

DAY OF RECOLLECTION

The Seniors' Day of Recollection will be Monday, May 7.

The Reverend Martin Carrabine, S.J., Cisca's most zealous promoter, is to be the retreat master.

This day is a prelude to Graduation and is spent in serious consideration of the means by which children of Loretto can best help the Mystical Body.

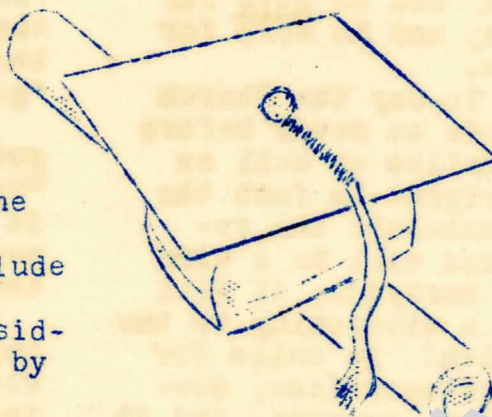
Retreat will close with Mass on Tuesday morning, followed by the graduates' breakfast.

RECEPTION

On Sunday afternoon, June sixth, one of the most important of Alumnae activities will take place; the reception and tea in honour of the Seniors, Graduates of the class of 1937. From sources close to the Alumnae we hear that a very special entertainment has been prepared, and that a most delicious tea will be served.

MANY THANK

The Seniors kiss the Juniors' hand in thanks and admiration for the most delightful Luncheon of yesterday. It was "très splendide".



PRAYER

FOR A GRADUATE

O Stella Matutina! from thy skies
Light thou their way
with thy soft rays and pure

Turris Bornea! Tower of ivory white
Shelter them in thy strong, deep arms of truth.

O Rosa Mystica! Watch o'er these rosebuds
Their dearest hopes to rich fruition bring;
So in the full-blown rose of womanhood
Their beauty shall find favor with thy King.

TO THE GRADUATES

May the great love of the Sacred Heart fill your lives and through you, may it radiate to all around you.

Fondly in C.J.

THE FACULTY

THE SENIORS' WILL

We, the Seniors urged by the sweet strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" to realize that our days are numbered, do hereby solemnly will and bequeath our most prized possessions to the class of '38.

To the best dressed girl of the Senior class Virginia Callahan does bequeath her gym. hose.

Helen McGuire leaves the honor of carrying the flaming torch to Mary McElvain.

Marion Hannan's giggle passes to Alice O'Connor.

Margaret Quinn parts with her favorite cafe. diet.

Florence Carrell wills her docility to M.L. Siddall.

Catherine Macy and Erla Linden leave the proceeds of their debates to the Junior Treasury.

Helen Adams wills her serious outlook on life to Pat. Allen.

Loretto Pagels confidently leaves her place in the entertainments to the accomplished Grace Wisneski.

Lorraine Beese's and Virginia Blozak's twinkling toes are willed Joyce McArdle and Joan Harken reider.

Irene Stockman leaves the bell to the Junior with the longest finger nails.

Eva Schmidt leaves her undaunted spirit.

(con't on p.4)

"FOR CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM; THE PEN".

Editorial Staff
Editor..Anne B.Coyle
Associates.. Members
of the Writers' Club.

A CHALLENGE TO SINCERITY

The young Student crissed himself and extended his arms. He was smiling, confident, exultant even. He looked to the row of rifles, a line of black holes pointed at his face, cheeks pressed against gun barrels, eyes squinting along the sights. The sabre of the captain's hand was raised, poised. Somehow the scene had frozen, like a picture on the screen when the camera stops. Then he knew they were waiting for him to say something. He managed a quick breath and said it: "Long live Jesus Christ, the King". The rifles cracked, stifling the echoes of his shout.

He had given his testimony.

In a world gone savage with its hatred of God, Catholic Youth is meeting its test in the Faith, with the same generosity and loyalty of confreres in other centuries. If Christ should call, the Catholic Youth of our country will offer their lives with the same readiness.

But there is another call to the Catholic Youth of America. Christ is calling. And the summons is no less im-

perative, coming as it does, from the same source, asking for like loyalty and love. There are bloodless barricades to be manned; there are even sterner squads to be faced.

For Christ is asking us now not to die for Him; but to live for Him; and to work for Him.

To-day the Church needs as never before Apostles as well as martyrs. In fact the Apostolate she requires will be a kind of martyrdom; it will be a witnessing to the Faith. It calls for self-sacrifice, devotion, courage. And it promises no earthly success only the happiness of doing God's work.

The fabric of our cracking Social Order must be refashioned in the light of Catholic principles.

There is the challenge to Catholic Youth anxious to serve God and country. No room here for histrionics .. but scope for heroism a-plenty. It means work to grasp the Catholic Social Doctrine and courage to apply and preach it. Books are the barricade the Catholic student must man for Christ, His King.

It has been said that willingness to work and master the Social order is a challenge to sincerity. No one has successfully challenged the Catholic Youth of America.

See you at the Summer School of Catholic Action. Edward Duff, SJ

EDITORIAL SCRATCHES

The old pen is really scratching to-day. It is feeling its age.

Goodbyes are never pleasant things, and that might be another reason why "la plume" is acting thusly. It realizes that it must say "goodby".

It has been fun putting out the "Spire" this year. It was an agreeable sensation to know that you enjoyed it.

Do you remember that line from "In Flanders Fields" that says "to you from failing hands we throw the torch be yours to hold it high". That's the way we feel about the "Spire". To the next editor we throw the pen and may it scratch for her even better than it did for me.

The editor and the staff takes this occasion to thank the school for its cooperation and interest.

LOST....

Dining in a restaurant with her husband the other day, a lady missed her gloves when she had finished eating and was on her way out. Murmuring something to her husband she went back for them. She looked on the table, chairs and was lifting up the tablecloth when th

(con't next year)

I CAN'T READ THIS

..... if you are not a live-wire Catholic student.

We are about to talk S.S.C.A. Again we ask you not to read further if the subject of Catholic Action is a boring one.

The staff of the Queen's Work will come to Providence High School to teach advanced methods of revolutionary technique for six days.

The courses touch many phases of Catholic Action, Sodality, Study Club methods, Mystical Body, Catholic Literature, Voting, Liturgy, and Cooperatives.

There are two excellent courses for the literary minded: Catholic Play Propaganda conducted by Father Lord and Editing the School Paper by Father Walker. Prospective Writers' Club Members should plan on taking in these two latter courses.

For a detailed program see your May issue of the Queen's Work.

And above all, make early applications to insure effective service.

CISCA OBSERVES TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Sunday, May 30, the tenth anniversary of Cisca was celebrated. Many old faces turned up for this joyous occasion.

The meeting took place in the Loyola Community Theatre. The Rev. Martin Carrabine was chairman of the arrangements committee.

The peace play, "Lucifer Fixes the Furnace," was presented.

The celebration



The step-stumbling Seniors are to be congratulated - why? We don't know but it seems to be the order of the day,.... Sure sign of finals-Pat.Allen actually took a book home Friday night...Contrasting contrasts - Jean Rush and Pat.Brough (without those high heels she's been wearing lately....An orchid to the Freshmen and Sophomores for the happy "Spire" they edited... Is any graduate in need of a flower girl? We nominate Veronica Maher..... Has any girl a date she can lend Lorraine Kinsella for the night of June 15th?....Dorothy Wark seems to have difficulty keeping her feet still. Try snow-shoes, Dorothy.

.....Margaret Quinn's flower girl was scared stiff the other day. She took one look at the Seniors and cried.... Seeing as this is the last edition of the "Ye Olde Spire" until next fall, the Goblin hereby bequeaths this column to any girl who has enough nerve to pry into everybody's business and get by with it... Au Revoir.

..... scored another victory for Cisca. May she carry on her glorious work as successfully in the next ten years as she has in the past ten.

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED GRADUATE WILL WEAR.....

The inquiring reporter of the "Spire" knowing how interested everyone is around graduation time in the dresses the Seniors will wear for their "night of nights", set out to acquire first-hand information and presents herewith the descriptions received.

ANNE Coyle:embroidered marquisette, puffed sleeves, V-neck with flowers. EVA Schmidt:silk net large collar of rucking, capelet sleeves V-neck with flowers. FLORENCE Poynton: chiffon trimmed in lace, big, puffed sleeves, Peter Pan collar, tucks in skirt.

MARY Louise Bryan: Long, white marquisette, with multi-colored flowers at neck which will be replaced by white ones on the fatal night of June 8.

MARGARET Shaw:white lace,puffed sleeves, "lots" of skirt, sleeveless bolero jacket.

ROSE Mary Payne: eye let organdy dress coat, princess style open from waist down HELEN Adama:princess style chiffon, little jacket with puffed sleeves.

MARY Louise Hurlburt silk net, V*neck, mess jacket lined in taffeta, skirt with three flounces separated by grosgrain ribbons.

ALICE Hayes: organza (con't p.5)

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

In the huge old fortress, men, women and children, besieged, continued to defy the enemy. Driven from the upper floors by the bombardment, they had fled to the lower cellars, there to fight and if needs be to die for their cause.

The scene - one of the lowest cellars.

The sentry's tread was all that could be heard, but at times a muffled pounding silenced even that.

Jose, the sentry, stopped in his pacing and listened a moment. Then, "Who's there?"

"Jose, it is I, Maria!"

"Oh, I thought for a moment --- oh, never mind. How are things back there?"

"Well enough, but I'm afraid the little ones can't live much longer. (A pause) Are they still drilling?"

"Yes, hear them?" Again came the deadened sound of boring.

"They must be nearly ready to set it off. Jose, I'm afraid for you. This is the most dangerous sentry-post of all!"

"Don't, Maria, remember why we're here!" The dull pounding ceased and was succeeded by a more ominous silence. Maria clutched Jose's arm.

"Listen, Jose, the drilling's stopped. Oh, Mother of God, protect us! The

two waited quietly but even the awful strain of waiting did not seem to disturb Jose's usual calm. His lips moved in soundless prayer.

"Jose?"

"Yes, Maria!"

"Perhaps it won't go off. Perhaps a miracle ----"

Her words were drowned out by the hideous roar of the explosion which echoed and re-echoed until it seemed her eardrums would burst. When the dust had cleared, Maria called.

"Jose, are you alright? There must have been something wrong with the powder for only a few bricks fell and -- Mother of God, Jose, Jose!"

He lay as he had been struck, dead, but even in death, calm and smiling. For a moment she stood staring down at him, unbelieving. Then when she fully realised what had happened, she stooped, picked up his rifle and stood, head erect with a grim smile on her face.

After a while she spoke, slowly, as if with difficulty,

"Before I had but one cause to fight for, but now ... for Christ the King and ... Jose!"

J. McArdle.

"Jesus, meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine".

ROUND THE SCHOOL

PAT. Crowe's accordeon solos were enjoyed by all last Friday evening.

THE fad of wearing green bobby-pins was originated by Pat. O'Halloran.

NOMINATIONS are in order for Loretto's chatterbox. Our nominee is Doroth Hasse. AN interesting movie was shown last Friday in the science class. EVERYONE is still complimenting the Freshmen and Sophomores on their edition of the paper.

THE Seniors spent two weeks worrying and studying alternatively for their English exam. Oh, not to be a Senior. AFTER last Thursday's workout of eighty minutes, the Sopranos are quite willing to give "joy" its proper count.

MARY Anne Schuman is quite bereaved because her writing-on-the-board career is almost ended.

Colette Cros

The Class Will (con't from 1)

Genevieve Goggin wills her antique gym. shoes to the entire Junior class.

Alice Hayes wills her knowledge of history to anyone who will accept it.

Mary Louise Bryan regrets she has only a one-word vocabulary to give to her schoolmates.

Florence Cannelly consigns her beautiful soprano voice to Elizabeth Hiskey. (con't p. 7)

AFTER-GLOW

"The song is over but the melody lingers on" and glancing back we see:

SEPTEMBER .. School again but later than usual. Election of class officers is quickly settled. Margaret Gannon is prefect; Eileen Lowe, vice-president, Rosemary Kiely, treasurer and Kathryn O'Malley, secretary. An army of Freshmen submit gracefully to all the distastefulness of initiation. To close a busy month the Seniors elect Dorothy Evans for their president.

OCTOBER .. A month of great expectations of great bustle and

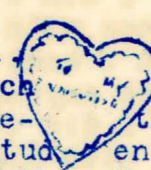
hurry.  Everyone was in a dither over the first Loretta dance. It is a tremendous success. A week later a weird crowd arrive in the gym. The Quintuplets, Aunt Jemina, David Copperfield, Phillip Morris are all there. The occasion is the annual Halloween Party.

NOVEMBER .. Political discussion runs riot. Best friends are engaged in furious verbal fights.  After the fireworks are over the Spire makes its debut. Oh, great event.

DECEMBER .. Our customary party is held in the gym after the carol procession. The new Loretta orchestra

takes its first curtain call.

JANUARY .. Mostly holidays. The Mothers' Retreat.

FEBRUARY ..  The approach of Lent and Retreat make the students serious. Father Holton is Director. Bishop Sheil conducts a Holy Hour at the Academy. The Annual Gymnastic Demonstration a success, socially and financially.

MARCH ..  Four fine opera singers provide us with a musical treat. Blue Ribbon Reception. Thirty-two girls are thereby honored. Brother John's talk on "love" and Saint Patrick was enjoyed by all. The Freshmen entertain at their first - but not their last - party.

APRIL ..  The Tamburitza Orchestra from Texas played for us in the course of their tour of the middle West. The Senior play took the form of three one-act plays.

MAY ..  Writers' Club Luncheon brings great joy to the members. Great jabs of chicken salad, peppermint ice cream and marshmallow cake were consumed. Line Ribbon Bridge Tea. Dainty compacts for prizes.

L. Hartman.

AN INTERVIEW

It was after class that I approached Sister for an interview on her flower garden. We all wondered you see, how anyone in two springs could possibly convert a drab back yard into such a lovely place.

"Interview me! I have always stayed away from reporters" but after a little persuasion she accompanied me to her garden.

There we found an assortment of phlox, lilies-of-the-valley, climbing roses, iris and pansies. The city is situated in the middle of the garden. One day Sister hopes to see a statue of Saint Joseph there.

Several of the students have contributed generously to the beautifying of the "backyard" and enjoy watching the progress of their particular contribution. Perhaps it will culminate into a student botanical garden someday, who knows.

As I was leaving Sister handed me a gorgeously-colored pen and with a trowel and basket she was off to do more planting in her perfectly lovely garden.

V. LaMotte

What the Graduates are wearing. (cont'd from p.

32 inch skirt, bolero jacket with puffed sleeves, round neck. PATSY Walsh: mousseline de sole over a satin slip, redingote style, puffed sleeves, round neck. Mary Agnes Oma

DIARY

A week with a Senior

May 24... We are really getting down to this business of graduating. Our flower girls arrived for the first time to-day. Everyone has been beaming on the little cherubs.

May 25 ... "pomp and Circumstance" has practically become our class song. The flower girls are beginning to feel at home.

May 26 .. What aday! I just took a French exam which left me slightly ill. From French subjunctive to an English film that was all about Germany. "I lost my heart in Heidelberg"

May 27 .. I am afraid we did not sound like a celestial choir to-day when we practised for the May Crowning but we certainly made a great deal of noise. There is a promise for Dorothy Lay to-morrow! Final English Exam!!

May 28 .. Disappointed! Dorothy Day was called back to New York on urgent business. The May Crowning was very lovely. As usual we had a crowd of interested spectators. Leavin school at 2 was quite nice. And what's more no school on Monday. Blessed Memorial Day! Goodnight, dear diary.

Anne B. Coyle.

Too many parents are not on spanking terms with their children.

THE WALTZ

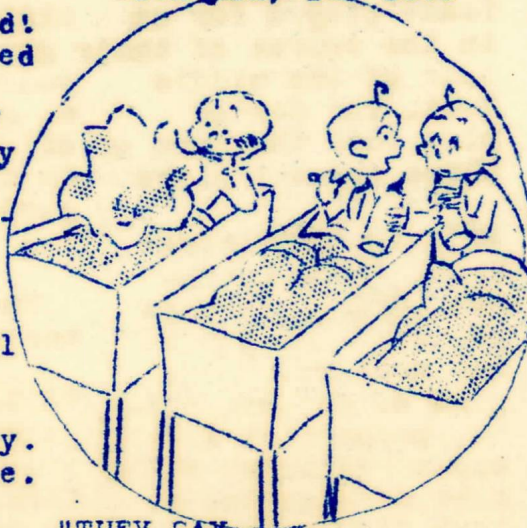
WHY THANK YOU SO MUCH I'D ADORE TO.

I don't want to dance with him. I don't want to dance with anybody and even if I did it wouldn't be with him. Just think a quarter of an hour ago, I was feeling so soory for the girl he was dancing with. And now I'm going to be the poor girl.

Here I was mind-ing my own business and not doing a stit ch of harm to any living soul. And then he comes into my life. There was nothing for me to do but say I'd adore to.

WHY I THINK IT'S MORE OF A WALTZ REALLY. ISN'T IT? WE MIGHT JUST LISTEN TO THE MUSIC FOR A SECOND. SHALL WE? OH, ITS A WALTZ. MIND? WHY, I'M SIMPLY THRILLED. I'D LOVE TO WALTZ WITH YOU.

I'd love to waltz with you, I'd love



"THEY SAY HIS FATHER IS A GLASS BLOWER".

to have my tonsils out, I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now. OH. Oh, this is even worse than I thought it would be.

I am so glad I brought it to his attention that this is a waltz they're playing. Ouch! My shin, my poor little shin that I've had ever since I was a little girl.

OH, NO? NO, NO, GOODNESS, NO. IT DID NOT HURT THE LEAST LITTLE BIT. AND ANYWAY IT WAS MY FAULT. REALLY IT WAS. TRULY. WELL YOU'RE JUST BEING SWEET TO SAY THAT.

I wonder what I'd better do. Kill him this instant with my naked hands or, wait and let him drop in his traces. He can't keep this up indefinitely. He's only flesh and blood. Die he must and die he shall for what he did to me. When you kick me in the shins, smile.

YES, IT'S LOVELY ISN'T IT? IT'S SIMPLY LOVELY. IT'S THE LOVELIEST WALTZ?

He's my hero. Look at him... never a thought of the consequences, never afraid of his face, hurling himself into every scrimmage, eyes shining, cheeks ablaze. And shall it be said that I hung back? No, a thousand times, no. What's it to me if I have to spend the next two tears in a plaster cast? Come on, Butch, right through them. (con't on p.7)

The Waltz.

(con't from p.6)

Who wants to live forever?

He is youth and vigor and courage, he is strength and gaiety - ow! Get off my instep you hulking peasant. What do you think I am anyway, a gang-plank?

"Of course, it did not hurt. Why it did not, not a bit. You see, that little step of yours, it's perfectly lovely but it's a bit tricky at first. Oh, did you work it up by yourself? You really did. Aren't y amazing.

It's awfully effective when you look at it."

I'm awfully effective when you look at me. Hair hanging around my face, the cold damp on my brow. And he worked it up by himself. I think I've got it now. Two stumbles, slip and a 25-yard dash. I'm past all feeling now. The only way I can tell when he steps on me is when I hear the splintering of bones. I think my mind is beginning to wander. It almost seems as if the orchestra were stopping. It couldn't be, of course. It could never be.

"Oh, they've stopped, the mean things. Oh, do think they would if you gave them fifty dollars? Oh, that would be lovely. And look, do tell them to play this same thing. I'd simply adore to go on waltzing."

Adapted from the
Readers' Digest.

THE WILL OF THE

SENIORS

Lenore Rothwell and Irene Ritter will their philosophical theorems for the next Junior raffle. Virginia Suida leaves a generous supply of midnight oil to all the Juniors. Marie Kremer bequeaths her brother to the best looking Junior. Emily Falbo leaves her antipathy for potato chips. Mary Margaret Conniff wills her talkativeness to Lorayne Kinsella. June Berschens wills her ability to avoid trouble to Mary O' Shea. Jeanne O'Neill, the old bookworm, wills that Irne Hanavan shall hereafter be blessed with a love for books. Audrey Morris wills her chameleon cage to the Junior who has enough courage to join the inmate. Mary Louise Hurlburt's love for mathematics passes to Josephine Carrier. Rosemary Kiely wills her ability in styling to the girl with the oldest uniform. Kay Broelmann and Pat. Barber will their political feud to two fire-eating Juniors. The most active of the class offices is left by Betty Ann Lynch to the most untiring worker of the Junior class. Rosemary Payne and Lorraine McAndrew will their pigtails for a braid for Betty Norris. Mae Powell wills her aggressive nature to

that retiring Junior Mary Lou Quinn. Mary Jane Ronan wills a promise of a translation of the Aeneid in verse to anyone planning on Fourth Year Latin. Mae Tiernan leaves her enthusiasm in fighting for longer school hours. But seriously..... Florence Poynton bequeaths her nimble fingers to a lover of music. Dorothy Evans wills to her successor the crown of popularity to be worn at the next Style Show. Anne Coyle bequeaths the responsibility of keeping the speech trophy in the school. Peggy Gannon leaves her executive ability to the next prefect. To the Senior French Class we reluctantly leave our puppet show. We, also leave the fun of running a bazaar to the Juniors. All the surprises, hard work and traditions of the class of '37 are hereby willed and bequeathed to our successors.

Marie White.

"Ateegram from George dear".
"Well, did he pass his examinations this time?"
"No, but he's almost at the top of the list of those who failed."

Definition:
Diplomacy: Lying in state.

.... THE CLASS OF '37

Virginia Callahan
 Marie White
 Peggy Cannon
 Marie Kremer
 Audrey Morris
 Mary Lou Bryan
 Alice Hayes
 Margaret Zinn
 June Bussiens
 Betty Ann Boych
 Dorothy Evans
 Florence Paynton
 Kathryn S. Broelmann
 Peggy Shaw
 Emily Talbo
 Daisy Baker
 Mary Kay Clancy

Loretto M. Pagels
 Lorraine B.
 Virginia M. Suda
 Marion Hannan
 Jeanne O'Neill
 Irene O'Donnell
 Florence Connolly
 Ella Linden
 Patey Walsh
 Catherine Macy
 Helen Adams
 Irene Ritter
 Virginia Blozer
 Lorraine M. Andrews
 Rosemary Fitch
 Florence Barrett
 Mary Louis Hartman
 Rose Mary Payne

Helen M. Quinn
 Emma Schmidt
 Anne B. Coy
 Emma B. Quinn
 Mary M. Conniff