

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.

Poems for Spring

FAIR EASTER

Thou hallowed chosen morn of praise,
That best and greatest shinest:
Fair Easter, queen of all the days,
Of seasons best, divinest!
Christ rose from death and we adore
For ever and for evermore.

Come, let us taste the vine's new fruit,
For heavenly joy preparing;
Today the branches with the root
In resurrection sharing:
Whom as true God our hymns adore
For ever and for evermore.

—ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS
(Eighth Century)

NO MORE A-ROVING

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword wears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

—BYRON

TRAVELER'S REPORT

There was a country of straight sun,
And no shadow . . . The men there
Had clear eyes and a hard wit,
And what the men did there was done
With such an unambiguous air
There could be no two ways of it.

Came there a traveler with a word
Like "sorrow" or "color," a new sound,
A gracious sound upon the breath:
The children were the first that heard,
But soon the tale got well around;
"The stranger saith, the stranger saith . . ."
The traveler was put to death.

I wakened to the slanting sun
And shadow on my colored land,
And sorrow near, the constant one,
Her hand familiar in my hand . . .
I have no further journeys planned.

—DAVID MORTON

NEVER AT ALL

Stephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Stephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts like night and day.

—SARA TEASDALE

I THINK CONTINUALLY

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit, clothed from head to foot in song.
And who hoarded from the spring branches
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious, is never to forget
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs,
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth,
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light,
Nor its grave evening demand for love.
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and fog, the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields,
See how these names are feted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center.
Born of the sun, they travelled a short while toward the sun
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

—STEPHEN SPENDER

IN MY OWN SHIRE

In my own shire, if I was sad,
Homely comforters I had:
The earth, because my heart was sore,
Sorrowed for the son she bore;
And standing hills, long to remain,
Shared their comrade's short-lived pain.
And, bound for the same bourne as I,
On every road I wandered by,
Trode beside me, close and dear,
The beautiful and death-struck year.

—A. E. HOUSMAN

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your numbers than your light,
You common people of the skies,
Where are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
Where are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

—SIR HENRY WOOTEN

BEYOND THIS MEASURE

Bear with me: I say that love
Must live beyond this measure of
The light we call Today, and be
A force within eternity.

And it would seem, those stars in space
Are also worlds that each must face
Not only till this night is gone,
But from now on.

That any truth the heart would know,
Beyond this measured time of snow,
Is really tangible as touch,
And means as much.

—MARIO SPERACIO

THE CHERRY

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands above the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

—A. E. HOUSMAN

Welcome, Happy Morning!

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!
Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true creator, all his works adore!

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight.
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
—Sixth Century Hymn

'Like A Friend..'

There is a stanza in Robert Frost's poem "Two Tramps in Mud Time" that describes an April moment when air and sky have a vernal feeling, but suddenly a cloud crosses the path of the sun and a bitter little wind finds you out and you are back in the middle of March. Everyone who has lived in the country knows that sort of moment—the promise of warmth, the raised hope, the ruthless rebuff.

There is another sort of day which needs celebrating in song—the day of days when spring at last holds up her face to be kissed, deliberate and unabashed. On that day no wind blows either in the hills or in the mind; no chill finds the bone.

We've just been through this magical moment—which was more than a moment and was a whole morning—and it lodges in the memory like some old romance, with the same subtlety of tone, the same enrichment of blood, and the enchantment and the might and the indescribable warmth. Even before breakfast I felt that the moment was at hand, for when I went out to the barn to investigate twins, I let the kitchen door stay open, lazily, instead of closing it behind me. This was a sign.

The lambs had nursed and the ewe was lying quiet. One lamb had settled itself on the mother's back and was a perfect miniature of the old one—they reminded me of a teapot we have, whose knob is a replica of the pot itself. The barn seemed warmer and sweeter than usual, but it was early in the day, and the hint of spring-burst was still only a hint, a suggestion, a nudge. The full impact wasn't felt until the sun had climbed higher. Then came, in a rush, the many small caresses which added up to the full embrace of warmth and life—a laziness and contentment in the behaviour of animals and people, a tendency of man and dog to sit down somewhere in the sun. In the driveway, a deep rut which for the past week had held three or four inches of water, and which had alternately frozen and thawed, showed clear indications of drying up.

On the window ledge in the dining-room the bare brown forsythia cuttings suddenly discovered the secret of yellow. The goose instead of coming off her nest and joining her loud companions, settled down on her eleven eggs, pulled some feathers from her breast, and resigned herself to the twenty-eight day grind.

When I went back through the kitchen I noticed that the air that had come in was not like an invader but like a friend who had stopped by for visit.

—E. B. WHITE

BEAUTY, HAVE PITY

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power.
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
Springtime of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling on the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd—
So from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty—wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

—JOHN MASEFIELD

PUTTING IN THE SEED

You come to fetch me from my work tonight
When supper's on the table, and we'll see
If I can leave off burying the white
Soft petals fallen from the apple tree
(Soft petals, yes, but not so barren quite,
Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled pea)
And go along with you ere you lose sight
Of what you came for and become like me,
Slave to a springtime passion for the earth.
How love burns through the Putting in the Seed
On through the watching for that early birth
When, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,
The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

—ROBERT FROST

Grains of Sand

Watch Your Step!

Sam Ragan, who gets out the Sunday column "Southern Accent" and performs a few odd jobs on the side, for the Raleigh News and Observer, (Oh, all right, he IS the managing editor, then) dangerously fans the flames of an ancient and honorable rivalry when, in this Sunday's column, he lists the home address of Glen Rounds as "Pinehurst."

The shudder that shook this community must have registered on seismographs all over this country. Not to mention behind the Iron Curtain. To lose a celebrity is bad enough, but for Southern Pines to lose him to Pinehurst is beyond description horrible.

Though there will always be a few here or over there, who, having seen the celebrity in question strolling down Broad Street, twirling his long red handlebars and tossing insults to all and sundry—regardless if it's the mayor, Roy Cameron, Adlai Stevenson, one of the Allen sisters from Biscoe or the head of a possible new industry, for heaven's sake, casing the town—there will always be a few citizens to shout Pinehurst-ward: "Brother, you can have him!" And likely a few more over there—golfers, Republicans, trotting-horse devotees, bridge fans—to shout back: "Thanks, pal; you can keep him!"

Dooming said Rounds to weary Flying Dutchman rounds of the new traffic circle for the next 500 years.
Can't let that happen. . . Please, Sam: Glen Rounds, whose good book, "Blind Colt," newly reprinted, you justly gave space to, is SOUTHERN PINES. And don't you forget it.

Playing It Safe?

The ladies of the White Hill Presbyterian Church are to be congratulated on their choice of one of their number to be awarded a Life Membership in their Women of the Church group.

After all, this is an important step, not to be taken lightly, and the White Hill women showed their good conservative judgment when they chose Mrs. Lillie Lawhon Harrington for this honor.

Mrs. Harrington, who has been a member of the church group since 1890, is 93 years old.

Sort of a Pogrom?

Recollections of old times were rife in the visiting that went on at the Alston House on Saturday. Here were gathered old-timers and new-timers and the stories stretched back into the misty distance.

Ralph Page, best all-round story teller that ever was, contributed a few.

It seems that, some time ago, one ex-politico, present Saturday, had pulled a goof when he was up at Raleigh that had gained delighted statewide acclaim.

Coming from the supposedly affluent Sandhills area, it was thought quite appropriate when he introduced a bill at the General Assembly proposing as the clerk read it, "an open season on peasants."

He didn't notice in time that his secretary had left out the H in "pheasants."

"Just Sign Here . . ."

And there was that time when a distinguished member of the Moore County Bar Association drew up a deed to some land the Boyd brothers were buying and left out all the "nots."

So that instead of agreeing not to: build piggins, dump garbage, set fires, break sanitary rulings, and so on, they were pledging themselves irrevocably to a whole slew of nefarious and loathsome acts.

And, hoping none of you get into such a fix, here's wishing you:

A HAPPY EASTER

The PILOT

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