

The Belles

OF SAINT MARY'S

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Saint Mary's School

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"TOADSTOOLS AFTER RAIN"

Michael Evans, member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, sat dejectedly in the cabin of the British convoy ship. The diplomatic mask which he usually wore had slipped away and his expression was that of a tired and defeated man.

Hours before a blackout had been called, and as intense darkness surrounded him, he thought in rapid succession of the events which were forcing him to seek safety in the deep grey-black of the night. Misfortunes had cropped up about him like toadstools after rain. He mused on that thought, "toadstools after rain." The rain was the war, the absolute shattering of an infinitely humane idea which had tried to break through the age-old hatreds of conflicting governments. The war, in only two short months, had cruelly destroyed all his security, all his hope. The hotel in which he had been staying had been placed under martial law. Some of his papers had been confiscated, laughed at, destroyed. London—Berlin—Paris—Moscow—he had seen them all in their strife—was there no end to grief?

He considered the futility of his mission to America, of this one last attempt of the League to reach an international agreement concerning maritime laws, which were to be observed until the cessation of hostilities. The League was as defeated as if she had already hung a "for rent" sign on the door of the Peace Palace and forever slipped away from the quiet beauty of Geneva.

It would be good for his morale to return for a few days to a country where man could celebrate Thanksgiving by being thankful for simple things such as food, clothing, yes—and even life itself.

He suddenly remembered and thought it appropriate that there was no Thanksgiving in Europe. With internal strife between political factions there would be little to be thankful for. Men were separated from their families; blackouts such as this occurred nightly; food was already being rationed; children had been evacuated; and people worked night and day turning out munitions, while others scurried to bomb-proof shelters as shrieking sirens sounded their alarm.

Suddenly, as the boat listed to the left, he was thrown against the wall. He steadied himself and listened to the bedlam that had broken loose on the upper decks. He stumbled toward the door and as he stepped into the passageway, a white-faced steward directed him to his lifeboat and told him that an American battleship was to starboard. He laboriously made his way up the ladder and along the deck to the lifeboat station.

Some of the passengers had thrown caution to the winds and were not seeking the safety of their lifeboats, but were plunging into the sea. Others about him were running about crying out for friends and members of their families. As he stood there watching them, he felt devoid of all emotion or fear and was astounded at his lack of reaction to the disaster. He did not think of it as a disaster, but rather how his death might upset Mrs. Evans' Thanksgiving plans.

He was seated almost alone in the dining-room of the American battleship, sunken into the stupor which follows extreme shock. The officers of the ship were discussing the rescue.

He heard the captain say, "Well, now that we are all heroes, I suppose that we can look forward to Thanksgiving, and perhaps an extended leave."

He could not believe that people could be so callous as to dismiss death so lightly and as he again reviewed the disaster, one phrase of his rambling thoughts ran constantly through his mind ". . . and in the bosomy sea the bodies of the dead shall rise like toadstools after rain . . ."

Thanksgiving?

A CHILD'S QUERIES

Mummy, why are you crying?
What makes the tears all come?
Have I been mean to you, Mummy?
Or done something I shouldn't have done?

And Mummy, why did Daddy
Come home in a suit of gray
Today before noon—Oh, Mummy!
What makes you cry that way?

And Mummy, who was the man
With the sword hung at his side,
Who came tonight and took Daddy?
He said they were going to ride.

Why didn't you want him to go, Mummy?
They were only going to War.
Oh, Mummy, where is that place—
And what were they going for?

Why did he go to War, Mummy?
Was there somebody there to see?
That man said the President called them—
Then why wouldn't they take me?

Someday when I grow up, Mummy,
Can I wear a suit of gray?
And go to War like Daddy?
Oh, Mummy! Don't cry that way!
—DODSON.

MUSIC NOTES

Mr. William H. Jones presented a half-hour of beautiful organ music on Sunday afternoon last. The program was as follows:

"Chorale in B minor".....Cesar Franck
"Elves".....Bonnet
"Andante from the String Quartet".....Debussy
"Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor".....Bach

This was followed by choral evensong, during which the choir sang two anthems with violin obligato by Mr. Herbert Bird, the new violin instructor. Annie Hyman Bunn sang the solo part in one of the anthems.

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There was a Thanksgiving Service on Wednesday morning, November 29. The choir sang Kipling's Recessional. Cordelia Jones sang the solo part.

* * *

Miss Horn, accompanied by Miss Scott, gave a recital Saturday, November 18, at Pullen Memorial Hall, State College. Her four numbers were:

"Sometimes".....Walters
"When I Bring You Colored Toys".....Carpenter
"The Spirit Flower".....Campbell-Tipton
"One Fine Day" (from Madame Butterfly),
Puccini

She followed with "Take Joy Home" by Bassett as her encore.

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Miss Horn presented some of her pupils in a voice recital Sunday afternoon, November 26, in her studio. The following girls sang: Mary Swan Dodson, Cordelia Jones, Martha Frances Armstrong, Betty Hill, Annie Hyman Bunn, Jeanette Hood, Katherine Gould, Katherine Fleming, Norma Large.

They were accompanied by Miss Haig and Mr. Jones.

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Miss Horn will sing Sunday night at the Hayes-Barton Methodist Church. Her selections will be:

"O Divine Redeemer".....Gounod
"Ignus Die".....Bizet

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On Friday, December 1, Miss Horn, Miss Scott, and Mr. Bird will give a Benefit Concert at the Carolina Hotel.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

With autumn in the air and winter waiting just out of sight, our thoughts naturally dwell on Thanksgiving. This year, although Thanksgiving comes late, there are just enough colorful leaves on the trees and just enough of the atmosphere of fall to give the holiday season its traditional color. For us at Saint Mary's, Thanksgiving is indeed a day to be grateful. There are dozens and dozens of reasons for this. *The Belles* is not going to attempt to list these reasons, however, but *The Belles* is going to wish that each and every one of us may have things to be thankful for this year and may be truly thankful for them.

THE RULE OF WINTER

Once, according to myth, "spring reigned perpetual." Throughout the year flowers cupped their ears to hear the music of the joyous birds, and the sky ever filled the waters with its blue. Youth, freshness, quivering life filled the limbs of small animals, blossomed in the beauty of buds, warmed the vines of the trees and made tender their bright foliage. So it was until one fateful day when Proserpine, graceful daughter of Ceres (Mother-earth), picked lilies and violets with her maiden companions, gathering them in her hair, and delighting in their loveliness. Such a pleasing picture did she make, this child of nature, that seeing her, Pluto, the king of the underworld, loved her at sight and carried her off to be his.

Mother Ceres was stricken with grief. Bewailing her daughter, she wandered throughout the land in hopeless search. Then once, standing by the River Cyane, she saw the girle which Proserpine had let fall in her flight. And not knowing that the river goddess had proffered it to assist in the search, Ceres blamed the earth for the loss of her daughter. "Ungrateful soil," she cried, "which I have endowed with fertility and clothed with herbage and nourishing grain, no more shall you enjoy my favors." And grain failed to grow; the herds of splendid cattle died; the land was wrecked with ruin.

But at last Ceres learned that her daughter had become queen in the kingdom of the dead. With Jupiter's help, she reached a compromise with Pluto. Proserpine was to spend half her time with her mother and half with her husband. And so it is that we have winter and summer, for when she leaves earth to return beneath it, she takes summer with her into the land of the dead and winter rules in its place.

Now as November chill roves toward the wintriness of December, we know that Pluto has again claimed Proserpine for his own, that she will be with him for the space of half her year; and we wonder how she fares below the earth as she leaves us winter above it.