



LITERARY

In This-Our Life

(Second in a series of what a typical B. C. student sees and feels of life. This time, it is death—the end of life. Or is it?)

On My Brother and His Death

MY BROTHER died on a wet and cold Tuesday a little after noon. He died quietly, peacefully. He died knowing that he was loved, would be missed—*is being missed*.

He was a lover of life. He loved beauty, too. He liked music, played on the piano, tickled the uke and sang songs. He painted a little and for a hobby, took to photography.

He was not without humor, too. He cracked honest-to-goodness jokes at the right time. And he laughed at his fellows' jokes as a repartee. This way, he made a lot of friends—easily. And they stuck to him, hard.

Despite being all these, he was only a little man, as common as the usual product graduated by any high school. Not like the great and big men who leave this world with paucans of praise and volumes of eulogies after them. Because he died young, he died a little man. This in memoriam, from both a brother and a friend, is the only token of his departure.

In the long, lingering illness that he hopelessly fought for his life, and lost, he suffered much and complained little. And in the listless, bed-ridden days that

he fought, courage-armed, and spurred by a desire to live, a desire stronger than Death itself (so I thought and hoped, at least), I knew he would live. For, is not only the man who refuses and has no desire to live who dies? And he loved life. He wanted to live; he refused to die. Still, inevitably, die he did.

There by his side while he breathed his last labored gasps of mortality, I looked out the window pane misty with the cold. My eyes grew misty, too—with the suppressed but on—rushing gush of grief. For there on the outside, Life proudly, even mockingly, looked me straight in the eye: the green of the grass, the trees; the rain, life-giving rain pitter-pattering on the pavement and the high school kids so full of life and laughter in their warm and chatty droves going to school....

And there my brother lay dying....

I wondered: while someone suffers and moans with pain, dying, another someone laughs and is gay; and, while some love, others only hate.

This must be the Phenomenon of Things—the question and the answer, the laughter and the sorrow, the prayer and the curse. Is not that Death, after

all, is a condition of Life?

And there my brother lay dead. No more to *ad lib* those jokes, no more to sing those songs, no more to paint those sketches. While outside, the grass grew greener yet, the rain still pittered and pattered more strongly and the high

school kids grew more chatty in thicker droves. Someone among them will have to crack that joke, hum that tune and do the brushwork....

Oh, but well....

"For men may come and men may go."

by j. s. f.

The Greatness of the Few

by Arsenia F. Delizo

HOW true the saying is—
"The truly great man is always simple and good"....

How many of our people today, especially among our present-day students, belong to this class? 'Tis only the few who have the courage and strength of character to go against the many-who take pride in smartness. These are the men who, from bitten experiences and costly mistakes, have finally developed a "way of life". In their youth they had to fight and fight hard, against the obstacles of poverty and discouragement.

A speaker comes and says he has nothing to say about himself except that of his humble beginning. Yet in his very words and in the calm poise and quiet dignity of his bearing, the intelligent listener can discern the very spot



of his greatness. His is not a personality that needs to be broadcast but it is one that just shows itself and eventually, wins the admiration of both the idealist and realist. Such a quiet influence plays an important role in the molding of a better citizenry. Such are the very specimens of truly great men.

The simple and good men, though devoid of peacock's feathers and a lordly turkey's gait, is a gentleman—more than that—he is the "Great Man." He may not be renowned but in his own sphere of influence, he is a known man, a man with peace of mind.

They fought with strong will, begotten of God and with that firm determination that spells success. Mastering self, they emerged with more optimism, less vanity, and greater ambition—real "Exhibit A's" of true greatness.



After all's said and done the Gold Ore is still your paper. Contribute to it. Send in your articles, short-stories, poems, and essays. We promise not to publish them unless they meet the Staff's standards.