

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 Force Beyond Spring

BY HAL BORLAND
In "Sundial of the Seasons"

Ever since the first Spring that ever was, man has stood at this season with awe in his eyes and wonder in his heart, seeing the magnificence of life returning and life renewed. And something deep within him has responded, whatever his religion or spiritual belief. It is as inevitable as sunrise that man should see the substance of faith and hope in the tangible world so obviously responding to forces beyond himself or his accumulated knowledge.

For all his learning and sophistication, man still instinctively reaches toward that force beyond, and thus approaches humility. Only arrogance can deny its existence, and the denial falters in the face of evidence on every hand. In every tuft of grass, in every bird, in every opening bud, there it is. We can reach so

far with our explanations, and there still remains a force beyond, which touches not only the leaf, the seed, the opening petal, but man himself.

Spring is a result, not a cause. The cause lies beyond, still beyond, and it is the instinctive knowledge of this which inspires our festivals of faith and life and belief renewed. Resurrection is there for us to witness and participate in; but the resurrection around us still remains the symbol, not the ultimate truth; and men of goodwill instinctively reach for the truth—beyond the substance of Spring, of a greening and revivifying earth, of nesting and mating and birth, of life renewed. Thus we come to Easter and all the other festivals of faith, celebrating life and hope and the ultimate substance of belief, reaching like the leaf itself for something beyond, ever beyond.

All Things Must Live in Such A Light . . .

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU
From "Walden or, Life in the Woods"

As I was fishing from the bank of the river near the Nine-Acre-Corner bridge, standing on the quaking grass and willow roots, where the muskrats lurk, I heard a singular rattling sound, somewhat like that of the sticks which boys play with their fingers, when, looking up, I observed a very slight and graceful hawk, like a nighthawk, alternately soaring like a ripple and tumbling a rod or two over and over, showing the under side of his wings, which gleamed like a satin ribbon in the sun, or like the pearly inside of a shell . . .

It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed. It did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields of air; mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall, turning over and over like a kite, and then recovering from its lofty tumbling, as if it had never set its foot on terra firma. It appeared to have no companion in the universe—sporting there alone—and to need none but the morning and the ether with which it played. It was not lonely but made all the earth lonely beneath it . . .

Ah! I have penetrated to those meadows on the morning of many a fine spring day, jumping from hummock to hummock, from willow root to willow root, when the wild river valley and the woods were bathed in so pure and bright a light as would have waked the dead, if they had been slumbering in their graves, as some suppose. There needs no stronger proof of immortality. All things must live in such a light. O Death, where was thy sting? O Grave, where was thy victory, then? . . .

Easter Flowers Are Blooming Bright

Easter flowers are blooming bright,
Easter skies pour radiant light,
Christ our Lord is risen in might,
Glory in the highest.

Angels caroled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest.

He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest.

As He riseth, rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest.

—Old Hymn



"EASTER FLOWERS" this year in the Sandhills are not the snowy dogwood and brilliant azaleas of seasons when Easter falls later in the Spring, but the early-flowering trees and shrubs like this clump of forsythia sending its golden sprays skyward, radiant in afternoon sun-

light. Camellia, spirea, quince, tulip magnolia and fruit trees — pear, peach and crab apple—form the flowery background for the current Easter scene — and, of course, the daffodils. Early-flowering trees and shrubs seem particularly beautiful this year.



Symbol of New Life and Resurrection

Standing as a symbol of new life and resurrection, this gnarled old tree in a Sandhills garden is clothed, in early Spring, with cascades of pink-and-white blossoms that trail nearly to the earth. Again, as in past Easter seasons, The Pilot on this page brings

readers a variety of reactions—not all of them simply joyous—to the ancient phenomenon of Spring and to the Christian Easter season memorializing the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Two Poems For Spring

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE GOOSE-GIRL

Spring rides no horses down the hill,
But comes on foot, a goose-girl still.
And all the loveliest things there be
Come simply, so it seems to me.

THE LITTLE HILL

Oh, here the air is sweet and still,
And soft's the grass to lie on;
And far away's the little hill
They took for Christ to die on.

The moon that saw Gethsemane,
I watch it rise and set;
It has so many things to see,
They help it to forget.

But little hills that sit at home
So many hundred years,
Remember Greece, remember Rome,
Remember Mary's tears.

Dedication

Haws when they blossom in
the front of summer,
Snow-breasted to the sun,
and odorous
Of wind-dissolved honey,
flaunt their bodies,
Secret and quick, to eyes in-
curious.

Their fertile golden dust the
wind shall scatter,
Surfeited bees mauled yet one
feast the more,
And all their dainty-stepping
petals flutter
At last and publicly to grassy
floor.

Still through their roots runs
the most secret liquor
No wind shall tamper, no
hurrying bee shall sip;
Let the haws blossom, let
their petals scatter,
In covert earth wine gathers
to their lip.

—RUTH BENEDICT
(From "An Anthropologist at Work"—Houghton Mifflin)

SONG OF COURAGE

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—BROWNING

Green Grass Above, Lie Light!

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Soft summer wind, blow gently here;
Green grass above, lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart, good night.

And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is silence, darkness, it is rest;
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep, so best.

Anon.

Children of My Blood, Be Hardy!

What kind of grandmother will I make?
I, who hate lace and daintiness?
I, who care nothing at all
For a dooryard garden of homesick flowers?

I have had hills and open plains
And long untraveled trails!

Children of my blood . . .
When I dream by the fire,
Twitching in remembrance
Like an old dog;
When my eyes are dimmed for distance
And my ears no longer hear
The first bird-calls of Spring;
And I eat your food . . .
Children of my blood, be hardy!

Take me and put me to sit under a cedar tree
Where I can see some fearless peaks
Pointing the way;
Set some bread and a jug of water beside me,
Leave me
And forget the place!

Children of my blood, be hardy!
Do this for me!

And I shall not be alone.
The sun will love me
My fading light begins to set;
My fainting eyes will stand round and weep
To its own
Changes mean no sadness here.

Dying must be like this for me

Ah, some day you will say,
With a sweep of the hand
Across the wind-washed land,
Children of my blood,
You will say:
This is my grandmother's grave!
How beautiful! How silent and serene!

—EDITH HART DUNNE

(Read at a service near Taos, N. M., on a hillside looking toward the peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.)

Charleston Easter

In the quiet of a spring morning
The old towers of Charleston
Listen to their cardinal chorus
From the trees.

Inside St. Michael's, wide
Arched windows open to
The garden of the dead.

There, under robes of violets
And periwinkle they sleep;
Sunlight and music
Flow over them.

One has sent a cluster of
White iris up from his heart.
The yellow Banksia sheds
Its fragrance over all.

"In the midst of life
We are in death" —
Such is the blending here
And here the long-sought peace.

—HELEN POTEAT MARSHALL

Grains of Sand

GOD'S GIFT

Close to my heart I fold each
lovely thing
The sweet day yields and, not
disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the
woods I wait,
For leaf and blossom when
God gives us Spring.

(Bonar)

Hard Talk

Big talk, and more of it, is
what this column likes. Them
that talks out big and strong may
get in a peck of trouble but how
refreshing they are to everybody
—except maybe the ones they're
talking to.

In the row being carried on
these days by the Tobacco Indus-
try on the one hand and We the
People on the other, some fine
exchanges are being passed. Said
one on the side of regulation,
commenting on his opponents:
"In its advertising, the Tobacco
Industry has shown the morals of
a barracuda."

And Gerald Johnson's father,
a clergyman, once wrote in his
journal: "The average legislator
has the intelligence of a fence post."

False Currency

Out in Los Angeles last week
a lady got called into court on a
charge of stealing her boy friend's
teeth. (Never mind about how
she got ahold of them.)

She said she had only taken
them as security for a loan of
\$50.00 she had made him. She
claimed certain rights but the
Judge said No, said there was no
such thing as joint ownership of
teeth.

The Public Speaking

Cautions Drivers Protected By Trees On Midland Road

To the Editor:

In regard to your editorial,
"Midland Road Wrecks," I would
like to express an opinion con-
trary to that of Mr. Ferris whose
letter was published in The Pilot
of March 12.

I feel that the trees on Midland
Road are a menace to the reckless,
"hot rod" driver, but a definite
protection for the cautious driver,
driving within the prescribed
local speed limit.

A recent afternoon, a friend and
I were driving East, toward
Southern Pines, when a car com-
ing West, toward Pinehurst, hit
a tree dividing the two lanes, then
veered north across the road and
slithered broadside for about
three car lengths before it came
to a stop. The car was badly
wrecked, the driver seriously in-
jured, but it stayed in that lane.
If it had not hit the tree, it would
have crossed the median and
could not possibly have avoided
hitting our car head-on. Result:
two wrecked cars, three people
seriously injured or killed.

It is true that the road remains
icy longer than other roads in this
vicinity, but if you do skid, there
are no ditches to slip into, no
banks to go over, and it is far bet-
ter to skid into a stationary pine
tree than into another car.

No matter where you are driv-
ing, if you have a blow-out or
front-end failure, you are apt to
run into some object, probably
another car, thereby causing two
wrecks instead of one and injur-
ing or killing more people.

MARY LOUISE WYCHE
Pinehurst

(The Pilot's editorial had
urged caution in Midland
Road driving and minimized
importance of the trees as a
traffic hazard.—Editor)

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