

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.

An Easter Carol

Spring bursts today,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.
Flash forth, thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.
Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.
Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.
Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.
Uplift thy head,
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.
Beside your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.
All Herds and Flocks
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.
Sing, Creatures, sing,
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.
All notes of Doves
Fill all our world: this is the times of loves.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

'In No Strange Land'

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of these there?
Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.
The angels keep their ancient places,—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.
But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry:—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.
Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems,
And, lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames.

—FRANCIS THOMPSON

Blessing the Kindling

I will kindle my fire this morning
In presence of the holy angels of heaven,
In presence of Ariel of the loveliest form,
In presence of Uriel of the myriad charms,
Without malice, without jealousy, without
envy,
Without fear, without terror of any one
under the sun,
But the Holy Son of God to shield me.
God, kindle Thou in my heart, within,
A flame of love to my neighbor,
To my foe, to my friend, to my kindred all,
To the brave, to the knave, to the thrall,
O Son of the loveliest Mary,
From the lowliest thing that liveth,
To the Name that is highest of all.

—ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL
(From the Gaelic)

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—ROBERT HERRICK
(1591-1633)

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-calls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; a-dazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise Him.

—GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Spring's Welcome

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoo sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!

—JOHN LYL
(1553-1606)

With Beauty

Who walks with Beauty has no need of fear:
The sun and moon and stars keep pace
with him;
Invisible hands restore the ruined year,
And time itself grows beautifully dim.
One hill will keep the footprints of the moon
That came and went a hushed and secret hour;
One star at dusk will yield the lasting boon:
Remembered beauty's white, immortal flower.

Who takes of Beauty wine and daily bread,
Will know no lack when bitter years are lean;
The brimming cup is by, the feast is spread:
The sun and moon and stars his eyes have seen
Are for his hunger and the thirst he slakes:
The wine of Beauty and the bread he breaks.

—DAVID MORTON

Easter Wings

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.
My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Though didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day the victorie;
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

—GEORGE HERBERT
(1593-1633)

Blue-Butterfly Day

It is blue-butterfly day here in spring,
And with these sky-flakes down in flurry on
flurry
There is more unmixed color on the wing
Than flowers will show for days unless they
hurry.
But these are flowers that fly and all but
sing;
And now from having ridden out desire
They lie closed over in the wind and cling
Where wheels have freshly sliced the April
mire.

—ROBERT FROST



(Springtime scene at Clarendon Gardens, Pinehurst)

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE ITSELF

It's Important to Wonder

(Two excerpts from "Come Rain, Come Shine" by John Moore)

If you have any children between five and eight, you should never omit from your seedman's order at least one packet each of mustard and watercress.

You should then, in February for preference, provide each of the children with a saucer and a small square of flannel. . . The flannel should be laid in the saucers and allowed to soak up as much warm water as it will. The seed should be sprinkled on the flannel, the cress first, the mustard two days later, because the cress takes a little longer to germinate. In due course a sort of grey fluff will appear upon the seeds. Then they will 'chit'—a tiny shoot sprouting from each. Within a few days there will be green leaves, lengthening stalks. A week later, if your room is a warm one, the children can eat mustard-and-cress sandwiches.

Possibly the mustard and cress won't be so good as it would be if you grew it in earth, in a box or pan; but it'll taste fine to the children. The presence of soil would detract from the miracle; even five-year-olds expect things to grow in the earth. With the flannel only, they can get a better view of the sprouts lengthening and the little fibrous roots forming.

How does the stuff grow without any "food"? I suppose it has stored up enough food within the seed to last it at any rate for a fortnight. But that's not the miracle. The miracle is germination: life itself.

Now, although your children watch television, read about spaceships and so on without showing the least surprise that these concepts should be, it is nevertheless important that they should know Wonder. If they can experience Wonder when they watch the seeds growing, there's no great harm in their accepting television as an everyday happening. You will probably find it impossible to teach them the wonder of television, for that belongs to your generation and mine. But unless they can know some Wonder they will lack humility; and the eternal, unchanging, ever-present Wonder is this mystery of Life.

It is the completely fundamen-

FOR SPRING

This page today, as in several past years, is given over to Spring and to the Easter season—a time of year that in the Sandhills provides natural charm and beauty in abundance.

Both the message of Easter—the inspiration of the Resurrection—and the recurring rejuvenation of the Spring have evoked from men and women, now and in past centuries, a deep emotional response, expressed in all the arts, but with peculiar effectiveness, it seems to us, in poetry. So again we reach back in time for some of our comments on the eternal miracles of Christian sacrifice and the awakening earth.

tal mystery. That man's ingenuity should harness electricity, invent the internal combustion engine, build airplanes to fly at 700 m.p.h., and ultimately drive rockets to the stars, is not particularly wonderful once you have accepted the inventiveness and the questing spirit of man. But the wonder is that men exist; and still more that some five hundred million years ago a fusion or combination or creation of matter (have it which way you like) produced by accident or design a tiny cell which grew—which grew as the mustard and cress grows, and proliferated, and, as it adapted itself to changing conditions, itself changed, sprouted organs, legs, eyes, shells, intestines, lungs, tails—giving birth in time to an infinite variety of living creatures "multiplex of wing and eye," which by a process of adaptation and inter-necine warfare, living upon each other, resulted ultimately in fishes, great lizards, birds, mammals, apes, ourselves.

All this from the germ; and although we can transmit sound and pictures by a kind of magic great distances, although we can transport ourselves from London

to New York in a few hours, although we can set off a process of nuclear fission, or fusion, by which it may be possible to destroy all life upon the earth, WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT LIFE IS.

That's why I recommend the mustard and cress as an introduction to humility; without which your children will grow up into the kind of adults you would not wish to contemplate. If they wonder when the seed sprouts, it's enough; for this is the wonder that makes all else commonplace. It even makes the existence of Martians and Venusians a matter for no surprise. After all, if the process started here, it probably started there; too; but the climatic conditions being so different, the living organisms probably had to be different in order to adapt themselves to it.

And so if a little green man with antennae like a butterfly's or a thinking vegetable, a Triffid, appears one morning at my back door, I shall not be really astonished. Why should I be? I experienced the true astonishment forty years ago, when I grew the mustard and cress on the flannel.

'Cuckoo Birds of Golden Hue'

We used to call the wild daffodils Affies, and we bicycled across the Severn into the red-stone country where they grew and came back with huge bunches which we hawked round the neighbors at a few pence for a sticky double-handful. The gypsies, who were on the move from their winter-quarters, did likewise but sold smaller bunches at a higher price.

When the March wind flutters the daffodils, they seem to come alive, and you might almost suppose them to be winged things, anchored only by their fragile stems to the ground. How stolid

by comparison are the marsh marigolds (which we called king-cups and which were Shakespeare's "cuckoo-buds of golden hue"). They have a pleasing bux-omness, and look aggressively healthy, like farmers' daughters in old prints. What pale waifs beside them are the wood anemones, the delicate windflowers, of which Gerard, the herbalist, wrote so sweetly:

"It hath small leaves very much snipt or jagged, among which rises up a stalk bare or naked almost to the top; and at the top of the stalk cometh forth a faire and beautiful floure which never doth open itself but when the wind do blow."

That Sharp Knife

Yes, and in that month when Proserpine comes back and Ceres's dead heart rekindles, when all the woods are a tender, smoky blur, and birds no bigger than a budding leaf dart through the singing trees, and when an odorous tar comes spongy in the streets, and boys roll balls of it upon their tongues, and they are lumpy with tops and agate marbles; and there is blasting thunder in the night, and the soaking million-footed rain, and one looks out at morning on a stormy sky, a broken wrack of cloud; and when the mountain boy brings water to his kinsmen laying fence, and as the wind snakes through the grasses hears far in the valley below the long wail of the whistle and the faint clangor of a bell; and the blue great cup of the hills seems closer, nearer, for he has heard an inarticulate promise: he has been pierced by Spring, that sharp knife.

And life unseals its rusty weathered pelt and earth wells out in tender exhaustless strength, and the cup of a man's heart runs over with dateless expectancy, tongueless promise, indefinable desire. Something gathers in the throat, something blinds him in the eyes, and faint and valorous horns sound through the earth.

And little girls trot pigtailed primly on their dutiful way to school; but the young gods loiter: they hear the reed, the oaten stop, the running goathoofs in the spongy wood, here, there, everywhere; they dawdle, listen, fletest when they wait, go vaguely on to their one fixed home, because the earth is full of ancient rumor and they cannot find the way.

—THOMAS WOLFE

Grains of Sand

MATINS

Pack, clouds, away; And welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,
Bird, prune thy wing!
Nightingale, sing!
To give my love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow!
—HEYWOOD

NOT FOR SPECIALISTS

The green catalpa tree has turned
All white; the cherry blooms
once more.
In one whole year I haven't
learned
A blessed thing they pay you
for. . .
Though trees turn bare and girls
turn wives,
We shall afford our costly sea-
sons;
There is a gentleness survives
That will outspoke and has its
reasons.
There is a loveliness exists,
Preserves us. Not for specialists.
—W. D. SNODGRASS

PITY ME NOT

Pity me not because the light of
day
At close of day no longer walks
the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed
away
From field and thicket as the
year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the
moon
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out
to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hush-
ed so soon
And you no longer look with
love on me.
This have I known always: Love
is no more
Than the wild blossom which
the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads
the shifting shore
Strewing fresh wreckage gather-
ed in the gales.
Pity me that the heart is slow to
learn
What the swift mind beholds at
every turn.
—MILLAY

BY SANDY WATERS

Much have I roved by Sandy
River
Among the spring - bloomed
thyme,
Where love and life go on for-
ever
And where I've spun my rhyme
Much have I loved by Sandy
River
Girls with the light brown hair;
I thought love would go on for-
ever,
Spring be forever fair.
The spring for mountains goes
forever
But not for us who fade
In love and life by Sandy River
Before our dreams are made . . .
Before our dust goes back forever
To mountain earth we've known;
Before the sweet thyme blossoms
hither
Among the gray sandstone.
I pray the music from this river
Will sing for them and me;
Will sing for us, for us forever
In our eternity.
—JESSE STUART
(“Kentucky is My Land”)

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