

# The SPIRE

## *Graduation Honors Are Conferred On:*

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# Table of Contents

Editorials -----	3	Mirror of Justice -----	Barbara Brand	8
Grandma's Ritual ----- Penny Fuller	4	Cause of Our Joy -----	Barbara Brand	8
Familiar Stranger ----- Peggy Turner	4	In the Shadow of the Cross -----		9
A Human Treasure ----- Claudia Dankert	5	Through the Shutter -----	Blank Negative	10
Jonathan ----- Linda Struebing	6	Masefield in Prose -----	Arlene Sullivan	10
Sister Sue ----- Kay Talty	6	There Oughta Be a Law! --	Sharon Dewyer	11
A Girl for Uncle ----- Madeline Hoornaert	7	Atomic Daze at Loretto ---	Michele Dolphin	
Dad Builds for the Future -----	7		Donna Doyle	12

## STAFF

Editor -----	Mary Lou Creighton
Co-Editor -----	Judy Kaszonyi
Features -----	Marianne Grollemond
Copy -----	Ann Ulaszek
Make-Up -----	Mary Ann Boyer
News -----	Beverly Coleman
Proofreader -----	Dolores Banasiak
Secretary -----	Elise Schmaedeke

## TYPING CREDITS

Dolores Banasiak  
 Mary Ann Boyer  
 Beverly Coleman  
 Ann Ulaszek

## COVER

Design by Carol Kujawa



## Of Divine Providence

We, God's children, are always in need. He, the all-generous Father, always provides. It is this providing that is called Divine Providence. We can think of Divine Providence in the sense that God takes us into an enormous store; He tells us then that we may pick out anything we want. If we have trouble in deciding what to choose, God gives us something that He knows will be best for us. We are happy if what God gives us is something we like. We then sometimes tend to mistake God's generosity in giving things of His bounty as our own abilities and accomplishments. Actually, everything we possess is a gift from God.

When God sees fit to send us something we do not want, it is still Divine Providence, and for our own good. So, to sit patiently through a class we do not care for day after day is good for us. God foresees a time in the future when we can apply the self-discipline we have acquired to the trials of the business world or to household duties in our own homes.

Divine Providence often acts in such a way that it is beyond our grasping. But it is the will of God being carried out in governing the universe and should not worry us. Even in small matters like examinations, having done our part by being faithful to our studies we need have no foolish worry. Worry will not obtain a passing mark for us. If we would only trust God in all matters! He always gives us the best of everything so we cannot make a mistake in accepting His will with no complaints.

Sometimes we are not sure what God's will is, especially in choosing our state in life. Then we should rely on Divine Providence and let God work it out. He will show us in many little ways what He wants us to do to please Him best.

The fact that evil exists in the world does not mean that God is no longer providing for His children by Divine Providence. Circumstances that do not agree with individuals are often for the common good, or they may be the punishment of sin or the testing of the good. If we happen to miss a dance or fail to get the dress we have always wanted, it may be God's way of testing us and it was deliberately planned that way by Him. Anyway, we cannot go through life, which itself is a trial, without having our own individual little trials, because we have to work for heaven.

Finally, we must remember that nothing is chance with God. Not even a sparrow falls that God did not plan it that way. Are we not worth more than sparrows in the sight of God?

## Of Divine Economy

The resplendent glory of God can not be seen by the living unless its pure spirituality is veiled in a material nature. The perfections of creatures all emphasize the limitless perfection of the Creator. Each creature lends depth and beauty to nature. All creation chants the Divine Praises.

Providence has chosen to perform the work of the universe through physical agents and He implants natural laws into their natures. No miracle is needed to splash the Milky Way across the night or unfurl foliage to the beckoning sun. The Lord has given natural order to His creatures so that they may reflect, not only the goodness, but the power of Him Who is Omnipotence.

The Lord gives all creatures existence and purpose. He uses each to produce the greatest good according to its nature. Providence governs the world by using the resources of the world. God formed man from the dust of the earth and gave him life. He raises up prophets and saints to communicate His words to men. And that the world might be saved, "The Word became flesh."

When the Holy Spirit sees a soul in which He can work, a soul capable of great love, He kindles that love with the all-consuming flame of God's grace. Human beings united by grace to God become capable of supernatural deeds and lead scores of men to the Fold. Divinity ever draws the soul toward greater, more heroic conquests for God. This is human nature! The dynamic power God gives men is offered in love and justice back to Him. With grace we are God's agents, performing great deeds upon earth, bringing the world to the Father.

We who are the least of spiritual beings are God's finest material handicraft. The world serves us in order that we may serve God. We draw our hearts away from the world in order to draw near to God. We are capable of supernatural acts because God has so blessed our nature. This is a profound example of divine economy, of leading his creatures to great good.

The world is lovingly ruled by divine economy but was created and exists only through the ineffable extravagance of divine love.



# Grandma's Ritual

When Lam and I were little, we spent many, many days at Grandma's house. In the morning we'd help her clean house. Not that we were much help, missing the corners or emptying the ashtrays, squabbling over who was to dust. We got in the way and made general nuisances of ourselves but Gram is a spotless housekeeper and her house always shone despite our help.

Cleaning done, we would go on a short shopping trip to buy a few things Gram needed, and then stagger home with the load. She was most generous in buying things we wanted but we had to be content with only some things since she couldn't carry everything home. By the time we got home we were very hungry.

Lunch at Grandma's house always meant chicken noodle soup. Gram said the same thing as she poured one ladleful into Lam's bowl and one into mine, "I have three grandchildren, the two of you and June Carlyle. I love you all equally." Then leaving a noodle in the bottom of the pan, "Since two are here now, I'm cutting this noodle in half because I have the same amount of love for each of you." In times since when Gram has seemed to forget it she is reminded to perform this symbolic little ritual. She had many like it.

Back in our day at Grandma's house we finished lunch and helped with the dishes as we helped with the cleaning. If this day was one in late summer the afternoon was the best part of all. Gram would be canning tomatoes. We scrubbed ourselves for the cold pack canning process as doctors do for a big operation, from the tip of our fingers to our shoulders. Then we were wrapped in huge white towels which made all-covering aprons. Once the tomatoes were scalded their skins peeled off easily even with a butter knife. When the tomatoes were peeled, we stuffed them into scalded jars until they gurgled. Gram would add some salt and screw the lids on tight and put them on the corner of the stove where they had to cook for hours and hours. While the tomatoes were cooking, and while we scrubbed cucumbers for bread and butter pickles or made potato salad, Gram used to tell us stories, wonderful stories about her home and family. Gram told us about her parents who came from France and her nine brothers and sisters, of the open houses they had for which her mother cooked for days, of Nell, their horse, who had been a fire horse and got excited every time she heard a bell, of the root beer they made which exploded in the cellar and how her mother mixed blueberry juice

# Familiar Stranger

Strange how you never really get to know some people until they're slipping away from you. When the nurse finally admitted me into the room where my aunt lay ill I began to realize how little I knew her.

The time I'd had the most contact with Aunt Betty was when Mom was sick and Dad had asked her to come and stay with us. I guess she'd tried her best to fill in for Mom but for some reason I wouldn't let her into my little world. I always was polite but with a great effort. Perhaps it was my shyness that would not let me include her, but I wasn't that shy with other people. Then too it may have been because she was always so gruff with us kids. Gruffness certainly wasn't like Mom and we weren't used to it.

Aunt Betty's pet saying, "Children should be seen and not heard," always caused a rebellious feeling in me and made me ill at ease. And when she used to fix her piercing, gray eyes on my face and point her accusing finger, it made me wish I could vanish like a fairy or that the floor would open and swallow me in.

I think I would have been openly hostile if it hadn't been for the fact that I'd promised Mom to be extra good while she was away.

Now as I tiptoed across the glossy floor toward my aunt's bed I could see where I hadn't been fair to her at all. I really hadn't given her a just chance.

The window blind flapped and a soft light shone through. It lit up Aunt Betty's straight, gray hair. A smile slowly brightened her weary face. Looking down into her eyes I could see they weren't cold as I once thought they were, but indeed full of kindness.

Her frail hands were tightly holding a rosary and I realized they were probably wrinkled and worn because she'd worked so hard for others.

Almost unconsciously I reached out my hand to hers. I wanted to say "Hello" or "How do you do?" for I felt I was just meeting and beginning to know my Aunt Betty.

Peggy Turner

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in white paint to make pale blue for her bedroom. She loved to tell us these stories and we loved to listen to them.

Whenever Lam and I quarreled as cousins will, Gram became a little provoked and this was one of the few things which would provoke her. She insisted that we get along with one another and always stick together. She used an example



# A Human Treasure

Not a millionaire, not a fine executive, just a steelworker. But a good one at that. Of course in my opinion, Grandfather would be good at anything he tried. A big man, yet tender and loving. And how he delighted in telling us stories! He still does, although now we are not so inclined to believe them as we were in our younger days, but just as eager to listen. I remember one story in particular. It was about a tattoo he has on his arm. I had noticed it many times and finally, one day, I asked him about it.

It seemed that when he was still a boy back in Poland he had been going on a trip and had a sum of money with him. He had been attacked, his money stolen, and for some reason the culprits had put this tattoo on him which would never come off. I was horrified at the thought and could not understand why my mother laughed when I told her.

There are so many other things he has told us that it is hard to remember them all. There were tales about his strict German schoolmaster, his many tall brothers and his short little mother, and his feats of strength.

I especially like to look at the picture he has of himself in the uniform he wore when he was in the special army of the Kaiser's wife. Poland was under German domination at the time he was living there, and all the young men were obliged to serve in the army. It was a great honor to be in this special group. All the men had to be six feet tall or over and have dark hair. They wore

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## GRANDMA'S RITUAL

which had been one of her father's favorites. If you take a twig in your two hands, you can easily break it. If you take two or three or four or five twigs in your hands at once they are hard to break. So it is with members of a family. If they stick together it is very hard for anyone to break them apart.

The afternoon passed too quickly at Grandma's house and soon our mothers were there to call for us. Who wanted to go home when we could stay with Gram? We were consoled with a bag of cookies and a promise that we could come back very soon.

Much of my sense of what is good and right in life has been given to me by my grandmother. I cannot imagine growing up without her.

Penny Fuller

shining sabers and rode glistening black horses. You can also be sure that their uniforms were meticulously clean and neat, for every word you may have heard of German discipline is quite true, and even more.

Aside from his many fine physical qualities, however, he is also a very spiritual man and a devout Catholic. One summer when my cousin and I were spending a few days at his home we were all sitting around the dinner table and he began explaining to us about a plaque of the Last Supper which was hanging on the kitchen wall. I suppose it was the way he phrased something or perhaps it was his accent that made my cousin and I look at each other and laugh. He stopped abruptly and it was quite obvious that he was deeply hurt. As for me, I can honestly say that I can't remember having ever felt quite so wretched in my entire life.

Later on, when we were drying dishes, we asked my grandmother if there was any way that we could make up to him for our rudeness. She said that he had been so hurt because the incident concerned something as great as the Last Supper and he had gotten the impression that we thought he didn't know what he was talking about. There was only one way to rectify ourselves, and that was to apologize.

We were almost shaking in our boots, but nevertheless went ahead with the unpleasant task. When we had finished, he did not scold or say we must never do it again but gave us money to buy ourselves some ice cream. My cousin and I hardly felt that we deserved it but he wouldn't let us refuse and so all ended well.

It was incidents like these that have endeared him so to me and the rest of my family. I don't see how anyone could help loving him.

Claudia Dankert

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On the last day of school we will begin our summer vacation. The seniors will be leaving and walking into a new life. We are going to be on our own. The sisters won't be near to remind us of the right thing to do.

Young people meet many temptations while on their vacation. The only way to fight them is to stay close to Our Blessed Mother and receive the sacraments.



# Jonathan

He's tall, lanky and a crew-cutted eighth-grader. His name is Jonathan Roy Matthew Struebing, and he's my brother. Besides being all that, he's the most colorful and likeable character I know.

Adolescence is that period of growing up wherein a young boy enters manhood or a girl womanhood. It stretches over a period of years in a series of steps and stages, but the most important thing to remember is, it's gradual.

Jonny seems to have skimmed through adolescence in one stage, forgetting all rules and grabbing at maturity with one of his always outstretched hands. His grab on it is firm, but every once in a while it slips and his real self shows through. Many will be alarmed but some will understand Jon's actions.

Sometimes Jon gets carried away with movies. Upon seeing "The Benny Goodman Story", Jon proceeded to give two girl friends and me an exact accounting of Steve Allen's acting, music and all. I missed the picture but I know it backwards by now. I think he should have won the Academy Award. He has a trophy however, standing on his dresser, but I'm afraid it's not for acting. He has many talents which few know of.

He slowly took over my babysitting job, because of which I didn't talk to him for a week. Imagine a brother babysitting and making my money. Well, enough about that.

He announced to the family a week ago that he asked his girl to go steady. He wears her bracelet on his wrist. Jon's beautiful gold-colored plastic ring, with ruby-like cut glass stones studded across its top, is now worn proudly on Darlene's finger. I must say Jon has good taste. Darlene Ziegfield's father is some high executive at Coca Cola. Jon gets all the Coke he wants. I really think he is going steady with Coke and the Ziegfield's T.V. set. Yesterday Jon announced triumphantly that he was going to call the whole thing off. Coming home from Darlene's house, I noticed he still wore the bracelet and I don't dare question him further on the matter.

Jon enjoys company and nothing pleases him more than my girl friends visiting at our house. He plans, for weeks ahead just what devilish mischief he can do. His hospitality often embarrasses me. He will often bring out the girl's coat, lead her by the hand to the door, say "What's your hurry?" "You don't have to be going al-

ready," and practically push her out of the house.

To tell all about Jon, I would have to write a novel. If in this brief biography you have come to understand this character called Jon, may I congratulate you, because I've known him for thirteen years and I still don't understand him.

Linda Struebing

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## Sister Sue

My sister Sue has big green eyes and beautiful brown, naturally curly hair. She is tall and quite slim.

By no means is she a saint and yet she has the biggest heart of gold that any sister possibly could have.

Sue has a way of getting around my father. Ever since I can remember when she did something wrong and was going to be punished for it by my father, she rolled those green, innocent eyes of hers and my father would lessen her punishment.

Sue is everybody's friend. Whenever someone in our crowd feels depressed, Sue is always ready to cheer them up.

She is popular with boys, but never once did I hear her brag about it.

One week end I didn't have a date and she did. None of my friends were around so she broke her date to go to a show with me. Imagine! Just her sister.

Once in a selfish mood, I would not let her wear my blouse. Because she wanted to wear my blouse, I wore it. For once Sue had her Irish up and I thought she would never speak to me again. But the next day I asked her if I could wear her skirt. She looked at me in a peculiar way, and if looks could kill, I would have been dead at that moment. But gradually she softened — her eyes twinkled; she burst out laughing and I got the skirt.

She likes doing things for people, things no one else would even think of.

On her Christmas vacation, she went over to a nursing home where she worked, and brought each one of the patients she cared for a Christmas card and a box of candy.

Gay and carefree, sweet, and thoughtful, Sue's just everything.

Kay Talty



# Dad Builds for the Future

In our yard stands the finest garage in Chicago. Two feet of foundation make this a structure which could have survived the Ice Age. Dad enjoys building and working with his skilled hands. He has been working on the garage for many hours each day, pausing occasionally to give progress reports and structural information to fascinated neighbors. Old men receive pieces of redwood for their home workshops. Small boys carry away long boards and nails with which to make weird but well-loved objects.

With day's work done Dad settled down beside his stack of library books or in front of the television set. After the television comedian has popped his last bit of corn and buttered his sponsor's product, the symphony orchestra program is broadcast. Dad is spellbound as vibrant melody fills the room; he fondly recalls the trumpet — slightly tarnished — which is stored somewhere. Music fades and heart-rending melodrama makes its entrance. My father makes his exit — to clean the basement. After several minutes, the clear metallic voice of an old trumpet sends up its song.

When summer comes and thousands of weeds

have been pulled from the pampered lawn, Dad gets that far-away gleam in his eyes. Armed with camera, suitcases and road maps or Baltimore and Ohio tickets, we wander off to strange cities. No matter where we travel, Dad knows exactly where we are, what points of interest we can see, where a good restaurant can be found, and all historic events of the locality since fourteen ninety-two.

We return home and Dad goes back to work. He has worked for the Company for thirty years — and both are proud of it.

Now trees are bare; before each house brittle, brown leaves crackle and fume by the curb and chimneys puff smoke. Leaning on a rake, a neighbor asks the best way to fix whatever is currently broken — and Dad knows.

Snow falls and Dad's face — no longer red from sun — now grows red from the strong sting of wind. The room is warm; with fresh, cold air still in his lungs, he feels drowsy as he picks up his newspaper. Our parakeet twitters and flies onto his chair. But Dad's asleep — dreaming of the past, and the future he'll build tomorrow.

## A Girl for Uncle

When I was about five my mother's youngest brother lived with us. He was a lovable uncle and still is. I was his favorite dancing partner and his biggest little pest. But then one day his affections and attentions seemed to be turned toward something or someone else.

Sure enough it was Irene. A girl for my uncle! "Wonderful!", I said to myself. Of course my uncle's wife was going to be a tall, thin girl, with long black hair. I was tall for my age, thin, and had long black hair.

Well I remember the first day I met her. I was never so shocked in my whole five years of life. She was not only short, but kind of stocky and to top it all she had short, brown hair.

Totally stunned I sat on the couch and stared, at her of course. She sat down and started to carry on a conversation with my mom and dad as if she had always known them. They seemed to enjoy her, but as for me I just sat and stared. Short? Brown hair?

She politely excused herself from the conversation, and came over and sat next to me, while I just stared.

"How old are you Madeline?" she said to me.

"Five", I said, still staring.

"Do you go to school?"

A stony "Uh-huh" was my reply.

Then before my eyes she held out the prettiest book of cut-outs a little girl my age could ever want. I wanted to say thanks loads, but still stunned and staring, I muttered a frosted "thanks".

She went on talking about things that interested me so much that I stopped my staring and blew away the smoke that clouded our acquaintance. And when she actually said she would just love to see my dolls and other toys, I began to think, why not a short girl with brown hair for my new aunt?

Madeline Hoornaert

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## THE SPIRE

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## MIRROR OF JUSTICE

A crystal clear and lovely lake  
Reflects the sky above,  
But you, my Queen, are oh so pure,  
Your soul reflects for God's Own sake  
The wondrous Face of Love.



## CAUSE OF OUR JOY

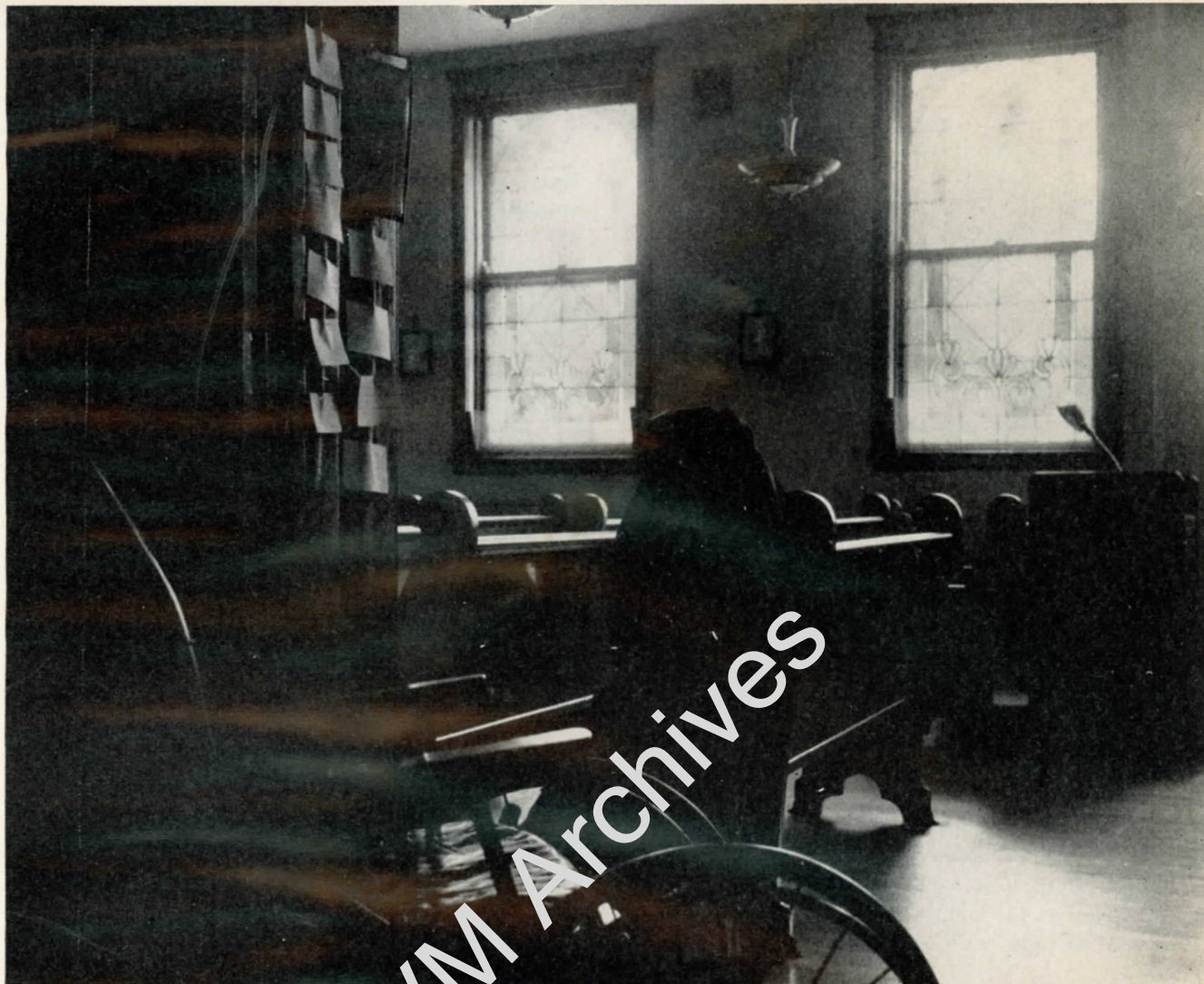
Mother of God,  
You are Love's chosen nest  
Fold for the Lamb Divine  
Oh tabernacle blest  
Blossom, you bore the Vine.

Mary,  
Your virtue seems to me  
A mount unclimbable  
But if it pleases thee  
God, make it possible.

Mother of Mankind,  
How often I run to you  
When sorrow comes my way  
And in the arms where He ran too,  
My sorrows run away.

Barbara Braud





*In the  
Shadow  
of the  
Cross*

We will miss them. Mother M. St. Benedict and Mother M. Othilia died within a week of one another. Friends in life, they are now together in God's eternity.

Even though she taught many of us last year, or the year before that, none of us knew until after her death that Mother Othilia had been suffering so greatly. No impatience, no complaint betrayed her secret. Instead, her gentleness and interest suggested that she had no worry in the world but our success.

Our love for Mother St. Benedict is harder to explain. She never taught us. Not in class, that is. They tell us she had been confined to her wheel chair for more than twenty years. But how she prayed! She seemed to spend hours in the chapel, wheeling herself from station to station, saying the beads, or just — praying. Until recently, you could usually find her after school at the end of the hall looking out toward the grotto, and she loved to talk to us.

We will miss you, Mother St. Benedict and Mother Othilia, and we hope that in your happy eternity you will keep up your interest in and prayers for Loretto.

*R. I. P.*



# Through the Shutter

My days are almost over. The shadows are closing in and the lens is almost shut, but Gee Clef will continue to climb the cliffs of calamity with you. I see her now at the bottom of the scale ready to ascend on every note.

Why fiddle with plant food when we've discovered a much better substitute. The radishes in the Biology Lab shot up two inches when D. S. watered them with holy water.

Spring is here and M. R., C. D., and N. H. startled both faculty and early arrivals when they couldn't resist singing "Good Morning to You" as they approached the school.

M. P. was stopped on beat. It seems she had a severe case of E. M. G. (Early Morning Gloom). One morning she got up, put on her uniform, packed her lunch, and almost hopped on the bus to go to school. Gloom disappeared when she discovered it was Saturday.

The happy lads and lasses who "made beautiful music together" at the Easter Dance all joined in to sing the praises of "Spring Carousel," but A. E. felt the evening could have been vastly improved by having pony rides around the oval.

D. B. thought it would be real fun to have a wishing well at the dance. The idea of throwing dimes rather than pennies appealed to the bill collectors.

St. Michael, guardian of Loretto, was certainly busy at the dance, holding up the center pole. It swayed and sagged, it wavered, and it wobbled, but thanks be to St. Michael, it didn't tumble. The rest of the evening we tripped the light fantastic to the mellow tones of Mr. Quinlan's band.

The drinking crowd at the dance found supplies at the "Casbah Coke Corner." Just like the movies — horses and Arabian knights. This "flash bulb" idea was popped by C. W. and crew.

Whoever gets "Pennies from Heaven" has nothing on us. We get "Onions from nowhere." Will the party who deposited them in the petunia patch please claim her property?

This is a time picture. It seems time now can be divided into categories. They are spare time, extra time, time on your hands, and of course, leisure time.

A note of discord was struck at the Carmel Symposium. The program ended with dismissal and, sure enough, fifteen Loretto girls started to go home.

Gym suit inspection days are here again. I noted M. Q. hurriedly putting the finishing touches on her gym shoes as we neared 65th St. on the Torrence bus.

Sue Briquet thought her identity would not come to light, but my little birdie found out "she" was Mary Ann Boyer and Dolores Banasiak.

I have one last picture. No amount of fixer will keep this picture from running. The seniors are already shedding salty dew drops. This is the end! Click!

With Love,  
Blank Negative

"Blank Negative" has been right on the beat all year and was in perfect character in "Women in White" as Gertie, who knows all and tells all. Here is the finale — she turns out to be no other than off-beat Marianne Grollemond.

She has come to the end of the measure. See you next year in "Spire Choir."

Her successor,  
Gee Clef

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## *Masefield in Prose*

Some people are content to read books in their spare time. Other people are content to sew or bowl or pursue a pet hobby. But there are some of us who can't be content unless we're out in the air using some of the wonders God in His goodness has given us.

To me, the water is most inviting. After a warm tiring day nothing seems more appealing than to gather up your sailing gear and head out onto the horizon for an adventurous trip. When the dusk of twilight falls, and the sinking sun casts shadows on the waters I feel like a queen on her throne when I'm at the tiller guiding my craft as best I can. The tingle of the salt spray against my face gives me a feeling of happiness and joy. The cool wind blowing through my clothes makes me feel fresh and new all over. With the mainsail filled overhead, and the halyards beating a rhythmic sound against the mast, the sound of melodic sea chanteys gives the whole crew a feeling of unity. And when the moon comes out to shed her leading light I feel as safe as a sleeping child in bed guiding my tiny vessel homeward.

Arlene Sullivan



# There Oughta Be a Law!

Humph. That silly girl. I already flew away. Look at her! Boy, this is funny! She's sitting there with her finger pointed out as a perch and she doesn't even know I'm gone. Some people!

My name is Otto. I'm a Homeroom bird. What's that you said? "What's a Homeroom bird?" The idea! Now that's enough of that! Humans! There oughta be a law!

Now as I was saying, I'm a Homeroom bird and glad of it. If I were one of those humans I don't think I could bear it. My life is hard enough just being near them.

Ever since I was caught as I flew through 102 my life's been far from dull. That's how I got my name. Since I was caught in a homeroom they called me their homeroom bird. Actually I'm a member of the Zombie Bird family but I let them have their little fun. They're freshmen, you know, but next year I'll buckle down. Then they'll be humans.

You may be interested in knowing what I have against humans. I'll call my brother over and introduce you. Then you'll find out.

"Herkimer. Herkimer George."

"Herkimer, I want you to meet some (shiver, shiver) people. Say hello, Herk, old boy."

"Chirp."

"Herkimer, try to be nice."

I'll have to explain to you about Herk. You see, he's very shy with humans. Not like me. I'm used to them. Herk wasn't always that way. He was once gay and light-hearted. Then a terrible thing happened — all the fault of humans. He had a nervous breakdown. Just couldn't take the strain. It was awful.

"When he was a college freshman his beanie was too big and it flopped over his eyes. When the upperclassmen saw this they laughed and said, "Use your brain. You can keep it up if you use your brain." Another upper-classman would promptly reply, "His brain won't keep his hat up.

It's too small. It would still flop down over his brain. He's a birdbrain."

Day after day, Herk went through the same routine until it became too much for him.

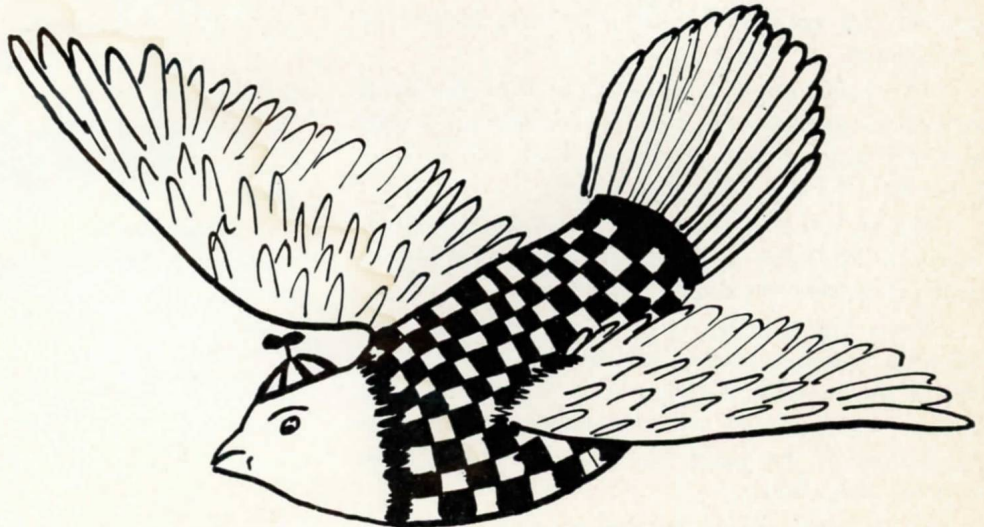
Now that you know everything I've a favor to ask. If anyone is interested, I would appreciate it if you would adopt poor Herk. Please, have a heart. He doesn't take up much space and he eats very little — just a nip of your finger now and then. Herkimer seeks lodging from classes in this order and for these reasons:

1. Freshman homeroom — reason stated.
2. Junior homeroom — They've had a relapse from being human in their second year. They're just as inhuman as they ever were.
3. Senior homeroom — They're not nearly as bad as they seem.
4. Sophomore homeroom — They're twice as bad as they seem and they seem pretty bad. Perhaps being human this year has gone to their heads.

Don't be discouraged by this list, please. If you are interested, don't hesitate to inquire. But whatever you do, do it fast. This birdbrain is driving me crazy!

Remember, a homeroom's just a homeroom, but a Homeroom Bird's a must.

Sharon Dewyer





# Atomic Daze at Loretto

Gather around and I'll tell you the tale of a typical Loretteen in the year two thousand.

Each morning she is awakened by her atomic-powered clock radio. This radio is not to be confused with the crude, older models. No more loud buzzing, ringing, or clanging noises. Gentle thought waves are transmitted to the sleeping beauty till she is aroused from her peaceful slumber. Then she lolls in bed, listening to her favorite disc jockey, Jet Top Miller, playing the top ten tunes. Miller is interrupted by a word from a happy-sounding announcer who advises everyone to be sure to get some Atomic Toppies, the super-sonic cereal.

Somewhat reluctant to get up, but eager to greet the new day, our heroine climbs out of bed.

Into her Loretto uniform she jumps. Loretto was never inclined to be behind the times, so uniforms are Dior's latest look, "The Question Mark."

When she is ready, she hops into her Black Watch plaid space suit and zooms off in her Chevie spacemobile.

She really has to rush if she doesn't want to be late, because air traffic on Stony Island Skyway is rather congested.

On arriving, our student goes to the mammoth indoor parking lot. The twenty-five cent parking fee goes to the missions, for the poor underprivileged children who live in the deep craters on the moon.

Now let's follow our heroine down to the locker room. The walls are sound proof, thus permitting the teachers to have some peace in the morning.

The girls don their special rocket beanies for that "jet up and go" feeling. This is the quick easy way of getting to class with foot fatigue at a minimum.

The halls seem a little empty this morning and much quieter. Oh yes, the seniors are away on their annual trip to Paris, with stopoffs at Rome and Venice. Ah, such peace.

On to the first class, which is atomic engineering. The door is opened by an electric eye, so no effort is needed on the student's part.

Since the teacher is away on vacation, the classes are seen on the new four D-TV color sets. One of the up-and-coming young Einsteins in the class is fiddling with the wires trying to change the channel to the Karry Noore Show, but no luck, so study they must.

If someone should happen to doze off, she is

awakened by a shock transmitted by a remote control cosmic vibrator set. Sleepyheads beware!

On to the next class, gym. One of the features of the new, ultra modern Loretto is the indoor lake for water skiing.

The girls, eager for a refreshing dip, change into their bathing suits and hurry to the water.

Suddenly they are startled by a loud siren. They look and sure enough it's those boys from Carmel again, hovering above the skylight in their helicopter. Time to call Carmel's disciplinarian to administer discipline.

When calm returns, the girls romp, frolic and splash until the bell rings.

The remaining morning classes pass without further mishap.

At noon, the lines pass through the halls to the cafeteria. Robot hall guards patrol the halls and with their photographic memories, record any misdemeanor in the halls. The robots have not eliminated the student hall guards, for someone has to run these amazing machines.

At the lunch table there is much talk about the annual school picnic in Atlantic City. Everyone is very excited and can hardly wait for the big day.

After a nourishing meal of cosmic food pills our Loretteen goes on with her afternoon classes. Thank goodness it's Friday and there are no more classes until Monday. The "do-it-yourself" craze is still going strong, and she is loaded with do-it-yourself homework to keep her busy all week end.

Finally the three o'clock bell rings, and our cosmic cutie heads for home.

Later that evening, Johnny Jet is coming to pick her up for their date, so she has to start getting ready. As a final touch she sprinkles some meteor dust in her hair.

Johnny arrives, and they zoom off in his spacemobile to the movies. The picture is a real thriller called "The Monster from C-Thousand Leagues Meets the Creature from the Black Lagoon" and they both enjoy it very much.

Afterwards, Johnny stops at a stratospheric refueling station for fuel pellets and then they go to Richard's Drive-In Carfeteria on Mars for hamburgers and cosmic milk shakes.

After an out-of-this-world evening, Johnny takes her back to her homogenized home high above the milky way and she floats upstairs on her own ultraviolet ray . . .

Michele Dolphin

Donna Doyle