

# 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.

## A Prayer for Christmas

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. And where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

This prayer was written more than 700 years ago by ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

## Good Christian Men, Rejoice!

Good Christian men, rejoice with heart, and soul, and voice; Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born today: Ox and ass before Him bow, He is in the manger now. Christ is born today! Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice with heart, and soul, and voice; Tidings hear of fullest bliss: Jesus Christ is born for this: Unto you both way and door—life and light for evermore. Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice with heart, and soul, and voice; Lo, the message which ye crave: Jesus Christ was born to save. Born to bring to men good will, fainting hearts with hope to fill. Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Translation by JOHN M. NEALE, 1853

## The Messenger

What tidings bringest thou, messenger, Of Christ's birth this New Year's day?

A babe is born of high nature, Is Prince of peace and ever shall be; Of heaven and earth He hath the cure, His lordship is eternity. Such wonder tidings ye may hear. What tidings bringest thou, messenger? That man is made now God's fere, Whom sin had made but fiends' prey.

A seemly sight it is to see: The byrd that hath this babe y-born Conceived a lord of high degree, And maiden as she was before. Such wonder tidings ye may hear. What tidings bringest thou, messenger? That maid and mother is one y-fere And always lady of high array.

This maid began to greet her child, And said: Hail, Son, hail, Father dear! He said: Hail, Mother, hail, Maiden mild! This greeting was in quaint manner. Such wonder tidings ye may hear. What tidings bringest thou, messenger? Their greeting was in such manner, It turned man's pain to play. A wonder thing is now befall: That Lord that formed star and sun, Heaven and earth and angels all, Now in mankind is begun. Such wonder tidings ye may hear. What tidings bringest thou, messenger? A babe that is not of one year Ever hath y-be and shall be ay.

—Old English

## Shy Hearts

Tonight when the hoar frost falls on the wood, And the rabbit cowers, and the squirrel is cold, And the horned owl huddles against a star, And the drifts are deep, and the year is old, All shy creatures will think of Him. The shivering mouse, the hare, the wild young fox, The doe with the startled fawn, Will dream of gentleness and a Child:

The buck with budding horns will turn His starry eyes to a silver hill tonight, The chipmunk will awake and stir And leave his burrow for the chill, dark mid-night, And all timid things will pause and sigh, and sighing, bless That Child who loves the trembling hearts, The shy hearts of the wilderness.

—FRANCES FROST

## Bid The Day

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

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

—A. C. SWINBURNE

## O Give Us Love

How shall we love thee, holy hidden being, If we love not the world which thou hast made?

O give us brother-love for better seeing Thy word made flesh and in a manger laid; Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

—A. E. HOUSMAN

## What Sweeter Music?

What sweeter music can we bring Than a carol for to sing The birth of this our heavenly King? Awake the voice! awake the string! Heart, ear, and eye, and everything. Awake! the while the active finger Runs division with the singer.

Dark and dull night, fly hence away, And give the honor to this day That sees December turned to May.

If we ask the reason, say The why and wherefore all things here Seem like the springtime of the year.

Why does the chilling winter morn Smile like a field beset with corn, Or smell like to a mead new shorn, Thus on a sudden? Come and see The cause why things thus fragrant be: 'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth Gives life and luster, public mirth To heaven, and the under earth.

We see Him come, and know Him ours, Who with His sunshine and His showers Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

The Darling of the world is come, And fit it is we find a room To welcome Him. The nobler part Of all the house here is the heart, Which we will give Him, and bequeath This holly and this ivy wreath, To do Him honor, who's our King, And Lord of all this revelling.

—ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

## Proface!

Proface, welcome, welcome! This time is borne a child of grace, That for us mankind hath take, Proface!

A king's son and an emperor Is come out of a maiden's tower, With us to dwell with great honor, Proface!

This holy time of Christmas All sorrow and sin we should release, And cast away all heaviness, Proface!

This good lord of this place entire Saith welcome to all that now appear, Unto such fare as ye find here, And look ye all be of good cheer, Our Lord God be at our dinner! Proface!

Proface—an expression of good will derived from the old French "bon pour vous fesse" (may it do you good).



## SPEAKING STILL—ACROSS THE CENTURIES

Through nearly five centuries come these two expressions of one of the wonderful meanings of Christmas—the tender relationship of mother and child. The painting, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is "The Madonna and Child" by Vincenzo Foppa, Milanese of the 15th and early 16th centuries: those same years in which the "Coventry Carol" originated and was sung in England. Each, in its way, speaks to us as clearly now as when it was created—enduring tributes to the significance of Christmas.

## Lullay

Lullay, my child, and weep no more; Sleep and be now still. The King of bliss Thy Father is, And thus it is His will.

## The Candle In The Darkness

The late William T. Polk, longtime editor of The Greensboro Daily News and eloquent interpreter of the North Carolina scene, captured much of the magic of Christmas in seven short paragraphs. They first appeared in The Pilot on a Christmas editorial page eight years ago:

**CHRISTMAS** is the star on top of the tree. It is a carol in the night it is the gift of a cloak when a coat was asked.

It is gold, frankincense and myrrh to the needy, the humble and the sorrowing.

It is a present of Truth wrapped in Beauty. It is "good tidings of great joy" to a wicked, weary and incredulous world.

**CHRISTMAS** is a stocking hung with Faith and filled by Love. It is homecoming, the orange glow of an open door on the blue snow shadow with well-remembered faces in the background.

It is the night depository in which past-due payments are made on debt of friendship and love which have accumulated during the year.

**CHRISTMAS** is an inspired insight into the joy of life at the core of the universe.

**CHRISTMAS** is the candle in the darkness which no whirlwind can blow out. It is a song from a star, a halo in a stable.

—WILLIAM T. POLK



## 'Tis The Season To Be Jolly...

Every family has its special stories of the family Christmas. The funny things that happened; the year the tree nearly came down; the time the dogs ate some of the carefully wrapped packages—at least the wrapping—with fearful results, and the visiting cat that tried to climb the tree.

We recall with special joy the time when the house was overflowing with children, relatives and guests and an extra effort had been made that added a new note to the day.

The tree, decorated Christmas Eve, was more wonderful than ever, the house was hung with greens and holly, there were at least fifteen stockings, bulging at

all sorts of peculiar angles, hung from the mantle. When all was ready, down to the last tiny jack-in-the-box and red Santa, the workers took one last look before crawling up to bed.

"It's the prettiest one we've ever fixed," they told each other, and then Dad mentioned, as they went upstairs, that he'd told the current yardman to put a couple of trash baskets handy to throw wrappings in and keep things reasonably tidy.

It was the custom in this house for all to gather outside the big room and then march in together. Early Christmas morning the crowd lined up, everybody on tiptoe waiting for the signal. Finally the door was flung open and:

"Oh!" said everybody, and then: "Oh, my goodness!" said Dad. There was the beautiful green-trimmed mantle, the glittering tree, the stockings, the piles of brightly wrapped presents—and right in the very center stood two huge shiny garbage cans.

The good man who had placed them there had decided that it would need much more than two trash baskets to hold all the mess, and had gone to work cleaning and shining up the two household garbage cans as fitting receptacles for Christmas morning.

So: "'Tis the season to be jolly!" sang everybody, "Fala-la-la-la, la-la, la-la," and they grabbed hands and danced around the garbage cans.

## Coventry Carol

Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child, Bye, bye, lully, lullay. Thou little tiny child, Bye, bye, lully, lullay.

O sisters two, How may we do For to preserve this day 'his poor youngling or whom we do sing. Ye bye, lully, lullay.

Frod the king Ithis raging, Charged he hath this day Hi men of might, Imis own sight, Alyoung children to slay.

Th woe is me, Po child, for thee, Ancever mourn we may Forhy parting, Neiter say nor sing, Bye ye, lully, lullay.

The Coventry Carol, probably the best known of all early lullabies, comes from the mystery plays produced in Coventry, England, throughout the fifteenth and some of the sixteenth centuries. By 11, when this carol was first translated by one Thomas Mow Mawdycke, carols had lost their position in religious worship and survived only religious drama. In the play produced by the Guild of Sharmen and Tailors occurs this lullaby sung by three wren just before Herod slaughters their children. They meant that they are permitte no lullay at parting.

## Grains of Sand

For anyone who craves a deep draft of Christmas spirit, GRAINS recommends attendance at the local school's Christmas concert. Only it will have to be next year's concert because this year's has been.

So: take Time by the forelock—even though this does always seem a rather impertinent act—and put it down as a MUST in your 1964 calendar. And the first thing to do is to plan to get there early.

As we approached Weaver Auditorium last week on a cold, cold morning, we could hear the band tuning up. The exciting sounds of horns tooting, piccolos pickling, tubas tubing—and so on—made your breath quicken. No time to lose, obviously, with all that excitement rising, note by note.

Sit inside in the back row and watch and listen and you feel the Christmas spirit all ready to burst forth.

The band, bobbing heads, glittering brass, is warming up with all manner of exhilarating toots and twiddles, while, just below the stage, one of the girl accompanists for the glee club is limbering up her fingers with runs and trills and the chords of some of the carols to be sung.

Catching enthusiasm from all of this, the sounds on stage grow louder, more stentorian. Suddenly you wonder: is there an elephant up there? Only an elephant would be capable of producing such ghostly tootings. The big horn's voice goes down, down, basso profundo, right off the end of the keyboard.

And there he is, standing up. It seems Jumbo has caught sight of the pianist down there, trilling away. Cautiously he teeters carefully toward the edge of the stage, the huge brass horn nodding up there over his shoulder like a howdah. Now he is right above the piano. Gloatingly he waits till the trills subside and modulate into the soft, sweet opening chords of "Silent Night." That's his moment: Jumbo let's go with an ear-splitting "GRRRRRUMMP!"

The pianist jumps a foot off her stool. Rage in every line of her figure, she draws herself up and "SHUT UP!" she yells.

"GRRRRRUMMP!" retorts Jumbo, rocking with glee.

Up she jumps again, fists clenched: "Shut UP!"

Jumbo grins. But there is a sudden subdued foot of warning behind him. He glances back, then retreats hastily to a dignified stance at the back of the stage as Director McAdams strolls out of the wings.

A splendid start to a fine concert, with the Christmas spirit soaring all the way.

The band did themselves proud, with Jumbo, a reformed character, majestically carrying the foundation bass. There was unusual sweetness in the tones of all the instruments, good attack and sureness of pitch.

Their opening number was beautifully harmonious; the second was the Anderson "Sleigh-ride" with its jingle bells and downward swoop at the last, as they all piled up in the drift. Then came a medley of carols with good arrangements, well played, and then the glee club took over. They did a good job on Handel's difficult Messiah choruses, hampered only by some weakness in the male section. (They needed Jumbo badly.)

The alleluias were rising higher and higher in Weaver Auditorium behind us, as we drove back down the hill. The tone was the embodiment of the Christmas spirit, choirs of angels singing in exultation.

## THE PILOT

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

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor  
C. Benedict Associate Editor  
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.  
C. G. Council Advertising  
Bessie C. Smith Advertising  
Mary Scott Newton Business  
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff Society

Subscription Rates  
Moore County  
Ye Year \$4.00  
Outside Moore County  
Ye Year \$5.00

Second-class Postage paid at Southern Pines, N. C.

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