

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Wherever there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Christmas

Christ, Christ, is born today!
Holy be thy holiday.
Rise betimes, and haste away,
In thy church to kneel and pray,
Surely from thine heart to say:
Thou, O Lord, will I obey.

Many poor around there be—
Alms give thou, and sympathy,
So God's blessing 'light on thee.

—Lady Lindsay

The Holly Bears The Crown

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown:

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour

The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy
When they are both full grown
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

The rising of the sun
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

A Christmas Antiphone

Thou whose birth on earth
Angels sang to men,
While Thy stars made mirth,
Saviour, at Thy birth,
This day born again.

Thou whose face gives grace
As the sun's doth heat,
Let Thy sunbright face
Lighten time and space
Here beneath Thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid oppressions cease,
Bid the night be peace,
Bid the day be born.
—Swinburne

A Yule-Tide Song

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear
Let us make them good cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather.
—Anonymous

The Holly Berry

Then drink to the holly berry,
With hey down, hey down derry;
The mistletoe we'll pledge also,
And at Christmas all be merry.
—Thomas Miller

Make Me Merry

Make me merry both more and less,
For now is the time of Christmas!

Let no man come into this hall,
Groom, page, nor yet marshall,
But that some sport he bring withal!
For now is the time of Christmas!

If that he say he cannot sing,
Some other sport then let him bring!
That it may please at this feasting!
For now is the time of Christmas!

If he say he can naught do,
Then for my love ask him no mo!
But to the stocks then let him go!
For now is the time of Christmas!
—Balliol MS. of about 1540

Ho Ho!

Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pule;
Crack nuts and cry Ule!
—Old Rhyme

Get Ivy And Holly

Get Ivy and Holly and deck up thine house,
And take this same brawn to see the and to
Provide us good cheer, for thou know'st the
Old customs, that good be, let no man despise.

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with
the small.
Yea, all the year long, to the poor let us give:
God's blessing to follow us, while we do live.
—Thomas Tusser

Old England

At Ewle we wonten gambole, daunce,
To carrole, and to sing,
To have gude spiced stewe, and roste,
And plum-pies for a king.
—Albion's England

December

From "The Months"
Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I,
My short days end, my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky
When all is sun within?

(December begins making a wreath as he sings)

Ivy and privet, dark as night,
I weave with hips and haws a cheerful show,
And holly for a beauty and delight,
And milky mistletoe.

While high above them all I set
Yew twigs and Christmas roses pure and pale;
Then Spring her snowdrop and her violet
May keep, so sweet and frail;

May keep each merry singing bird,
Of all her happy birds that singing build;
For I've a carol which some shepherds heard
Once in a wintry field.
—Christina G. Rossetti



THE YOUNG FOLKS SING AND DANCE IN HALL AND OLD FOLKS, TOO, MAKE MERRY ALL—'TIS CHRISTMAS DAY!

The Cultivation Of Christmas Trees

There are several attitudes towards Christmas, some of which we may disregard; The social, the torpid, the patently commercial, The rowdy, (the pubs being open till midnight), And the childish—which is not that of the child For whom the candle is a star, and the gilded angel Spreading its wings at the summit of the tree Is not only a decoration but an angel. The child wonders at the Christmas Tree: Let him continue in the spirit of wonder At the Feast as an event not accepted as a pretext; So that the glittering rapture, the amazement Of the first-remembered Christmas Tree, So that the surprises, delight in new possessions (Each one with its peculiar and exciting smell), The expectation of the goose or turkey And the expected awe on its appearance, So that the reverence and gaiety May not be forgotten in later experience, In the bored habituation, the fatigue, the tedium, The awareness of death, the consciousness of failure, Or in the piety of the convert Which may be tainted with a self-conceit Displeasing to God and disrespectful to the children (And here I remember also with gratitude St. Lucy, her carol, and her crown of fir): So that before the end, the eightieth Christmas, (By "eightieth" meaning whichever is the last) The accumulated memories of annual emotion May be concentrated into a great joy Which shall be, also, a great fear as on the occasion When fear came upon every soul: Because the beginning shall remind us of the end And the first coming, of the second coming. —T. S. Eliot

Light In The Darkness

The Wise Men who came to Bethlehem from the East a long, long time ago, probably passing across what is now Jordan and around the northern end of the Dead Sea, were guided by a star. This star, as St. Matthew says, "went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." St. Luke tells the story of Shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks by night," and how the glory of the Lord shone round about them. A star, a glory in the night sky—it was by light in darkness that the coming of the Man of Nazareth was made known. This happened in a past so far that it is hard to imagine it. Who can believe in the coming and going of sixty generations? But last night, and today, bells are rung and candles are still, today, being lit all around the world because of it. Candles and bells—these, more than gifts and trees, are the symbols of Christmas. For the bells are a kind of light turned into musical sound, and light is a kind of music, seen instead of heard. There have been many periods of darkness during the centuries since the Wise Men came to Bethlehem. But in the darkness men long for light, and over all the years they have searched for their own evil impulses and yet fight against them and seeks a lighted path away from them. There are two kinds of light. There is the light of understanding, the light of the mind. Over all the centuries, even before the Christian era, men have yearned to know the cause of things. The best and wisest of them have found it impossible to think of a human being's passage through this world as meaningless. There is an old story of a Saxon thane, rising at the year's end festival as a bird flew through the empty upper spaces of the drafty hall in which the feast was held. "Such," he said, "is human life. We pass from one darkness into another." The darkness does not satisfy. We look for a glow in the sky. We look for stars. It is no accident that the Christian religion and other faiths came out of the deserts of Arabia, where even the nights were blessed with a multitude of flaming points of light in the sky. Thus men have sought to understand. We know that we can continue to hope because over all the centuries, in spite of old and tragic disappointments, hope has not died out of the hearts of men. In spite of all, the sense of brotherhood cannot die. We may have faith that it will not die. Generation after generation of men have fought their own fight for the good and true, saying, as they emerged out of their particular blackness, the words of Job: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." We, too, can have faith that in spite of hatred among men and talk of war there will be light in our darkness. Faith is a star that never sets. It is a candle that no hurricane, made by nature or by man, can snuff out. —By R. L. DUFFUS N. Y. Times

The Public Speaking

Difference in 'Optician,' 'Optometrist' Explained

To The Editor:
In a recent issue, you reported that a local optometrist had spoken to the Rotary Club, on the subject of contact lenses. In order to dispel any confusion which may exist, in the minds of your readers, as to the nature of the services offered by those in the field of eye care, I offer the following explanation.

An optometrist, in order to take the state board examination, must be a graduate of an accredited college, which has a five year course of study. If he passes the board successfully, he is then licensed to examine eyes and to prescribe lenses. In most cases, the optometrist will fit the frame to the face and provide the finished glasses.

The optician, who spoke to the Rotary Club, is a member of a craft or guild, whose vocation is the grinding of lenses, the manufacture of frames, and the dispensing of optical products. No formal education is essential in the requirements for the state board examination which the opticians established several years ago.

DR. D. W. WHITEHEAD
Optometrist

Southern Pines

Lack of Competition For Blue Knights Questioned

To the Editor:
We have read with interest the article on the front page of your issue of November 29 announcing that the Blue Knights of Southern Pines will go to 11-man football next year. We are truly sorry to see them leave the six-man field and wish them much luck in their new conference.

It is probably presumptuous for us to question anything from the intellectual center of the county, but we cannot help but wonder who wrote the article for you which proceeds to state that the reason the Blue Knights are leaving the six-man field is lack of competition and we quote—"At present, Southern Pines is considered by far the top team in the loosely knit six-man league in this area, even though they lost to Aberdeen last week for the State championship."

Only in 1955 were they in any way superior to Aberdeen. In 1954 they were handed the game on a silver platter in the last four seconds. Their margin in that game, 4 points.

In October 1956, they won by two points—14-12, representing a kicked goal after touchdown. First downs in that game were Southern Pines two, Aberdeen 12.

In the championship game Thanksgiving night the score was Aberdeen 15, Southern Pines 6, and that game is well covered by your reporter on page 11 of the same issue, November 29.

Who are they trying to kid when they say "Southern Pines is considered by far the top team" or, we might say, who is doing the considering?

If the Blue Knights should, in the years ahead, decide to return to the six-man fold we can assure you they will find the country boys at Aberdeen still have a team in the field who can play a little ball.

Yours for good sportsmanship,
W. L. BATCHELOR
Aberdeen Boosters Club

WITHIN THYSELF

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born
And not within thyself,
Thy soul will be forlorn.
—Angelus Silesius

The PILOT

Published Every Thursday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated
Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

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C. Benedict Associate Editor
Vance Derby News Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Bessie Cameron Smith Society

Composing Room
Lochamy McLean, Dixie B. Ray,
Michael Valen, Jasper Swearingen
Thomas Mattocks.

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$4. 6 mos. \$2; 3 mos. \$1

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Assn and N. C. Press Assn.