

THE HOLY CHILD SCHOOLS'

**THE
CHALLENGE**

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Suffern
Portland

St. Walburga's



Sharon
St. Leonard's

Oak Knoll

Mayfield

Rosemont

Waukegan

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Idealistic Womanhood

A woman in these hurried, uncertain times needs true character. More and more emphasis is being placed on evil things; wrong is glorified and placed on a pedestal for all to admire. It is flashed before our eyes constantly in every form of entertainment, in newspapers and in periodicals. Young people today are confused and uncertain about the difference between right and wrong.

Women, it is said, are the strong ones, truly influential ones. They can make a society great or destroy it completely, whichever they choose.

They have this seemingly phenomenal power because they are the hearts of the families. If they do their task with love, care and discipline, it is a fine success, a wonderful achievement. But if they do it carelessly, grudgingly, it can be a total failure.

A modern woman must develop a strong character early in life; she needs prudence, integrity, constancy. She must know what is right and have the courage of her convictions to stand up for what she believes. Loyalty is an important ingredient in a world where more and more people are inclined to quit under pressure.

To stoop to petty gossip and insults should be beneath her. She must be kind and gentle, understanding and thoughtful of others. She must learn to use tact in her dealings with people and develop an even temper.

To be quietly self-sacrificing is a great asset and one that is needed in any walk of life.

A woman with such high ideals is a true woman, one admired, respected, and imitated by all.

MARILYN KEENAN
Waukegan

To Jesus Through Mary

*The countenance of the sun,
By a cloud obscured in part,
Was no more dimmed than
My discouraged, bitter heart.*

*When plodding on,
I knew not where,
I came to Nazareth
And found her there.*

*Lifting to my hard eyes
Those soft and loving fires,
She bade me stay, to rest and pray,
Where peace, serenity and joy retire.*

*Then came her Son,
The Word and the Light she bore,
And as He spoke of truth and love,
My darkness fled forevermore.*

SANDRA SARSHA
III Senior, Waukegan

CONNELLY vs. CONNELLY

Dans le dix-neuvième siècle une nouvelle société religieuse a commencé son travail en Angleterre. L'histoire exceptionnelle de la femme qui a fondé cette société joue maintenant, dans la forme d'une pièce, au théâtre de Blackfriars à New York. Quand la pièce commence Cornélia Connelly était devenue Mère Connelly, fondatrice de la Société du Saint-Enfant Jésus. Pierce, son mari, est le témoin dans la Cour des Arches au mois de mai, 1849. Il demande la restitution de ses droits conjugaux qu'il a renoncés quand il a signé un décret papal de séparation. Comme réponses aux questions des avocats Pierce raconte l'histoire de sa rencontre à Philadelphie avec Cornélia Peacock et leur mariage. Cette rencontre est la première d'une succession de scènes qui sont montrées derrière un canevas léger. On voit dans ces scènes le développement du caractère et de la foi de Cornélia. Quand Pierce lui a dit sa décision de devenir catholique, Cornélia s'y est soumise à la fin, mais elle n'était pas heureuse jusqu'à ce qu'elle ait commencé à étudier l'Eglise Catholique et à penser profondément de sa nouvelle foi. La mort de leur petit fils, John Henry, montre la force de sa foi et ses désirs de faire généreusement la volonté de Dieu. La décision de Pierce de devenir prêtre, qui a exigé que Cornélia fasse un vœu de chasteté perpétuelle ou entrer dans une congrégation religieuse, est la dernière scène dans cette série. Ici on peut voir la profondeur de la confiance de Cornélia en Dieu.

M. Bowyer, avocat pour la défense, a cru qu'il ne fallait pas que Mère Connelly soit dans la cour; il a présenté les documents et les faits importants sans un témoignage personnel. Mais malheureusement, à ce temps-là les cours d'Angleterre, sous la direction de l'Eglise d'Angleterre, ne reconnaissent pas de documents de l'Eglise Catholique. Ainsi l'évidence la plus importante pour Mère Connelly, le décret papal de séparation était inutile. Bien que le juge ait décidé le cas en faveur de Pierce Connelly, M. Bowyer tout de suite a demandé un appel à une plus haute cour, le Conseil Privé. Cet appel a pris plus d'un an, à la fin duquel la Cour des Arches était convoquée



encore une fois. Avant que le juge ait lu la décision scellée, il a posé à Mère Connelly plusieurs questions pour satisfaire sa curiosité. A la première question: "Craignez-vous la décision de la cour?" elle a répondu qu'elle n'avait la moindre peur parce qu'elle a eu Dieu et la vérité pour elle. Cette confiance a impressionné le juge qui n'avait pas la foi catholique. Mère Connelly a rit de l'idée d'être prisonnière dans son couvent. "A t-elle aimé encore son mari?" Mère Connelly a dit que oui; elle l'a beaucoup aimé et elle l'aime encore, mais la volonté de Dieu était plus pressante que son amour de Pierce. Après un moment de silence pour comprendre cette attitude, le juge a lu le papier -- moment de grand suspense. Dieu n'avait pas manqué à Cornélia!

On sort du théâtre accablé de l'admiration de la foi de cette femme vaillante et de sa confiance en Dieu, en se souvenant des mots de Mère Connelly, "Dieu seul".

Randi Burke
Oak Knoll

The Secret of Capri

Many people yearn to visit the Isle of Capri. I did too. Once. Vast beaches looking like a "Holiday" cover, sun-glassed celebrities lurking behind every tree, mysterious, sly-smiling island inhabitants who grow beards and go barefoot and dress as if they don't really care, but do, exciting days, glamorous night: these are the things I imagined and fully expected. A vacation to remember! How true. Capri, I encountered my first island inhabitant an aborigine of at least ninety-eight years. She was barefoot and she dressed as if she didn't care. Come to think of it, I don't think she really did. Her smile wasn't so sly either. No teeth. But, however, those spaces gave her a mysterious air. Never mind, I thought, for I'm not at Capri yet. She doesn't count.

I spent my first morning at the beach in my hotel room. Earlier, I had anxiously asked the clerk where I could find the beach. His explanation was simple. "There is none." No beach? Of course, I told myself while tucking my bathing suit into a suitcase. What could be more logical? How petty of me to be disappointed. Who can think of swimming at a time like this?

The next day, after a soul-searching session with Fielding's Guide to Europe, I eagerly compiled a mental list of resolutions concerning my tourist behaviour and decided to employ them in my quest for celebrities. Resolution Number One: I will not gape. Resolution Number Two: I will be casual. Resolution Number Three: I will not giggle. I set out from the hotel with determination and I kept every one of the resolutions. I didn't

gape or giggle at the celebrities and I was extremely casual. I owe that success not to will power but to those celebrities. There were none.

As I remember Capri, I can't help but realize what a farce it is. The Capri that everyone imagines doesn't really exist. Capri is only a legend. There are more curious inhabitants in Greenwich Village and more famous persons on Fifth Avenue. Still, in regard to that visit, I must not be disloyal to the little island. After all, it was off-season!

KATHE MENICK
III Senior, Rye

To Italy

Italy, you are music.

You are
The chortling chant
Of a thousand fountains
And
The liquid laughter
Of their whirling waters.

You are
The silent strain
Of an ancient age
And

The muted moan
Of its ruined relics.

You are
The lilting lullaby
Of moonlit monuments
And
The regal rhapsody
Of their silver shadows.

KATHE MENICK
III Senior, Rye

How To Get Lost In New York

Contrary to popular opinion, it is very easy to get lost in New York. Nonsense, you scoff, all you have to do is follow the signs. For those of you who doubt, follow this closely, because this is the voice of experience speaking.

The first step is, as in any well organized plan, essential. You must arrive at the train station exactly one minute before the train pulls out. By doing this, two things will happen. Primarily, you will be in an extremely disorganized state of mind as a result of having to pull a wallet out of the depths of your crowded purse to purchase the ticket which you did not buy ahead of time. Next, you will have the once in a lifetime thrill of trying to board a moving train while wearing a straight skirt.

The second step in the plan is to get a train which does not stop at East Orange where your girl friend was to meet you. However, do not panic. Just relax and contemplate the hour and a half you have to spend in that clean, cool oasis known as Hoboken Station.

Once again you and your companion are finally united and are ready to leave the friendly portals of Hoboken to venture on to the third step of the plan. The subway, your next means of transportation, is really not too difficult to handle. Just be sure to get off at the wrong stop and above all, *do* be careful of those doors. They seem to have a tendency to slide shut each time you try to leave the car.

Now you come to the fourth and final phase of the plan. You are actually in

New York City. Not being brave enough to risk your life by trying to hail a cab while standing in the middle of the street you decide to walk to Radio City Music Hall. You are, of course, wearing your very highest pair of heels. Arriving at Radio City one hour and two broken arches later you find what resembles a bread line out of the depression days standing in front of the theater. Not really caring now, you totter into the theater next door which is showing a post 1930 version of *Tarzan's Return To The Jungle*. After the picture, heedless of danger to life or limb, you resolutely step into the street and hail a cab. Then it's back to familiar old Hoboken to catch the train home to Summit. You sink into the soft cushions with a sigh of relief. It has been a hard day and it will be good to get home. You drowsily stare out the window at the signs flashing by. One in particular catches your eye. In large black letters it proclaims, *Welcome To Atlantic City, Home Of The Fun — Loving*.

MARTHA RUTH LEBLANC
III Senior, Oak Knoll

The Lesson

I can not remember now exactly when, or for what reason, I was in New York City, but a certain brief conversation which took place there is still vivid in my mind. The lesson I learned that day is a simple one, one which has been preached, practiced and avoided from the beginning of time — the virtue of charity.

My classroom was the back seat of a dingy, somewhat dusty taxi. The teacher was a plump, bald, bulky cab driver

who spoke his incorrect English with a Brooklyn accent. His pupils numbered only two: my mother and me. Our blackboard and text books were the people on a street corner near a subway entrance in a poorer section of the city. The lesson focused on a meagerly clad blind man tapping his cane on the ground and holding out a well worn, small tin cup.

As my mobile school came to a screeching halt at a red light, I studied the familiar scene closer. It was rush hour in New York; the people were six and seven deep on the sidewalk; and the poor begger stood motionless in the midst of the massive moving mob. As always, such a sight stirred a feeling of pity in me, and, as always, I turned my head to look for more pleasant scenery. Like many people, I liked to forget about such things in life and concentrate only on the better ones. However, this time I was forced back to reality by my mother's thoughtful comments. Why, she wondered, did the poor man stand down here? Why didn't he go up to another street corner? All the people who passed by here were working men and women who, by their looks, were just little better off than the begger himself. So why didn't he move?

The cabby took his place at the rostrum and looking disgustedly at his two white-gloved passenger-pupils, replied the words which have re-echoed within me ever since. He somewhat bitterly told us that it was these working people who gave to the less fortunate. It was these people who scraped to make all the ends meet who always seemed to have a dime or so ready for one of these human monkeys. Those who drove in a car and had two more

in the garage rarely contributed to the stumbling darkness. And when they did so, it was usually great amounts which were publically given, publically thanked, and publically known. Those who had an abundance passed the blind man by, while those who counted pennies for meals, included him at the table.

The class came to an abrupt end as the yellow, metered vehicle behind us gave a long, piercing honk. Our driver put away his mortar-board and jerked the car forward, wishing not the best on the other driver, his horn, and the green light.

PEGGY CLARK
III Senior, Oak Knoll

A Proposal

What better use for an imagination that to dream of an ideal learning situation? Teachers and policy will naturally influence my utopian school. However the success or failure of my fantasy will be determined by the students themselves. After all, we are given the tools and implements; the future rests in our hands. It logically follows that the effort to gain knowledge must on the whole be our responsibility.

So often in today's schools the students most easily able to grasp concept and ideas are stifled by their slower, less stimulated, classmates. The "thing to do" is to get by with the least amount of output and strain. Sit back and let the teacher's words flow into your mind. Individual reading, research self teaching, is beyond comprehension. The student is not inclined to delve into the why and wherefore of propositions and the like.

In a perfect school, class members would be chosen according to capabilities. Work would be prized and esteemed attainable only by those deserving. The emphasis would be on home study, classical reading, and art appreciation. Teachers would encourage complete understanding of principles and reason behind facts. Time consuming superfluous parroting of answers would be eliminated.

One can point out flaws and faults. One can complain and demand changes. Ironically enough, many of my idealistic qualities prevail in my own school of learning. It is I, the student, who must effect the results.

ANNE KELLY
III Senior, Portland

Pleasantville U. S. A.

Sloping, green hills surrounded the little town. Multi-colored wildflowers danced and shone brightly in the gentle rays of the luminous sun. Cool breezes rippled the soft grass under the azure sky. The natural formation of the land formed a little valley. In it the little town rested quietly and peacefully.

It was a very small town. One main street, with white frame houses with green and sometimes red shutters nestled here and there under the sweeping boughs of the hugh syracomes and oaks. Rose trellises filled with their many pink and red blooms grew besides the houses. Children laughed and played in the yards and in the streets. Dogs barked and frolicked in and out of the bushes. The church stood peacefully and serenly atop the gentle knoll to the north. The air was sweet and fragrant, mixed with the aroma of roses, violets and snapdragons.

The inhabitants were happy, ordinary, people. They ate, slept, and went to work, relaxed ,enjoyed themselves and visited their Creator on Sundays. Life went on with the everyday cares and worries. Yet there was something that made this town quaint and somehow, unusual. There was no hurrying, rushing, pushing or mad speeding. You see, this peaceful, happy little town, unburdened by the worries of the world, threat of Russia and the atom bomb, is just an interesting and quaint figment of my imagination.

ANN HETFIELD
III Senior, Portland

The Test

Slowly and reluctantly I approached the man who was to decide my fate. My knees were shaking, but I had made up my mind to go through with this thing. I was surprised at the pleasant greeting I received, but nothing could cheer me up at that point. I asked for my instructions, and followed them to the letter. I answered his questions slowly and carefully, and then it was al lover. I couldn't believe that I had done it. I ran to the corner, whre my mother had been waiting for me. Proudly I presented her with the card that read

CAROL EGAN
LICENSED DRIVER.

CAROL EGAN
III Senior, Sharon

Transcendence

Violent hues etched the threatening
range
As the sunlight prepared to depart.
A cloudless sky glowered
During the sphere's plunging descent.
Stingingly the shadows touched my
finger-tips,
And the icy embrace of Himalayan
blasts
Searched my coat to steal its warmth.
Yet long did I stay there at the peak,
Watching darkling cloaks settle on
craggy rifts.
The shrill breath of these monstrous
mountains
Shrieked in the ravines' ragged con-
tours,
Jolted a new-born avalanche . . .
Thundered in the vengeful fury of
Nature upon Man.

Yet I pondered aloof, the wanderer,
Reviewing rude and primitive majesty,
Thriled at its puissant solemnity,
Still unstirred by its attempt to shatter
my soul . . .
At length retracing some solitary
climber's steps
Upon the raw and luminous snow,
He strode in wonder, even now
Attending the voice of the isolated
heights.
Deluded by the savage strain,
He left the ploughed furrows
And strayed unheeding into the enigma
Of sombre oblivion.
Sudden clouds arose from the white
ridges;
Their laden stillness unloosed a flurried
storm,
After which human eyes
Ne'er again beheld the mystic stranger.

MAUREEN DILLON
IV Senior, Oak Knoll

Spring's Dawning

The raindrops clinging to the fresh, verdant grass sparkle softly in the first flush of dawn's light. As the sun slowly climbs over the horizon and dispels the early morning fog that fills the low valleys like a soft, billowy blanket, the faint chirps of birds are heard sweetly filling the empty stillness that hangs over the countryside.

The most adventurous little flowers are peeping through the damp earth and the countryside is dotted with pat-

ches of pale pink, blue, and violet.

Slowly the sun climbs higher. Its rays seek out the little flowers and transform them into jewels resting on the green velvet of a showcase. The new day is now surely here and one after another the brightly singing birds leave their nests and fly off to pursue the important and perilous task of living one more wonderful day.

PAT DEVLIN
IV Senior, Sharon

Light and Shadow

There was a north wind blowing on that day — a cold wind, ushering in clouds like shadows, over the Mohawk Valley — when the small papoose was born. She was called Tekakwitha. Born in shadows she was, born in fear and superstition. Yet destined to overcome fear, overcome superstition, to capture a flood of light and harbor it in her soul. And from there it would envelop her and shine in her eyes; shining bright, keeping her warm and out of the shadows forever.

Still the beginning of her life was dark with shadow. Her parents died when she was very young. Then her uncle took her in and gave her shelter. He taught her the ways of her tribe—cruel, savage ways. Tekakwitha's gentle, loving nature abhorred these ways and sought the light of love.

It was from a Christian Indian woman that Tekakwitha first knew of the great sources of love and light that were stored in the Saviour's heart. Thus guided, she soon learned to know of the Blackrobes, their saintliness, their kindness, their unflinching courage. Tekakwitha longed for the Blackrobes, but war kept them away.

Then, finally, an answer to her longings: they came to the village. The light was growing brighter, only to be nearly extinguished. Her uncle hated the priests, because they took his people from the old beliefs. He strongly opposed Tekakwitha's baptism — but he didn't forbid it. On Easter Day, clothed in immaculate white, she was received into the Church.

The light shone brighter now. Many shadows had fled, but some persisted. She was abused in her uncle's tepee, she had to steal to the chapel, hide in the woods to pray. It was there, in the woods, surrounded by nature which she loved as an Indian and even more as a Christian, because she knew of Him to Whom nature belonged, that she lost herself in a rapturous blanket of prayer. Her face shone on such occasions with the light of love. It was this love that led her to flee to the "Praying Castle," a Christian Indian town where the converts could practise their faith unmolested.

Tekakwitha lived here in blissful happiness, serving God with all her shining love, for three years. Then at twenty-four she died, wasted away by tuberculosis. Her face, which had been disfigured by pock-marks, now became clear and beautiful. The light possessed her now. The shadows were gone forever.

ANNE KAIBER
I Senior, Rosemont

Thoughts

*The fog screens the earth,
Bringing loneliness and doubt
Sunshine floods the earth,
Supporting new life and spirit.
But God fills the earth,
Offering the greatest gift of all —
Himself!*

MARIE CLAIRE GED
III Senior, Suffern



Decision

Lorenzo, A Christian, has proposed his love to the Jewish maiden, Jessica. Jessica is seated on the silk-cushioned window seat in her chamber. Doubts and qualms cross her mind.

"Why do I feel this?" asks Jessica half aloud. "It is as though a dart were piercing me."

"No, not a dart," returns a small voice, "just the effect of the gift I bring to you. Sensitive is your gentle heart."

"Ah, the rogue, Cupid!," gasps the maid.

"Ay, called a rogue by many, but I bring a precious gift to you."

Suspicious and doubtful, her response was, "It is said that evil is in your heart, but honey-sweet your tongue."

Cupid entreats, "Take heed of this tongue. It is as though you dwell with Pluto."

"The fire and fury of Pluto could not surpass Skylock in his fury," agrees Jessica, pushing a lock of hair back from her troubled brow.

"The gentle Christian, Lorenzo, has made his intentions known to you, woman. Accept the loving heart he lays before you. The peace this Christian offers would be warmth to your Gentile heart."

Rising and then returning to the window seat, Jessica cried, "Gentile heart! The fallacy you speak."

"Ay, Gentile heart. The kindness and gentleness of your heart belie your Jewish heritage. Your ways are not those of your father."

"Lay aside your doubts and fears. The maiden whom I visit walks not in darkness."

Thoroughly convinced, Jessica walks toward the open window and the twinkling stars. "Your golden words persuade me. I will not walk in the light of my father's grace, but with Lorenzo I will not walk in gloom."

As she turns, she finds that she is once more alone. Gazing into the night, she watches a twinkling star flicker and die. Cupid's arrow has struck again!

JOYCE CONNELL
St. Leonard's

Strange Happenings

Portia and Nesissa, lady and waiting-maid respectively, had just bid adieu to their husbands, Bassanio and Gratiano. Neither had an inkling about the strange visitor they were to have that afternoon. It all began when Portia threw her hands in the air in a gesture of annoyance.

"Oh Nerissa," said she, "what shall we do?" Can't you think of a way to fool our husbands?

"No m'lady." Picking up a statue of the goddess Juno, Nerissa exclaimed, "Ah! If only she were here to advise us today!"

"But what would she know about men in this day and age — especially our husbands?" said Portia.

"Plenty," a voice behind the women echoed through the hall.

"Wh-who are you?" Portia and Nerissa finally blurted out.

"My good women," said the stranger, as she entered the room, "I am the great goddess Juno, celebrated wife of Jupiter, at your service."

The startled two asked in unison, "Juno?"

"Yes Juno."

"B-b-but wh-what are you doing here?" asked Portia.

"I was making my annual trip to earth, when I heard your voices. Each year I help a few female mortals who need my services. Pray, tell me your troubles."

"You mean you are here to help us?" asked Portia.

"Yes, Make haste, I must leave by the third hour."

"Well," began Nerissa, "our husbands have gone to Venice to aid Antonio their friend who is in debt."

"Yes, said Portia, "and my husband Bassanio has brought nine thousand ducats to pay for the bond. But a little voice keeps telling me, 'Something is going to go wrong.' Nine thousand ducats would cover the bond three times o'er; but Shylock, the currish Jew, will settle for naught but a pound of flesh. Our husbands wouldn't take us, but I fear that they need us desperately."

"Tell her of your plan Portia," said Nerissa.

"Me thinketh that if we go to court, the sentries won't admit us because we are women. Therefore, we want to dress as a doctor of the law and his clerk. I have sent a messenger to my cousin Bellario, the learned doctor of Padua. He is to write a letter commending me to the court. I feel confident that we will succeed."

"Wait," interrupted Juno, "you mentioned some kind of trouble."

"I pray thee," said Nerissa, "we would like to know of a way of convincing our husbands afterwards that we were the doctor and his clerk."

"By the beard of Jupiter, let me think!" exclaimed Juno, running her fingers through her long black hair. Tranquillity prevailed for a while and then, suddenly, "Methinks that I know the procedure. Pray, is it true that both of you rhusbands wear a token of your love on his finger, which they vowed to keep until death?"

"They would never take them off!" cried Portia.

"Young ladies, know men," said Juno. "I feel sure that if a young doctor of the law, who had just saved his best friend's life, asked for a token of gratitude, and mentioned the ring, Bassanio would give it to him. If the

clerk pleaded hard enough, I think Gratiano would give up his ring."

"What a wonderful plan!" said Portia. "Nerissa, I feel confident that all will turn out to our liking."

"Harken ladies!" cried Juno. "It is time for me to leave."

"Oh, do come with us!" urged Portia.

"Farewell, ladies!" said Juno. "It was a most enjoyable visit. I must leave for Mount Olympus immediately. I hope that all of the plans work favorably."

"Adieu, adieu, dear Juno, and thank-you," said Portia and Nerissa.

"Come, Nerissa, here is the messenger with a letter from Bellario. We must get ready for the journey. Make haste." said Portia in a sharp tone.

Smiling to herself, Nerissa said, "What fools we mortals be! I knew it was too good to be true! She's back to normal again!"

CATHERINE MINECCI
St. Leonard's

Beauty Is A Beast

Her red and gold body glows brightly against the black of night. Her long, graceful arms reach out for a crown of stars. She flows liquidly through the hills. But, in her path, she leaves death and destruction. Her long and brilliant tresses scorch the side of a mountain with one flick of her head. Her glorious body will blacken a forest. A murderess by nature, she kills anything in her path, and nothing can change her ways.

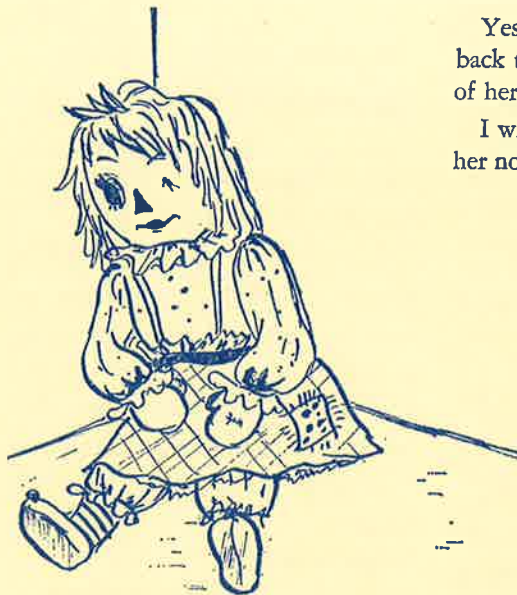
TERRY MITCHELL
I Senior, Mayfield

DAISY

Today there was a death in my room. It was my old rag doll. I wish that she had not died but, since she was a mortal, she did. She was ready for her death and she died her own death. Not violently, like some men, but prepared.

People will tell me that a doll has no being and she is not a person but a multitude of stuffing, and wires, and good for nothing false hair and eyes. But that is their opinion; mine is different. I will be glad to debate the situation further.

Daisy was my own doll and I knew her better than anyone else did. I knew when she wanted her dress changed and her hair combed. She was an old rag doll as I told you before with red hair, and one blue eye. She has gone through many of my tantrums of sadness and joy and she has borne with my sickness.



Adrien Tott

Her arms and legs had been patched up but so are human beings when they get old and hurt. I loved Daisy and I tried my best to keep her going to the very last.

My doll was happier than most men because no one desired her death. She had nothing to leave but a frilly pink dress and a friendship that will always be close to my heart. She had no enemies and no one feared her for she never did anything to have people fear her. No one wished her evil and there was no one who could say "I'm glad she's out of the way" like some people say of their friends.

No. My little doll went to her death in the way she went through life calm and quiet without a worry in her head.

She never failed me. She was always there even up to the very last, always ready and willing to listen to my woes. Her one eye would stay half open as if she was intently interested in what I was saying.

Yes. I'll miss Daisy for now she is back to material elements; but the rest of her is on the road to happiness.

I wish — I wish that I could be with her now. Yes, now.

DOLORES O'DONNELL
ST. LEONARD'S



Adrien Tott

A Farewell to a Faithful Friend

The day had come. I knew that eventually that day would have to come. And I suppose if he had had an intellect, he too, would have known that that day had to come.

This one-eyed, half-smiling, dilapidated teddy bear had been my constant companion all during my tender years. And now, we were to part—never to meet again.

Yes, Teddy and I were constant companions. But unlike most constant companions, we never quarreled. Teddy was too pleasant, too agreeable, too well-mannered, and just too much to quarrel with him. Teddy and I played the same games, ate the same food, slept in the same bed, and received the same good-night kisses from mother.

But, like all good things, this had to end. Teddy surrendered to the rag-bag yesterday. It seemed cruel and unfair to abandon such a dear thing after he had served his purpose so gallantly, but these things have to be done. I said



Adrien Tott

good-bye to a dear friend yesterday and if I had my way I would never have let him go. I suppose he deserves a rest, but it's hard to forget—and even harder to remember.

BARBARA CRESCENZO
St. Leonard's

The Greater Glory of God

I'm not much of an authority on writing a biography, or anything for that matter! But I think that one of the greatest persons ever to live died just a few weeks ago. Newspapers are constantly filled with crime and bad things people have done. If I were ever to start a newspaper, I would write about good people and their contributions to the world. It is one of the most tremendous things ever, when a nun or priest gives up his or her life to serve God in a foreign land. But when a lay person offers his life to God, it is outstanding!

Dr. Thomas Dooley, a very promising medical student, gave up a valuable practice to go to a jungle village in Laos to help people whom he had seen in the war. Other doctors from the United States joined Dr. Dooley in his work, and with the beginning of more jungle hospitals, "Medico" was founded.

I liked especially the spirit Dr. Dooley kept in his hospitals, Nothing was entirely free. Maybe the payment would be eggs or a chicken, but everything was paid for. I am entirely convinced that if there were more Dr. Dooleys to bring God to people, through their work, Communism would lose its foothold and be gradually wiped out.

TOBIE TONDI
II Senior, Waukegan

The Secret and The Smile

Alone, the only friendly sound you hear is your heart's beating. At least it reassures you of life. Yet now it is beating a little too loudly and with a little too much force to be friendly. It betrays your fright, your loneliness, and your feeling of complete desolation.

You walk along the streets a poor, frightened, Mexican boy. You are just nine. You are not a child anymore. Ever since papa died you have been the head of the family. However, you know that you are not quite a man either. Men's hearts do not beat so fast, nor make so much noise, nor do their tummies quiver so much as yours does now.

You have walked for hours it seems. Still you see nothing kind or warm, or gentle. You see no one with whom you could share your secret. But today you must. Today you have to give your secret away.

There in the park you see a blonde little girl all white and pinkish. This may be what you want. You go nearer to her and it happens. She smiles, a real, warm, friendly smile. You know that she shall have your secret.

All afternoon you play together, but now you must go. You give her Pepe, your puppy, your secret, you know he will be safe now. You know he will be happy. You know because of her gentle smile. You know because she is your friend.

JULIE SMLTH
III Senior, Portland

Clancy

Clancy and I met on Christmas day of 1957. When I first saw him, he was a very tiny brown and white pup; although, he grew up to be an overgrown mixture of Pomeranian and fox terrier. From the very beginning, he was a darling mut with a wonderful personality. Although he proved to be quite a nuisance to the rest of the family, I loved him. I cannot understand their reasoning on this point, for he ruined only a few of the rugs, and he did not pull all the clothes off the line. He even left a few plants in the back yard, and, as far as keeping us awake at night, why, he barked a mere fifteen minutes.

In spite of his little idiosyncracies, Clancy could never be punished severely because those big brown eyes looked up at you so pleadingly you could not lay a hand on him.

Clancy must have been quite popular with the lady dogs, for he was last seen wiggling through the picket fence to see one of them. No doubt he is now making some lucky dog an ideal husband, but he left me with a broken heart.

MARY ANN GINGRICH
I Senior, Mayfield

My Sister Denise

Becky Thatcher? Alice in Wonderland? Sleeping Beauty? Amy? No! My sister Denise is a composite of all these

childhood heroines. With deep blue eyes and long, waist-length brunette hair, she would be a shining example of Becky Thatcher or Sleeping Beauty. However, when my father's eyes meet Denise's after a dispute, steel meets steel. Like Amy, she has a strong mind and will to set off a cheerful disposition. Alice in Wonderland loved to sit in a hidden garden and watch wildlife of every description come out from hiding. Denise, like Alice, also has a white rabbit which leads her through many a merry chase. I think that you will agree with me when I say that my sister Denise would make a perfect fairy-tale princess.

BETH TRINAST
I Senior, Mayfield

The Moose

First a crash, then a thud, and a moose comes running around a corner. Most people aren't related to animals, but I happen to be. Really, it is my chubby ten-year-old sister. When she was younger, she would wrap up some of my mother's china and give it to the rest of the family for Christmas. If we laughed, she would say, "It's the thought behind it that counts, not the present." Even though — she is a lot of fun to have around.

MARY MCNIFF
I Senior, Mayfield

MEMORIES

It is 7:15. Right now I am sitting at the dining room table sipping what the ads call "instant" coffee.

In the kitchen is my daughter preparing breakfast for her brood of four who are now distinguishable only by the sounds of shuffling footsteps in the rooms overhead. I think to myself, "Standing there with her hair in careful pincurls and wearing a gay plaid housecoat, how different she looks from my mother, who had her long bob tied high on the back of her head and who was always dressed for street appearance when cooking breakfast!"

I can now hear the sounds of feet coming down the steps, and one by one my grandchildren enter the dining room. Though rather sleepy they all say, "Goodmorning, Grandmom," and then proceed to the kitchen where bowls of *boxed* cereal, glasses of *frozen*

orange juice, and plates of *heat and serve* waffles await them. And so breakfast, or rather the daily morning "jam session" begins. In less than five minutes everyone is finished and just about out the door.

Taking all this in, I again make a comparison to myself. "How modern all this in! When I was a child breakfast was simultaneously eaten in an orderly manner by the whole family and resembled none of this hubbub. There were no automatic toasters, no electric stoves or refrigerators, and positively no frozen foods."

You may think me somewhat of a fuddy-duddy, and I myself think it quite absurd to suggest a change, but oh, what I would give for one old-fashioned breakfast!

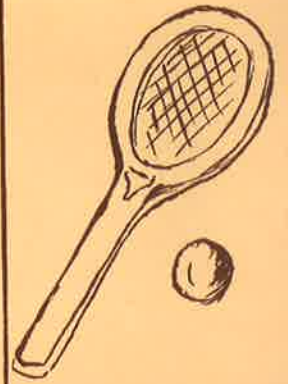
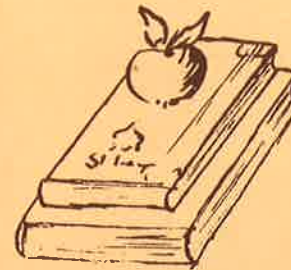
SUSAN MAYNES
II Senior, Sharon

MEMORIES

I love to visit that quiet place,
And as I walk review each face.—
A long-lost friend passes me by,
Smiles good-day and waves good-bye.
Along the path I wind my way,
No purpose in mind, but to get away.—
Away from plugging cares and woes;
From the hastening crowds and hostile foes.
Already it seems that the sounds are less.
Perhaps I'll succeed in my furtive quest.

The green of the fields gets greener still.
A bit farther yet, it's over the hill.
Now and again I hear the faint sound
Of a bird on the wing, who is heaven-bound!
Sun-kissed "forget-me-nots" blessed with dew
Nod their heads with a "how do you do."
I'm young again, my spirit is free!
I'm lost, at last, in my reverie
Of the land of the used-to-be.

MERCITA REILLY
Sharon



Adrienne Foth.

Presently, Math and Science reign over the intellectual kingdom. Let me venture into this totally foreign land to state "My Responsibility to the World" in terms of a mathematical equation?

Responsibility shall equal R. What is responsibility? Webster's definition will suffice: "a charge for which one is responsible or accountable."

First factor is God (G). God made us to know, love and serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him in the next. He is the source of all things; therefore, all things owe themselves to Him. He is the beginning and end of all responsibility.

God created my parents (P). My parents are responsible to God and to me to fulfill their paternal duties. I, in return, am responsible to God and them and to myself (M). I must, in Mother Connelly's words, "Do what I am doing" to the best of my ability.

Therefore: — G + P
+ M = R

EILEEN CASTELLO
III Senior, Rye

My Responsibility to the World



Pat Freeland

Readers of THE CHALLENGE will be interested in the following correspondence. Marie Therese attends School of the Holy Child, Drexel Hill, and her mother Isabelle Swartzkopf Messal, was a student at St. Leonard's for six years.

238 Ashby Road
Upper Darby, Pa.
January 21, 1961

Dear Mr. President,

I think you will be the best President we have ever had. My daddy has only been a citizen for six years, and he was so proud to vote for you. My mother voted for you too. My brother and I also wanted to vote for you, but of course, we are too young. I am eight and he is only five. But we did pray for you very hard, and I think that was better than voting.

My father is from France. He was in the French Navy and during the War was a prisoner in Germany. I have heard that Mrs. Kennedy speaks French. My daddy is teaching me French, but I do not speak very well yet.

You do not have to answer this letter, as I know you are going to be very busy taking care of our country, but I just want you to know how happy I am that you are the President.

Respectfully yours,
(s) MARIE-THERESE MESSAL

THE WHITE HOUSE

Many thanks for your message of congratulations. I am most grateful for your confidence and good will. I am greatly encouraged that we can meet our vital national objectives as a united people.

(s) JOHN F. KENNEDY

"Closing Time"

Amidst the hustle-bustle of Easter shoppers crowding through the aisles can be heard the clicking of the many registers and an almost rhythmic sound of bells as their motor bars are constantly hit. During the busy hours there is the steady hum of human voices, of little children running wildly in and out of counters making it rather dangerous for anyone in their path. Often I, myself, have turned around to find one of the shorter members of society peering under the shelves or watching the operation of a register with sheer fascination.

As the evening wears on, the crowd slowly begins to dwindle, there is an intervale now between the sound of bells, until only one or two can be heard. Promptly at 9:30 the announcement, "The store is now closed" can be heard throughout the building. To the employees, nothing could sound more welcome; to many shoppers, it means another night gone in search for an Easter Bonnet or a new suit for Junior.

Within twenty minutes all the registers are cleared and many shoes can be heard scurrying among the counters as their owners rush to make the last bus. By 9:50, the store is empty with the exception of a few, to see that no one is left to spend a lonely night among the sleeping dolls and stuffed animals.

The once brightly lit store with its "variety" of buyers and lookers is now quite empty and at rest until the next day when once again it will be buzzing with activity.

BETTY ANN MOSS
Sharon

Stone Memories

Passing through an endless succession of winters, followed by the inevitable rebound of fresh springs, and the mellow remnants of long-stretched summers, being no more cognizant of the harshness of the snow winds than of the warm repose of an August afternoon, the little graveyard sleeps.

It was wild ground, rough with brambles, rich with blackberries, unpiowed and unimportant save to the fruit lovers until summer in 1822. The wreck of the schooner "Damaris" at what afterwards became "Lighthouse Point," caused twelve cottages to close their shutters, forget the flowers in the windowboxes and grieve together. It was then that the ground became a graveyard.

The old stones, now moss-grown and half sunken into the earth, were chiseled from one pattern (and were all alike), all simple, brave, little monuments white with newness.

This picturesque place, boasting such names as you would never hear today, was then a place of rain; of

kneeling in fresh mud; of wreaths which could bear the New England frosts little more than a day.

The spot where only a wanderer would stray now, once knew women who had suddenly grown old, babies whose laughter really cried, girls who had lost the stars from their eyes, little boys with frightened, inquisitive faces.

It is hard and yet easy to imagine this as it once was. You are tempted to think, could real hopes, dreams and anguish ever have existed here? Could, what is now only a pretty scene, have held mirthless drama in days gone by?

Within the swift reaches of time, can we touch hands with this tragedy? But no, we have lost contact with its humanity — it is sleeping, dead, and in its place are brambles and blackberries. Soothing peace has grown with the grass. Our only realization that there was a break — a time of winter and of cold — lies in the row of sunken stones.

PAMELA SOMERS
IV Senior, Suffern

S H C J

Sincerity is a good trade mark which every girl should bear

Scholarship, sportsmanship, sacredness, — these make a lady fair. Happiness consists in the attainment of one's desires;

Honesty and holiness, — virtues for which one aspires.

Challenge, keynote of our being, is

blessed by the Holy Child. Cheerfulness, charity, chastity, — beauty undefiled.

Judging with love and kindness, a Holy Child girl should be —

O King of my heart, let these virtues be rooted deep in me.

ROSELLE SANTIVASI
IV Senior, Sharon

SPRING?

In March, God sent a crocus up to take a look around.

"It's winter," said the crocus; "the snow's still on the ground.

Now I'll have a lonely wait until the birds begin to sing."

But a passerby who saw her said, "A crocus! Now it's spring!"

MARY ANN MONTANARO
III Senior, Rye

On The Art Of

Teachers must have many pet peeves. They have plenty of reasons for most of them. Probably the best and biggest is "bull-throwing." This is the highly developed art, used mostly by older students, of saying nothing in a great many words.

History is the chief victim of this art. Naively a question is given and the answer requires a write-up about a great personage. The essay must include at least a hundred and fifty words or more. For some very, very, busy students who have so many activities on the agenda, this must be done from the head rather than from the reference books. You know how it goes if you are professional in the art of bull-throwing.

"Abraham Lincoln was a great man. He has often been acclaimed as a great American. He was very tall and his deportment was always quite exemplary. His character can be noted by the various successes he achieved which are so well-known they need not be repeated here.

Never was there a man more devoted to his country and his family than Mr. Lincoln. He was an example to the nation. Mere words cannot express how wonderful he was. He had a lot to do with a war and he did it all very well. We owe a great deal to Mr. Lincoln. He has gone down in history as an outstanding national figure. His birthday is the twelfth of February."

And so it goes. Substitute any other name for that of Abraham Lincoln and you have it. Bull-throwing adapts itself to any sudden emergency. But teachers are catching on which may or may not be the end of throwing the bull.

MEREDITH JOYCE
IV Senior, Sharon

SEAGULLS

I watch the seagulls swoop,
And cut the blue with grey.

They bank and turn and veer,
But never look my way.

They know just what they want,
And where to look to find
All that they ever need.

They do it, yet they're blind.

Yes, blind to all I see
While standing on the shore,
God's majesty and power
In every ocean roar.

KATHRYN KIRBY
III Senior, Waukegan

Operation Moving

February 1, 1961 — "Operation Moving," undertaken by the O'Keeffe squad, under the command of Father O'Keeffe. These were our orders — this is my story, dedicated to those who "love to change."

The first chapter of this unfortunate epic was the cheerful task of greeting my friends with the news. The only trouble was that to them it was cheerful. But being kind people they put on a grieved attitude and pretended to be sorry. The truth was, they were, truthfully, pitying the unknowing people whom I would soon know.

The next chapter was even sadder. They had farewell parties and get togethers in my honor and some of my braver friends even summed up enough courage to give me a gift which was an admirable feat considering I might have decided to stay. Then in the midst of the parties came the tears. I cried and they cried and then we all cried. Everyone promised to write and vows of "I'll never meet anyone like you" were heard again and again.

The third chapter began Act II. This consisted in the dual act of confusion—that of moving in and moving out. The packer always seemed to come when I was crying and meeting men with red eyes can prove very embarrassing.

The second part of this act was even worse—moving into the new house. Arriving home from my first day at a new school I was immediately greeted with boxes to unpack until at last, dead from exhaustion, I merely "gave up" and left the house the way it was — messy!

The final chapter of this stirring tragedy was a happy one for me. Even though there are still times when I am homesick it is never because I don't like my new friends. If I could go "home" now would only be if my northern friends could come with me. The house may be strange, the school may be different, but in time these will be ironed out. And, although I would be the last person to do so, I am forced to admit that the people in my new surroundings must be "almost" as wonderful as the people I left behind for they have the warmth and friendliness to make a new person forget about homesickness.

MARY JO O'KEEFFE
III Senior, Oak Knoll

Never Alone

They are happy;
They do not care or look for material possessions —
Only for spiritual ones.
Orphans they are called.
Outside in the chill of winter, they make the stations.
As did Christ, they entered the world with nothing.
But, unlike some of us,
They build vast treasures in their hearts.
They are not to be judged by their hearts.
They are not to be judged by their dress —
But by their love.
Some say they are alone, but they are not —
They dwell with Christ;
They are happy.

MAIRE VEITH
IV Senior, Rosemont

Strange Morning

I was there with my grandfather on that strange morning in the late spring of 1945.

My mother and I were staying with my grandparents while my father was overseas and Grandpa and I had become close friends. We did things together, and he made it fun to take naps, because he would feed my honey from a large, clear, green, glass plate.

On this particular morning Grandpa and I sat together on the back porch. The sun always hit us right in the face when we sat there, making us feel comfortable and lazy. My mother had taken my Grandmother to visit a friend, and Mrs. Terry, the housekeeper, had gone shopping, so Grandpa and I were all by ourselves, except for Mrs. Terry's two cats, who also loved the porch in the morning.

Grandpa and I examined the garden to see if anything new had been "born" during the night, and then we stood by the bird house which fascinated me because it was just like a real house, except that it was doll-house size. I can't remember how many vain hours I stood by that house, wishing for a bird, and thinking it such a tragic shame that none ever came to take advantage of the lonely house.

Grandpa said that they did come when no one looked. "They're shy," he told me, "just like you." and as an afterthought, "and just like the cuckoo." The cuckoo clock in the living room was a very sensitive point with me. Whenever I heard the cuckoo from another room, I would run fast, to catch a glimpse of the little bird flying out of the clock, but I was always too late. So the cuckoo was shy too!

Suddenly, Grandpa, was cold and shivered even though we were standing in the sun, and he went inside the house to get a sweater, while I stayed outside and watched the bird house from behind a pine tree.

When Grandpa didn't come out again I ran inside and found him lying upstairs on his bed. He looked very white and angry and frightening. He did not notice my standing by his bed and I began to cry. Then he put his arm around me and helped me to climb onto the bed. I'll always remember him then! Dear, and God-like, he seemed to me. I don't remember what he said, but I remember how much I loved him, how he smiled at me, and how sparkly his eyes were.

"Listen!", he said, suddenly, in scarcely a whisper, "the cuckoo!" I bounded from the bed and down the stairs, but once again I was too late for the cuckoo. Angrily, I went back up the stairs. But I barely reached the top when I heard it clearly. Was it playing tricks on me? I thought so. I didn't realize then that Grandpa had never heard the cuckoo.

I approached his bed fearfully. He was asleep and he wouldn't wake up. Other times I had jumped on him to awaken him but this time was different. I sensed it, though I didn't know why.

I went out on the porch, and I waited until I heard my mother and Grandmother come home, and I listened to their upset and hurried voices coming down from the upstairs windows.

The sun now fell in cool slants diagonally across the porch. I sat there for a long while, and I felt lost.

PAMELA SOMERS IV Senior, Suffern

The Multitude Followed

With hopeful expression, the dark-haired Jews

Followed the Miracle-Worker to the hillside.

The people showed depression as they exchanged

Puzzled glances. Somehow they had been wrong —

And their look of despair was emphasized

By their long features and tinted skin.

Determination, apprehensiveness,
Marked the eyes of others.

The disbelievers scoffed

And mocked the man whom they called Jesus.

The multitude approached the peak of the mound of clay and sand.

They sat while Jesus stood and told

Of His resurrection and the Faith,

And started to raise His hand

To bless the Jews, both good and bad.

He forgave them their sins,

He cured their afflictions,

And one by one, the children

Sat at His feet, to be loved by the Figure of Truth.

As the sun went down behind the hill,

So did the fear and puzzlement of these doubters.

And as each knelt praising the Redeemer,

Jesus,

In Whom they had learned to believe,

Was taken from their sight —

But never, now, from their hearts.

PATTI FARREN,
IV Senior, Rosemont

Love Him

He loved them —

They betrayed Him.

He was all just and all merciful —

They condemned Him.

He was their king —

They crowned Him with thorns.

He cured them —

They scourged Him.

He spoke not an unkind word —

They cursed and defiled Him.

He was the greatest man in the world —

They made Him die on the tree of shame.

JEANETTE VENTURA
III Senior, Waukegan

Lament

God! Would that I had not offended

Your crown of unheeded wisdom

Your heart of unkissed love

Your side of forgotten mercy

Your hands of unwanted suffering

Your feet of disregarded obedience

Your lacerated back of unconsidered humility.

The anguish in your eyes

Pierces their glimpse into my neglected soul

To see the darkling filth

I would instantly disown

To watch your secret smile.

MAUREEN DILLON
IV Senior, Oak Knoll

Perseverance Pays Off

The brass knocker on the ancient door sounded and a bright-eyed, gray-haired lady bustled from the kitchen to admit the early afternoon visitor.

"Why Ginny!" She said upon opening the door. "Come in, child, and put all those things down. Land sakes, you didn't walk all the way from your house carrying those heavy contraptions did you?"

"Yes I did, Aunt Lucy, but they aren't heavy, really they're not."

With her eyes taking on an extra gleam and her thin lips perking with a tiny smile Aunt Lucy said slyly, "You should have asked that nice looking young man of yours, Ron, to drive you up here;; or maybe it's Ron that you came to see me about?"

"Oh no, Aunt Lucy," Ginny answered, feeling a flush come to her cheeks, "It's nothing about Ron." Seating herself on the antique couch next to her aunt, Ginny spoke solemnly, "t's about the art contest."

"Well," said the elderly lady with a sigh of relief, gesturing to the supplies which Ginny had brought with her, "then that explains this collection. But before you get all involved in your story, I'll go and take my apple pies out of the oven. I'll be back in a minute and then you can tell your old Aunt Lucy all about it."

Ginny sat back on the couch and surveyed the familiar interior of Aunt Lucy's house. Everything was so beautifully antique, from the grandfather clock in the corner to the roll top desk at the other end of the room. A person unacquainted with the lovely occupant of the house might think that Aunt Lucy lived in the past, unaware of

current happenings. However, Ginny knew Aunt Lucy and she also knew that her keen-eyed aunt was more "hep" than were some of the members of her own teen-age crowd. Why, Aunt Lucy can rock and roll with the best of them!

Interrupting Ginny's train of thought, Aunt Lucy came into the room and sat down beside her saying, "Well, the pie problem is solved; now let's see what we can do about yours."

She listened intently as Ginny's story began to unfold.

Ginny had painted the old grist mill by Miller's Creek to enter in the University Workshop Regional Art Contest. Thinking it to be the best work she had done, Ginny was eager to gain Ron's approval of the picture. Ron, an art major like herself, studied the painting. He told her that it was a nicely executed study of the mill, but Ginny knew from the tone of his voice that Ron was just sparing her feelings.

Now Ginny had brought the picture to her reliable Aunt Lucy who, she knew, would give her an honest answer.

"I agree with your young man, it is a nicely executed interpretation, but the thing you seem to be putting out of your mind is the fact that there will be at least five or six entries of the old mill in the contest. You should think of something more original."

Ginny's shoulders drooped and even though she knew that Aunt Lucy was right, it still was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Now, now, don't take it so hard," said Aunt Lucy soothingly. "Since you've got all of your equipment with

you, you can start to do another picture today."

Leaving Ginny with that thought, Aunt Lucy left the room.

What else can I paint, Ginny thought. There isn't anything . . .

Suddenly she stopped! Her eyes darted to the grandfather clock, then to the old desk. Yes, Ginny saw the room for the first time with the eyes of an artist.

"This room of the past will make a wonderful study!" she exclaimed jubilantly. Then grinning wryly she added, "It certainly will be an original study! Maybe too original — but I'm going to try it!"

Ginny set up her easel and began to work ardently.

Wonderful — but rough! It was the most difficult thing she had ever tried! All that detail in watercolor was much harder than simply blocking in sweeping strokes of landscapes with broad brushstrokes. She worked painstakingly to get the overall effect without putting in too much "spotty" detail.

When Aunt Lucy came in and saw Ginny's easel set up, she wasn't the least bit surprised. In fact, it seemed as if she expected Ginny to do exactly what she did.

The days dragged almost unbearably for Ginny. School routine kept her busy during the week, but the weekend was brightened because of a picnic with Ron.

Finally the long anticipated day arrived.

She drove with Ron to the University Hall where the pictures, judged the night before, would be arrayed with their respective ribbons of merit.

As Ginny entered, she was startled

by what she saw. There, from a painting of the grist mill, hung a blue ribbon. Upon closer examination the name of the artist was seen. It read: RON HARDING.

"Ron," she shouted furiously. "How could you do it? You as much as told me that my painting of the mill was stiff and unoriginal. Now you paint the same mill and win first prize! Why!"

"Calm down and take a good look at the picture," Ron entered.

Ginny looked. Yes, Ron's picture was original. It was the same mill, but it was different. Foaming water raced around it and the sky was a haunting gray. It was the same grist mill, but a different interpretation of it—the grist mill in a thunderstorm.

"I'm sorry, Ron," she apologized. "I should not have let my temper run away with me. You're a much better artist than I and you deserved to win."

"Hey! Stop being so noble about it," he returned. "Have you forgotten that these are the college entries? Let's take a look at the high school section."

Placing her hand in Ron's, Ginny followed him to the other side of the room where her watercolor glowed somberly in the middle of a wall hung with sunny, pastel landscapes.

Ginny skidded to a stop, her head swimming.

From the frame of her painting hung a streamer of blue satin!

When she managed to shake the sudden tears from her eyes, she read on the ribbon the glorious words: FIRST PRIZE — HIGH SCHOOL DIVISION.

JEANNE KESSER
III Senior, Waukegan

The Light

Norm, Sheila, Frank, and I were out together that dark cold night. We happened to be driving by the old cemetery on Sheridan Road, when Norm shouted,

"Frank, stop the car!"

The brakes screeched.

"Look, over there in the cemetery. Didn't you see a light flashing?"

We all looked, a little nervously. After all, wasn't it strange to see a light in a cemetery?

Frank said,

"C'mon, Kids, let's investigate."

Boys are so curious. Sheila and I weren't as willing to investigate. What if it was a ghoully ghost with a flickering lantern or something? But when the boys called us "sissies," we consented.

A we entered through the tall, wrought-iron gate, which squeaked, of course, the flashes became more apparent, lighting up the surrounding trees and tombstones.

The light seemed to originate from Mr. J. Dudley Sr.'s gravemarker. No one in town will ever forget Mr. J. Dudley Sr., the richest philanthropist in the state. He's been gone for only about a year now.

As we neared, even Norm and Frank became quieter and more cautious. When we had crept up as near as we dared, we all grasped out of fearful, queer surprise. We turned and briskly walked back to the car, hoping he didn't see us.

To this day, we shudder to think of the sight we saw, even though the authorities have properly taken care of him.

We constantly ponder over these questions: Where did Mr. J. Dudley, Sr. get the camera and flashbulbs, and *why* was he taking pictures of his own grave?

LINDA LABEN

I Senior, Waukegan

Evening

The girl sat in the doorway
And combed her listless hair. I saw the
slithering wind

Play lover-games with the willow-tree.
I saw the pale, peach-colored light
Play upon her dead face. I heard crick-
ets in the swishing grass.

Then the house became a gold house,
The tree a gold tree.

The birds ceased their restlessness and
the wonder of this
And the wonder of the whole world
Was painted in the still-pool eyes of
the dead-limbed girl.

The sun set,
But I saw only faded dreams in the eyes
of the girl.

CHARLOTTE LOW

IV Senior, Mayfield

A Memory

"The Colonel's" was the neighborhood name for the big, empty house that stood across the road and over the field from our house. A gravelly driveway under shady trees led to the "mansion" which was by sunny fields and stone walls. Along the walls grew an endless variety of blossoming shrubs, and not a day went by, from April into the summer, when we didn't "go to the Colonel's" to gather flowers. In early spring came flowers with names I could hardly pronounce — forsythia and bridal wreath — and these were always gathered into mammoth bouquets for Easter and Mother's Day. Later on there were apple blossoms, and the gnarled old tree under which we had built a fort became a scented pink cloud over our heads. Sometimes, in the dusky spring twilight, I would climb up into the sweet pink branches and sit there, dreaming quietly until I was called for supper.

In June, we found the first wild roses in the field, and, a few weeks later, elegant garden roses began to grow along the wall. There were deep reds and rosy pinks, and one triumphant evening, we discovered a high, hidden place on the wall that was covered with roses that were pure white. The June festivity for which the roses were used was "Mommy and Daddy's anniversary." I can remember Mommy setting some of the red roses in an old silver teapot, and placing it in a warm ray of sunlight that lay across the table.

After all the flowers had gone and deep green summer had come to the "Colonel's," we used to lie peacefully in the fresh grasses of the field or sit reading under a cool oak tree. Often we played big games of hide-and-seek or ring-a-levio, and sometimes searched for a carefully buried treasure — some old glass beads.

When I was nine I moved to a different town. A few years later the "Colonel's" caught fire, and finally wreckers removed what was left of the building. An angular new school now stands in the fields. Perhaps it is better this way. I might someday have passed the elegant estate of my childhood and realized that it was only a large and rather clumsy army building, surrounded by a fragrant meadow. As it is, the "Colonel's" stands, castle-like, among the memories of my childhood, and when I pass by the new school field I know that somewhere — hidden, perhaps, by the buildings, or too far away for me to see — wild roses are still growing on the old stone wall.

BRETT DE BARY

IV Senior, Suffern

Walking in the Rain

About the middle of March there is nothing more pleasant than walking in the gentle spring rain. The world seems clean and fresh, and the bright patches in the sky seem more blue than ever — and the rain itself seems friendly and cheerful.

Walking quietly in the rain one notices things that have gone unnoticed before in the everyday hustle of life. The trees are sending out their first green leaves. The buds look ready to open into flowers of every shade and a few early ones have already burst into bloom. The robins are beginning to gather twigs and string for their nests, and puppies and small children splash through mud puddles after paper and leaf boats. Even the grass in the yards needs mowing.

There are many places to go walking in the rain. Just around the block is fun in the city, but those lucky people who live in the country have a real treat in store for them.

Walking and observing, one can't help but notice how wonderful is God's plan for the seasons, the growing things, and indeed the whole world. We should all take time to go walking in the rain.

CECILIA REILLY

The Music Box

I have a music box which is tiny and old; the rough cedar wood of its ancient days has been worn to a smooth, silky surface, by numberless hands. It feels good and homey, and I love to run my fingers across it. When I lift it to my face I smell the mellowed incense of cedar. When I am very still and calm I can carefully trace my hand across the figures etched on the top.

There is a little girl with rosy cheeks; they are plump and rounded. There is also a duck on the top, who doesn't quack but his bill is wide open, I know, because I can slide a bobby pin between it. When I was little I "fed" the duck. Then there is a pine tree, so finely carved that its branches are sharp as pine needles, and I bounce the palm of my hand on them; they tickle and scratch. I spend hours making stories about the little girl, her duck and her pine tree.

But the best part of the box is the music. How clear and feeble and tinkly it is! It makes me think of grandmothers and gingerbread and the feel of old crepe. The tune sounds like bad Gregorian chant, branching out, every once in a while, into something like a Bach fugue. The notes intertwine and chase one another and produce a laced effect.

On rainy days, and there is a little rain almost every day, the music box becomes my sun. On days when it is cold and dreary the music is my fire. On days when I long to see the world, the box is my window.

Do you wonder why I love my music box. Can you feel its rich, delightful texture as I can? Can you hear the haunting whispers that it sings?

Can you understand that it is my world and that through it I can see?

PAMELA SOMERS
IV Senior, Suffern

SEMPRE I GATTI (Always Cats)

"Nine today," thought Pepino as he squinted in the early morning light and counted the cats in the ruins. Always there were cats. Quickly, he clutched the little brown bag even more tightly and held it firmly to his side. Then, with the might of all his eleven years, Pepino climbed the crumbling wall and jumped to the Roman Forum beneath him.

The boy fell to the ground below with a thud. He was sure he heard his short pants rip. But no, it was only the screech of a cat, a gentle sound for a screech. Pepino snatched the cat, raised it above him and looked into its slit-like eyes. It winced and whined. "Mio Piccolino," Pepino exclaimed. With an abrupt jerk, the unruly animal freed itself and ran to some others basking near the arch. The boy shrugged. "What of it," he thought. After all, he himself ran from things especially the well meant but forceful grasp of Zio Lorenzo. Uncle Lorenzo owned a small market, on Via Flora, where chickens and cheese hung from boards on the ceiling. Pepino liked the cheese. There were so many different shapes, all entwined by musty strings. His Zio was generous too. Often he gave him a hard white cheese to take home. More often, Zio wanted him to stay in the market for what seemed to Pepino like a very long while and talk about the days when Zio was himself a boy. Pepino was grateful for the cheese but he never stayed as Zio wanted. He never brought the cheese home either. Instead, he usually put it in a bag and took it to the cats.

Pepino remembered the bag he had with him that very day. After a moment's search, he found it on the ground. Already, several cats had smelled the pungent odor of the cheese and tried to gnaw at the paper. Pepino hurriedly opened the bag and began to break the cheese with his fingers. Then he threw some morsels at the animals. They responded hesitantly at first but soon fought lustily for the pieces. Pepino smiled. "They are like me," he decided. Pepino quarreled frequently but not over cheese. Mostly, he fought with Nucci, an older sister. Nucci went every day to the large brown house on Viale delle Provincie and studied English with Signora Lepre. Nucci taunted Pepino for his lack of culture. "You must learn English with me," she insisted. "You will be able to speak with the Americans." "Americans?" Pepino had often thought. "Why should I learn English for them?" Pepino had seen Americans many times on the streets of Rome. He disapproved of their curiosity and elaborate cameras. "I shall not learn English for Americans," Pepino had vouched to himself. Sometimes, he became so annoyed with Nucci's pleas that he wandered to the Forum to be left alone. There among the ancient stones and ruins, he had first discovered the cats long ago.

The cats amused Pepino as they ate. They were like his Nonna. Always mangiare, mangiare, mangiare. Pepino had never seen a woman eat so heartily as his grandmother. Every week she spent hours over the kettle while sauce simmered slowly on the double burner. The sauce *was* good Pepino conceded but he balked at the way she hugged herself, arms wrapped around her large

waist, after she sampled her own fare. More than anything, Pepino disliked the way she prayed, silently but with her mouth forming each word. Pepino glanced once more at the cats and noticed that they had abandoned their morsels. He stooped to stroke the animals' matted fur. Softly, he whispered, "Va bene." He was glad that the cats were not like his Nonna, after all.

A few minutes passed. Pepino knew that the hour had grown late and that he must leave. In half an hour, he would have to meet Nonna at the piazza to bring Nucci to her lesson at the Signora's. Later, they would go to Zio Lorenzo's so that Nonna could buy some vegetables. Pepino scratched one of the cats behind the ears and spoke out loud about his relatives. With a wide grin and a gleam in his eye, he said to the cat, "I hate them." Then he suddenly arose, walked briskly to the gate near the arch and squashed the cheese bag with his foot.

KATHE MENICK
III Senior, Rye

Fey Dark

Rustle trees, and the mellow-mouthed
moon

Harvest-gold, will smile on you.

Laugh trees, and the slim silver stars
Will grin at me through your trem-
bling leaves.

Warm black tonight — the crickets
creek.

I shall walk on the painted sky!

CHARLOTTE LOW
IV Senior, Mayfield

The Empty Playhouse

Only silence issues from her little playhouse now. Her red wagon, filled with mud pies rapidly turning to dust, stands mutely by the screen door. The inner door is open and the entire contents are clearly visible.

Standing in the center of the room is a small table surrounded by three miniature high chairs and a stool. The table has been carefully set for four but only three are present. In the high chairs sit three bedraggled rag dolls. Before each is a knife, a fork, and a spoon, a cup with a thimbleful of grape juice in it, a saucer, and a tiny muffin plate. The only evidence of the fourth guest is her little tea apron carefully folded over the back of the stool.

In front of the wall opposite the door is a diminutive cooking stove. Although it is plugged in, the stove is not turned on so the muffins behind the oven door are still nothing but dough. A pan of milk has been placed on one of the burners for a sick doll. She always takes excellent care of her children.

The sick-bed should be to the right of the door — it was with the nurse kneeling patiently alongside—instead, there is a gaping hole in the wall and the front bumper of the car that has not yet been towed away.

PAT SUTHERLEN
IV Senior, Mayfield

Pains of Authorship

When I first noticed the budding author she was sitting rigidly at the library table starting straight into my eyes. I averted my gaze from those eyes, which somehow looked strangely familiar, and bent upon my task.

Soon again casting a quick look in her direction, I thought for certain that she was undergoing some serious mental distress, for she was staring at me, and, at the same time, was keeping time with her hands and feet to a rhythm. How she could concentrate was beyond me. As there was no audible music, not a shadow of a doubt was left in my mind about her mental state.

As I was concentrating on my work,

my neighbor opposite crashed her fist against the table sending my pencil bounding. After retrieving it, I espied my companion in the midst of a series of facial contortions and finger acrobatics.

Strange noises emerged from her lips. One would think she was writing the Prophecy of Isaias, the way her impatient motions and muttering went on.

At last she was finished! Hurrah!

The library window mirrored back a contented and satisfied reflection as my composition ended.

PATRICIA TOMARKIN
II Senior, Suffern

To Israel

Israel, I look at your face.
Your stare is cold.
I hear you talk.
Your words are firm.
I watch you toil.
I see a wondrous thing.
The fields surrender to your plow.
The earth gives fruit to your seeds.
The mountains honor your new pines.
The waters rush to refresh your green.
You are their master.
You conquered a barren land.
To serve your people.
You are grim.
And yet
That has to be
For

You are a protector.
You shelter
A race that has suffered.
You try
To heal the wounds,
To soothe the bitter hurts,
To mend the scars of hate.
Israel, change yourself
As you have changed your land.
I look at you.
You must look at your people.
You are young.
Laugh.
Then
They will forget.

KATHE MENICK
III Senior, Rye

How To Brighten Your Part Of The World

One can never know the amount of good he does with a simple, cheerful smile. A sincere smile will brighten even the darkest day.

To a child a smile means much the same as the other things in his happy world, a world unclouded by an older person's worries. But even so, when he is rewarded with a smile for some good deed, he will feel that such deeds bring others into his world of happiness.

To some "troubled teen," as many undecided adolescents are called, a smile can bring a feeling of need and love. After all, we all want to be needed and loved.

To an adult, a parent, a smile can be the best thank you he could receive from his child. This will express thanks for those small, everyday things, as well as larger favors.

To one sick, bedridden with some illness, a smile prophesies the return of health, so often taken for granted by those who have it.

So we see that a smile can mean many things to many people, but all of these things are firmly based in happiness, love and hope.

ANNE McLAUGHLIN
III Senior, Portland

The first four copies of THE CHALLENGE were sent to the COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION in March, 1961. It received a Second Place Award for Literary Magazines in Girls' Private Schools with the following score.

SUMMARY OF SCORE SHEET

	Maximum Score	Your Score
I Make-Up	300	265
II Content	600	400
III General Considerations	100	65
TOTAL	1000	750

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