Even after his last stroke, he hung for ten days between earth, heaven, and hell. I have little doubt who won. At his funeral, every rule in the book of protocol was suspended to give this man a fitting burial. Why? To honor his courage!

But Churchill is dead. Does that mean courage, too, is dead?

If courage is dead, what about kindness?

To me, Pope John XXIII epitomized kindness. He radiated it from the time he said to prisoners in Regina Coeli Jail, "You could not come to me, so I came to you," up until the time he greeted a group of Jews with, "I am Joseph, your brother." His kindness developed into a serum, called Vatican II, which is working to mend fractured Christianity.

But John XXIII, too, is dead. Does kindness share the grave with courage?

What if we were to take these two qualities and combine them into one virtue: personal involvement?

Interest in our fellow man, or personal involvement, is Dr. Tom Dooley, who gave up the financial and social remuneration of private practice for a more rewarding enrichment in the Laotian mountains. He devoted his life to serve and preserve the lives of others.

But Tom Dooley is also dead. Do we mourn personal involvement along with courage and kindness?

It seemed to me that my search for this generation's inheritance ended in three sad trips to three famous wakes. I was pretty discouraged and disappointed in my generation. But, strangely enough the angel of light that snatched me from the pit of despair was — the newspaper. There I found the traits I sought — not in the obituary column — but on the front page!

Courage is Lt. Commander John Schumaker, captured while flying his plane in Viet Nam, and already becoming famous for his replies to his interrogators with this eloquence—silence!

Charity and kindness live and breathe in Jim Sheenan, a Peace Corpsman, working for 11¢ an hour in Sierra Leone, building and planning with, not merely for, people who need his help.

Personal involvement is Dale Smith, a 17 year old civil rights worker, fighting in the bayous and swamps of Mississippi to erase the social stigma of a black skin.

No, these young people are not resurrections of courage, kindness, and involvement. These virtues have never really died.

Not long ago, there was a cigar jutting from a firm English bulldog jaw.

But was that jaw any firmer than that of a silent Lt. Commander?

Not long ago, there was a pair of sparkling papal eyes, shining above a warm Italian smile.

But were those sparkling eyes and that Italian smile too much different from a New England smile and a pair of eyes reflecting the beauty of Sierra Leone?

Not long ago, there was a pair of finely carved American hands working on Laotian bodies.

But did those hands work any more lovingly than a pair helping a Negro register to vote?

Take that chin, that smile, those eyes, and those hands, put them all together, and you have American youth — PERSONIFIED.

## Your Eyes

by NORBERT J. SIEBER

Your eyes are the first stars of night;  
Their shining lights an entire picture of beauty.  
Their presence fills a dark empty sky of loneliness;  
Their brilliance brings life to the black colourless heavens;  
Their quietness sends the night reeling into silent splendor;  
Their reflection discloses a world of depression and sadness,  
Yet, briefly raises the world to happiness and delight; and  
their song is an overture of loveliness and charm.  
They are the center of a symmetrical work of art;  
A masterpiece of perfect joy and source of pleasure;  
A brightness radiating simplicity and contentment;  
A clearness still outstanding among numberless other stars;  
A hope lasting throughout the day, though hidden by the sun;  
And, the image of one's eternal love and ecstasy.

# I AM THE FOREST

by ROBERT J. KUHN

It is I—  
The forest—  
Dark against the Sky;  
I squint to see  
My sparrows flit  
From me to me.

My leafy hand  
Softly strokes the little ones,  
That furry, scurry band:  
The ones who seek my friendly boughs,  
And squat, and fear  
The men who scourge me now.

The evil wagons ramble near,  
The riders spread and strike  
My members, dark and drear;  
Husky, brawny guys  
Employ the blue-steel ax  
That chips my thighs.

They hollow the nail  
And blast my foothold out,  
So that snow, rain, hail,  
And all the winds that be  
Can destroy the hidden ones  
Who now belong to me.

The choppers rip a gap,  
The engines tear my skin,  
The bark; my blood, the sap;  
The creatures, little, watch the roof  
That falls away and leaves  
The Sun, the Truth.

# A Point of View

by JAMES G. OBELDOBEL

With deliberate steps he ascended the platform and grasped the lectern in his powerful hands. His every movement exuded self-assurance. His thick neck crowded his white collar and his booming voice filled the room. He had no thought of hiding behind the microphone; he had complete mastery of it and of the audience. His steel-gray eyes scanned each and every person, hypnotizing them. The silver microphone, sparkling with the reflections of the peering lights, merely drew more attention to his strong well-tanned face. The silence of the audience shouted approval for his golden toned oratory, now cajoling, now reprimanding. He towered above the podium as a skyscraper in a small city. Each person felt that he and the speaker were the only beings in the world, and the speaker was God while he was nothing.

When the speaker finished, he left the building and disappeared into the crowd — just like any other man.

# At the Top of the Mountain

by VINCENT S. KOVALIK

Though it is hard to believe, I find myself in my final year at these hallowed halls of B.L.S. Yet, how can I adequately express my hopes and emotions for someone to read and understand? Only a person who has experienced these same emotions can ever hope to know what thoughts are running through my mind.

I feel like a mountaineer who, after he has gained the summit, stops to survey the beauties which unfold beneath him, and also to reflect on the hardships which he had to endure and overcome to achieve his victory. In my climb from freshman year at the base of the mountain to senior at the pinnacle, I have faced many obstacles, both spiritual and scholastic. Some I surmounted easily, while others proved more difficult. Now I have before me my most important year — a year of hope, a year of decision, a year of study, in short, a year which will be for me a great challenge. Questions which were unanswered must now be answered for me to attain my victory.

As a mountaineer searches for new and more exciting peaks to conquer, so do I look to the future. Who knows what is before me? Only God!

# Trolley Thoughts

by ROBERT J. KUHN

Would that my life were a streetcar ride:  
Everything friendly and warm inside,  
Merrily rocking from side to side,  
Clickety, clickety, clickety. . .

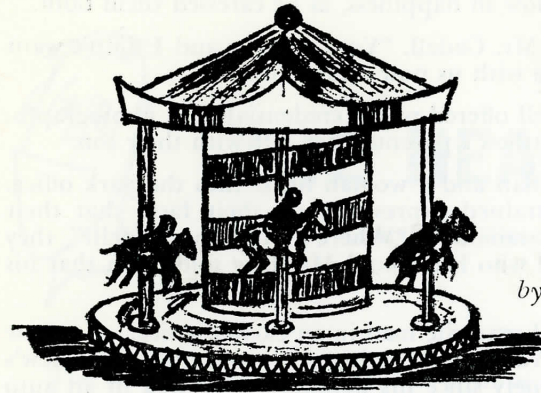
Instead, I mutely drift through sea  
(Those rocking waves unnerving me),

Instead, I sail without set course  
(And often wish my blood were Norse),

Instead, I bob on shaky base  
(The salty claw within my face),

Instead, I do but hope for peace  
(A distant shore where troubles cease).

. . . Clickety, clickety, clickety,  
Merrily rocking from side to side,  
Everything friendly and warm inside:  
Would that my life were a streetcar ride.



# LITTLE LOST BOY

by NICHOLAS P. CAFARDI

Amid the roar of an amusement park, a little boy was crying. In the land of make-believe, cotton candy, and high-flying rides, a little boy was unhappy. Matthew was lost and afraid. Though there were hundreds of laughing people nearby, Matthew was sad and alone—more alone than anyone knew. Matthew, like all little boys, thought that tears were just for sissies or little girls, yet now he was crying, crying and couldn't stop.

A park guard noticed Matthew and tried to help him. "What's the matter, little fella?" he asked in a soothing voice.

"I want my mommy and daddy," replied Matthew, straining to stop his tears.

"Where are they, son? Do you know where they are? How long ago did they leave you?"

The rush of questions was too much for Matthew. He looked at the guard with a blank stare on his face. He was puzzled by all the questions the man asked. Crying seemed to be the only answer.

"Son, I don't think I ought to leave you here. You come along with me to the park office, and we'll see if we can reach your parents from there," said the guard as he reached for Matthew's hand. With Matthew in tow, he led the way to the park office.

Soon an announcement came over the park's public address system. "There is a little lost boy at the park office. His name is Matthew Cadell. He says he is four years old. He is dressed in a blue and red striped jersey and blue shorts. Will his parents please come to the park office for their little boy?" blared the loudspeakers.

At the park office, Matthew was still crying and asking for his mother and father. Soon a man and a woman appeared in the park office. As soon

as Matthew spied them through his sobbing eyes, he ran to their side. "Mommy! Daddy! I'm so glad you're here. It's been so long since I've seen you," Matthew cried, now in happiness, as he caressed them both.

"Don't worry son," said Mr. Cadell. "Your mother and I didn't want to lose you. You'll always be with us now, Matthew."

After Mr. and Mrs. Cadell offered proof, credentials and photographs, to prove that they were Matthew's parents, they left with their son.

Three minutes later, a man and a woman burst into the park office. It was obvious from the strained expressions on their faces that their emotions had reached a paramount. "Where's Matthew Cadell?" they asked anxiously. The guard who had found Matthew told them that his parents had come for him.

"But that's impossible," began the man in an excited voice. "Matthew came to the park with us. You see, we're his uncle and aunt. Matthew's been very depressed and lonely since his parents were killed in an auto crash. We brought him to the park to cheer him up. His parents couldn't have come for him. They're dead! They're dead!"



## THE HEADS

by RICHARD F. WELCH



The alley was dark and wet. The light of one lonely gas lamp sent its dim rays through the darkness. Except for the scratching of an occasional rat or the crying of a lonely cat, the alley was quiet. About one-thirty the shrill scream of a terrified woman broke the silence, a scream that would drive a spike of fear into the heart of every Parisian. In the morning the custodian found her. He had noticed blood coming from under the door of apartment 4-B. Opening the door, he saw part of the body sprawled on the floor. He immediately ran for the police. They arrived within ten minutes and entered 4-B. It was a dirty, dingy little room. They examined the body, lifeless and horribly mutilated. The head had been severed from the body and was nowhere within the room.

The morning paper informed the public of the crime committed in apartment 4-B. The city was shocked, and immediately the citizens demanded the capture of the murderer. The autopsy showed the mutilation had been done by a sword, a thick, heavy sword similar to the kind used in the recent Franco-Prussian War. The woman's background was thoroughly investigated, but no significant clues turned up. And where was the head? What would a killer want with a head? Detectives searched the alley, the hotel and the adjoining houses for the head or at least some clue. Nothing was found, not even a drop of blood. A month passed and nothing turned up. The citizens had all but forgotten the affair; only the police still searched for even the smallest clue.

Paris was asleep again when the killer struck for the second time. In a boarding house in a "nice" section on the other side of town, the screams of a young university student aroused the rest of the house. Neighbors came running; they called out to her and pounded on the door. She gave no answer. They crashed down the mute barrier and found her lying on her bed, her lifeless body spurting blood. It covered the sheets and dripped to the floor. Her head was gone; its impression still remained on the pillow. The police were called in and again their search was in vain. In the morning, the drowsy Parisians were suddenly seized by that old fear. This time it would not go away as quickly as before. Warnings were sent throughout the city to lock windows and doors. The authorities

called in master detectives from all over France. Nothing, nothing at all was discovered.

After a week, a few still talked of the murders, but they remembered only too well the two incidents. Investigators were checking records and files throughout the city. They surmised that the killer had to be a maniac. All the institutions in and around Paris were checked to see if anyone had escaped recently. It was nearly December when two police officers arrested a man they found sleeping in an alley on the Left Bank. His shabby overcoat partly concealed a thick, heavy sword. He protested his innocence, but the morning papers had already tried and convicted him. The public was sure they had their murderer. There was no evidence at all except the sword. The trial was held only a week after the derelict was arrested; it lasted one hour. He was convicted and sentenced to hang the following day. As the sun rose, the prisoner was led from his cell into the courtyard where the rope was waiting. He was already on the second step of the gallows when the word came to release the prisoner.

Another murder, this one more horrible and more ghastly than any of the previous ones. The body had been ripped apart, and, like the others, the head was gone. The city went mad! Offices were closed and stores shut their doors! Many of the citizens left the city in dread fear of this fiend. The Mayor called the militia to aid the police. A house-to-house search was ordered, but this took time.

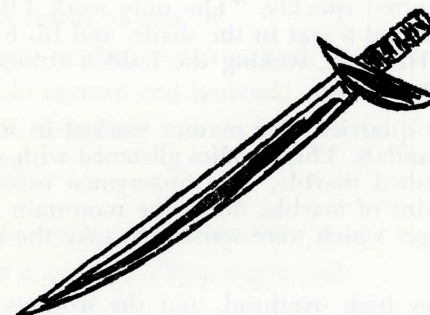
The people feared the butcher would hack again and he did. The young daughter of a prominent politician fell the next victim. Her father heard her weak scream, hurried to her room and fired wildly. The glass shattered and the killer fell with a groan and a splash. The father saw his daughter, cursed violently, reloaded and ran to the window taking his own life. When the police arrived, they found the girl and under the shattered window, a pool of blood. Had the killer been wounded or was this the girl's blood? They hoped that this close escape would discourage the killer but it did not.

The very next night a woman was added to the list, killed in one of the small flowery parks of Paris. One stroke from behind had brought her down. There was no sound, just a lifeless, senseless trunk of a headless body. The killer was enraged; he had to be found. He would strike again, probably that night. The day was slow, tense. Five had died and twice that number might die hideously before the killer could be caught.

After this, the days passed slowly, tightly, chokingly. But only four days passed before a man scaled the wall of another hotel; slowly and skillfully he climbed. He entered the apartment on the fourth floor that overlooked the quiet Rue S. Barbe. Again the short scream and the flash of the vicious sword. Directly beneath on the second floor, an elderly gentleman sat reading. At the scream, he put down his small, clever French novel and took up a large, cumbersome German rifle. Rushing to the window, he opened it and poked his canon out, and then saw a man coming down the side of the building. He laid the rifle barrel on the window sill because it was too heavy to lift and aim. He could only hope

the killer would pass by his window. The room was dark except for a lamp near his chair. The thump of a foot sounded near his window. He cocked his trigger. A foot lowered to the ledge, then another. A hand grasped the middle bar of the window, a full body blocked the view of the night lights of the Champs Elysées. A sword gleamed in the half-light, then came a face at the top of the window. As the old gentleman squeezed the trigger, he noticed the horrid grinning face. The gun fired; the body disappeared. The blast hit the killer in the eyes; he could never be identified. Near him on the sidewalk was a leather sack containing the head of his latest victim.

The killer was dead. But where were the heads? Five human heads do not just disappear. A week later a downtown apartment was opened when its occupant failed to return. The five heads were there, proudly mounted on the wall. There was not a smile among them! Ah! Gay Paree!



## *Model for a Masterpiece*

by RAYMOND T. MARTINO

The quarries were located near Settignano. The huge pit rang with the sound of quarrymen tempering their tools and of stonemasons fashioning huge masses of marble.

Michelangelo made his way along the ox road leading to the quarry. It was dawn and the pink rays of the new sun peeked over the edge of the quarry, furnishing light for the workers. They greeted Michelangelo cheerfully. "Finally going to do a good day's work, artist?"

Michelangelo retorted quickly, "The only work I'll do is with this charcoal stick." He found a seat in the shade, and his hand soon flashed in his sketch book. He drew, seeking the hidden strength that lay concealed beneath the men's skin.

It was hot in the quarries. The masons worked in straw hats, breech cloths, and leather sandals. Their bodies glistened with sweat, and shone like exquisitely polished marble. The quarrymen eased their burdens, little square mountains of marble, down the mountain side to the river and the moored barges which were waiting to take the stone down river to Florence.

The sun was now high overhead, and the workers gathered to eat lunches brought to them by thin sons and daughters. After lunch, there was an hour of rest to escape the deadly heat. Michelangelo drew them as they lay, hats over their faces, sprawling in quiet rest.

Having sated the empty craving of his sketch book, he made his way back to the city.

We can find those masons and quarrymen in his sculpture. Perhaps the straining muscles in the "Battle of the Centaurs" once belonged to the masons and quarrymen of Settignano.

*Based on an episode in Irving Stone's  
"The Agony and The Ecstasy"*

## School Night

by ROBERT J. KUHN

Home late, to eat late, to start:  
Shadows outside spread,  
And then the black is forgotten  
For the lamp that lights  
The book that bores  
The work that waits . . .  
Seven

Words cluster;  
Thoughts whirl 'round  
The cluttered desk of  
Papers marked and crumpled,  
Books opened and ignored,  
Pencils chewed . . .  
Eight

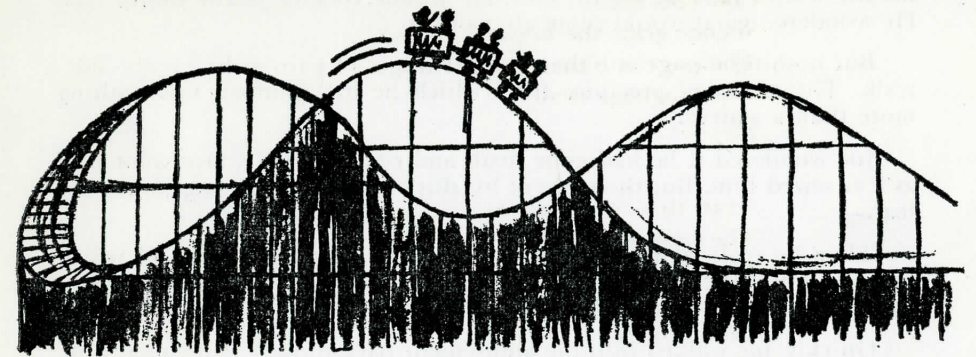
A doodle on a paper grows  
Till a basket frothing paper balls  
Is missed again;  
Another leçon is tried;  
The pen that looks like  
A horn wails . . .  
Nine

Another Hancock finds a space;  
Another stick-man standing by  
That first problem;  
Another summer revisited,  
Another soothing sun above a breaking putt:  
Drop! plop . . .  
Ten



Cicero looms tall, unconquered;  
Definitions lie;  
Concepts hide.  
Silence grips the house;  
The page is blurred,  
The language dead . . .  
Eleven

Next, that one last text:  
The letters hold hands and laugh,  
Their faces crooked and funny;  
The words are old and wiggly but  
The thought is clear  
The breathing is smooth. . .  
Twelve, midnight.



## The Amusement Park

by JAMES G. OBELDOBEL

The lights were brilliant in this silent city of noise. People laughed and talked gaily, and their faces mirrored the bright lights. But this glaring happiness only galled Joe. He could have spat on their foolish, ignorant faces. What did they know about life? If they saw the lust, the pride, the greed, the inhumanity of man, if they even gave it thought, would they still be so joyful? FOOLS!

Joe felt he had to do something, anything. Joe wanted to get away from this stupid crowd, and from life. Yet he had to show them their foolishness; he had to change their lives; he had to wipe the smiles off their faces.

Sometimes, there are those periods when a man's mind is most active yet least productive. The children are conceived in the womb, but none have life enough to withstand the test of coming into the world. So it was with Joe. He walked — no, he charged — through the crowd, bumping people, knocking them out of his way, his mind a knot, until suddenly he slammed into a cheerful young mother with her child in her arms. He stood and looked at the innocent, ignorant babe, and he knew the answer to his problem.

He would show them the wastefulness of their lives. Before their grinning faces, he would show them death.

He began his long and agonizing climb. Upward, upward, upward, every bit a torture, he climbed. He would sacrifice his life just to make

them see. Would they be worthy? Now Joe moved more slowly, more painfully. And then he plummeted down, down, down. He wondered if his life would pass before his eyes. He wondered how death would feel. He wondered what would come after death.

But nothing more came than a few twinges of pain as he hit the sidewalk. The towering precipice from which he had jumped was nothing more than a stairway.

Joe wondered if he had gone mad, and rightly so. His face went pale as fear seized him. But the sense of his duty to man was stronger than his fear.

Then he realized the good fortune in this aberration of mind which he had undergone. Here was not the place. He must go to the center of their folly, into their citadel of sin.

Quickly Joe walked into the amusement park though it revolted him. To Joe their guffaws were sacrilegious. But now Joe had a stage and an audience. Although the lights vexed him and the people sickened him, Joe bore these tortures for they aided his purpose.

This time there would be no mistake. Joe hastily but carefully ascended into the labyrinth of wooden beams supporting the roller coaster. Soon a noisy, anxious crowd gathered — to Joe's satisfaction. A few began to climb after him. The crowd grew and grew. When he reached the peak, he stopped and looked, first down at the crowd, and then all around the park. He noticed particularly a young couple strolling arm in arm, a muscular young man consistently ringing the bell on the "Test Your Strength" machine, and young people playing at games of chance in the Arcade.

Just as the would-be-rescuers reached him, he leaped into the air screaming to the world and to the gathering in particular, "Lust, pride, greed. . . ."

Death cheated him out of the rest of his sermon.

If only he would have had time to finish . . . !However, he had depended on his action to accomplish his aims more fully than any number of words.

An icy chill ran through the stunned crowd. Women fainted. They were the fortunate ones. Men could only turn away their eyes, not their memories. Joe had achieved part of his aim — they no longer smiled.

But due to some grace of God this effect was only temporary. The next day life returned to normal. Again the lights blazed and people's faces lit up with them. Their lives, though changed slightly by this encounter with death, were never revolutionized to the scope Joe intended. The only life really changed was Joe's.