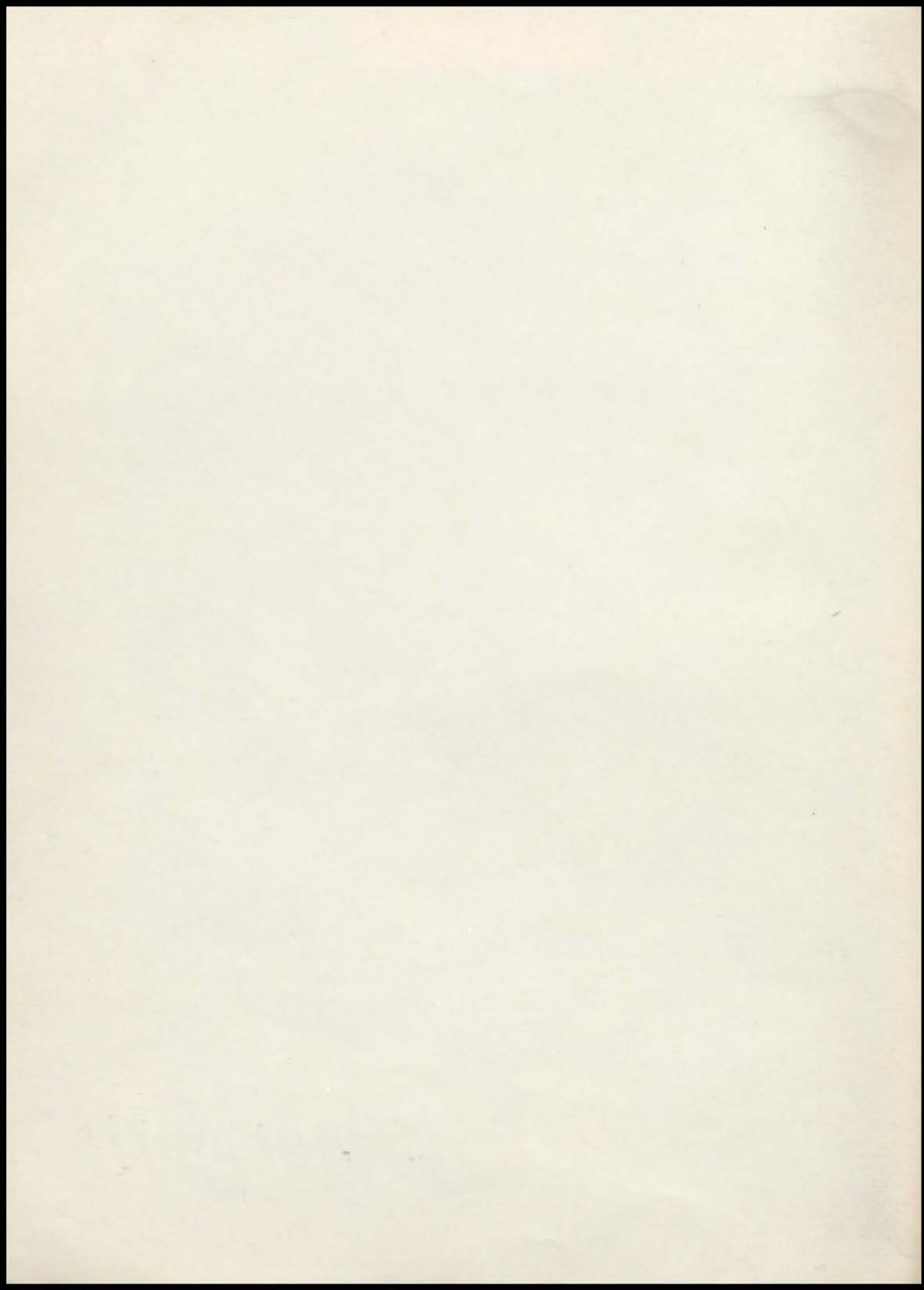


*the laurelette*

1962 — 1963

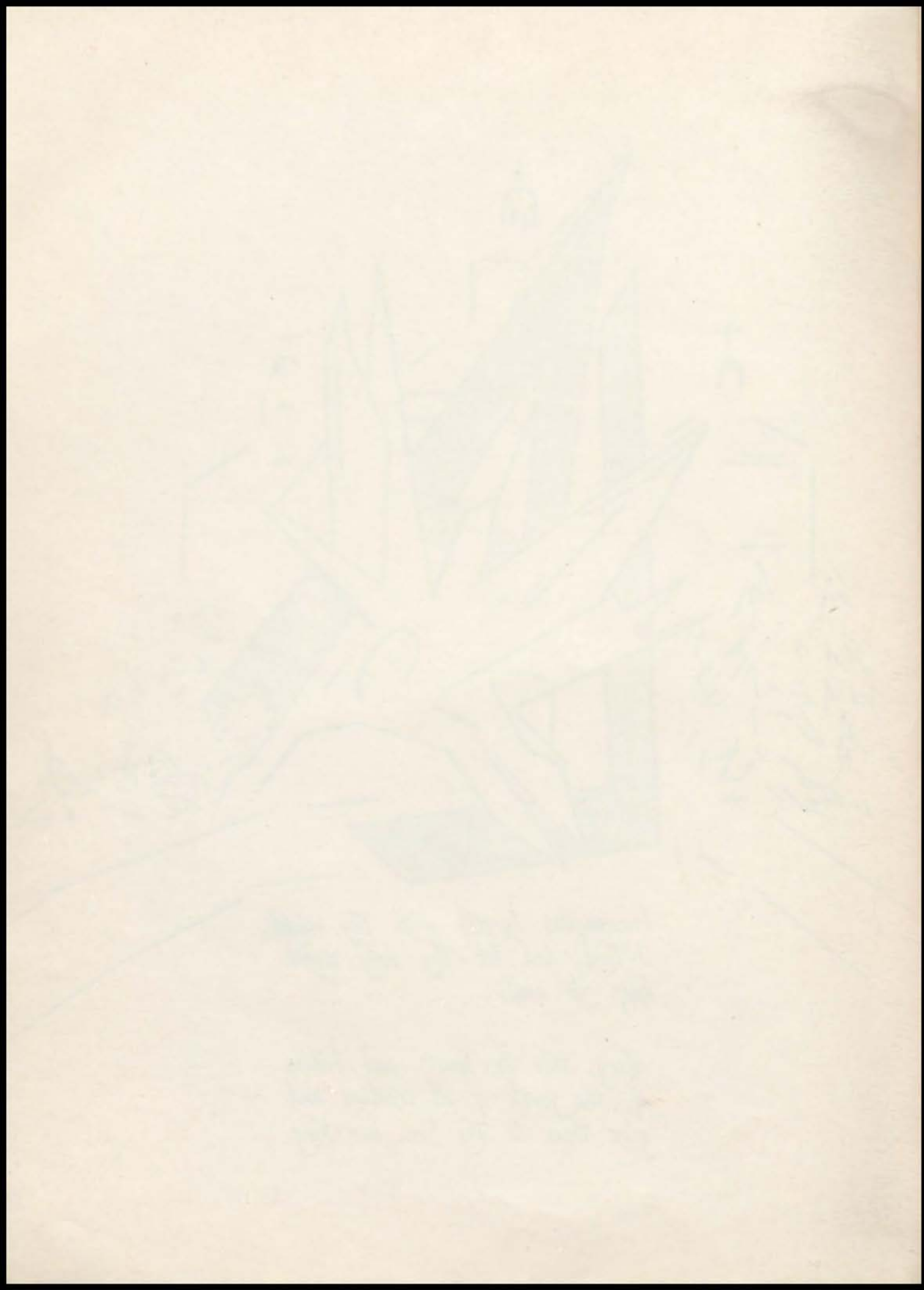






Encompass Loretto with Thy might,  
O Lord, and let Thy holy angels  
keep its walls.

Mary, take the hearts and bodies  
of the youth of all creation and  
give them to Thy Son, our King.





the *laurelette*

Loretto Academy

November 1962





### *Prayer for the Council*

O Holy Spirit, sent by the Father in the name of Jesus to assist the Church and keep her from error, pour forth Thy gifts in their fullness on the Ecumenical Council.

Gentle Teacher and Comforter, enlighten the minds of our bishops, who will come together for this Council in ready obedience to the Supreme Pontiff.

Grant that this Council may bear abundant fruit, that the light and strength of the Gospel may fill the lives of men, that the Catholic religion and its missionary activity take on a new vigor, and that men may come to know more fully the teaching of the Church and realize it more profoundly in their lives.

Strengthen our minds in truth, dear Guest of the soul, and dispose our hearts to obedience, so that we may accept humbly and sincerely what the Council decrees and willingly carry it out.

We pray also for the sheep who still remain outside the one Fold of Jesus Christ, that they too who are proud to be called Christians, may finally unite under the guidance of the One Shepherd.

Let this age of ours, like another Pentecost, see once more the evidence of Thy power, and grant that Thy Holy Church, guided by Peter and united to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, in constant and unceasing prayer, may spread the kingdom of our Divine Saviour, the kingdom of truth and justice, of love and peace.

*"That the light and strength of the Gospel fill the lives of men. . ."* Attended by Father Graham, His Excellency Bishop Helmsing proclaims from Loretto's altar the Gospel of the Mass of the Holy Spirit. During his homily, His Excellency urged our prayers and sacrifices for the Second Vatican Council.

# laurelette

Vol. 30, No. 1 November, 1962

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The laurelette is published four times a year by the Society of Sisters. Address all correspondence and subscriptions to the laurelette, Society of Sisters, 29 Riverside Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. Subscriptions are \$1.00 per year.

# Windows and mirrors

A school paper, it has been said, should reflect the school. But the *laurelette* is not content to limit itself to the one-way seeing of a mirror. Our magazine is, instead, a window. It performs the double vision of seeing the outside from the inside as well as the inside from the outside. And through our magazine-window we of the *laurelette* look first at ourselves, then out beyond Loretto to the city, the nation, and the world.

We see Loretto first as she is in you—the persons who make her who she is. We see her in the things you do: in the classes that make you wish you knew more, especially when it's your turn to recite; in the hours of rehearsal that make a good play, in the double dribbles and spectacular hook shots; in the mixture that didn't boil and the one that boiled over; in choruses of "ballads, songs, and snatches"; in student council working to make our theme word; and in days of recollection and retreats that give the whole school spiritual dimension.

But if Loretto is you, then she is something more than a school made up of students and teachers. She is of the Mystical Body, crying with the people of Latin America, struggling with the new nations in Asia and Africa, and making decisions with mitered prelates in Rome. For ecumenism is our theme this year: we, together with you are trying to realize our communion with others, trying to be "Christ-like Women Loving in an Ecumenical Spirit."

For the past few weeks, navy-skirted Loretto has been most painfully aware of her intimate connection with khaki-shirted men 1,000 miles away. When Russia, half a world away, suddenly moves her 1500-mile range missiles to a launching pad only a hundred miles from us, the fact of an ecumenical world is forced on us.

But this realization is not a permanent, lasting thing; it takes more than fear to be truly one with others. As soon as the cause of fear is gone, we forget; and we re-isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. This is the isolation that makes what Dr. Christin called "splits." These are the gaps that separate mind from body, intellectuals from athletes, Africans from Americans, and Catholics from Episcopalians. Healing these splits takes seeing and loving. And the second part of the cure is a decision. "Loving involves a choice," Dr. Christin said; and if you choose, you can separate yourself from everyone else. But in losing them, you lose Him, too. You can no longer be whole in Him; because in choosing not to love, you splintered yourself. You sacrifice the completeness of your you-ness when you refuse to lose yourself with them in Him. But "when you go forth in love, there is a split in you that is healed."

This issue mostly looks in through the magazine window. And in the sense of you seeing yourself, it has many mirrors, like the "newness" article on the other side of this page. Other reflective thoughts appear on the senior ring page, the news page, and in "new words." In the middle, there is a two-page ecumenical window on the council and the movement. Our "Reader rampant" looks into a twelve-year-old's summer. In fact, this issue sees an ecumenical world not "through a glass darkly," but through a window lightly loving.



## Newness



SISTER EUGENIE MARIE, Carol Carlew, and the art lab are three new things that are a part of our new Loretto.

Ever seen (or been) a girl in her first corsage? She's as trembling and wide-eyed as her one-year-old brother who's just learning to walk. New worlds are before them—and the hope and excitement that goes with new things. The one-year-old is just taking his first steps now, but before long he's going to run and climb trees and build tree forts and play baseball and swim and some day lose himself in all the dizzying discoveries of a summer, as "The reader rampant" relates. School is a new experience for him, no matter how many grades he has been through; sitting and squirming on a pocket full of slingshot rocks from 8:30 to 3:00 is tough on a little boy, but once in a while, being caged in a desk doesn't bother him so much, as he sees the real reason why 3 apples multiplied by 4 pears equals nothing but fruit salad. A few more summers and school years and the boy that used to shove his hands into pockets full of sand and frogs finds his hands pinning on a first corsage, just like the one that made his big sister so dreamy-eyed a long time ago, as she looked into her world of new things: a big night first, and many more like it, she hoped.

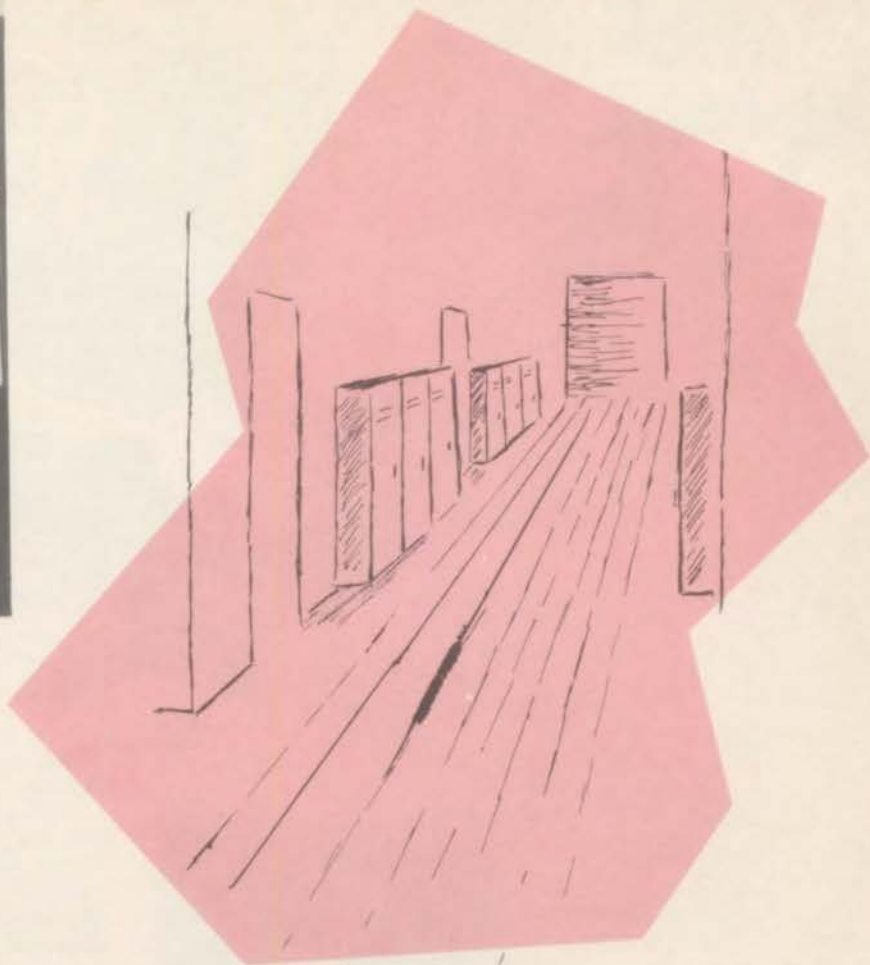
She has already learned to walk and run but now in high school she's learning to see, to probe into Poe and Chaucer, the structure of atoms, scalene triangles, the whys of American government, what makes frogs tick, and even learning to see herself and what makes her tick. She'll see her school and learn to appreciate teachers and find beauty in lots of things—in music and art and literature and people she'd never dreamed of looking at before. She won't stop with the whys of studies or herself or even her school—she will realize the wideness of her world as she goes on to college or a new job. She'll see what happens in an ecumenical movement when groups become whole-conscious and work for world understanding. She'll experience the tensivity of a cold war when it comes to many hot points then subsides. In short, she and her brother both will discover many new, different things, not just in boyhood or as teenagers but always, because their vision grows, if they let it, to include the whole world.

This year we're experiencing a little bit of their wonder at Loretto—a kaleidoscope of new things from a new polished hardwood floor in the downstairs hall right up to a new principal imported from St. Louis. This year's assembly speakers and lusty-throated pep song singers make good use of the new white sound-absorbent ceiling in the auditorium. Ballet classes have the privilege of rolling and stretching gracefully on a bright newly varnished and painted gym floor. Twenty-five big new lockers will eventually hold assorted books, an odd number of shoes, basketballs or tennis rackets, mirrors and ratting combs, a few thousand photos and election stickers, not to mention other miscellaneous articles vital for survival. Besides the minor surgery on the school itself there are new people at Loretto this year. The sophomores, juniors, and seniors are back again of course, reincarnated into a higher year, a more advanced step in learning, getting a new look at Loretto and themselves because they are a year older now.

This year has brought many new ideas, ideas that fascinate little boys and high school students both, like those S. Eugenie Marie brings so vibrantly alive in her art classes for grade and high school students, and like S. Ann Cecilia and S. Marian Louise, showing the beauty in music to beginners, middlers, and maestros. There are ideas like the



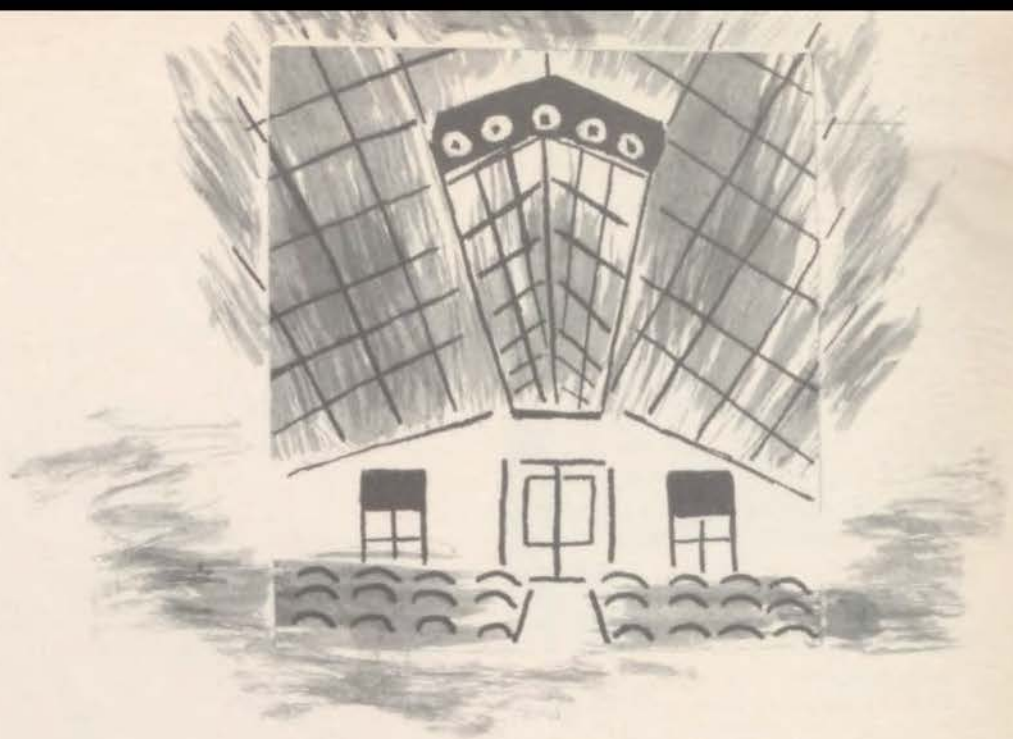
**FINDING BEAUTY** in new worlds, Sister Judith Mary with her 49 freshmen explore life at Loretto from newly varnished floors to our "Christlike Women" theme.



**TIME OUT** Sister M. Venard seems to approve as she listens to Loretto seniors line up future success.



**AS FIRST** guidance counselor, Miss Conroy helps L. A. girls to realize the wideness of their world as they go onto college or a new job. To the right is Lee Hudson, having a lively talk with her.



theme this year, and the new science club, that goes much beyond 3 apples times 4 pears. There are people to help Loretto girls to see, like S. Judith Mary, helping to probe into Poe and Chaucer, and why angels really can't have wings. Miss Conroy helps girls see themselves and just what makes them tick in her job as guidance counselor for the whole school. S. Mary Venard, the new principal imported from St. Louis, is a refugee from Nerinx Hall—her biggest job is keeping the school in line, especially the seniors, who have an impish habit of sneaking up and winning the Spirit Cup (see News page). The whole faculty, new or old, try to teach the love and the theme that Loretto is working to live this year—whether they do it in administrating, counseling, English or art classes, at a piano or behind a desk.

This year there is a change in the Loretto you knew last year. But each girl has to decide the newness for herself—the change and challenge that this year presents, and meet this challenge for herself. For Loretto is a school full of girls in first corsages, with little brothers learning to walk and run; and they have lots to see and do, and the advantage they take of this thing, this new year, will last them for a long time.

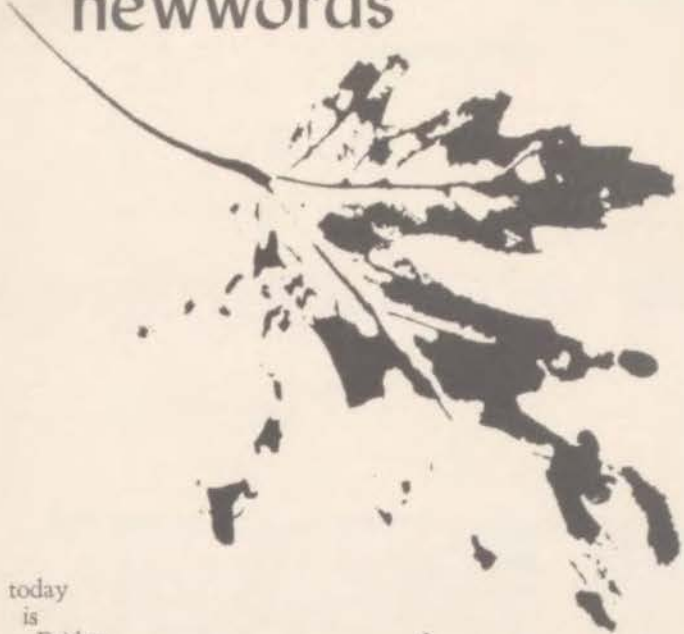


**TEACHING** the beauty of music falls under the duties of Sister Marian Louise, at the left, and, Sister Ann Cecelia, above. Both sisters have a full schedule of music makers (or breakers?)





# newwords



today  
is  
Friday  
the best day of the  
WHOLE  
WEEK  
it is going home to  
dinner and dishes  
and NO  
homework  
it is feeling so tired  
that you want to go to  
bed  
at seven-thirty

But—  
a good movie is on  
so you stay up until  
one-thirty  
(like you do every night)  
and sleep all day Sat.  
Friday is a pastel  
color

because  
it is faded out  
after 5 whole days of  
WORK

finis  
Rhonda Ray '64

Make believe is a little girl  
handing you a brown block  
and saying  
have a chocolate-chip cookie.

Therese Ann Sheffield, '63




## In Fall

In fall the yellow leaves  
the purple leaves and  
the violet leaves

Fall from the big,  
tall, but ever growing  
barer trees.


Then I have to rake  
all those yellow, purple  
and violet leaves that  
have fallen from the  
big, tall, but ever growing  
barer trees.

Guest poet—Charles Fischer, eleven-  
year-old brother of Mary Ellen Fischer




On days like this  
when hope is sun and heaven is in the orangin trees,  
Life is a dream to drag around from place to place  
and laugh at now and then until  
some shouting wind-swelled song  
awakens sleeping winter-thoughts  
and lets then be what once was day.

Lynda Harrell, '64



Hands folded in autumn are clasping between them  
leaves and keeping them from falling into footsteps.  
Sometimes autumn-folded hands are holding back  
the wants of walking through life.  
And looking up to love  
can make the folded hands clasp tighter to a prayer,  
or let it fall and be trampled upon by fears.

Lynda Harrell, '64



Contrast is a shocking pink blanket hung to dry on a gray  
rainy day.

Mary Ann Dewey, '63



Let this age of ours

like another Pentecost...

## Ecumenical:

The Church is experiencing growing pains—striving to meet the needs of a new age. Since we are the living Church, we are caught in this renewal of Christian life. It is our task to make genuine Catholic reform a reality.

As living, feeling, participating members, we are constantly modernizing the Church. To keep up with the rapid pace of the space age, a bolder and more energetic revival is necessary. The Ecumenical Council is our Holy Father's attempt toward a more positive "bringing up to date." Officially called the Second Vatican Council, it seeks orderly and universal progress in the Church. "Renewal, reform and reunion," explained Father Carr at the October 24th assembly, "are the rallying cries at the council."

Because we are the Church's doers on earth, we restore Christ's image to the world. Aiming to be "Christ-like Women" we bring Christ not only to our fellow students but to the multitude in the world. The Church is in the world and the world is in the Church. Mother Church's universality enables the council not only to seek church reforms but tangle with mankind's problems—communism, materialism, amorality in society.

The 2,600 prelates gathered by Pope John will not be on the "defensive" as were the past twenty councils. There is no urgent need to conquer heresy, schism, or corruption. Their goal is updating any obstacles hindering the growth of the Church. Promotion of the faith by our flourishing laity must be achieved by offering our doctrines as stimulating and developing truths.

The Church is visible in her individual members. We must be informed and active in our roles as living Christs. Since we live and expand the Church daily, it is imperative that the laity understand the liturgy and its application in our lives. Progressive African and American bishops will press toward the use of the vernacular in the liturgy as an urgent need. The restoration of the bishop's three-fold role as priest, pastor, and teacher will probably be discussed for the instruction of the laity. No one knows what decisions the council will make, but any changes called by the council are changes for us, for we are the living Church.

The Church being a church of men, our cooperation is essential for general revision. To be truly ecumenical, this council must be the concern of all Catholics. We

need to work together in the Mystical Body to renew the Church.

Without our cooperation any church reform would fail, for the Church grows organically out of the people. We do not belong to the Church but are the Church. We can make our renewal by making our theme "Christ-like Women Loving in an Ecumenical Spirit" a living and growing part of our lives.

If we reform, others cannot help changing too. No church lives in a world of its own. Within the church today there is a longing, striving, and praying for the reunion of Christendom. Our loving Holy Father broke all past traditions by inviting non-Catholic observers to the council. The council will try to cultivate a "loving understanding of our separated brethren" and is earnestly taking the first step toward the far distant goal of Christian unity.

It is not only the assembled bishops but the members of the Church who will have the task of the council's great work. It is only if the council becomes the concern of the whole Church that it will succeed. The individual Catholic—yes, you and I—is fully responsible for the Church—for good or ill.

We can only begin our renewal by reforming ourselves, vitalizing our truths and being convinced of our immense dignity as vibrant members of the Mystical Body. As students, we too are included in this renewal. We radiate by our work and example the living Christ to the world. To communicate this revival we can energetically and generously weave our theme into our lives.

The simple "ordinary Catholic" who thinks she is not needed in this grand project has an opportunity to help in this renovation of the Church. Before any reforming action, prayer is needed, since everything depends on God's grace. We must pray, suffer, and act so that our bishops can accomplish the anxious expectations of the Catholic world.

The success of the council is our responsibility. The council will either be the fulfillment of our great hopes or a great disappointment. The Ecumenical Council will determine the image the Church mirrors to Christians and to the world. Renewal must be carried out by us, for we are the witnesses of Christ, we are the Church.



# council and movement

Christ's work on earth was to unite all men with Himself. This ideal is recorded in the prayer He prayed at the Last Supper—"I do not pray for these only, but also for those who are to believe in men through their work, that they may all be one." But what He's saying is that there will be some who do not believe and that it's up to the members of His Mystical Body, who have the beliefs, to unite them

Ever since the Reformation, forward-looking Protestants under these beliefs,

leaders have made attempts at partial reunion. At the end of the nineteenth century, missionaries and young student groups, anxious for unity, spread their desire to

the leaders of nearly all the churches.

The movement became widespread.

The Ecumenical Movement is a growing union of various non-Catholic churches. They have combined to secure a larger influence in everything concerning the moral and social condition of the people so as to promote the application of the law of Christ in every aspect of human life.

Protestants first united so they could plan together before going out to the mission fields—avoid competition by erasing the boundaries of ter-

ritories to be evangelized and by preaching the "essentials of Christianity" and forget non-essential denominationalism. They have started a movement toward insistence on "practical Christianity"—avoid dogmatic differences and emphasize Christ's teaching on human relations. Since 1948, the chief instrument of the Ecumenical Movement has been the World Council of Churches, a permanent body of 197 churches, which helps them in their efforts toward world-wide reunion. The general body of modern Protestantism is actively engaged in finding ways which will lead to greater organic and doctrinal unity.

Pope John XXIII, working to promote unity, has created the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity—one of the ten advisory boards formed for the Ecumenical Council. The Secretariat states that it has a double purpose. Its immediate purpose is to enable non-Catholic Christians to follow the work of the Council. The Secretariat gives accurate information to non-Catholics about the work of the Council.

But its larger and more general end is to aid non-Catholic Christians to find more easily the path to the oneness Christ prayed for. The Secretariat hears and weighs suggestions from the non-Catholic Christians and passes them on, if need be, to the appropriate commission or drafts them for consideration by the Council itself. Cardinal Bea, head of the Secretariat, has referred to the importance which Christian reunion may have on the agenda of the Second Vatican Council. It may pave the way to an eventual assembly of Christian bodies under Roman Catholic Church guidance to discuss unity. Ruling out compromise on dogma, he found room for much

clearing up of misunderstandings that have arisen because of the historical circumstances in which declarations were made. He cited Pastor Marc Boegner's conviction that "those things which unite Protestants and Catholics are greater than the differences."

Besides attending meetings, members and staff have been constantly busy, privately and publicly, preparing and promoting the Council's work for unity. It co-operated with leaders of the World Council of Churches, the Protestants' main body working

on ecumenism, in setting up a conference of several days near Geneva in May 1961. Orthodox, Protestant, and Catholic theologians explored each other's minds, exchanged views, and discovered how much they had in common and where and why they differed. The Secretariat seeks to give tolerance and freedom of conscience to Protestants so they may be more readily inclined to meet with Catholic leaders. Archbishop Fisher, former Archbishop of Canterbury, has said that his visit with Pope John XXIII would have been impossible if the Pope had not created the Secretariat.

Protestants have begun a reunion of churches. But this is not enough; the need is for a unity of faith. Unity is not complete unless everyone is united within the Catholic Church—uncompromised. The ecumenical attempts on both sides leave hope for greater understanding.





# The reader rampant

*shares a little boy's  
summer secret with  
leaf-bound students.*

"Crossing the lawn that morning, Douglas Spaulding broke a spider web with his face. A single invisible line on the air touched his brow and snapped without a sound. So, with the subtlest of incidents, he knew that this day was going to be different."

Ray Bradbury's book is a discovery, an exploring of all things familiar, yet unknown because they are so familiar. *Dandelion Wine* is full of the magic of a boy's summer, but it's a magic that some people can't believe in. Twelve-year-old Doug Spaulding, in the summer of 1928 realizes he's alive—he does the same old things, but it's like doing them the first time. All the old things are fresh and fascinating and new this summer because he is awake and real; and we see and feel them along with Doug. Together with him, we lick yellow Ticonderoga pencils and write in nickel tablets "DISCOVERIES AND REVELATIONS."

The first one he discovers is his brother, Tom. Tom is a lover of statistics. One of the funniest scenes in the book is a berry-picking session with Tom sitting calmly in the middle of the woods, eating a deviled ham sandwich and reciting statistics. ". . . How many times I brushed my teeth in ten years? Six thousand! Washed my hands: fifteen thousand. Slept: four thousand some-odd times, not counting naps. Ate six hundred peaches, eight hundred apples. Pears: two hundred. I'm not hot for pears. . . ."

Once they have discovered each other, Tom and Doug become great friends. "Tom," said Douglas, "just promise me one thing, okay?"

"It's a promise, What?"

"You may be my brother and maybe I hate you sometimes, but stick around, all right?"

"You mean you'll let me follow you and the older guys when you go on hikes?"

"Well . . . sure . . . even that. What I mean is,

don't go away, huh? Don't let any cars run over you or fall off a cliff."

"I should say not! Whatta you think I am, anyway?"

"Cause if worst comes to worst, and both of us are real old—say forty or forty-five some day—we can own a gold mine out West and sit there smoking corn silk and growing beards."

"Growing beards! Boy!"

"Like I say, you stick around and don't let nothing happen."

"You can depend on me," said Tom.

"It's not you I worry about," said Douglas. "It's the way God runs the world."

Tom thought about this for a moment.

"He's all right, Doug," said Tom. "He tries."

But the two boys aren't the only characters in the book. Everyone in the book makes some kind of discovery. There is accident-prone Elmira Brown, who's certain she's been hexed by Clara Goodwater. Leo Auffmann's happiness machine teaches him that he can't manufacture happiness. And the best happiness machine, the one that runs all the time, is a family. Old Mrs. Bentley learns something the children always knew: that she was always seventy-two, and never a little girl with long yellow curls. John Huff teaches Doug the best way to say good-bye to a friend. You freeze him playing statue, whisper "so long," and run before either of you realizes you're gone. There is also the strange, haunting affair of William Forrester, thirty-one, and Miss Helen Loomis, ninety-two.

This is summer, 1928, in Green Town, Illinois. But it is also all summers ever in any town anywhere. Bradbury has the power to make reality real; he blends ordinary things and people into a song of extraordinary wonders.

Stories about small boys growing up in small towns are not unusual; but this one is. If we were to divide the classics on small towns into the separate camps of Mann



Street, which emphasizes petty provincialism, and *Our Town*, which emphasizes great-hearted life, *Dandelion Wine* would rank with *Our Town*. Perhaps it is because Douglas sees in simplicity that Green Town is so beautiful. If cynical Sinclair Lewis looked at the same town, he might see another Gopher Prairie. But Douglas is a boy at home in the place that to him is life; he loves; and his eyes see goodness.

The odd thing about this book is that Ray Bradbury is known mainly for his science fiction. And some of Bradbury the science-fiction writer does seep in through Bradbury the novelist. But this only adds to the air of fantasy in reality that permeates the whole book. Imagination, one of the key requirements for any good writer or poet, is pressed down and running over in this cup of dandelion wine. In this golden book, his deep, green summer-garden is a wonderful thing.

For people interested in windows, this is an exciting book. For people interested in people and themselves, it is an exciting book. Because now your Ticonderoga pencil is stubby and your nickel notebook is crammed with scrawled wisdom.



One sophomore seems to have solved the problem of telling one set of senior twins apart. The first is the intelligent one and the other is the brainy one . . . or was it vice-versa?

I nominate a certain "dramatic senior" for ballerina of the year. She brings a certain "dignity" and "coordination" to the seventh period dancing class.

The sophomores have all the luck! Remember that unannounced fire-drill? They were in gym!

You better believe it—Loretto's "Peanuts" readers will enjoy this one. We have a poochie in our neighborhood who has a "Psychological Snoopy Complex." All day long he stands on his dog house and sighs.

To the fourth hour chemistry class: Are you a happy atom?

At least one LA student is taking heed of the strictly enforced uniform regulations. One morning she even went so far as to polish her shoes with Dutch Cleanser!

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# Sticky Fingers



"Mary, come on. It's your turn. Go get some more."  
"Oh, all right. I wonder what Mommy will say when I tell her we're all out."  
"She'll prob'ly think we're the best salesmen on the block," I said.

We were selling lemonade. In fact, we had sold it all morning and now it was afternoon. We had a sign hanging from the folding table. It said—"Lemonade—5c a glass." We had a lot 'cus the weather was hot. It was very hot, in fact. It must have been at least a hundred degrees!

Everytime somebody came up to the table I'd ask 'em if they wanted to buy any. Sure, they'd say, but I'll buy it from this cute little blonde. That's Mary. She was blonde and she had big brown eyes that could really sell lemonade.

I counted the money in my box—25 cents. Then I counted the money in her box—40c. That meant that she sold more than me. Darn! Just 'cus she's littler than me they think she's poorer.

I heard the side door smack and Mommy came around the side of the house with a big pan of cloudy, pink lemonade. It even had ice-cube icebergs bobbing in it.

"Oh, boy! Maybe I'll even earn a dollar. Mommy, do you think so?" Mary stuck her 'ole fingers in the pan to taste the pink stuff.

"Maybe, honey. But don't be disappointed if you don't." Mommy ladled up a spoonful for me.

"See, Phyl. We made it pink this time so it would taste better. I think it's too pre-e-tty to drink."

"If you don't get your fingers out of the pan, nobody will buy it. Besides, I gotta sell more than you anyhow. I'm the oldest."

"That doesn't matter. I'm the youngest."  
"But I'm the oldest and I should lead in everything. Huh, Mommy?" Mommy was mad. "If both of you don't stop this bickering I'll take the lemonade back into the house and neither of you will get a chance to sell anymore."

"But she started it all." I was mad too. There wasn't any reason why she should have everything her own way.

"I did not! You started it."  
"All right. If that's the way you want it." Mommy picked up the lemonade pan and started for the side door.

"Oh no, Mommy. I'll stop. I'll be good. Let us sell some more lemonade. Please?"

"All right. If you promise. Now if you need anymore, Phyllis, you can come and get some."

She set the pan down again then went back into the house.

The man who lives across the street saw our sign and came over. I guess he was coming home from work 'cus he had his black lunchbox in his hand. I didn't know why he was coming home in the middle of the afternoon. My daddy always came home when Mommy had dinner ready. He took one look at Mary with her 'ole brown eyes and bought a glass from her. I was getting hotter and hotter.

We waited for forever, but nobody else came to buy any lemonade. Mary stuck her finger into the pan every once in a while to taste it. I kept telling her to stop 'cus nobody would want to buy 'ole dirty lemonade. It made me sick. Her sticking her fingers in the lemonade like that.

Finally, I said that I was going to get my bike and ride across the street to Shirley's. (Shirley's my very best friend at times.)

Mary put our money in our secret place behind a post on the porch and ran to get her bike.

That made me hotter than ever.

"Now listen, Mary. You're not goin' with us. You're just a

little kid and it'll be hard riding up the hill to the park. You play with your own friends. You're not big enough to play with me!"

"You're just mad 'cus you didn't sell as much lemonade as I did. So there!" She got her bike anyway, though.

The ride to the park was hard 'cus we had to pump going up the hills. When we got there we stood with our fingers through the holes in the swimming pool gate and watched the other kid splash. There was kind of a hill leading from where they played tennis to where they played baseball. I thought that it would be fun if we rode our bikes down it.

I was the first one down. The ground under my bike tires was hard and bumpy. I left a trail on the baseball diamond like one of those you see behind a cowboy when he rides off on his horse. When I got to the top of the hill, there was 'ole Mary with her sticky fingers in her mouth. She just stood there not doin' anything. If she was big enough to come with me then she was big enough to go down the hill. But she didn't want to. She only wanted to ride where it was flat.

"Come on, Mary. It's a lot of fun. You can ride on the back of Shirley's bike if you don't want to go on yours."

She kept standing there like that until she said, "Oh, all right. But just watch me all the way down."

I could tell that she really didn't want to go but I made her. I told her to hang on tight. I could see her bouncing on the back and I shouted to go faster. All of a sudden she fell off. Boy, did she cry! She had this 'ole ugly sore on her knee. It was bleedy and terrible. Something was wrong with two of her fingers on her right hand. I didn't know what the matter was.

"Phyl, I can't move my fingers. They hurt. Phyl-is, do something." Her face was this funny color of pink and her 'ole nose was running. It kind of made me sick.

"Come on, Mary. Quit playin' games. All you do is play games. You're not hurt very much. Look. All you got is one sore on your knee."

"I don't either. My fingers hurt too. I want Mommy." I couldn't tell Mommy 'cus I didn't know what she'd say. She'd prob'ly be mad at me. Darn! Mary's 'ole sticky, hurt fingers made me mad and scared.

Some kids had come around 'cus they heard Mary crying. One of 'em wanted to know what happened. When I told him, he said he'd take Mary's bike home and tell Mommy.

Mary was crying so hard that she made me cry. We started walking home. Mary could hardly walk 'cus she had that 'ole sore on her knee and 'cus she was a little kid who was bawling all over the place.

Mommy met us half-way. She still had her apron on and her nylon stockings were rolled down to her ankles. She picked Mary up and carried her all the rest of the way home. Mary was too heavy for her, but she did it anyway. I walked my bike and sobbed till I couldn't see.

Daddy came home from the office and we all went to the hospital. I guess they wanted me to go 'cus then if she was dying, she could put a final curse on me. I didn't need a curse. I was going to hell anyway.

I waited outside the emergency room and watched the people go by. I counted the money in our lemonade boxes. I grabbed the money from our secret place on the way to the car.

Mary was a real good lemonade salesman. Even though she always stuck her 'ole fingers in it. Now those fingers were so rubbery.

Daddy came out and told me everything would be okay. I tried to smile and my face felt like smiles had been away a long time.



—Once upon a time—

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe  
Her name was Janet (she's soph president, too!)



On Hallowe'en's eve, Mother Goose paid a visit  
To help her throw a party (you'll never forget it)  
With the aid of the sophs (92).  
O Mother Goose a parade did demand  
She gave the directions then made this command:  
"Come, I'll show you the way to merry Gooseland!"  
With George, the Gander, Mother Goose led the way

ollowed by a multitude jolly and gay:  
Humpty Dumpties there were, Millers and Bakers,  
Bo Peeps and Indians, Crooked men and Candle-makers.

The Little Miss Muffets soon all arose,  
And were asked to roll spuds o'er the floor with their nose.

The Old King Coles without a mistake,  
Steered their crowns 'cross the floor on top of their pate.

Crooked men stumbled a crooked mile  
Yet, in the end smiled a crooked smile,



For all were in the spirit of the games, you see,  
And all were as happy as happy could be.  
Guests were stuffed with all sorts of things,  
Big glazed donuts, marshmallows on strings,  
And candied apples (400 in all)  
And bottles of Pepsi and cupcakes stacked tall.  
Then as we left, Marilyn Frechin unmasked,  
(She was Mother Goose) and we asked,  
"Where is George, where did he go?"  
"He went back to Nixon's, he was only for show."

Will live



happily ever after.





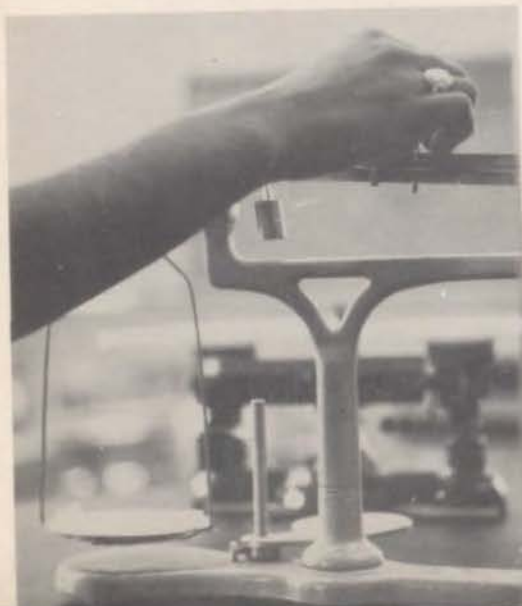
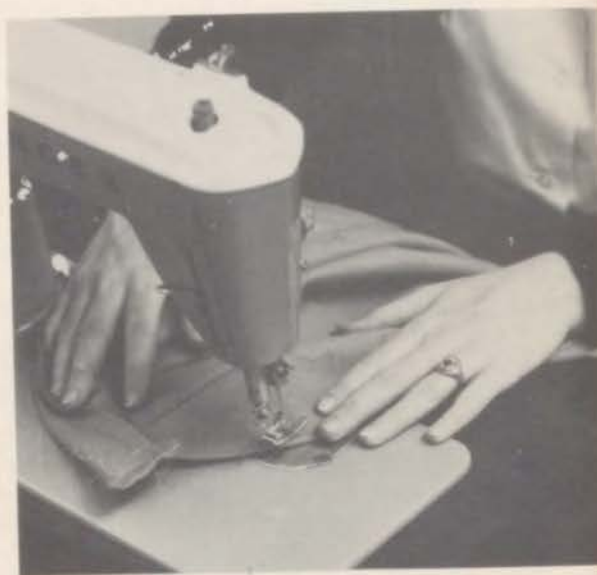
*Your ring means what  
you want it to mean.  
Its value is as great as  
what you have in your heart.*

Father Graham

What is the meaning of a Senior class ring? Is it a piece of jewelry, a status symbol, or much more than either of these? Each Senior has in her heart an individual meaning for her ring.

The ring symbolizes not only Loretto's gift to a Senior but also what a Senior has given Loretto. It is a gold-pearled link in a chain of many rings joining its wearer to the Loretto family and home.

As the seniors wear their rings, given this year on October 10, they come to realize more fully the interior reality underlying the external sign. May these sacramentals—and such they truly are—be ever cherished by Loretto's Christ-like women.



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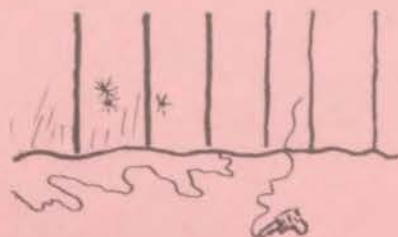
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# News

## Who-dun-it in White



The first production of the Genesis Masquers will be *Women in White*, a mystery-comedy evolving around a Superintendent of Nurses and the girls in her charge. While the Genesisians will produce the three-act play, parts were open for all members of the student body who tried out. Miss Conroy, the new drama moderator, will direct, and Masquers will make up the stage crew. Members of the cast include: Margaret Ballantyne, Patty Barnard, Elizabeth Engel, Phyllis Fehrenback, Yvette Gavin, Kathy Hannan, Lee Hudson, Mary Jenkins, Sherry Ralston, Susan Tackett, and Alice Terrones.

Any misspelled names on patrons, bills, any subscriptions are due to illegible *Signatures*

*Job  
it  
Down*

Thanksgiving Holiday	November 22
November Dance	November 23
Loretto Club Meeting	November 27
Holy Day	December 8
Christmas Breakfast	December 20
Christmas Holidays	December 20
Holiday Ends	January 2
Semester Exams	January 16, 17, 18

### 10-9-8 . . .

The countdown was AOK, and now the laurelette blasts off. What miracle brought this about, when originally the fuel tank was empty? Actually it wasn't a miracle but the combined efforts of the four classes. Although the seniors tried to discourage (or edify) the rest of the school by reaching their goal on the first day, the juniors and freshmen reached the 100% mark during the countdown (first time for frosh). Over \$4000 poured into the business manager's desk, relieving the business staff of future financial worries.

With over 260% of their goal, the seniors won the drive. Pepe Le Pew, senior mascot, was crowned Honorary King of the laurelette drive.

The staff of your magazine wishes to thank you for putting the laurelette in orbit.

They've got  
a Secret



A junior walks down the hall, deep in conversation with Sister Joan Clare. In the library, a group of juniors have convened a miniature Summit Conference. Each is mapping secret strategy to meet their first social challenge of the year—the November Dance.

With all the sneaking, scurrying, and brainstorming, excitement is at a fever pitch. But the three hours of November 23, from 8:30 to 11:30, remain a mystery, jealously guarded by the newest members of the Secret Service—the Junior Class.

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the *muricelle*

Loretto Academy

February 1963



*We are one in One*

The first session of Vatican II has come and gone and shed its dawn-light on the Church. And while the Council secretariat prepares the schema for twenty subjects yet-to-be-discussed, the laity, the clergy, and those outside the Church are looking back and asking, thinking, or maybe just watching.

Unity has assumed a new identity—the Council calls unity *truth* and is attempting to radiate it by being “a celebration of the union of those who live in Christ.” Surrounded by the straight-laced orthodoxy of the Roman Curia, Pope John subtly influenced a trend toward decentralization. The Council fathers demonstrated the degree of this influence in the first session: a vote of 1,922 to 11 gave the world’s bishops authority to decide in their own dioceses (without first consulting the Curia) whether or not to use the vernacular in certain parts of the Mass.

Pope John and the Council are lighting the way for a new kind of unity, which has as its ultimate end a congregation of participating Christians. The participation desired includes a wide range: from Mass participation to participating in permanently healing the Christian schism.

“The Church is not the possession of the hierarchy . . . but the common responsibility of each of its mem-

bers,” Pope John declared in “Ad Petri Cathedram.” This encyclical, issued June 29, 1959, announced the Council. It was the first time John XXIII officially mentioned unity—“unity of the sacrifice of the Mass . . . is more beautiful when seen in different forms.” He was urging the celebration of Mass in accordance with local customs around the world.

Pope John is hoping to see this kind of reform take shape in even the most remote reaches of Catholicism. Reforming the Church, however, is tediously slow, even in this winged and rocket-propelled era. Fifteen years ago Pope Pius XII issued “Mediator Dei” which urged lay participation in the Mass; still, it is possible to enter many a present-day Church on Sunday and find little or no such participation.

Seeking “first the kingdom of God and His justice” is the aim that the Council is trying to inspire in the minds of Catholics. The light of the Council is illuminating common knowledge with modern, applicable meanings which will update the Catholic outlook.

The '63 session of Vatican II will be fired from the embers of '62. Reflecting upon that session, Pope John said the Council enabled him “to hear the voice of the whole Catholic world.” Perhaps the new-born light of that voice is the first step toward a sharing of what has been given us in the Church.

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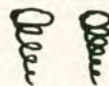
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# laurelette

Vol. 30, No. 2 February, 1963

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The *laurelette* is published four times a year by the Loretto Press Club. Address all correspondence to the *laurelette*, Loretto Academy, 1101 West 39th Street, Kansas City 11, Missouri. Subscriptions are \$1.50 per year.

## Enjoy being a girl?

*W*hat is the relationship between femininity and womanliness? Does the glamorous seventeen-fiend have anything in common with a shirt-tailed volleyball player?

To really compare femininity to womanliness, let's begin at the beginning. Little girls are said to be "feminine" when they play with dolls instead of six-guns. And as they grow up, they're expected to prefer "feminine" things, like fixing flowers, to "masculine" things, like racing sports cars. But the charmer who sings, "I enjoy being a girl!" is not always a *woman*.

*I*f her well-sprayed bouffant and careful interest in the football team are only a veneer to hide the void, or are there only because no one would notice her if they weren't, then she is not a woman. Her femininity is meaningless because it is shallow.

To demonstrate the other extreme, we cast a painful glance at the sloppy-go-lucky teen who thinks the most "natural" way is the best. Like J. D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, she shudders at the world's "phonies," the hypocrites. And the only way, it seems, to beat the phonies, is to be their opposite.

It is at this point that a girl's—a woman's—perspective must show her how and why being feminine fits with being womanly. She must realize that a real woman watches her looks because she knows other people have to. A woman considers the feelings of those with whom she lives and works. A woman adapts herself to society because she is concerned with people. (Not "humanity," Linus, but people as individuals.) And each person has a special claim on her because she needs to give. Women *are* for giving, whether the gift is a smile or life itself.

*T*his giving is grounded in loving. Father Graham talked to us about loving at the advent Mass. He said then that, "You should love your parents; the best way to do this is thoughtfulness. You should love your teachers. We need your love because we are trying to teach you to love. And most of all, you should love each other. This is perhaps the easiest yet hardest love."

To give the "hardest love," the deepest, and the fullest, a woman must be rooted in Him Who is Love. When she is strong in Him, femininity is the natural outgrowth, the child of her womanhood. This issue searches the phases of our growing into womanhood. The foreign students show that things change from country to country, but women share themselves everywhere. And our view of skeletons and spiders behind locker doors seems rather in that awkward, in-between stage.

Our cover: *We are to be "Christ-like women loving in an ecumenical spirit."* Last issue touched on ecumenism in Loretto's life, this issue glances at womanliness. Our cover shows us our model: "She has both a mother's joy and a virgin's honor."



#### ENGLISH IN 39 EASY LESSONS

—watch a weekly television show. Absorbed dialect-diggers are Hermana Temengil, Tomasa Polacios (standing), Connie Alegria, Maria Theresa Garcia.

## Getting to know...



#### JOHNNY MATTHIS OR "ECHOES OF SPAIN"?

The girls got a new record player for Christmas; but these decisions between home things and new things only make a girl feel cosmopolitan. Enjoying their dilemma are Maria Lekeok, Elba Villacencio, Elizabeth Rudimch, and Juana Ngrimechelbang.

The "junior-year-abroad" plan has become very popular in American colleges in the past few years, because it gives students a chance to sample cultures other than their own. But Loretto's juniors—and her seniors, sophomores, and freshmen as well—don't have to travel. As to the Okinawans in *Teahouse of the August Moon*, other cultures come to Loretto-ites. We have fourteen foreign students enrolled at Loretto this year, from Spain, Venezuela, Mexico, and four of the Caroline Islands as well as the Marshall Islands.

But even this opportunity is one that can be missed, if schedules are so crowded that there is never time for talk. So the *laurelette* has tried to find out from them for our readers the differences between and similarities of their countries and ours. During a series of luncheon

conferences, we talked about education and holidays over peanut-butter and Spanish cookies. But it was at the post-Christmas pre-school discussion that we really traveled.

All of the girls were happy to talk about home, whether it was Spain, Venezuela, Mexico, or the Caroline or Marshall Islands. We talked with many of the students, including Tomasa Polacios, Elizabeth Rudimch, Zurine Anzola, Maria Pilar, Lucia Elias, Juana Ngrimechelbang, Maria Lekeok, Elba Villabencio, Hermana Temengil, Manuelita Rodriguez, Teresita Nakamura, Maria Kabua, Philomena Keizo.

If there is any one thing that all students share, for better or for worse, it is education, so we started there. In Venezuela and in Mexico, children start school



when they are five years old, as we do here. They have two years of school before grade school, and then five years of high school, and perhaps the university after that. Students have class six days a week, from 7:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. High school is rather different, too. For the first three years, everyone takes the same subjects; then each student elects to follow either the science or the humanities course. (These correspond roughly to the same area of study as our science and liberal arts courses in college.) The subjects are almost the same as ours, with the exception of a course in baby care. There are public as well as parochial schools in Venezuela, but Mexico has no free schools. The big extracurricular activity in both places is Catholic Action and mission work. Venezuela, as we understood it (across the language barrier), has both student press and drama clubs.

In the Carolines, there is not always a high school on the island. And the girls' problem is worse than the boys. On Truk, for example, there is a good Jesuit (who else?) school for boys. The girls may go to St. Cecilia's to learn sewing, weaving, and music. There is also a co-ed public elementary school, staffed by Americans. But for a good academic education, a girl must leave the islands.

There is no compulsory education in Spain. Most of the children who can afford school study in private schools or at home for four years. Then seven years of high school begin at the age of ten. The extracurricular here, as in the Islands, is missions.

School is the working part of a student's life; but there is always time for fun. Movies are a universal source of entertainment. Mexico and Venezuela have American movies, with Spanish subtitles, as well as Spanish-language films. In Spain, most of the movies are Italian or French, because Spanish companies are few and inexperienced. The Islands have a unique situation in this regard, because there are no movies in dialects that vary from island to island. The people watch American movies, without subtitles; and sometimes families will spend the day at the movie, breaking for lunch and returning afterward, just to look at the pictures. Some of the teenagers understand English, but most people don't.

Television is in evidence everywhere except in the Islands. There are American as well as native programs, and they have as many commercials as we do! The main difference is that television there doesn't usually run straight through the day. There is some in the morning; then it stops until about 6:00 p.m. and runs until 1:00 a.m. In Spain, most of the programs are European.

Dating in most of these countries is not as liberal as it is in the United States. Spain's system is probably closest to ours, and Mexico has the strictest. Most dating is confined to mixed parties at first; single dates are allowed at nineteen. In Mexico, there is no unchaperoned dating unless the couple are "steadies" or the couple is engaged. But Elizabeth says that "Many of the boys and girls go to school here (in U.S.), and when they come back, they date as you do here."

When the gang gathers in the Islands, it's usually

to sing. Dancing is popular everywhere, and dance crazes hit Spain and Latin America the way they hit us. But the twist loses to the tango in Spain, and Latin American rhythms are more popular in Venezuela and Mexico than American jazz.

Popular sports include swimming, (especially in the Islands), tennis, basketball, volleyball, skating, baseball, soccer, golf (very popular in Venezuela), horseback riding (Mexico), *bollas criollas* (a native Venezuelan game), and *j'ai alai* (a sort of cross between handball and tennis). Many of these are summer sports; most of them are very active. And they are mobile in another sense, too: most people go down to the beach, up to the mountains, or at least to another city.



#### PENCIL IN HAND,

Mary Ellen Fischer jots down the facts as she jaunts through Mexico and the Islands with Juana Ngramechelbang, Elba Villacencio, and Elizabeth Rudimch.

Christmas in these other countries is different from ours, too. The Islanders haven't had Christmas as long as everyone else, so they celebrate it without any particular customs of their own. Their carols are Spanish (from the missionaries); and their Christmas tree looks like a pine, but isn't, exactly. (And no one could remember the English name.) Elizabeth and Terry say there is more Christmas spirit here, where everybody decorates his home, and it all starts a month in advance. "In my place," Elizabeth says, "maybe a few people decorate the week before Christmas, but the day after there's nothing left. It's all gone." Terry (also from the Carolines) says that "At school, we had a party Christmas Eve, then everybody rested; at 11:30 we sang carols until Mass started. We had breakfast after Mass and went to bed. On the 26th, we sang at the hospital."

A Spanish Christmas is not very different from an American one, except that there is more Creche and less tree.



Being a member of a family is not the same here and abroad, either. For one thing, there are no baby-sitters in Mexico or in the Islands. Parents with young children either stay home, bring the kids, or leave them with grandmother. It is not at all unusual to find three generations living peacefully in the same house—a phenomenon supposedly unworkable in our society. There are homes for the aged in Mexico, but they are only for those who are poor and have no one to take care of them.

And many people are poor, for the standard of living is very low in Spain, Latin America, Mexico, and the Carolines. Because of the low wage scale, it is practically impossible for anyone to work his way through school. Also, there are no part-time jobs that students can take. Many girls work as maids, and every family in the upper income bracket has one. The extreme poverty of most of the people is the reason that Catholic Action work is done more than anything else by the students. There is a desperate need that must be filled. In Spain, the people blame their dictator Franco for not helping them: ("We don't like him, because we want to be independent," one of the group says, "but the people are not allowed to criticize the government").

The girls had a few things to say about our country as well as their own. They gave us some of their impressions of good, bad, and just different things about



#### THE NEW LIBRARY

at Our Lady of Mercy Home, where the girls live, is a quiet, thoughtful place. Enjoying the still of the afternoon are Connie Alegria, Thomasa Polacios, and Elizabeth Rudimch.

the United States. One of the Spanish girls said, "You think differently," but she couldn't explain how our attitudes are different from hers. She also mentioned that we have more department stores and the merchandise is better quality. "At home, only the poor people buy ready-made clothes because they are not good. For good clothes, we take the material to a dressmaker." Another change in Catholic countries like Spain and Mexico is that stores close on Sundays and holydays.

Food, something else close to a student's heart, is not the same here, either. We asked if they liked American food. "At first, no. But now . . ." In Spain, everyone eats five times a day. Breakfast is coffee or chocolate and sweet rolls. Then, they snack on corn and wine at noon. There is a large lunch at 2:00, tea at 6:00, and dinner at 10:00.

Elizabeth likes the snow and the zoo. But not the hot, sticky summers. "In my place, it is very hot in the summer, but not sticky; and you can sleep at night" (We weren't disloyal enough to tell her that Kansas Citians who could manage it migrate to Colorado in summer, though we did agree that August is pretty miserable.)

Terry liked our records, food, music, dances (except the twist), and hair-do's (except ratting).

When the gang gathers in the Islands, it's usually to sing. Dancing is popular everywhere, and dance crazes hit Spain and Latin America the way they hit us. But the twist loses to the tango in Spain, and Latin American rhythms are more popular in Venezuela and Mexico than American jazz.

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But it is Elba's opinion we'd like to remember most, because it is a "people" opinion. She says, "I have nothing that I dislike very much, and I don't think I will because I am very happy here. I like the girls and the sisters; they are all very friendly, and I like that. There is no class discrimination in school between middle class and higher.

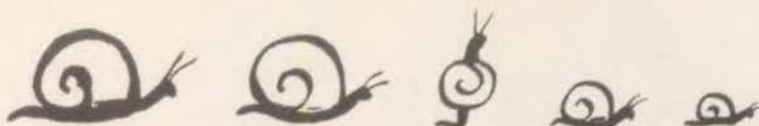
"And at the parties I have been to, the boys are very friendly, too.

"Also, of course, I miss my home; I can't help missing . . . But I do like it here and I am very happy here."

Our discussion ends, bearing the fruit of a successful "Occupation." We've talked about likes, dislikes, and dislikes, and (as the Okinawans in *Teahouse*) found in other cultures some things we like in our own (five meals a day for example). But this isn't the last time we'll travel-talk together; because they, too, are friendly, and we like that.

the laurelette

Too Good To Keep  
in the family



It's the middle of the year, and . . . the Freshmen aren't green anymore, the Juniors have the dance behind them, the Sophomores are wearily admitting that this is the hardest year, the Seniors have learned how really heavy their rings are, and the dear teachers . . . well the teachers, like Old Man River, just keep rolling along.

During a lesson in observation one reveals more than meets the eye. One deep thinker, when asked for a kind of flower, said: "porpoise."

The local Herodotus showed her true Republican colors when she told of Kennedy's assassination instead of Caesar's. I guess it was just wishful thinking.

A French twist—Parlez-vous François?

Who nominated Mrs. Kennedy for the Man of the year?!

A spelling mistake or not? "Besides my mother and father, I have a fellow-sister and three bothers!"

A Modern Confucius contributed this conversation stopper: "Silence is golden, so get rich quick."

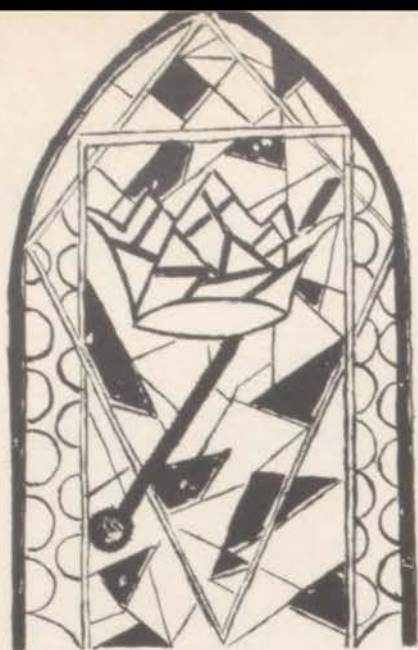
We live and learn — Did you know Gullible was a traveler?!

Maybe the modern algebra class can work this problem: Give the area of a "sqricle"!

A certain Susan didn't notice a small black dog following her from door to door as she caroled. While munching on a cookie, a short time later, she looked at the dog and said, "Gosh, isn't that funny? Every house we've been to so far has had a little dog like that."

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**THE THEME.** "Christ, the Light, is coming," shone through the stained glass windows at the Freshmen Advent breakfast, December 20, in the Loretto gym. The breakfast was served after students attended Mass and placed offerings under the *Jesse Tree*, which they helped decorate with symbols of their sacrifices.



**MANY FACES,** many voices brought Christ to His own in the Christmas Cantata held in the Loretto auditorium on December 20. The LA Glee Club, Drama Club, Sodality, and music classes created an overwhelmingly simple act of love of Christ. Above, Glee Club members Pam Moten and Jan Edgenton echo the sweet hums of "Oh Holy Night" in the recessional.

## PERSPECTIVE PEEKS



**NEW HORIZONS** in the field of microbiology were opened to the Science Club members on November 29 by a panel of students from Kansas University Medical Center. Above, a graduate student reviews the necessary courses for a major in the field of chemistry. Other panel members included Sister Agnes Joseph of Avila College, Annette Weixeldorfer, and Kathy Frye.

**AMBITIOUS? YES** Eighty-two juniors pounded, painted, and prattled about the decorations for the November Dance. At the right, juniors are seen putting up the mural that helped transform the gym into a romantic Venice.





**BRUSHES IN HAND**, art students discover the next artistic move to be made on a reproduction of El Greco's "Adoration of the Shepherds." The painting, a product of several art students under the direction of Sister Eugenie Marie, could be seen on Loretto's front lawn during the Christmas holidays.



**DOUBLE FUN** found itself in this picture from the Sodality Christmas party. Guests, seemingly all over the place, enjoyed a movie, refreshments, and songs sung by the foreign students in their native language, on December 27.

**GUN IN HAND**, policewoman Julia Robertson (Lee Hudson) accuses nurse Celia Gray (Angela Ancona) of the murder of a fellow nurse at Drake General Hospital under the observant eye of Superintendent Kate Foster (Phyllis Fehrenbach). "Women in White," a three act mystery-comedy was the first production for the Genesian Masquers this year. The show was under the direction of Miss Frances Conroy.




**SENIOR MASCOT**, Pepe Le Pue takes over the large SPIRIT CUP that has become a senior treasure. The cup, received at the *Advent Breakfast*, was the reward for the Senior generosity during the Christmas Drive. Hustling sophomores came up with the small SPIRIT CUP.



**PAGES OF TIME** unfolded and became alive on November 26 for the students of Sister David Maureen's World History classes. The classic plays "Antigone" and "Oedipus Rex" were presented by the students. Above, Susie Bush portrays Terastius, a blind prophet in "Antigone".






*Individual personalities are drawn  
out and then hidden again*

## *Within a locker*


**L**ocker doors slam shut, closing to the world the artistic talents of many LA students: students who, like everyone else, feel they must express themselves and take it out on their lockers.

Today's lockers probably have seen better days; why, who in 1930 would think of a locker as the storage place for tennis rackets and bermuda shorts? But however new this idea may be, it certainly didn't start this year. Students have plastered locker doors with everything from Kennedy posters to skeletoned frogs in past years. The walls of lockers have been brightened with wrapping paper and Christmas cards.

This year's moderates are going out for postcards from all over the world or pictures of Dr. Kildare, Ben Casey, and other TV, movie, and recording stars.



**THIS LOCKER** is meekly decorated in a conventional style. The door holds up sentimental keepsakes (much like pictures of Richard Chamberlain and Vince Edwards to other students). Inside the locker itself, everything is arranged so that only one skirt hangs out.



**SMILING SHEEPISHLY**, Michelle Farrell exhibits her supermarket-type locker. If you want to know the latest in green beans or corn, just consult Michelle's display window. You never know what a thing like this can do for business. Maybe everyone will rush down to her friendly grocery store for that certain type of wheat germ.





**SOME PEOPLE** keep everything in their locker! Margarette Grant even finds storage place for a friend, Therese Sheffield. At least it's better than purple snakes flying out as the door flings open!



**M**any lockers are mistaken for the student council locker with its variety of objects (baseball caps down to snow boots), yet still some quaint, old-fashioned lockers can be found filled with school books carefully arranged to fit in the small space.

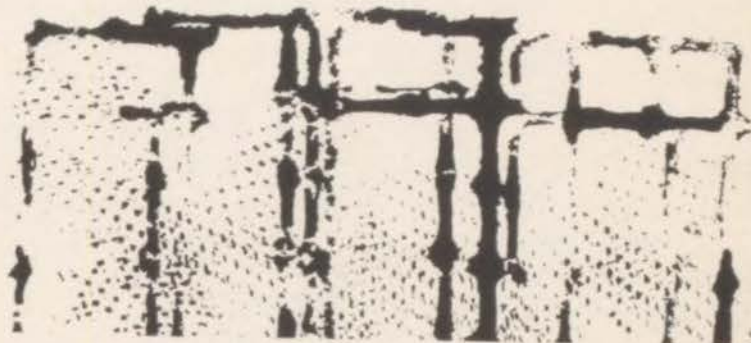
Personalities have a habit of being different in each person, so as you roam the halls you probably will see a unique locker among the many conformists. One junior artist has her locker done in contemporary designs: actually the objects shaped like squares have riddles written on them; the other odd-shaped things are drawings of the answers. The real problem isn't finding the answer, but trying to make out what the design is supposed to represent.

**T**he elegance which the frosh show through their lockers is hard to match. Only a member of this class could have made her locker into a dazzling display for the window of an up-to-date grocery store, exhibiting labels from various types of canned food.

An attempt to bring the Christmas spirit to Loretto was highly successful for two Sophomores. Their locker was ready for Santa Claus with stockings hung with care, but who ever heard of St. Nick coming in September?

A senior has devised a way by which her locker will be decorative and practical. On the grey walls she plastered crazy saying cards. The cards not only add charm to the locker, but they also guide her in her every action.

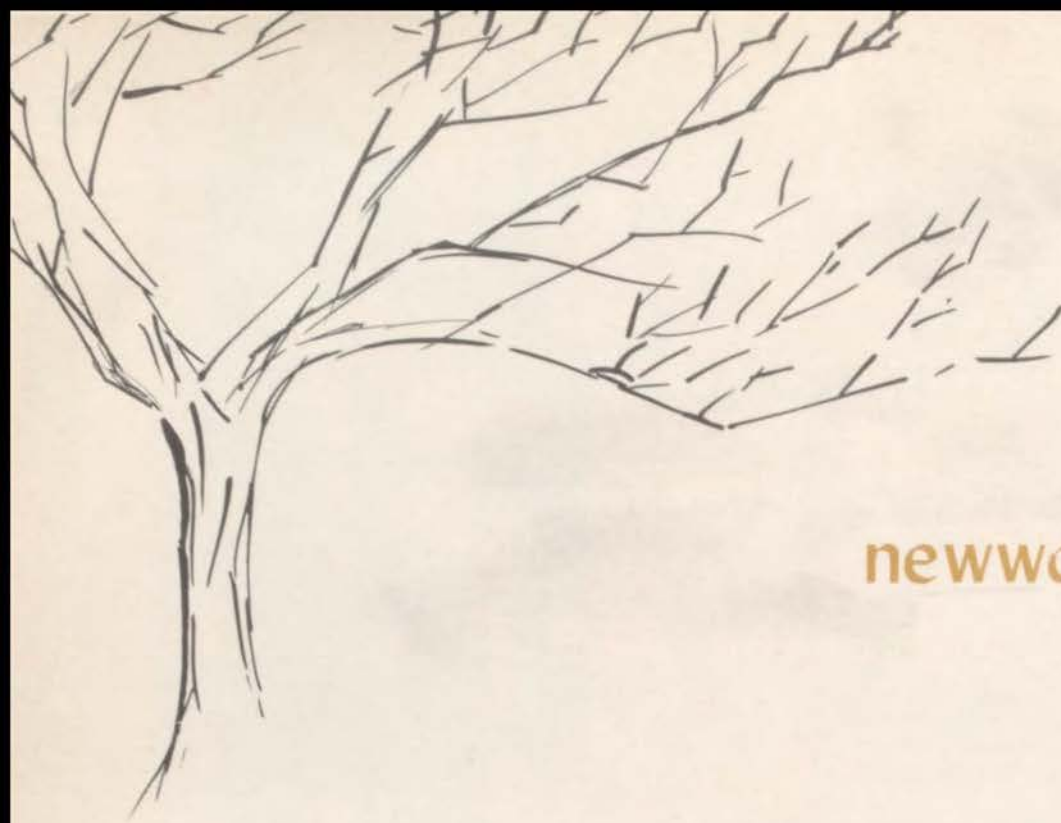
Before you go home tonight, look carefully at what your desire to express yourself has done to your locker; then slam the door and run.



**HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS** — right through Terry Zinser and Sherry Ralston's locker! Red stockings, a green wreath, and multi-colored wrapping paper spread the Yuletide cheer in preparation for that jolly old man.







## newwords

Tonight clouds made the moon a chalk smudge on a blackboard.

Mary Ann Marlow, '63

### Winter Waiting

Even the lemon bus sign seems to sway under the blasting winds. The silvery pole reflects the bleak sky. The sun's warmth, smothered by a gray, leaden veil, is muted and desolate. The endless sky encircles the Siberian landscape like a huge bowl. The dry, crinkly leaves skimp toward the gapped grass. Piercing gusts rustle through your clothing and violet hands tell of their bitterness. Your legs are no more than stalks growing to the pavement. The raw weather mercilessly bites and nips at face and ears as if you had no scarf. As your rescuer pulls up, all coldness, discomfort, and bitterness is forgotten as he swings out his welcome.

Delores Desoto, '65

Paused beneath the hill is winter life  
with Mary nearest to the edge and  
earth impatient 'neath the snow.  
She is the only calm beneath the soundful  
winter-shadow of the cross  
It seems she is but just a part of us  
(except her hands which make us part of Him)

Lynda Harrell, '64

Hope is the look in a child's  
eyes as the snow gets  
deeper and deeper.

Maureen Hannan, '64

Fatigue is an evergreen tree whose limbs hang heavy with snow.

Pat Medellin, '65

# sports



Swish! . . . Thud! . . . Jump ball! . . . Tweet, Tweet!  
 . . . That's a foul! . . . Ow! my foot . . . Rebound!  
 Rebound! . . . Who's roving here, anyway? . . .

These are a few of the odd noises which emerged from the gym in the wee hours of the morn as Loretto's basketball season got under way.

The willing or able basketekers were divided among the nine teams headed by senior captains and the chaos was begun.

In the first of five games, Carol Anderson's team rose to a 13-10 decision over Eileen McCabe and her team. In the second hassel the team headed by Sharon Tracz jumped, shot, and ran to a 14-4 victory over Patty Barnard

and her crew. The third contest brought the mixture to the boiling point as twins Linda and Leslie Lewis and their team members were pitted against each other. This battle of wits and skill ended in an 8-8 tie (which, of course, is only fair); but the five-minute replay gave victory to Leslie and defeat to Linda by the narrow margin of one point. In the following match, Juliana Lawless rode her team to a decisive victory over Martha Miller's string of Basketekers by a score of 36-2. The final game brought the teams of Ann Michler and Martha Jenkins to the peak of good-natured rivalry and ended with a score of 16-12 with Ann's squad on top.

So, the hectic Loretto basketball season has come to a close for another year, and there will be no more odd sounds of . . . Swish! . . . Thud! . . . That's a foul! . . . Rebound! echoing from the gym. But the . . . Tweet, tweet! . . . will not vanish as the L. A. volleyball season makes its debut.

JOHN L. BUGLER  
DISTRICT MANAGER



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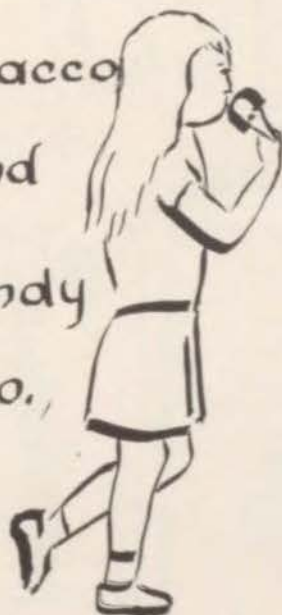
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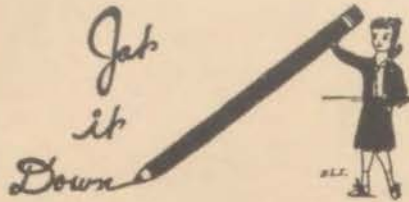
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Honor Roll—

2nd Quarter



- Feb. 21.....Spelling Bee
- Feb. 22.....Free Day
- Feb. 27.....Symphony
- March 9.....National Merit Exams (Jrs.)  
Nat'l Education Development Tests (Sophs.)
- March 12.....Loretto Club (Modern Languages)
- March 18.....Quarter Exams  
Mission Day (Begins 12:00)
- March 19-20.....Exams, cont'd.
- March 21.....Beginning of 4th quarter
- March 24.....Alumnae Day of Recollection
- March 27.....Career Night

Spelling Bee

Loretto will hold a spelling bee February 21 sponsored by the G & C Merriam Company. The contest, to be conducted much like the good ole spellin' bees of former days, and to be judged by three teachers from Kansas City's Public School System, is open to the whole school. The prizes will be a gold-plated medal as first prize, a silver one as second, and a bronze one as third. The Webster Third New International Dictionary will be the final authority on all disputed matters.

- Seniors: 1st Honors  
Mary Ellen Fischer  
Diane Trivalent  
2nd Honors  
Mary Anne Dewey  
Anne Marie Hudson  
Joan Kipper  
Colleen Lucas  
Eileen McCabe  
Rosemary Perez  
Carolyn Schneider

- Kathy Schoenberger  
Maureen Schoenberger  
Carol Stipetch
- Sophomores: 1st Honors  
Juanita Talkington  
2nd Honors  
Pam Copulos  
Linda Foster  
Mary Ann Glaeser  
Carol Green  
Andrea Kuzila  
Jo Anne Rohrer

- Juniors: 1st Honors  
Maureen Hannan  
Patty Hiller  
Margie Kilbride  
Rhonda Ray  
Marilyn Rossen  
Susan Tackett  
2nd Honors  
Sharon Copulos  
Delores DeSoto  
Lynda Harrell  
Barbara Junior  
Mary Kelly  
Sally Kieffaber  
Charlotte Pinter  
Jacquelyn Rush  
Kirstine Schaeffer  
Judy Schneider

- Freshmen: 1st Honors  
Therese Horvat  
2nd Honors  
Mary Ann Gallagher  
Elaine Hadaller  
Rosemary Hale  
Philomena Keizo  
Judy Kellenberger  
Janet Lassiter  
La Verta May  
Barbara Novick  
Laura Regan  
Beth Rush  
Marilyn Schaeffer  
Jennifer Tebbe

BULLETIN:

Congratulations to

Therese Horvat, Laura Regan, and Andy Kuzila, first, second and third place winners in the SPELLING BEE.

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the *laurelette*

Loretto Academy

April 1963



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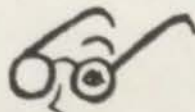
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The *laurelette* is published four times a year by the Loretto Press Club. Address all correspondence to the *laurelette*, Loretto Academy, 1101 West 39th Street, Kansas City 11, Missouri. Subscriptions are \$1.50 per year.

## A calling to eagerness

"Get thee to a nunnery!" Hamlet shouted at Ophelia. Fortunately, the vocation talks Loretto-ites heard during March were far from Hamlet's rantings. We have listened to sane, realistic advice on each of the three states of life. This advice is important because a vocation is something vital. This "vitality" must exist not only in the three permanent states but also in a "temporary" student vocation.

Our student life cannot be separated from the other things we do; it isn't a piece of our being sealed away in its own special box. Because its influence pervades our lives, present and future, the *laurelette* feels that a discussion of what it means to be a student is a fitting conclusion to vocation month.

In its Latin beginnings, the word *studium* meant "zeal" or "eagerness" as well as "study." Our student vocation, then, might be a "calling to eagerness." Because of this, simple obedience to the truancy laws does not make a real student. As with any vocation, we must make a choice. Nonviolation of truancy laws does not involve a very deep choice. The student who is dedicated to learning, one who seeks truth, has *chosen* the student vocation—fully committed himself to it.

The hard thing about this decision is that it refuses to stay decided. Every Monday morning, each class period, a student must decide again. At first, these decisions are so easy they are unconscious. Sister Anne Michele's first graders have an obvious eagerness to know, to learn, to see. Later on, the desire for truth must survive an onslaught of multiplication tables, modern algebra, and Latin verbs. Here it changes from curiosity about new, unknown things, to something less visible and not so exuberant. Depth is needed when one is looking for the truth of  $x^2 - y^2 = 0$  at a blood-shot 12:00 a. m. There are times when dogged perseverance shows a real student more than sentimental rhapsodies on the "joys of study."

Because a student is a student all the time, his studies should educate all of him. English, religion, and history may take care of the intellectual development of an individual, but there is much more to educating a *person*. Everyone has his own special "poetry of being" in the way he reacts to people. Students trying to find their "poetry" need spiritual, physical, and social experiences. This is the reason for extracurricular activities. Working with people outside the classroom strengthens knowledge of them and feeling for them. Even more important, extracurriculars are a student's chance to use his learning to help his school and fellow students. And this means giving.

The strange thing is that the pieces of self that are given away lead to fresh discoveries of personal wholeness. And "wholeness is holiness," to quote the spiritual reading books. By truly following a student vocation one is educating the *whole* man. This integrity is the way we as students are other Christs, which is, after all, our human vocation.

Our cover: With the theme of "student vocation" in mind, we have chosen a piece of student art—Phyllis Bugler's graphic sketch (adapted from El Greco's "Resurrection")—as a cover for the April issue. Phyllis is a sophomore art student.



# Grade School

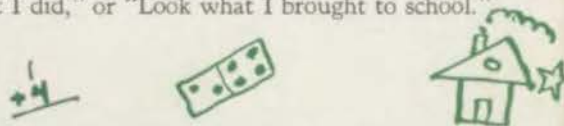


Down the hall, in the grade school part of Loretto, is the first grade room. It's a fascinating place to be, because first grade is a fascinating time. The sixteen children that live in the bright pink and turquoise-walled home have come to school for their first time to begin learning in earnest. They're not tired of books and homework, because they've never had them before. You see them smiling and laughing most of the time; they bounce and bubble over just for the joy of the world they have found.

The teacher is Sister Anne Michelle. In reality, the children, the teacher, and the room are not part of the first grade, but its modern equivalent—Primary 1. The ungraded primaries is a new idea in progressive education that is being initiated into many schools now. It enables a child to move forward at his own learning rate, possibly completing the first three grades in two years.



The work and play done in Primary 1 is for the most part the same as in ordinary first grade, but it's not humdrum by any means. Much of the reason for this is Sister's approach to learning. All around in the room are things that cry for creativity. Sister transfers the class on music appreciation to the bulletin boards, pinning there the "Nutcracker Suite" in puffs of angel hair and gum drops on glittered tree branches; stiff wide-shouldered soldiers with round poker faces and peppermint-stick guns. The world she and her class create is one in which first graders are big people, a world whose hall of fame is a row of thumb-marked wide-line papers with scrawly stick numbers from 1 to 100 and BEST over them in big black cutout letters. It's a world that displays their fish from home and crystallized coal and bright water colorings, and they welcome you into it with bright eyes and "Come see what I did," or "Look what I brought to school."



Before school even starts in the morning, Sister has the Reading Train at her desk, hearing each one individually read his library book. After prayers; news, weather, and business are handled. Not long ago a first grader had to say very gravely, "I've got some serious news to tell you. The Russians are hiding bombs in Cuba." And the class prayed for Cuba. Their thermometer is a zipper, which, after the daily weather report, the "Weather Girl" or "Boy" zips to the forecasted number of degrees.

Religion is the first subject Sister teaches, "Because they're quietest in the morning." Sister says, "The most important thing is that they learn to know God, and they are doing that. They are children who are very aware of God." God is called "propitious" and lots of other multi-syllable tongue-twisters, but He's very close to them, and they know He is theirs. "You can't hit me because I'm a child of God!" one yells sassily at another during recess.

Reading is a big part of their curriculum, one of the most important things to be learned in their new, very serious world of grownup habits and learnings, and Sister

Anne Michelle takes her class for reading twice a day. The class is divided into reading groups, with some doing seatwork while the others work with Sister. The children at their seats are working in the SRA reading booklets, booklets with stories and pictures and quizzes that progress by colors. The SRA books are a distinctive part of the ungraded primaries; some children are working on the third and fourth grade level of reading now, a thing they wouldn't be able to do in an ordinary first grade. Working with Sister are groups of boys and girls in the "room" with the big chart in it. There's a clothespin marking the sentence they're working on and they underline the sentence with their hands as they read it.

"We like to sing and play," Patricia said hesitantly.

"No, what besides play?" Sister queries.

Patricia thought a moment, "Sing!" she said, inspired.

"When do people sing? When they are sad?" asked Sister.

"When they're happy!"

"That shows me you're really thinking."

The enthusiasm of the class is everywhere and always there. Sister asks a half-question and hands shoot up before she's through, and she has to say, "Now why don't you put your hands down till I ask the question."

They talk about their own reading experiences in outside books: "Sister, I'm reading this story about this girl and she rided the uh—"

"She rode, honey."

"She rode the penguin at the zoo."

"Very good. Stan?"

"Do you know what was in my liberry book?"

"Library."

"Liberry."

"Librrrrrrrrary," said Sister.

"Librrrrary," droned Stan, "Well, in it was the Blessed Mother."

Speech and French they take for shorter periods, and they can give a stirring rendition of "Il est ne, le divin Enfant." Their speech teacher is Mrs. Carroll, and Mrs. Fischer teaches them French.

First graders also take phonics (which gives them the basis of their so-important reading), and arithmetic (in addition to their text Sister lets them use the abacus in their number work). Music appreciation is taught simultaneously with handwriting. Art class turns out lovely interpretations of anything they see; some examples are reproduced on this page.

In their spare time, you'll see some of them over at the science table looking in fascination at the papery frailty of the wasp nest, or caught in the marvel of sound





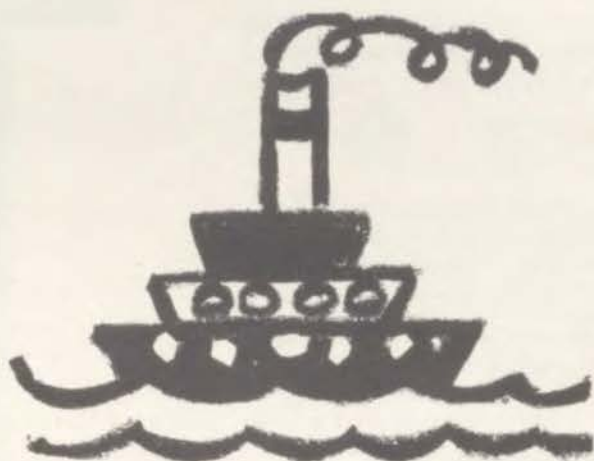
from the pink-pearled inside of the sea shell.

There are learning things all round—besides the science table with all its wonders to inspect, there are books that boys and girls can pick up and read any time they feel like it, the bulletin boards with music appreciation themes on them, or an advent lamp that gets its rays if the first-graders are good in class.

But the best thing about Sister's room is the children. Sister challenges them by giving them more than is required. She initiates in them habits and ideals by the things she demands. They are proud of themselves; there are very few shy ones. They want to give. Sister says, "I want very good listeners," so each one about-faces and folds his hands, as if to say, "Look at me, Sister, I'm a very good listener." They have learned and loved to give of themselves, to laugh at themselves and show the world their bright new "liberry" book because they love it and want to share it.

Even late in the afternoon if you come into their room you'll find their enthusiasm still there, see one stretching his arm mightily in his eagerness to get called on.

The reason for this, for the enthusiasm, the decorations, everything, is that teaching is a combination of things. Teaching is more than just a presentation of material; it involves the way a room looks, the teacher's voice and manner, and her knowledge of effective methods. Teaching something like teaching first-graders to love learning or teaching creativity involves not just an explanation of



mechanics but an environment. Because some things are caught, not taught. A child picks up the attitudes of his parents just by living with them, feeling with them in their anger and joy and perplexity. So it is with classroom education. Learning is a reaction for such a long time; it is a response to the beauty a student sees around him—a beauty a student can see because someone has shown it to him, and a response that is guided and loved and appreciated. That's why the children in Sister Anne Michelle's room are so enthusiastic—because Sister Anne Michelle is a teacher.

High school girls' contacts with the grade school are mostly fast and furious. One minute you're walking calmly down to the lunchroom and the next minute a small thunder in the distance materializes and a swarm of knee-high heads and fists and rushing people runs you down and is gone, leaving you staggering, with your lunch in one corner and your purse in another. But there are more goings-on down at the other end of the hall than we know about. Primary One is just part of them.



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"The Playground" won honorable mention in the Young Writers' Contest sponsored by the Catholic Community Library. Barbara Junior's short story, 2nd place winner, is on page 47. Carol Stipetich's poem "Kind Farewell," another honorable mention winner, will appear in a future issue of the LAURELETTE.



## The Playground

The playground was lonely that day. The silent breeze tossed the dead leaves here and there. But the wind was not moving the empty swings, some sad fantasy was toying with them, long scorned by "kids." It was now that one noticed the peeling paint and the drooping hedges. Yet one was drawn (perhaps most of all) to the sight of a stream, once free, but now forced to go through the small, arched opening provided for it by the "Wall." The "Wall" had not always been there; just recently they had constructed it. Before it came, the playground had been alive with "kids," screaming and shouting—but most of all laughing. But now only two solitary guards walk in this playground.

I can remember coming here when I was young—really young, that is. The playground wasn't much to brag about then, but somehow it was our hope for a better, brighter future.

It was in that swing that my brother, Adolph, used to swing me—so high that my fingertips could feel the springy softness of the fluffy clouds. And I would make believe that I was on that fluffy cloud and would gaze down into the depths of his smiling blue eyes.

Adolph and I weren't like regular brothers and sisters—we never fought. We understood each other, maybe because both of our twins had died. We were drawn together by some strong common tie. That's why it was so terrible when they sent Adolph to a special school—one for the very bright. Adolph didn't want to go, I knew that; but what could we do? I was ten the day he left.

I always got to see him over the holidays when he came home. We would go for a walk in the woods following a hidden path that only we knew about. Maybe it was while walking that I first noticed the change in him. I couldn't explain it; in fact, even Mom didn't notice it—but I knew something was wrong.

During the autumn of my fifteenth year, Adolph was sent to another school—this one far in the interior. No one knew where it was and there would be no holiday vacations at home now. I missed him terribly, but I tried to accept it.

He arrived home two months ago, having been gone three years. His eyes were cold and his expression unchanging. He wore the uniform of the Secret Police. Surprise and alarm flowed through my body. I knew at that moment that my brother was a Communist. Not a Communist like Mom, Dad, and I—always going to the indoctrination classes because we had to, and doing our jobs merely because we had to. He was convinced. He would do anything for the party—the "cause." I tried to tell myself that this wasn't true—that he still had feelings, that he hadn't forgotten our childhood lessons, that my brother



# newwords

was not a Communist. But when the Secret Police came one lightless night and dragged Dad away, I knew who had confessed Dad's crimes against the state. I knew it, but I didn't understand it.

Lying sleepless that night, I made my first plans for escape. I didn't know how, where, or when, but I knew I had to. Most of all, I realized that Adolph must have no inkling of my plans.

How to get over, under, or through the "Wall" was my first and most complex problem. The "Wall" was no longer just a few barbed wire fences—it was a solidly constructed brick fortification with armed Secret Police guards. It dawned on me one day—an opening in the "Wall" which allowed a small portion of a gurgling stream to pass on its way to freedom. This opening was surrounded by a wooded area that afforded some protection. The playground was indeed my hope for a better, brighter future.

Time was precious; surprise, essential; boldness, necessary. But did I have all these? Could I do it? I had to do it?

I told Mom that afternoon. At first she wouldn't hear of leaving because of what they would do to Dad. I could offer no substantial reason except that, after all, we weren't sure whether he was still alive, or perhaps he was being so brutally tortured that he might confess his crimes against the State and ours, too. It was a purely selfish reason for escaping; I knew we would never be safe here.

The escape was planned for that very night—before either of us lost our nerve. It was a cloudy, moonless night—perfect for what we had to do.

How we ever got to the playground I cannot say. I only know that Mom and I were crouching behind a big black oak, loaded with all our light and moveable family heirlooms. The two customary guards were walking their lonely patrol. We couldn't see their faces—just feel their cold hate.

We crawled to the opening. I made Mom go first, since she had to back herself through the narrow opening. I started to go, but heard a twig creak as if some heavy object had disturbed it. I lay motionless, afraid to breathe or even look in the sound's direction. Then I felt someone's presence.

Hearing a shot, I clumsily started to back myself through the opening. I didn't need to hear the second shot: I felt it. But Mom and I were safe—that was the important thing. Having waded through the shallow stream, a pair of American arms pulled us on the bank.

I had to look back; I shouldn't have. With my shoulder throbbing, I saw a solitary shadow of a true Communist silhouetted against a children's playground, and I remember the cold hate of his blue eyes. The playground was, indeed, lonely that day—very lonely.

Mother Nature just can't seem to make up her mind about the weather—she must have lost her calendar.

*Kris Schaeffer, '64*

## LATE-SPRING

Clouds are laughter hugging orange-bright dawn-skies  
pinkling mists with hopes flung high  
-(where once I loved the stars).

and spiralling-sticky-sun-streaks poking patterns through  
their softness  
—gentle with myself—  
dappling green-Trees, curtains, and 'Good Mornings'  
(as then the silver comet-swishings  
were my sun...)

with dusty driftings over  
shoulder-straps of gingham play-suits, and  
pockets brimming tad-poles jacks and crunchy-  
crackers  
and golden kite-fields' peach hung-heavy  
blossoms  
they shadow warmingly, tracing paths of 'hide and  
seek'

And fragile Dream-songs  
waking Now  
with eyes uplifted, burgeon forth in Life

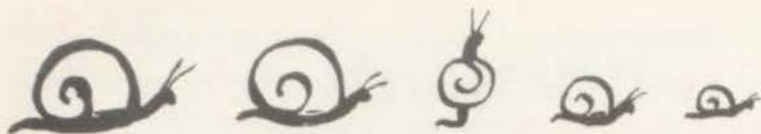
*Barbara Junior, '64*

Fairy tales —  
are  
happy little niches

to go and  
b  
m  
i  
l  
c  
into.

*Sharon Copulos, '64*





## Too Good To Keep In The Family

One would-be artist was wailing about the trouble she had working with constriction paper.

The faculty vs. freshmen volleyball game was full of surprises. In her anxiety to win one Sister was virtually mopping the floor while our principal played catch-her. Foot-wear was another highlight. One freshman sponsor was nattily attired in turquoise tennis shoes. Her other more conservative teammates wore black or white.

It is a known fact that Curfew has the largest pyramids. Anyway that's what they claim in third hour history.

During parent-teacher conferences one disgruntled father admitted that the prices go up and the grades go down.

Do you know why Van Gogh cut off his ear and mailed it to his girl friend? 'Cause he hadn't heard from her in a long time.



It takes 72 muscles to frown and only 14 to smile.

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# Through Mary to Jesus



"... Before the whole court of heaven, I choose thee this day . . ." With these words a girl dedicates herself to Mary through the Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It is this dedication that makes the Sodality more than just "another organization": the Sodality is a way of life; Sodalists perform their role as students living the Sodality's rules every minute of the day.

To strengthen a Sodalist's foundation in spiritual life so that she may have this conviction of the Sodality as a way of life which she must constantly strive to live to perfection, the Loretto sodality is putting a new emphasis on apostolic works and daily duties.

In past years, the apostolic works of the Sodality had been almost forgotten. Now, they are a vital part of the Sodality. Each Sodalist is required to give at least two hours out of every month to this project. Apostolic work may mean anything from setting hair for ladies in a nursing home to helping a Spanish woman learn English. It involves different things in each case, but even the smallest task serves toward good. Besides personal apostolates, the Sodality has tried out the group apostolate. On March 19, feast of St. Joseph, the Sodalists gave a party at Mount St. Joseph Home for the Aged. The Sodalists worked together on entertainment, refreshments, and favors to make the party a real success. Next year a program will be initiated in which a group apostolate

will be planned for each month.

The weekly meetings of the Sodality are a link between the apostolic works and the spiritual activities of the Sodality. The forty-five minutes of meeting time are usually spent in helping a Sodalist with her spiritual life; classes on mental prayer, a biographical playlet on Saint Gabriel of the Seven Sorrows, a holy hour, and a panel on retreats. However, sometimes pamphlets are discussed on topics which will help the girls with their dealings with others, and a work meeting was held to prepare for the Saint Joseph's Day Party.

The external works are only an outflow of the more spiritual duties of a Sodalist. To bring Christ to others, a girl must be trying to sanctify herself. This sanctification of oneself is done through the daily duties of the Sodality: morning prayers, rosary, fifteen minutes of mental prayer, daily Mass, and night prayers. Unlike the social apostolate, a Sodalist can't pick the daily duties that she would like to do. This is where the conviction that she is doing the will of Christ helps a lot.

By placing her actions in Mary's hands, a Sodalist offers to Christ everything that she does. By helping others as she helps, she becomes Christ-like in her actions. The Light of the world has left, only to leave His work in the hands of people who, like the Sodalists, try to bring the Light to all.





First-grade boy meets first-rate dog.



Johnny can read, but fingers are more fun than letters for a dog.



This is more like it! "Paw-prints" on John's arithmetic chart interest dog.

One of the junior mission projects gave a puppy away. The grade schooler who gave the puppy the best name won it. John Vusich, first grade, won the dog. Here is their story.

## Dog wins boy

Play ball—but Dog is not very co-operative.



Nosier now, Dog finds that this ball has a fascinating smell.



Three friends—boy, Dog, and ball. And John Vusich discovers that happiness is a warm puppy.



# dynamic discoveries



MISS CAROLE GROTZ, Science Club moderator, prepares the equipment for the weight experiment. Miss Grotz teaches 1st year algebra, chemistry, and trig.

**A**re you strong enough to punch a few dents in one of those large, red gasoline cans? We, the members of the Science Club, can do this with comparative ease, since we have learned a few facts about air pressure and vacuums from a project presented at one of our every-other-Thursday-night meetings.

This club of ours is new. Miss Carole Grotz, the sponsor, and her assistants, Sister Joan Clare and Mrs. Leonard, just started it this year for any junior or senior who enjoys exploring the fields of science and math. The only requirements for membership are two years of math and one of science. However, you can be working on one of these requirements the year you enter.



**W**e've done a lot of exploring and discovering this year. Wandering through Linda Hall Library, we learned you have to know Russian, German, or Japanese to be able to read most of the scientific journals printed today. In a small, elegant room lined with oak bookcases, we saw

original copies of the works of Euclid, Newton, and other men of science. The pages of some of these books were made from old linen rags and are still as white and clear as when they were first printed years ago. In a corridor of



the Midwest Research Institute, we held our breaths against the nauseating fumes of prurine while a chemist explained the work being done to solve the problem of soapy waters from sewers. This soapy water is contaminating the fresh water. Here too, we saw for the first time a real electron microscope. (It's capable of magnifying an object 200,000 times by using a beam of electrons.) At the Pure Food and Drugs building, a chemist, while leading us through the many laboratories and offices, explained the investigation being made of frozen foods.

Besides tours, we've discovered a lot through the projects presented by some of us at the meetings. We ate fudge made by the metric system and solved an algebraic equation to spell out "Merry Christmas." Diane Blaine, the club's president, showed us how to make three-dimensional cubes, 5-pointed stars, hexagons, and other



geometric figures by folding paper many intricate ways. We solved math puzzles and played math games taught us by the math-minded members Rhonda Ray, Jackie Rush, Patty Graham, Judy Schneider, Judy Nally, and Maureen Schoenberger.



**O**ur biggest project this year was sponsoring the Science Fair held last month. Winners of this fair are to take their projects to the regional fair held downtown.

We've seen the movie *Our Mr. Sun* and heard a panel of graduate students explain how they use chemistry and biology in their jobs. We keep up to date on scientific progress by reading the *Science and Math Weekly*. And we are to have an open meeting in May to familiarize anyone interested in joining the club with our activities.

We've been very busy exploring and discovering this year, but most of all, we've enjoyed being challenged by the increasing progress in science and math.



**WITHOUT GETTING** on the scales, Janet Golub, Judy Schneider, and Julie Stein attempt an experiment to determine their individual weight at a club meeting. They exhaled carbon dioxide into a barium hydroxide solution. The precipitate formed is filtered out, dried, and then weighed. Simple calculations give the person's weight.

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# Escape

won second place in the short story division of the diocesan Young Writers' Contest.



Sometimes I think this is the only place in the world that's really mine, you know what I mean? It's nothin' but a dumb old fire-escape, but out here nothin' can touch me—nothin' and nobody. That's what Paul used to say, but I didn't understand; I guess I was kinda dumb then. He'd sit out here for hours late at night, just sittin' and thinkin', and all the stars, so big and white up in the sky'd kinda smile down at him—but just at him, not the rest of this old alley. And old Mrs. Harris across the way, just sittin' and rockin' in that dusty window—they didn't smile down at her, only at Paul. I used to wonder if she'd ever stop rockin' and look out and see Paul sittin' on this old fire-escape, but she never seemed to. "Somehow, she's just not a part of this, Annie," Paul'd say, "she's just *there*, and always rockin'. She'll never change—this whole place'll never change; but we will, Annie, you and me, just wait."

I guess Paul was pretty smart, even for a big brother, but he used to fight with Mom a lot. He wanted to go to school and learn somethin', but Mom wouldn't let him. She said it was bad enough that she had to work to support him and me, and she wasn't gonna let him run out on her like Daddy did. I wanted to go to school too, sometimes, only I never told anybody, not even Paul. Some of the kids across the alley'd go, but usually they just played hookey, and nobody paid much attention. Paul said that when you live in this part of Brooklyn, nobody really cares if you go to school or not—not even the Truant Officer. But Paul cared. He wanted me to go. "After all, Annie," he'd say, "you're only nine, and you've got an awful lot to learn." (I guessed that 'cause he was fifteen, he knew 'bout all there was to know, even if he didn't ever go to school.)

One night, Paul told Mom that he wanted to enroll me at the public school where some of the neighborhood kids went; but Mom screamed at him for awhile, and then I heard a loud noise, and afterwards Paul came out with his arm all cut, and he stayed out on the fire-escape 'til morning. When Mom went to work, I went down

to Mr. Petrofsky's fruit-stand and stole an apple for Paul. But when he found out how I got it, he slapped my hand and told me to take it back. But I didn't; I ate it myself. After all, everybody steals from Mr. Petrofsky—maybe Paul wasn't so smart as I thought.

Paul was kinda strange sometimes, too. One night when he was sittin' out here he said to me, "Don't you ever want to be somebody, Annie,—I mean really Somebody, and do somethin' important? Don't ya ever want to go places and see things? I do, Annie, and I'm going to. You know, if I only had some money, I could go to New York and study all kinds of important things, and really be somebody, and then . . ."

Pretty soon, Paul got a job in a new garage that opened up down the street. I think he counted money or somethin', but anyway, he'd get home real late and I'd sit out on the fire-escape and wait for him so's we wouldn't wake Mom. But then one night I waited and waited, and then I heard some sirens and some people shouting and there was a bunch of bright lights at the end of the alley,—and Paul didn't come home. Next morning, some men came and took Mom somewheres and she didn't come back all day. When she finally came home she was crying, and she knocked over some chairs, and when I came in she yelled at me, "Don't you ever mention your brother's name in this house again."

So ever since then, it's been mine,—even old Mrs. Harris isn't here any more. Her dusty old window is empty and her rockin' chair isn't rockin'. Paul was wrong; he said she'd never change, but she did. This whole place's changed; the kids don't even steal apples from Mr. Petrofsky anymore, now they steal 'em from his son. But I'll never change,—never. And now the stars smile down just at me here, not at anybody else. And all those people runnin' around down there, they're not real. Nothin's real now but me,—me and this fire-escape. And it's mine now, and it'll never change. Not until Paul comes home . . .



# PERSPECTIVE



**HER MAJESTY**, the Mission Queen Mary Lou Hunter, casts a gleaming glance at the big Spirit Cup that the Senior Class has had a habit of winning this year. The other Queen candidates included Pat Herman (Junior), Carol Green (Sophomore), and Eileen Williamson (Freshman). Over \$1,500 was collected during the drive and will be distributed to various missionary organizations.

**PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES** on her science project, "Using Used Yeast," is senior Anne-Marie Hudson. Anne-Marie's sister, Lee, a junior, shared first place honors with her in LA's Science Fair, March 7 and 8. Mary Ellen Fischer, senior, received the second place award. All three represented Loretto Academy in the city Science Fair which began April 18.



**OLD PRO** Therese Horvat carefully and correctly spells her way to the C-H-A-M-P-I-O-N-S-H-I-P in the LA Spelling Bee on February 21. Other Loretto winners included Laura Regan, Freshman, second place, and Andrea Kuzila, Sophomore, third place.



EEKS



**MOUSEKETEERS**, Charleston dancers and Irishmen of every variety close the freshman talent show which began Mission Week class projects. Their mousy leader is Elizabeth Kalahurka.



**GETTING INTO THE HABIT?** Presenting an assortment of styles from which to choose, representatives of seven religious orders introduced LA students to the various apostolates performed by their respective congregations.

"OK TEAM, this is what we gotta do . . ." Typically, the faculty "plots against" the student body, only this time not in the field of homework but in physical fitness. The freshmen challenged the faculty as part of the Mission Drive.



**MISS HICKEY** in the MIRACLE WORKER brought to Loretto the dimness and hurt of the world of Helen Keller, Miss Hickey's stirring performance left LA students talking—and thinking—for weeks.





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 Mrs. Agnes R. Lane  
 Elsie Vusich  
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*the laurelette*

Loretto Academy

June 1963



## SENIOR FAREWELL

*To every thing there is a season, and a time  
to every purpose under the heaven;*

*A time to be born, and a time to die; a  
time to plant, and a time to pluck up that  
which is planted;*

*A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time  
to break down, and a time to build up;*

*A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a  
time to mourn, and a time to dance;*

*A time to cast away stones, and a time  
to gather stones together; a time to embrace,  
and a time to refrain from embracing;*

*A time to get, and a time to lose; a time  
to keep, and a time to cast away;*

*A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time  
to keep silence, and a time to speak;*

*A time to love, and a time to hate; a  
time of war, and a time of peace.*

*What profit hath he that worketh in  
that wherein he laboureth?*

*I have seen the travail, which God hath  
given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.*

*He hath made every thing beautiful in  
his time: also he hath set the world in their  
heart, so that no man can find out the work  
that God maketh from the beginning to the end.*

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The laurelette is published four times a year by the Loretto Press Club. Address all correspondence to the laurelette, Loretto Academy, 1101 West 39th Street, Kansas City 11, Missouri. Subscriptions are \$1.50 per year.

## Is there a fire here?

"They'll kiss each other tomorrow; they have plenty of time." Drama students presented Eugene Ionesco's anti-play, *The Bald Soprano*, during fine arts week. It tells the story of two middle-class English couples who exist in a "humanoid" atmosphere of anti-love. They are not really human; they are shells emptied of human emotions. Because the husband and wife have isolated themselves from each other, the Fire Chief (the only human character in the play) finds no fire (love) in their house. Ionesco's work adds a modern slant to tons of material about love.

Love is intimately bound up in our lives as human beings. Ionesco shows us that the same trivialities that mean everything in *Our Town* mean nothing at all when the essential, love, is removed. Without love, there is no reason for living. (Except, possibly, that without love, there is no reason for dying, either.) Listening to morning sounds like bare feet on linoleum and hissing cereal, tasting toothpaste and milk, easing a starched blouse over a sunburn would be very dead if life were not made of love. Loving gives us a special vision to see the extraordinary in ordinary things.

But besides being the sixth sense that sharpens the other five to realities, love is an active giving of oneself to the point of complete surrender. Ionesco's marriages aren't real because the Martins and the Smiths are stingy with themselves. They know that fire can burn as well as warm, and they do not wish to be hurt. Pain, though, is a great part of the loving that is life. Teachers, students, and artists share this pain with husbands and wives. Teachers and their students must be open with each other as a lover is with his beloved. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments," Shakespeare says: there can be no barriers here, only bridges. An artist must open himself to the torments of creation before he can share with the world a piece of his soul. This burning in one who loves is painful, but it brings with it an almost mystical joy that illuminates it like lightning in a thunderstorm.

As Christians, we are sparked in the fire of the Mystical Body. "By this shall all men know you are my disciples—that you love one another." The first flame came in tongues of fire on Pentecost; it has renewed itself in growing-fresh minds and hearts. It is symbolic of this searing, purging year that the diocesan baccalaureate Mass is celebrated on Pentecost Sunday.

The source of Pentecostal fires, the Holy Spirit, is an awesome example of the power of love. He flows from the mutual love of the First and Second Persons; He is God's love for God personified.

This means that our tendency toward love is God-given and God-inspired. We, made in His likeness, are most like Him when we love most. And we are most alive when we love in Him Who is Life. So we borrow from Ionesco's Fire Chief our farewell: "... a good fire! Let's hope so, for everybody!"

Our Cover: Eileen McCabe prepares to say goodbye to the Loretto she has been attending for twelve years. For her these last days are most poignantly "A time to keep . . ." but also a "time to be born"—to a world waiting for Christ.





**PASTELED GLEE-CLUBBERS**, directed by Sister Ann Cecilia, ended the series of recitals with the April 23 program.

After almost a year of quiet growth the "finer arts" department unfolded itself and Loretto discovered the

## Artist Spring



While the outside of Loretto became green with springlight, the inner sun of her talent saw its own unfolding.

Fine Arts Week offered students of piano, art, drama and voice a merited chance to reveal the outgrowth of their work.

The second-floor Graphic Art Exhibit, two student-directed plays and five piano-voice recitals were presented during this spring's Fine Arts Week—April 21-27.



**FIFTY-NINE FRESHMEN** voices solemnly tell the fate of "Michael Finnigan" as they open the April 22 recital. This program was one of three that the high school music department presented for Fine Arts Week.

**PENNY EBBITTS** polishes "Claire de Lune" for the April 23 recital while Therese Sheffield listens in. All together there were 41 grade school and 27 high school piano and voice students in the five recitals.



**A KIND THOUGHT** and a creative hand produced these Christmas cards, which were on display at the Fine Arts Week art exhibit. Delighted friends of the art students received such handmade cards at Christmas time.





**SHERRY RALSTON**, who mystified everyone during *Beyond the Door* by being beyond the door, smiles beneath layers of white grease paint as her identity is finally revealed. The other more talkative members of the cast were (left to right) Kathy Hannan, Bill Fischer, Larry Kirchner, Douglas Mill, and Janice Schmeltz.



"**IT SAYS HERE** that Bobby Watson died yesterday."  
 "Yes, I went to his funeral three years ago."  
 Typical of the conversations in the satire *The Bald Soprano*, the riddle of the Bobby Watsons was just one of the grossly exaggerated situations which only too often hit home. Cast members included Mary Ellen Fischer, Joe Devine, Tom Weifort, Molly Campbell, Sue Williams, and Mike Zeigler.



**THROUGHOUT FINE ARTS WEEK**, art students displayed their works in the west end of the second floor. This pencil detail of Michaelangelo's *Conversion of St. Paul* was done by Margarete Grant.



"**DO RE MI**" echoes through the auditorium as the sophomores learn the scale.







Rain is when  
softness and grey  
reflects a whole  
upside-down  
world  
in river streets  
—like looking down at the sky.

When there's  
less light but  
ever so much more  
with wonderfully shiny things  
like pools and  
puddles and  
purple umbrellas  
and splash.

*Susan Tackett, '64*

Our backyard has masqueraded at various times as a baseball diamond, football field, jungle, ranch, and battle field. Remnants of these masquerades are still scattered around under the three trees and on the cracked brick patio. There's a split-open-at-the-seams baseball under the sweet-pea vine at the far right corner of the yard. A water-logged football sits in the center of the pitcher's mound. An overturned red wagon lies abandoned by its passengers during a desperate flight to avoid a charging rhinoceros. Through wire holes in the back fence two rifles point their muzzles menacingly. Each tree has at least one broken limb and another pulled almost to the ground. Bare spots on the tree trunks are evidence of frantic climbs to dodge imaginary arrows. Undoubtedly, in a few days something new will be added—something else that is evidence of little boys' imagination.

*Anne-Marie Hudson, '63*



You never were aware there are so many girls in the school until you stand in line for the water fountain on a hot afternoon.

*Diane Bishop, '64*

Her hair was as black as coal with sunlight in it.

*Rosemary Manczuk, '63*

## Fog

The fog that morning covered the city  
with murkiness; it surrounded each person  
in his own world of problems.

The fog made the bright neon lights  
jumbled messages of the city.

Only the great sun could break this  
—dismal atmosphere of gloom—

*Mary Pickett, '66*



## Children—

They are completely natural wonderful  
Loving and loved,  
Dependent and independent,  
Pretending real with "all this much" imagination.  
They are skinned knees,  
Covered up by frilly dresses and long pants on Sundays.  
They are their own world,  
Of mudpies,  
Playhouses,  
War.  
Football.  
They are Mommy's Little Helper,  
Grandma's Good Girl,  
Auntie's Big Boy.  
They love  
God and Santa Claus  
The Easter Bunny and the saints in heaven,  
The tooth fairy and their Guardian Angel.  
Their biggest problems are waiting—  
From Christmas Eve until Christmas morning,  
Until Sunday High Mass is out,  
Until Billy comes home from kindergarten,  
Until the ice cream man comes,  
Until the puppy comes home from his roaming.  
But they're not bored:  
They have imagination.  
They are sweet during the day,  
Crying at bedtime, for all the things not done.  
But then there is tomorrow:  
Some will continue in their real make-believe,  
But others will be grown up,  
Up and out of that wonderful wispy, wistful world  
Of childhood.

*Rhonda Ray, '64*



STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT

*Cheryl Brown*

Junior Class President  
Sodality 2, 3  
Press Club 2, 3



LAURELETTE EDITOR

*Mary Ellen Fischer*

Sodality 3, 4  
Press Club 3, 4  
Drama Club 1, 2  
Glee Club 2, 3  
French Club 3, 4



SODALITY PREFECT

*Kathleen Lucas*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 2, 3  
Library Club 1



GLEE CLUB PRESIDENT

*Patti Palmer*

Sodality 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 3  
Drama Club 2  
Spanish Club 3, 4



ATHLETICS CLUB PRESIDENT

*Kathi Hannan*

Sodality 1  
Drama Club 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2  
Athletics Club 2, 3, 4  
French Club 3



MISSION CLUB PRESIDENT

*Delores Pruitt*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Mission Club 3, 4  
Vice-President 3  
Class Secretary 3, 4  
Student Council Secretary 4  
Glee Club 2



DRAMA CLUB PRESIDENT

*Phyllis Fehrenbach*

Vice-President Senior Class  
Treasurer Junior Class  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Drama Club 2, 3, 4  
Secretary 3  
French Club 4



CLASS PRESIDENT

*Eileen McCabe*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Class Treasurer 1  
Class Secretary 2  
Class Vice-President 3  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics 2, 3, 4





*Angela Ancona*

Sodality 1, 2, 3  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Carol Anderson*

Athletics 4  
Spanish Club 4



*Margaret Ballantyne*

Drama Club 4



*Patty Barnard*

Class Treasurer 2, 4  
Sodality 1, 2  
Drama Club 2, 3  
Glee Club 2, 3



*Michelle Barry*

Sodality 1  
Drama Club 2  
Library Club 2  
Glee Club 2  
Mission Club 3, 4



*Diana Blaine*

Science Club 4  
President



*Peggy Carrigg*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics Club 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3



*Sandra Clinton*

Drama Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics 3, 4  
Library Club 1, 2  
French Club 3, 4  
Science Club 4

*Dear green-towered, navy-blue Loretto,*

"We had a lot of fun. We went through twelve reel lights and looked just like a funeral." With Mary Ann Marlow's typically apt-if-confusing description of our ditch-day parade, we commence our leave-taking.

Graduation is a time for looking back, for groping hysterically past the ever-present picnics for a solid reason to look forward. When group-groping began, we did "have a lot of fun."

Instead of clutching at straws, we're sliding down haystacks. Ditch-day, we recall, is the fulfillment of years of concentrated effort toward a desired goal. Controlled experiments with other class-cutting techniques prove that a senior ditch-day, sanctioned—nay cheered—by frazzled teachers is the most successful. We have tried, of course,



*Carole Delaney*

Sodality 1  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Drama Club 2  
French Club 3, 4  
Treasurer 4  
Press Club 3



*Carol DeMier*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
President 4  
Athletics Club 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Drama Club 2



*Mary Anne Dewey*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 4  
Glee Club 2  
Drama Club 2  
Library Club 2



*Penny Ebbitts*

Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Drama Club 2  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
French Club 2  
Mission Club 3  
Athletics Club 3



*Joan Brennan*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Treasurer 3  
Secretary 4  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Press Club 1, 2, 3  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Mary Eufinger*  
Library Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Marcia Frantze*  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 2, 3  
Mission Club 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Yvette Gavin*  
Press Club 2  
Spanish Club 3



*Carolyn Gubera*  
Sodality 1  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Anne-Marie Hudson*  
Press Club 2, 3, 4  
Managing Editor 4  
Science Club 4  
French Club 1



*Mary Lou Hunter*  
Sophomore Class President  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Mission Club 4



*Martha Jenkins*  
Student Council 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 1  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 4  
French Club 4



*Mary Jenkins*  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Drama Club 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 4

the college technique of leaving the classroom if the teacher failed to arrive after a nervous ten-minute count-down. This plan, A, might have succeeded if we hadn't stopped to write Sister Marilyn a considerate explanation for her vanishing English class. She walked in just as we were signing "Bored of Education."

Foolishly undaunted by this misadventure, we tried our alternate plan, B, on the same teacher. Unfortunately, Sister was a poor sport about being locked out of her room, and we had after-school religion.

One class we have often discussed in dark, muted tones is body mechanics. Our physically fitless bones creak at the mere mention of "plie." This class, however, has escaped our devious schemes, as it has so paralyzed us physically that thought waves regarding it are of extremely low frequency. Discarding as impractical attempts to sprain or break things, we must be content with an occasional "cold floor" excuse: "I have a bad cold, and can't do exercises on the floor."



*Joan Kipper*  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Library Club 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 3  
Secretary 4  
Mission Club 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Patty Laughlin*  
Sodality 1  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3  
Library Club 1, 2



*Juliana Lawless*  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Mission Club 3



*Lesley Lewis*  
Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics Club 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 4  
Drama Club 2

*Linda Lewis*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics Club 3, 4  
Drama Club 2







*Colleen Lucas*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Treasurer 2



*Mary Ann Marlow*

Sodality 1  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 2, 3, 4  
French Club 4



*Sandra McCoy*

Sodality 1, 2  
Mission Club 3  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Drama 2



*Stephanie Lill*

Sodality 1, 2, 3  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Scot McDowell*

Sodality 2, 3  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Athletics Club 4



*Ann Michler*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Class Vice-President 2  
Drama Club 2  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Athletics Club 1, 2, 3, 4

No matter how we may groan at our ballet, though, there is no doubt that this training has stood us in good stead when grace was necessary. Anyone who saw the senior talent with Peggy Carrigg, Lesley Lewis, and Carol Anderson could not doubt that only with great skill and long practice could such amazing pratfalls be executed without bodily harm. But this trio are not the only ones in our class with a talent for doing things funny. (This is as opposed to doing funny things, which practically anyone can do.)

During last year's Queen-for-a-day prom skit, Lesley Lewis was one of our more stunning models, and Yvette Gavin's spasmodic pirouettes brought down the house. (Plan C for cutting class: destroy the building by raising the roof.)



*Martha Miller*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Student Council 1, 2, 3  
Vice-President 4  
Athletics 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Mary Miranda*

Sodality 1  
Spanish Club 3, 4



*Judy Ormsby*

Sodality 1, 2, 3  
Library Club 2, 3, 4  
Vice-President 4  
Press Club 2  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Mission Club 3, 4



*Rosemary Perez*

Spanish Club 3, 4  
Drama Club 1



*Thomasa Palacios*



*Elizabeth Rudimch*



*Carolyn Schneider*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 3, 4



*Jona Sharbel*

Sodality 1, 2  
Library Club 1, 2, 3  
Treasurer 3  
Mission Club 2, 3



Terese Ann Sheffield

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Drama Club 2  
Spanish Club 3  
Press Club 4



Julie Stein

Mission Club 3, 4  
Drama Club 4  
Science Club 4



Mary Alice Tegeler

Sodality 1, 2, 3  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Press Club 2  
Spanish Club 3  
Library Club 1



Sharon Tracz

Sodality 1, 2, 3  
Student Council 1  
Glee Club 2  
Press Club 3  
Spanish Club 3, 4

When we were freshmen, Phyllis Fehrenbach, by way of introduction, told us of her family's postal alias—Fishback. So you see, Phyllis, we always knew there was something fishy about you.

Patti Palmer first showed a penchant for impersonations with a monacled Teddy Roosevelt. This year during a break in Snowball decorating, she shifted our "Rhapsody in Blue" to a rasping "Havah nah gila" in red, complete with tambourine.

For some of us, decorating for our dance was more fun than doing. And, as Kathi Hannan says, "It was fun undecorating, too." What added to the fascination was perhaps the hypnotic effect of that whirling mirror-ball. Chasing one tiny spot of light around a circle containing many other spots of light is dizzying.

Orbiting the gym together isn't the extent of senior projects, though. We are proud that the spirit of '63 has kept the spirit cup through all three school drives this year. But as Elizabeth Rudimch said when asked for an example of a humble person, "I am." Or rather, we are. Without Sister Mary Venard's inspiration, we couldn't have done it.

This year's senior retreat gave us a chance to exercise our humility both physically and spiritually. No one realized the tenacity of country mud until we decided to take a short-cut to the abbey up a grassless hill. After feeling so saintly, it was rather a let-down to find that we had feet of clay.

Conception Abbey was a searching time as well as a foundering one; it was a time to think about serious things. The future was bearing down on us, demanding a decision. Several vocations bloomed in the abbey's spring, most of them to the monkhood.

The real problems of what-do-I-want-to-do-with-my-life and won't-it-be-different-in-the-World are still with us. We are discussing reality vs. idealism and Christian living in a pagan world.

Most of all we are growing up, and feeling the new strength in our green-ness.

It's been fun.

Seniors, '63



Diana Travalent

French Club 4  
President  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Secretary 4  
Press Club 2



Elba Villavicencio

Yvonne Washington

Sodality 2, 3  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Mission Club 3  
Library Club 3



Cecelia Weixeldorfer

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4  
Library Club 2, 3, 4  
Secretary 3  
President 4  
Mission Club 3, 4  
Secretary 4

Pauline Zendejas

Sodality 1, 2  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Drama Club 1



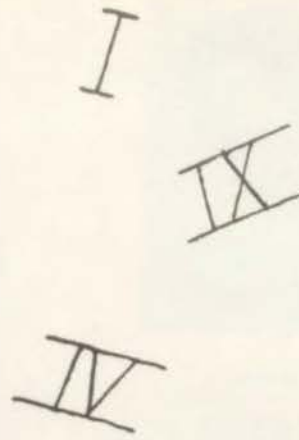




**CHEERING SUBJECTS** crowd around Prom Queen Mary Ann Marlow.

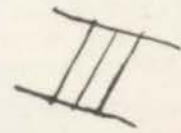


**SNOW BALL DECORATOR** Mary Anne D. fiddles for an effect.



*a time to*

*keep—*



**THOUGH CAUGHT IN A WHIRL** of Senior activities, L. A. grade school alumnae find a minute to return to one of the scenes of their childhood. (Peggy Carrigg, Mary Ellen Fischer, Mary Ann Marlow, Eileen McCabe, Rosie Perez, Therese Sheffield).



**SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS** relax after four years of intense intellectual activity—but it was not without its good times. (Carole Delaney, Mary Ellen Fischer, Diana Travalent, Carolyn Schneider).





**GLOATING DITCHERS** realize a long-cherished dream.



**GO EAST**, young lady! Kansas Citians head for more settled "Sister City," Saint Louis.

**LOADED DOWN CANTATA CONDUCTOR**  
Phyllis Fehrenbach heads for home after a successful Christmas collaboration with the Glee Club.



**"REMEMBER, MOM?"** Martha and Mary Jenkins, class of '63, discuss the "old days" when their mother, Mrs. Jenkins, class of '38, prowled the "hallowed" halls of Loretto. Also graduating this year is Carol DeMeir, daughter of Mrs. K. M. DeMeir of the class of '33.



**THE CIRCLE OF UNION** between a senior and Loretto is closed when she receives her class ring.







"A time of war . . ."

Barbara Raab and Dale Maisel make a last-minute check on World War II battle sights . . .



"A time to speak and a time to keep silent . . ."

Susie Justus, Debbie Cecil, Karen Nelson and Nancy Bedlington practice for the eighth grade play, *Tom Sawyer*.



"and a time of peace . . ."

while Ann Comfort and Mary Kay Parks discuss post-war map changes as they prepare for exams.

"To everything there is a season . . ."

and Loretto Academy's eighth grader's, like the high school seniors, know that this spring season is a paradoxical time of keeping and casting away, of running forward to the sometimes-mysterious-but-always-intriguing world of "the high school," yet braking the dash by digging their heels into the fast-crumbling crust of year-end activity.

With the seniors, Loretto's grade school graduates experience the ache of moving from "time" to "time": clinging to one, reaching for the next, and lovingly striving to see the beauty in this heart-hurting season of growth and fulfillment.

"A time to get and a time to lose . . ."

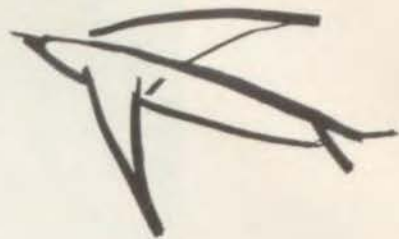
Mary Alice Glano makes a pre-meditated move against Connie Moran in the chess championship play-offs. Linda Koller and Barbara Kirk kibitz.



"I have seen the travail . . ."

Sandra Wieman, Barbara Madison, and Mary Fehrenbach listen as Marilyn Richardson recites during a group "boning up" before history finals.

# The reader rampant



follows the aeronautical trend with capsule reviews for summer reading.

\* Available in paperback.

*The Young Visitors* [sic] (Ashford) is welcome comic relief for anyone who has ever struggled through a Victorian novel. Its nine-year-old authoress unwittingly beat Mr. Albee to the punch with her turn-of-the-century "Who's afraid of old Jane Austen?"

- \* *The Brothers Karamazov* (Dostoyevski) is the dark, brooding story of three brothers, Ivan, Alexy and Dmitri, and their lecherous old father. The book contains the classic core of its author in the "Grand Inquisitor" scene.

*Night Flight* (Saint-Exupery) is a novel about the early days of South American airmail. But you don't have to be a pilot to feel the flying in this book: Saint-Exupery was a poet as well as an aviator. Again, we suggest that French students try *Vol de Nuit*.

*The Phantom Tollbooth* is a modern allegory. Even if you've never met *Everyman*, the story of young Milo's search for Rhyme and Reason in Dictionopolis and Digitopolis is intriguing. The illustrations by Feiffer are also gratifying.

- \* *Tall Short Stories* (ed. Eric Duthie) contains entertaining short stories to read between books this summer. Its authors are some of the best-known modern short story artists: Shulman, Munroe, Lekok, Bradbury, to name a few. Also, the contents are thoughtfully divided into categories (i.e., science fiction, satire, etc.) to serve as a guide for fans of a certain type of story.

*Scrap Irony* (Lampert) is a punny book, as its title implies. It is a subtle concoction of Miss Lampert's light verse and essays, laced with Edward Gorey's goulsh illustrations.

- \* *Dr. Zhivago* (Pasternak) won its author the Nobel Prize (which his government would not let him accept), and it is easy to see why. This book has a magnetic attraction that compels one to finish it, once begun. It forms a sort of hypnotic trance in which one eats, drinks, and sleeps *Zhivago*.

*Man for All Seasons* (Robert Bolt) is an embarrassing play for Catholics. Its author states that he is "not even a Christian in the ordinary sense of the word"; yet he has written a true, real portrait of Saint Thomas More that is also great theatre. Read it to find out what makes a man a saint, and wonder why a non-Christian had to write it.

*Le Petit Prince* (Saint-Exupery) is a fairy tale for adults. The little prince journeys from the asteroid B612 to the Sha'ra Desert. On the way he meets an assortment of characters, including a rather remarkable fox, who teaches him the meaning of love. French students should try the original, but there is an excellent translation for those who took Spanish or Latin instead.

- \* Two books sure to please baseball fans are *The Long Season*, (Brosnan) and *Baseball is a Funny Game*, (Garagiola). Both are written by veterans of the game, and reveal hilarious aspects of it that will surprise, amuse and probably amaze all fans. Brosnan's cynicism contrasts sharply with the warm-hearted humor of Garagiola. For an interesting comparison, read both.







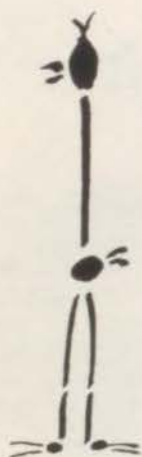
**DAYS OF PREPARATION** went into Mary Day, May 13. Loretto said her rosary bead by bead and flower by flower on the west lawn; after the crowning, Kathy Lucas and her nephew led the exit into the chapel.



**"GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. GRAY.** Oh, I like my new maser!"

Mr. Edward Gray, scientific demonstrator for the Bell Telephone Company, amazed the student body and confused them at times with his wizardry with light and power. Speaking over an FM frequency, in assembly May 15, he explained everything from rainbows to communication with the powerful new beam of light, called the maser.

# PERSPECTIVE



**LAUGHS AND TEARS** come close at times like these. But SC-president candidates Delores DeSoto, Jessica Ward, and Peggy Wolski find no tears in having finished their campaign speeches. The elections were the next day, April 26. For that and other election outcomes, see the bottom of this page.





Front row, L. to R.: Jennifer Tebbe (Soph.), Cheri Woulfe (Sr.), Jessica Ward (Sr.), Andy Kuzila (Jr.), and Midge Cushing (Soph.) —all Student Council Representatives; Back row, L. to R.: Peggy Wolski (Sr. Pres.), Sherry Ralston (Jr. Pres.), Janet Williams (Jr. Rep.), and Cathy Jones (Soph. Pres.).

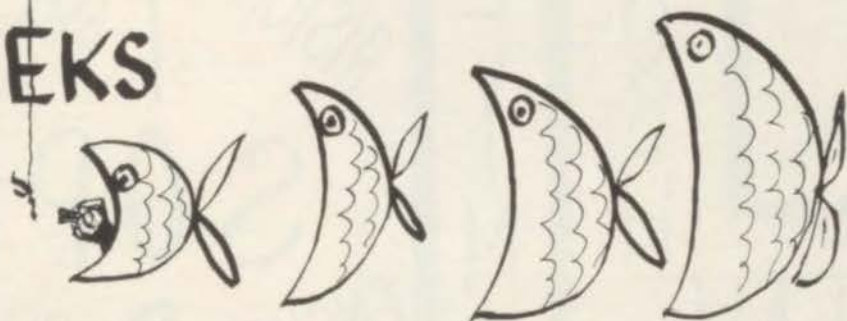
**CONFIDENCE**, gained for the most part from the Leader of leaders dwelling in the chapel;

**COMPETENCE**, built up by study, discussion, and doing; and **A SENSE OF MISSION**, achieved through right attitudes and a willingness to serve, were the three key thoughts at the leadership workshop May 19.



Left to right: Ann Kirchner, Glee Club President; Kris Schaeffer, **laurelette** Editor; Lee Hudson, Athletics Club President; Delores DeSoto, Student Council President; Kathy Mitchell, Sodality Prefect; Beverly Dasta, Drama Club President; Carol Stipetich, Mission Club President.

**EEKS**



**TEACHING** L. A. girls to realize the wideness of their world and to explore life in new worlds is Father **Farr ell**.



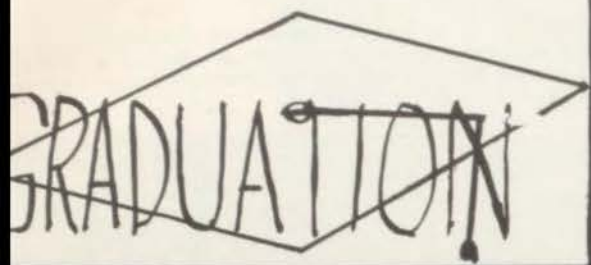
**FINKY CORNFLAKES** is just the thing to start your prom a little bit better, says Jan Edgenton. The junior class presented the prom skit, a Loretto version of Academy Awards, on April 18 to announce the prom queen 1963, Mary Ann Marlowe, and her attendants Linda Cloud and Alice Gunter. Of course, commercials have become as much an American institution as baseball, and Academy Awards had its share.



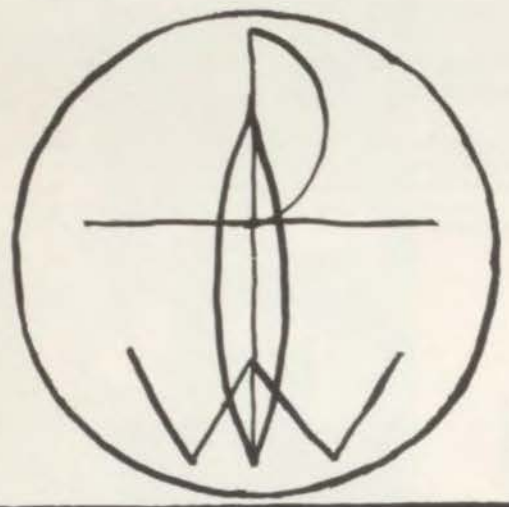
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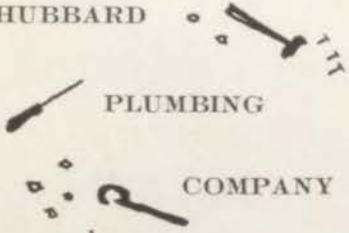

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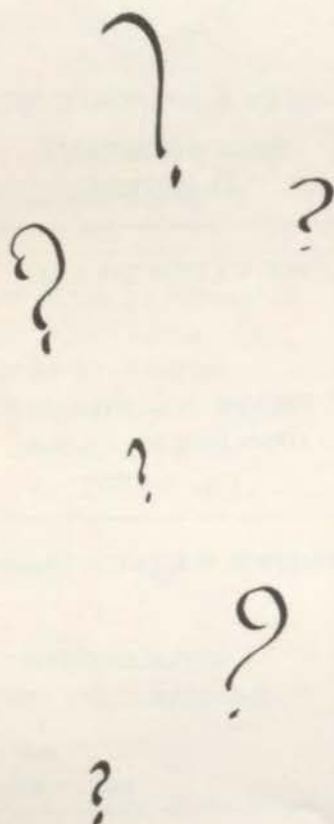
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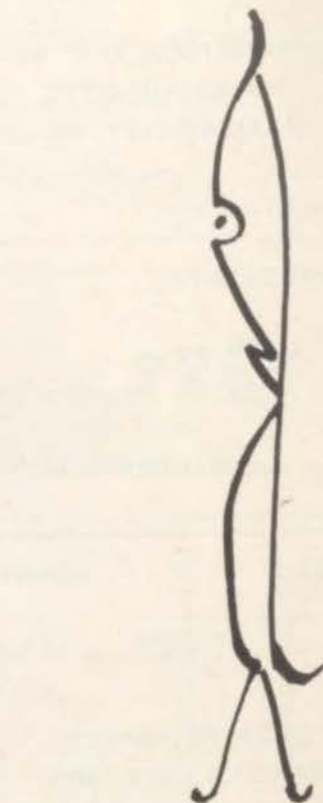
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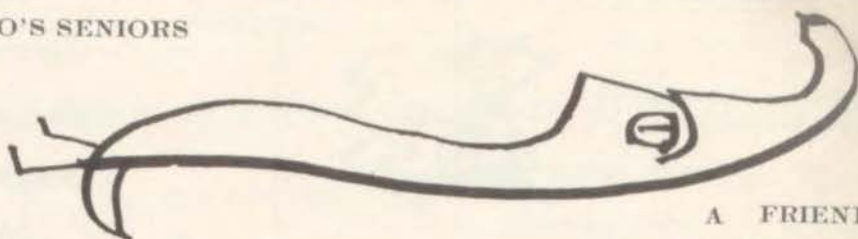
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FA. 3-4584



BEST WISHES TO LORETTO'S SENIORS  
FROM



A FRIEND

MR. WATKINS  
4700 BROADWAY  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

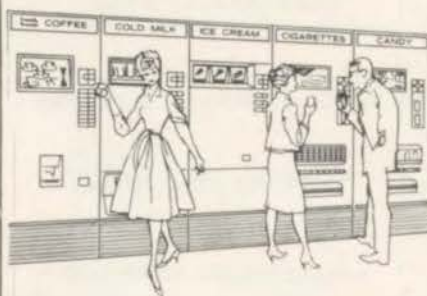
Zephyr  
Ventilated  
Awning  
Company  
2109  
METROPOLITAN AVE.  
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS  
DR. 1-2621

SUTTLE'S TAVERN  
1515 WESTPORT ROAD  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI  
AL SUTTLE JOHN CASSIDY

ELLFELDT MACHINERY  
AND  
SUPPLY COMPANY  
1801 MCGEE  
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HEALY MASTER CLEANERS  
3339 TROOST  
4417 TROOST  
KANSAS CITY,  
MISSOURI

**Vendo**



*the cafeteria*

*that runs itself!*

**THE VENDO  
COMPANY**

7400 EAST 12th STREET

KANSAS CITY 26, MISSOURI


CONROY COFFEE COMPANY  
IMPORTERS—ROASTERS—  
PACKERS COFFEE—TEA  
1529 LAKE  
KE. 2-0514

COMPLIMENTS  
FROM  
MIDWEST  
FASHION



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3700 MAIN  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

ALADDIN  
BEAUTY  
COLLEGE  
6040 TROOST  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

WARNER'S MARKET  
3904 WADDELL  
LO. 1-2929  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

<p>SITES BROS. USED CARS</p> <p>4901 TROOST</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI</p>	 <p>A FRIEND</p>	<p>BUILDER'S BLOCK</p> <p>1815 PROSPECT</p> <p>CH. 1-5197</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MO.</p>
<p>BIGGER JIGGER</p> <p>(NO. 3)</p> <p>72ND AND TROOST</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MO.</p>	<p>HILL</p> <p>BROS.</p> <p>SHOE</p> <p>CO</p> <p>1306 WEST 39TH STREET</p> <p>KANSAS</p> <p>CITY,</p> <p>MISSOURI</p> <p>"HEAD FOR THE HILLS"</p>	
<p>TEBBE'S SERVICE</p> <p>3737 E. 31ST</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MO.</p>		
<p>SIMPLEX</p> <p>MOTOR PARTS CO.</p> <p>2562 HOLMES</p> <p>KANSAS CITY 8, MO.</p>		
<p><i>Ru-Be-Doo Beauty Salon</i></p> <p>1106 1/2 E. ARMOUR</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MO.</p>		
<p>COMPLIMENTS OF</p> <p>LORETTO ACADEMY SODALITY</p>	<p>R. E. ROSS</p> <p>4547 BELL</p> <p>LO. 1-5-24</p>	<p>FOOD BAZAAR INC.</p> <p>803 EAST 27TH ST.</p> <p>KANSAS CITY, MO.</p>



<p>WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS FOR GOODYEAR TIRES</p> <p>BLAKMER'S INC. 100 SOUTH 10TH STREET KANSAS CITY, KANSAS</p>	<p>GREETINGS</p>  <p>FROM</p> <p>GAYLE</p> <p>(A.C.S.S.)</p>	<p>RAINBOW BEAUTY SALON 4125 RAINBOW TA 2-7921 PLENTY OF PARKING AIR-CONDITIONED EXPERT SERVICE TINTING AND BLEACHING</p>
<p>ALEXANDER DANCE STUDIOS</p> <p>SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING</p> <p>3945 MAIN PL. 3-3466</p>		<p>COMPLIMENTS</p> <p>OF</p> <p>A.C.S.S.</p>
<p>COMPLIMENTS</p> <p>OF</p> <p>DOCTOR'S CLINIC</p>	<p>THE BEAUTY DOOR</p> <p>BEAUTY SERVICE</p> <p>SALON</p> <p>5002 MAIN WE 1-5193.</p> <p>MR. NEAL FALER</p>	<p>K. &amp; B.</p> <p>BUSINESS MACHINE I. B. MUDER NI 2-2639</p> <p>SERVICE IN ALL BUSINESS MACHINES</p>
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