

April 29, 1937

Loretto Academy

Vol 1 No 9

JOEL, JOAN, JEAN.

This trio of playlets presented by the Seniors have undoubtedly merited a place among the theatrical hits of the season.

The plays are admirably cast. Among outstanding performances were those of Irene Stockman as Huldah; Marie White as Catherine de Beaumancir; Mary Louise Bryan as Jeanne and Florence Foynton as the Duke of Cleves.

The lighting effects left nothing to be desired, making St. Michael, St. Margaret and St. Catherine a vision of loveliness. We watched Joan of Arc breathlessly as the spotlight follows her across the stage in her farewell visit to Catherine.

Virginia Blozak, Lorraine Deese and Loretto Fagels are charming in their court dance.

With such absorbing plots, picturesque costumes, realistic characterization and charming dances, JOEL, JOAN and JEAN were certainly overwhelming successes.

-----D.A. Cmarik

Meeting of the Literature Committee of Cisca Saturday May 1, 10 o'clock.



Mary-likeness

Mayst thou catch her gentle manner,
And her clear and queenly ways;
Mayst thou learn her art of bearing
Words of censure and of praise
Mayst thou learn the hidden secret
Of her smile, so kind, so true,
Which reflects the radiant beauty
Of her pure soul gleaming through.

ACTIVITIES CALENDAR FOR MAY

- May 4 .. Writers' Club Luncheon.
 - May 5 .. Senior Day at Rosary College.
 - May 6 .. Cisca General Meeting.
 - May 15.. Eighth Grade Scholarship Exams
 - May 17.. Style Show
 - May 28.. May Crowning
- THE SPIRE will come out May 12 and 25 and June 4.

POETRY CONTEST

The Writers' Club will sponsor a poetry contest opening with this issue of the paper and to close May 21.

The subject is Our Lady thus presenting a wide field of thought for poetical inspiration. Mystical Rose, Cause of Our Joy, Queen of Peace, Mother of Christ, Refuge of Sinners and the many legends connected with Her when she walked the earth - all these might be suggestions.

Rhymed couplet, blank verse, vers libre or even "lilting iambic" may prove the medium for your poetic genius.

The first prize (and the only one for reasons best known to the aforesaid W.C.) is a copy of the best-seller, Good-bye, Mr. Chips by James Hilton.

Leave your finished poem or poems with your English teacher.

Writers' Club members are not eligible.

THUMBNAIL DESCRIPTIONS

BETTY Nicholson - a McClelland Barclay illustration.
PATSY O'Halloran - lemon cream pie.
PATSY Walsh - about three seconds.
The little bitty Freshman - Why? K.O'Malley

"For Christ and His Kingdom, the Pen!"

Editorial Staff

Ed. in Chief-A.Coyle
Associates

Marie White
Joyce McArdle
Muriel Kelly
Writers' Club

Ninety-nine out of a hundred.

One out of every five thousand students will spend his life as a professional athlete, a coach or a player.

One out of every ten thousand will go into the professional theater, a writer, an actor, a producer.

One out of two thousand will make music a career.

One out of every thousand will in some form write for a living

But ninety-nine out of every hundred Catholic students will find religion the thing that goes with him all through life. He'll be a Catholic when he is no longer a quarterback or the star of the college comedy or the editor of the school paper or the person who makes the ivories hop or the microphone throb.

He is a Catholic for life.

Well, we are entering a decade when it is going to be important to be an expert Catholic, a Catholic who knows the reasons, a Catholic who lives his faith with fine courage and deep reason-

ableness. Being a Catholic from this point on, means a struggle with Christ's enemies. It means the full Catholic life for all the world to see and admire. It means Catholic leadership.

That is why the Summer School of Catholic Action is important. It is a school of Catholic leaders. It is the place where the best men and women of the nation's campuses meet. It is the six day session during which religion becomes an inspiration, leadership a fine art, and Catholic education taken on an importance and meaning it never had before. It makes the student who attends the most valuable on the campus.

When the S.S.C.A. began it was an experiment. It is no longer an experiment, but a proved Maker of Spiritual Leaders. That is why we dare to hope that this year in New Orleans, Buffalo and Chicago the largest number of students will attend. That is why we are inviting you. Be an athlete or an actor or a writer or a musician if you can. Be a trained and an outstanding Catholic leader because you must. And use these six days offered by the S.S.C.A. which will put new purpose into your Catholic education.

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.



MOTHER'S DAY

Candy ? Perhaps.

Mass and Communion ?

Of course!

Editorial Scratches.

Just ten days more and we will celebrate one of the loveliest days of the year. It is a day to make one glad one sad, one happy, one sweetly reminiscent. Above all it makes one realize that to everyone in the universe has been given a great treasure, a priceless jewel - Mother.

On this lovely day, Mother's Day let us show our appreciation to the One Who gave us this invaluable gift. Let us thank Him by showing Mother what a "reglar feller" we think she is. In our joy of this day let us look, too to the great Mother of us all.

Our Mother - His Mother, what a magnificent combination to call our own.

How about reading a spiritual book for a change. Try Guy de Fontgalland.

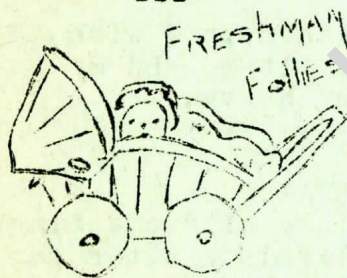
L'AMOUR

C'était le printemps. Le printemps in mudville on the Mississippi. And Algernon Tibilby in love. The object of his spring amour was Delia the fair, the beautiful, Delia Hanrahan.

As he stole from his house in the early dawn, the sun, like an oversized grape fruit, was squirting its beams into the eyes of a sleepy world.

He paused beneath his lady's window, tilted his head skyward and commenced to serenade his sleeping love. For a moment only his shrill chanson d'amour broke the morning silence, for the next moment Algernon was off down the alley followed by a volley of shoes, clocks and hard words. Why? Well, you see, Algernon was - a cat.

J. McArdle.



Rita Benz entertains her classmates with the various and sundry expressions which cross her face.

Elaine has the quaintest blush...the envy of any old-fashioned girl's heart.

Mary Jane Blose just talks

and talks

and talks.

Spring has come - and so have jacks

and kites. Pat Crowe appeared but lately fully equipped with her set of jacks. Let's have a foursome. The Juniors would like to thank Mary Julia Reidy for the movie magazine she lent Colette Cross.

There will be a handicraft display prepared by the pupils of Mother St. Benedict's class Monday, May 3. If anyone has anything she has made herself in the line of fancy work, she is requested to bring it. Every one is invited to visit the exhibit.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars wind slowly o'er the lea;
The pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

TOASTS OF THE FORTNIGHT.

To MARIE WHITE on her winning the Mundelein Scholarship.

To ANNE COYLE on her splendid presentation of scenes from ELIZABETH; THE QUEEN which merited for her a drama scholarship to Mundelein.

To EVERYBODY on the active Catholic Action during the paper and tin foil drive.



Grease paint and wigs footlights and drama--no wonder the Seniors are all agog ---- Nominee for the friskiest caper-cutter in First Year, Vivien Mack. An orchid to Dorothy Smikel. Dorothy just had to make the paper and an orchid was the only thing we had.... The news is going round and round that Mary Jane Ronan and Irene Stockman tied for 449th place in the Mundelein College examinations (tis only a rumor though).. The "farmer-in-the-dell" Juniors are stepping these days with a new dignity. Why? They'll soon be Seniors--they hope! ... It's bad when you don't know what goes on in class but its worse when you don't even know whether you were there or not. Better be careful, Elaine Majewski ... The school seemed to have a good turnout for the Junior Prom. Now don't ask what Junior Prom.... The Goblin will be a trifle inactive for a bit, don't you know-- so many of the Loretto students are going over for the Coronation. The rest of us will content ourselves with wearing Coronation colors... The Goblin has been severely censored so he can't help lack of "new.

AMONG THE JUNIORS

Just where does Dorothy Finn get her peppermint cough drops. We all would invest in them.

The love-bug has bit Mary Agnes. Oh, well, it's spring.

Virginia Matic, you must be familiar with the floor by now. What's the attraction down there.

Is Veronica Tierney paid to sing alto in the Latin class.

THESE TERRIBLE SOPHOMORES.

Artis Louzein was seen maternally patting a small doll

in the assembly while while someone spied Jeanne Marie Frechette bringing one to school. What do you think it means?

Does Mary Scales really take her Geometry book to bed with her, and why is she so fond of "derbies"?

Dorothy Curry is madly studying plastering. She says it's for English.

Jean Duke has become a great lover of nature. She just loves to walk but not alone!!

Carmen Ledo also likes exercise, her favorite method is roller-skating in Jackson Park.

Dorothy Gruner

thinks that Saint Felicitas should be splot Felicitas.

Did Audrey Dodson enjoy the picnic Sunday? Maybe she doesn't like rain?

Esther Kuzniar is going to be a undertaker, she thinks

Emily Dybas is crazy about yellow apples.

Here and there
BEHIND THE SCENES

Mary Louise Bryan..

"I am not really eleven."

Jean O'Neill..

"I'm convinced that I need dramatics."

Rosemary Payne..

"The bowing was too frequent for mw."

Every time I went

down I met myself coming up".

Rosemary Kiely.. "If only Marie hadn't been head and shoulders over me!"

Helen McGuire.. "I felt ultra-saintly!"

Emily Falbo.. "Malachi made me laugh!"

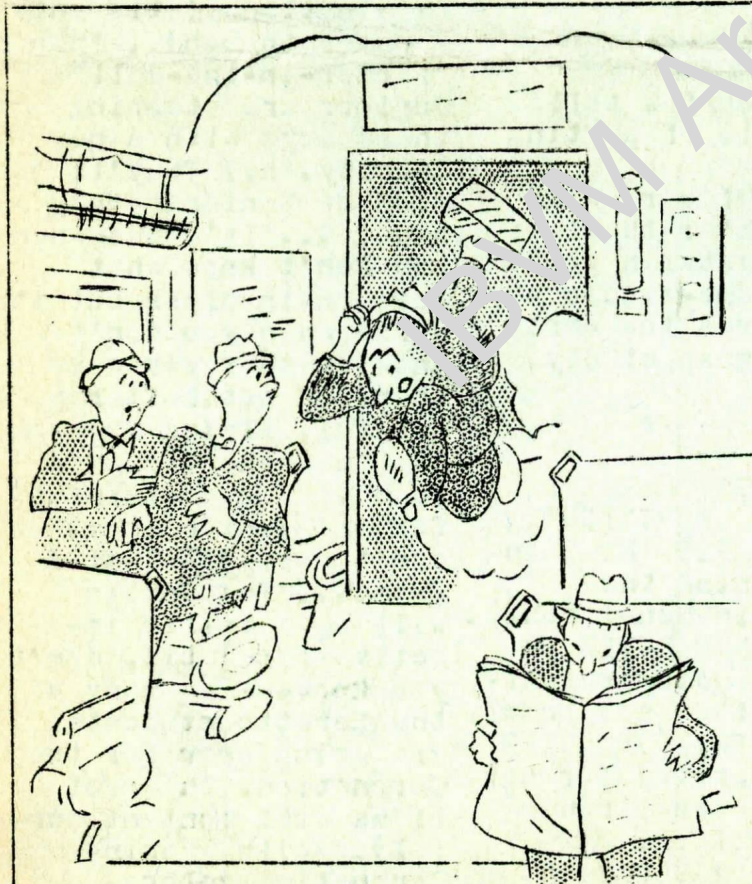
Virginia Callahan.. "I wish that my shoes fit me and my cane wasn't so heavy."

MAY ALTAR.....

The privilege of decorating the Blessed Virgin's altar in the Chapel will be the girls' beginning on Monday. The Freshmen will take the first week.

More orchids to Betty Jane Boyter and Mary Louise Quinn on their Romeo and Juliet performance. It was so delightfully old-fashioned.

Summer School of Catholic Action, August 30 to September 4. Providence High School.



HERE COMES SMITH AGAIN. HE RUNS SO FAST TO CATCH THE TRAIN THAT IT TAKES HIM THREE CARS TO SLOW DOWN.

CHECKMATED

The southwest coast of the Isle of Wight is a lonely spot. That is why Doctor William Stafford, a wealthy bachelor spent so much of his time in his old mansion secluded there. The War had made him a cripple. And - as is the way with most bachelors - he had a hobby, toxicology. He liked nothing better than compounding antidotes for snake's stings.

One day he was engaged in watching the actions of a young cobra which was confined in a glass cage. He became so absorbed that he was oblivious to everything until he felt a tap on his shoulder. Whirling suddenly he found himself facing the muzzle of a revolver.

"Well, I see I have a visitor!" said the Doctor cheerily. He looked closer in the growing dusk and discovered himself with Brockhouse, a famous crook.

"I'm in a hurry. I should like about one hundred pounds immediately, if you please, Doctor," he said coolly.

"Supposing I shouldn't grant your request?" the Doctor replied, equally cool.

"Then I should waste no time disposing of you and searching about for myself!"

Suddenly the crook groaned painfully. He had not noticed the

open slide of the glass cage; he had not heard the noiseless gliding, or seen the head rise slowly above the coiled form. Swiftly recovering himself, he struck the serpent from his arm, and stepping backward he shot it.

"Stay where you are, Doctor Stafford, if you value your life," he commanded as he aimed his gun at the Doctor. Do you have an antidote for this snake's sting? If you refuse to aid me, I will shoot you without delay".

"I have, the Doctor said with a smile, but I shall not treat you.

The crook moved closer and levelled the gun.

"Then, you will die".

"I should rather die. The world will be rid of another criminal in fifteen minutes for it is then the poison of the cobra has its effect. Five of those minutes are already gone and it takes twenty minutes to reach the mainland and other medical aid."

The young crook's face blanched; for he knew the Doctor was telling the truth.

"If I spare your life will you inject the antidote? Here is my revolver in pledge".

"Thank you," smiled the Doctor. Then moving to his desk he picked up the telephone and dialed

a number.

"Hello, kindly connect me at once with Scotland Yards".

The crook leaped from his chair but with a gesture of the weapon, the Doctor commanded him to be seated again.

Everything was silent. The ticking of the clock on the desk suddenly became a death-knoll in the crook's ears.

"Doctor," he pleaded, "at least give me the antidote."

"My dear Brockhouse I drained the poison from the cobra less than an hour ago - Oh, yes, is this you, Captain?"

E. Hiskey.

Prayer

Prayer is like a celestial ray
Shining, gladdening every way.
Bringing hope to the soul forlorn,
Increasing the faith of the Christian-born.

Prayer takes wings as upward it goes,
Carrying our troubles, or griefs, our woes;
Bearing them to the throne on high
Where a loving God responds to our cry.
I. Ritter.

Earthly Arithmetic says:
Give and want.
Heavenly arithmetic says:
Give and grow rich.

DAUGHTER OF THE
DUKE BANISHED

Double Mystery
At Court

Arden, May 2, 1435

The Court to-day was in a turmoil. Pages rushed back and forth while Ladies-in-Waiting gathered in little groups to sob their hearts away.

Rosalind, inseparable companion and playmate of Celia has been banished by her Uncle, Duke Frederick. It is thought that the cause is Rosalind's great popularity in the Court.

Celia, the Duke's only daughter was missing at dinner. After a thorough search it was discovered that not only Celia had mysteriously disappeared but also Touchstone, the Court Jester. Rumor has it that the pair have left with Rosalind.

Jean Rush.

The careful driver came to the railroad crossing. He stopped, looked and listened. The only sound he heard was the car behind crashing into his gas tank.

"SPRIG HAS CUB"

I suppose you have all seen the sign-board whereon this fact is stated: Sprig has cub. Well, sprig has cub with some of us speaking a new language in which

there are no "ing's"; m's, F's and so with many more.

"I'll wear my Easter clothes - even if I get pneumonia" was my proud boast. Pride is humbled when I feel myself to be actually hanging on the edge of the dread disease. Pride returns. It might be exciting to really have something important with the accompanying sympathy. And then someone says: "It's only a cold!"

"Only a cold! Why a cold is da beginig of pneumonia."

G. Cardosi

(the voice of experience)

WHY ?

Why are the name cuter-downers permitted to be at large?

Why if her name is Marge?

Is it trimmed down to Marge?

And what about name-Fancifiers?

(The term is used without malice)

Should all the girls go unremarked

Who sign themselves Alyce?

THE GAY NINETIES

In dashing style a horse and splendidly decorated buggy pranced down the dusty street. A stately old Southern lady held the reins and beside her sat a small girl dressed in the frilly onnate style of the nineties.

The lady was dressed in a sweeping gown of soft grey discreetly fashioned. She wore a stiff, uncomprising look due possibly to the effect of her hat, a much be feathered creation of imposing proportions. She sat as erect as a steel rod, no doubt because of her tightly laced corset which was re-inforced with the bones of many a good whale.

Magnificently the beautiful lady with imperial disdain guided the horse on his way.

As the carriage neared its destination, the horse increased his speed. Suddenly a sharp turn appeared ahead.

The superbly ornamented vehicle careened madly around the corner and overturned violently. Several anxious passerbys rushed to the spot.

"Oh, Mrs. English, exclaimed one gentleman, " your leg seems to be broken. Why in the worls did you not shout at the horse to amke him slow down?"

Astonished and insulted, the injured lady replied, "Mercy me, raise my voice! No true lady would ever do that!"

E. Hartman.

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