

LORETTO



SPIRE

Volume Three

Price 3¢

HONOR ROLL

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LORETTO GIRLS TO SPREAD CHEER

A tradition which all Loretto's students know and cherish will be renewed Friday, December 16. On the walls will be silhouetted the flickering candle gleam and the halls shall resound with the glad carols of the Christmastide. With the season's joy in her heart, each girl will present a gift to her King. In turn these gifts will be made into baskets for needy families which are distributed by senior volunteers.

The procession will be led by the seniors. When the carolers assemble in the gym, Loretto Alisauakas and Marie Payne will each sing a solo assisted by the glee club. Two short plays, significant of the season, will be given by the dramatic art students.

YULETIDE



GREETINGS

GYM DEMONSTRATION

The annual gym demonstration, held December 6 and 7, proved to be one of the most gala events of the year. Numerous drills and dances added variety to the program. Solos were given by Nina Gladchenko and Florence Buzuik. The costumes were all very colorful and gay. In the finale, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Indians and Americans all pledged themselves to Mary by singing Mother Beloved.

SEEK DRAMATIC HONORS

Seven pretty seniors are having tryouts for dramatic art scholarships at the Chicago school of Fine Arts, downtown. The deadline date is December 20. A full year's scholarship, valued at four-hundred dollars, is being offered by Louise Campbell. Once a student of the school, she is now a famous Hollywood star. Those competing are Kathryn Kiedaisch, Gloria Pleopst, Jeannette Selz, Mary Catherine Cruickshank, Marion Schmidt, Mary Elizabeth Darrow and Jean Rush.

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WHY MERRY CHRISTMAS?

Why Merry Christmas? Would not joyful or glad Christmas do just as well? I wonder...First, analyse this word merry; tear it limb from limb. Consulting Webster's, we find that blithe, gleeful and festivity are the given synonyms. But is this the only meaning locked within this unsophisticated expression? Good, cheer, hearty wishes, and the season's greetings are implied in this word of simplicity. Make others merry and you will have a MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Here are a few suggestions to help you fill your Christmas list. Dear, yet costing nothing, is a spiritual bouquet--suitable for any one. For that poor little girl you know, run up to the attic and rummage Kitty Lou, the discarded dolly from by gone days. Wash her face, deck her in a dainty frock and your efforts will be far from unrewarded. What little boy would refuse a jolly gingerbread man with small currant eyes looking very, very wise? If you are a commercial student you will find that making Christmas cards is no trick at all. Simply purchase a box of attractively colored art paper, trace the desired design and sentiment on the mimeoscope; your card is then ready for mimeographing. To add to its appearance you may choose two contrasting shades of ink. as, blue and silver or red and green. When the card is complete it will be

pleasing to the eye.

Once you start to make your gifts you will find satisfaction in being able to do things for yourself and in the joy you will bring to others.

Kay Kiedaisch

A THOUGHT

I stood on the dilapidated old wooden bridge that crossed the still brook; looked up at the high hill covered with newly fallen snow. In the mid-winter air, frost, and clear, it stood out against the sky like a huge mound of ice cream. Seven o'clock, and the silvery moon was just beginning to show itself, to reveal evergreen trees lightly dusted with ermine whiteness dotting the hill. In their midst stood a tiny cabin, with a candle shining from its front window. Smoke was lazily curling from its chimney. The sight intrigued me and drew me like a magnet, up the hill to the cabin. A peep through the frost-covered window showed an awe inspiring sight. Clustered about a tiny Christmas tree, the family was singing Christmas carols. It was a picture of complete happiness. I started my solitary walk home, feeling that the true Christmas spirit still exists amid a world whose Christmas spirit seems to be, "Will I give her more than she gives me or will she give me more than I give her or will she give me anything at all?"

Dorothy Dietz

OUR NEW YEAR WISHES

By Esther Kuzniar

Enough happiness to keep you sweet;
Enough trials to keep you strong;
Enough sorrow to keep you human;
Enough hope to keep you happy;
Enough failure to keep you humble;
Enough success to keep you eager;
Enough friends to give you comfort;
Enough faith and courage in yourself;
Enough wealth to meet your needs;
Enough determination to make 1938
a better year than that just
closed.

The Goblin will get you if you don't watch out--Connie Lowe is willing to teach the soft-shoe dance to any willing pupils..... Orchids to the group who participated in the program for Mother Ambrose... Marion seems to be fully qualified to be a personal maid after helping with quick changes during the Gym Demonstration... The Goblin is wondering what has come over the boards in Room 12? (a duster)... Heard at the demonstration; "You'd think they'd get more Indians like that one." Encore Margaret McArdle... Rosemary Reardon wants to be referred to as Freshie hereafter... as do all the rest of our "Freshies"... "Carrying so many books keeps me small" is heard from Eleanor Rooney. Take note Pat Brugh, Dorothy Gruner, Jane Haggerty and a few more of you shorter ones... The Goblin has noticed the wild shaking of heads from the student body when there is discussion at a Sodality meeting (tsk, tsk)... That is the same Indian in the Library, isn't it now? Lowe... Rosemary Ward will never let you get "Broken Hamer". The Seniors will not let her... When will Mary Ann Schuman learn that, in comparison with birds, man is flattered to the earth not "feathered"? Betty Nicholson is still a "fresh air fiend"... Et maintenant, may I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (Happy until I find out your secret happenings). We hear there was a debate in Miss Hart's English class to whether William Shakespeare really wrote his plays. So for more data about William Shakespeare, Virginia McHugh wrote to London..... the seniors latest crush is "Virgil" !!! The seniors of Mother Ambrose's Latin class sadly declared they could easier memorize all the poems in their English book and all the dates in the American history rather than study a page full of Latin vocabulary. There was a little vocabulary debate between Aurelia Buziuk and Esther Kuzniar, both girls carried on most successfully. Congratulations, girls!!!



Kay Sloan has never cut her hair since seventh grade? Mary Elizabeth Darrow lost her shoe and was compelled to go home in her gym shoes? A speller would be a welcome Christmas gift for certain Juniors? Norine Maloney seems to enjoy plucking feathers from feather dusters? Explain Norine, please. Certain girls from Room 12 were very much at home in the dumb-bell drill?

Veronica Maher is Keeper of the Keys" at 9:45 study period? Rita Benz thinks Francis Bacon is a new brand of meat? The "Indians" have decided they are ready to join the "Follies"? Loretto Born is the Academy's official mail-man? (or should we say mail-woman?) Ellen Bevel is known as a loquacious person?

The current joke around the school is-- "Did you know you can't use the New Jefferson nickle on the street-car" "No? why not?" "Because you need seven cents" (end of joke, laugh here.)

Two well-known sophomores went to Carmel's social last Friday only to find out there was none?

Genevieve McCormick says "Shakespeare just doesn't appeal to me".

Virginia Baird likes to get lost at Football games?

Mercedes Harrington has a list of orchestra leaders, their theme songs and vocalists?

Mary Palmer and Lucette Baumbach have become so feeble-minded that they talk baby-talk now.

JUST IMAGINE

Mirrors in every locker.

Genevieve Bakovitch without a bell.

A white Christmas. Anita Schuman "swinging out" on her clarinet.

Nina Gladchenko without Shirley Cummings or Emily Dybas without Esther Kuzniar. Frances Donnelly without red hair. Eleanor Curran without potatoe chips. Jane Cushing eating a good lunch. All A's on your report card.

Kay Kiedaisch with only one book under her arm.



By Pat O'Connor

A campaign of mercy was inaugurated by Gene Kennedy, De Paul Chairman at the Eucharistic-Our Lady meeting, December 3.

Mercy is the kind or compassionate treatment of the suffering and the needy. The adoption of the per-

formance of these works is the best proof of our Christianity. "In school we show mercy," said Father Carrabine, "by showing respect to our teachers and by treating the girls who are working their way through school as one of us--not looking down on them." Roger Behm, of St. Ignatius cited the St. Vincent De Paul Society as an example of Christ's work among the poor. He said it is a personal act of mercy, because it is carried on by men who sacrifice much of their time and money.

In the December ninth issue of the NEW WORLD a brief biographical sketch of Ed Marciniak, president of Cisca, was given. After completing his elementary grades in eight different schools, and after five years at Quigley, Ed entered Loyola University as a sophomore where he soon became chairman of Cisca's Committee of Industry. In his junior year he was Social Action chairman at Loyola. This year he is president of Loyola Sodality, is a member of the school debating team, the student council and associate editor of THE LOYOLA NEWS. The plight of less fortunate members of the Mystical Body is Ed's chief interest. Managing editor of the CHICAGO CATHOLIC WORKER, he writes articles on subjects of social and economic importance. He hopes to enter the labor and economics field. Finally, when Ed is not active as a member of Troops 465 and 466 he's saving stamps!

PERSONALITY REVIEW

CATHERINE LINDSAY

Since I am the author of this column I have been told that it is only fitting that I interview myself. Always at our supporter's disposal, I herewith comply.

I first viewed this surprising world on one of the hottest days in August in the clime of sunny California. In infancy my hobby was crossing deserts (for I did it no less than six times); now my hobby is promoting oral schools--that is, no written work, no exams, etc. My favorite dish is (in all seriousness) spinach. And my personal peeve is the kill-joy at a party.

N. P. Any remarks favorable or otherwise must be made to the editor.

MARY ANITA GERBER

A citizen of this city and a sophomore of our school, Mary Anita Gerber is a small, vivacious, blue-eyed student English being both her favorite subject and her largest homework project she has a hard time keeping calm. Her favorite pastime is the hardworn cinema and her pet tongue-lasher the boy who talks too profusely. She also wants us to know that St. Rita "is such a nice school, and has the grandest students."

CECILY DONAHUE

Cecily, a new student in our school, has already become our most familiar figure. Striding militantly along, with her hair flowing behind her, she passes to her classes with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes and a song of something or other in her heart. She loves to exercise her vocal chords and some day desires to be supervisor in a girl scout camp. Anyone in difficulties please see C. Donahue and extricate self at nominal cost.

PINOCCHIO

By Ann Proctor, '40

Since I have no plaguing brother or borrowing sister about whom to write a character sketch, I have decided, in what you may not call a very sane mind but still an amusing one, to characterize the bossiest, the most petted, catered to and conceited member of our family, the bird.

His name is Pinocchio, but I shortened it to Pino to shorten his vanity and also his ancestral line. He is egotistical and forces his opinions on others as only he can.

This feathered foe insists on eating all or at least part of all our meals. Every other day is too often for him to take a bath; once a week, on Saturday, is enough. Yes, our bird is grimy--because we allow him to fly. He never fails to go to the highest rafters, where a dust cloth reaches only once a year on that gala day when father hangs on to these same rafters to tie the family star on the tree on the Noel.

Well, let's see--Pino is yellow, with a white tail on Saturday (otherwise gray); has black, mischievous, saucy, snapping eyes which alternate according to his moods. He despises the new hats and lets forth, on spring one, a squawk that would send a scarecrow spinning. His favorite foods are birdoline, charcoal, malagagrapes, (the expensive ones) white bread, blueberry muffins and all sorts and shapes of flowers when the vase is accidentally placed too near his cage. He swings in his window carefree and happy-go-lucky all the year around but-----then comes moulting and well, really, I'll have to stop.



VIGNETTE FOR WINTER

By Ann O'Reilly, '41

Hardly had the jingling sleigh pulled up to the old mossy bridge, than we were scrambling out of our tightly tucked blankets to get a better view of the beautiful scene before our eyes. King Winter reigned in all his splendour around us with a comforting silence that seemed to creep gently in among us. A large motherly hill lay before us, a snug little cottage nestled in her bosom. All was covered with a blanket of pure untrodden snow and scattered evergreens on the hill stood out jet black against the sheet of white. In the dim light of the slowly rising moon the snow on the branches seemed as so many million of starry diamonds. Stinging noses told us that Jack Frost was working overtime. The tiny cottage sent out a ray of light across its whitened lawn and the curling smoke from the chimney made us dream of warm cozy beds; of huge platters of steaming chicken and dressing. Suddenly across the quiet, as we watched, drifted the sound of St. Mary's bells chiming nine. Back into the sleigh we piled, making our way home quietly, each dreaming his own happy dream. Our sleigh bells jingling in the distance, King Winter once more reigned supreme with only Queen Silence by his side.

GOD'S GIFTS

By Violet Kiefer,

He gave me these...and more...
He gave to me this mighty land...
This azure sky...brown earth below...
A snow brushed lily...singing robins...
Pure air to breathe...a cooling shower...
The flaming sun and healthful water...
A mother and a towering father...
Our cosy home with love unbounded...
He gave me friends and pleasant comrades...
He gave me these...and more...



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
TO
ALL

Autobiography by Jean Rush '39

Next on the program was a rosy-cheeked little girl with abundant curls tossing joyously about the head of the wee performer. Eagerly she sang for a 'Little Yeller Doggie'.

My lovely Mothers' concert was a success. Proudly she congratulated her pupils. Secretly she confided to my father that their little girl's "Yeller Dog" was a miniature debut into voice.

The little singer's ordinary feats of talking and walking had been late in coming. The former had begun with "Docy" as the first word in a limited vocabulary. "Docy" is a man of medicine and my father. The frost of years just touch his temples. Age has added only dignity mellowing his dominant features, the indices of strong character. Dark brown eyes, still bright, were softened. In them sufferers looked not long to find courage and sympathy. His mouth, grown generous and firm, speak great dependability. Still, though vaguely, his build resembles that of the athlete; his bearing, more clearly, is that of the doctor. Even as a child in his arms I was aware always of his profession. With clean odors of ether and medicine he radiated the hospital. Many times, no sooner would his weary head recline to needed rest than a shrill ting-a-ling from the afflicted, invaded his slumbers. Leisure hours, so few, were reserved for Mother and me. Any time remaining was devoted to two extremes; raising tiny tropical fish, an experiment; or catching big ones, a thrill. His life is a reflection of his profession; his thoughts are its shadows, and mental ills, like physical ills, are quickly healed by this student of Hippocrates.

"Docy, please clear up the mist surrounding this chemistry problem!" or "Say Doc, would you mind diagnosing my car?" are a few of the many demands on my dear Docy.

Servant of the public, man of limitless time, he gladly puts down his work and comes to the aid of all.

I remember that when quiet descended upon our house--a rare occasion--Docy not seldom came upon an industrious little figure half submerged in his satchel and wrapped in its mysteries--adhesive tape, incision thread and pills of every size, shape and color. Threats were in vain--that little black bag fascinated me despite any punishments.

A happy little girl playing piggy-back with the negro porter Alyce; a naughty little girl poking her finger in Docy's eye; and a mystified little girl wondering at grandma's never diminished bag of ju ju beads, are the only memories recalled of a trip to New York....later, lovely weather and luscious oranges, statuesque mountains and fragrant strands of oranges, and delightful homes with delicious oranges, bespeak travels in California.

My arms have grown so strong in the period of education by totting books, that actual muscles are beginning to sprout. Soon, however they will be hidden under flimsy flounces donned for graduation.

Though in early years, actual conflicts of emotions almost decided my vocation, between Mom's remarks to friends "Yes, I'd like Jean to study voice" and Docy's "Teaching is great work, good money and three months vacation" the fog has since cleared and with it both Mother and Docy's suggestion. The little black bag still has many mysteries to be solved. Luringly it invites me. Happily I accept. Perhaps some day I shall have one of my own; if not I shall at least understand all of its contents.

HEAVEN'S CHRISTMAS

By Jeannette Selz, '39

Below...A world of chaos seeming
black,
Black as the night; black with sins
of men;
Few thoughts of that holy 'eve,
where in a den
Was born the Babe, King of all the
world.
Men's thoughts with gifts and plea-
sures being filled,
Their wishes toward material joys
all willed,
Each to the other Christmas gifts
exchanges--
No gifts for Him, who in His Hea-
ven reigns.
Above...Heaven rejoices in exuber-
ance,
A King is born, the joyful angels
dance.
Heaven is bright; Heaven is His
home--
Again He is born of Mary, Virgin
Mother,
Again He is come to the faithful
as a brother,
While men below recall but in a
poem!

MY MOTHER

By Mary Palmer, '40

Did you ever see a bird in
flight? Did you notice how grace-
fully it soared from precarious
heights, careless as a leaf riding
autumn winds? How every feather,
every fiber in its body, seemed
coordinated like the instruments
in a symphonic orchestra---all pro-
ducing a smooth, rhythmic rhapsody.
How our bird held its head high,
its bill seeming to take delight
in rending the cloud asunder?--
proud, as it looks down on poor,
fettered man from its ethereal
realms. That is my mother-- like
the smooth, graceful flight of a
bird poised, proud, ethereal-like
a goddess come to visit a material
world. Her hair rapidly being
sprinkled with silver, her dark
eyes, her distinguished not-like
her-childrens nose, her five-foot
two-inches of symphonic elegance
leave the impression of a seraphic
messenger from some golden garden
in the skies.

OF TWO CHRISTMAS NIGHTS

By Jeanne Loughran, '42

The screaming elevated...horns
of taxies Merry Christmas... Watch
out, a fire engine...street car is
coming...Hurry that big car will
hit you...Look out...Merry Christmas
...I can't hear you--so much noise--
see the big lights go on and off..
.There's Santa Claus. What's that
bell? Oh, the Salvation Army girl.
..The loop is always like this at
the Christmas rush...I can't hear
you...

Far away, in time and in space
one remembers another night, an-
other town, the little town of
Bethlehem,..so still, so peaceful..
Full of strangers, taxpayers, pay-
ing unto Caesar the things that are
Caesar's, but all asle quiet narrow
winding streets...Lo, a star comes
and stands over where a young child
lies. Mary, the Baby's mother has
brought forth her firstborn son,
wrapped him in swaddling clothes,
laid him in a manger because there
is no room in the Inn..."Away in a
manger, no crib for his bed, the
little Lord Jesus lay down his
sweet head..." "Glory to God in
the highest and on earth peace,
good will toward men..." But now
the carols in the loop are begin-
ning to sound.., Noisy Chicago
seems almost like quiet Bethlehem..
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas...
The Salvation Army lass is singing.
"God rest ye merry gentlemen, let
nothing you dismay." "Carol bro-
thers, carol, carol joyfully--
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas...
A mother's sweet prayer, a baby's
low cry...The lights are brighter..
For Christ was born of Mary...From
a downtown church door, escapes
small swirls of incense..."Adeste
Fideles"...The air is sweet with
joy, Venite, venite in Bethlehem."

HAPPY

NEW YEAR

CHRISTMAS FOR A BOY AND HIS MOM

By C. Lindsay, '40

A FEAST DAY

By Jeannette Selz, '39

Tommy rushed home. It was late, it was dark, it was cold. His mother must have her hot soup and he must get to work.

Hopping up the stairs, he dashed into the house with cheeks aglow and fingers red. With a gay smile he chirped a cheery greeting, administered a boisterous squeeze to his frail mother and marched to the tiny ill-lit kitchen.

A knock on the door--probably the widow Schmidt--yes, Mrs. Schmidt. A bit of soup for his mother; real soup, good vegetables; not that canned stuff that he could get her. "Well, thank you Mrs. Schmidt--yes--no I'll remember--goodnight."

A good woman. A real friend. And now to heat the lovely soup. He must tell Mom that he had eaten already. She must get strong again and this soup was just the thing.

"Yes, Mom, I have eaten already. Of course not. Why should I lie to you? Where am I going? Oh, to work, I have to sell all my papers tonight."

The door closes. He is gone. Then Mother begins again on those woolen mittens. His hands--so cold--must be kept warmer. She must remember to hide the mittens and wrap them in gay paper and ribbon. Not much, but at least a Christmas for him.

And Tommy rushing to his stand. That dime store bank was sure hard to break. I wonder if Mother will like those linen handkerchiefs. I'll get some wrappings on the way home.

Not much of a Christmas for her--maybe if he sold all his papers they'd have a bit of meat tomorrow.

And then Christmas morn--a smiling boy and his lovely Mom--a pair of bright red mittens--some linen kerchiefs--crumpled Christmas wrappings--and a spirit of love--love so great, so sweet, so self-sacrificing--between a boy, a little boy, and his Mom.

Wednesday, Dec. 7, 11 A.M.-- Silence prevails and anxiety is evident all through the assembly. Suddenly the students rise and faces brighten as their Superior, Mother Ambrose, enters the room. This is her feast day.

Now, once again, stillness settles as Kay Kiedaisch steps forward with a spiritual bouquet, a real bouquet of

roses and a tiny elgin watch, gifts for Mother.

Betty Behave,

a one-act comedy is first on the program prepared for the day, with

Marion Schmidt,

Gertrude

Philips and Rita

Glenn. A voice-speaking choir of twenty-five voices present Mothers, comprising four tableaux: The Pioneer Mother (Loretto McCann), depicting the strength and determination she employed to fight the many obstacles of her day, making clear the path for future mothers; the second, Your Mother (Jane Haggerty), illustrating the sweetness and simplicity of the modern girl's mother; the third, Mother Ambrose (Rosemary Ward), in all her love and care for the students; and fourth, The Mother of God (Catherine Mangan). The program ends and Mother expresses her thanks to the girls for the effort they have made to make her feast day a pleasant one.

Indeed, dear Mother, may each feast day find you even more content than the last and may God bestow His choicest blessings upon you, for your great charity and work here on this earth.

