

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.

Of Our Savior's Birth

In Numbers, and but these few,
I sing thy Birth, O Jesu.
Thou Pretty Babe born here
With superabundant scorn here;
Who for Thy princely port here
Hadst for Thy place
Of birth a base
Out stable for Thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, kindly Stranger,
As gospel tells
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not crewels,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lilywork will dress Thee,
Of clouts we'll make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for Thee
Of ivory,
And plaster'd round with amber.
—Robert Herrick

Welcome All Wonders

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth and God in man!
Great little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.
—Richard Crashaw

Joy

While by our sleeping flock we lay
There came an angel bright as day
Awake with joy!
Joy! Joy! Joy!
Praise ye the Lord on High with joy.

Spake then the angel: "News I bring
Of Israel's long awaited king!
News I bring:
Great be your joy!"

Grace, truth and light His rule attend,
His kingdom knows no earthly end,
Come share our joy!
Joy! Joy! Joy!
Praise ye the Lord on High with joy!

Old Christmas

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still!
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung,
That only night in all the year
Saw the stole priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dressed with holly green,
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
But O! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light?
England was Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again!
Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year!
—Sir Walter Scott

The Starlit Night

Look at the stars! Look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! The elves' eyes!
The gray lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat white beam! Airy abeles on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!
Ah well, it is all a purchase, all is a prize!

Buy then! Bid then!—What? Prayer, patience, alms, vows,
Look, look: a May-ness, like on orchard boughs!
These are indeed the barn, within doors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and His mother, and His all hallows.
—Gerard Manley Hopkins

Jhesu Hear

Jhesu of a Maiden Thou wast born
To save mankind that was forlorn
All for our sins.
Jhesu, Thou the Virgin-born,
Hear thy children calling.

Within a manger He was laid
Both ox and ass with Him played
With joy and bliss,
Jhesu, Thou the Virgin-born,
Hear Thy children calling.

Shepherd Who Slept

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
Hath met love's noon in nature's night;
Come lift we up our loftier song
And wake the sun that lies so long.

To all our world of well-stolen joy
He slept and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,
And kissed the cradle of our King.
Tell him he rises now too late
To show us ought worth looking at.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away
We saw Thee and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Ah My Dere

"Ah my dere, ah my dere Son,"
Said Mary, "ah my dere,
Kiss thy mother, Jesu,
With a laughing chere."

This enders night
I saw a sight
All in my slepe;
Mary, that may,
She sang "Lullay"
And sore did weep.

To kepe she soght
Full fast about
Her son fro colde.
Joseph said, "Wyfe,
My joy, my lyfe,
Say what ye wolde."

"No thing, my spouse,
Is in this house,
Unto my pay;
My son, a Kyng,
That made all thyng,
Lyeth in hay."

"My mother dere
Amend your chere
And now be still;
Thus for to lye
It is soothly
My Father's will.

Derisyon,
Great pasyon,
Infinitely,
As it is found,
Many a wound
Suffer shall I.

On Calvary
That is somhye,
There shall I be,
Man to restore,
Naylit full sore
Upon a tree."

—Old English
chere — face enders — recent
naylit — nailed may — maid
derisyon — derision

Snow At Evening

Suddenly the sky turned gray,
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals cool and white
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.
—Melville Cane in "And Pastures New"



To All Pilot Readers:
Merry Christmas!

Ye Greate Astonishment

Whosoever on ye nighte of ye Nativity of ye young Lord Jesus, in ye great snows shall fare forth bearing a succulent bone for ye loste and lamenting hounde, a wisp of hay for ye shivering horse, a cloak of warm raiment for ye stranded wayfarer, a bundle of fagots for ye twittering crone, a flagon of red wine for him whose marrow withers, a garland of bright berries for one who has worn chains, gay arias of lute and harp for all huddled birds who thought that song was dead, and divers lush sweetmeats for such babes' faces as peer from lonely windows—

To him shall be proffered and returned gifts of such an astonishment as will rival the hues of the peacock and the harmonies of heaven, so that, though he live to ye greate age when man goes stooping and querulous because of the nothing that is left in him, yet shall he walk upright and remembering, as one whose heart shines like a great star in his breaste.

—Source Unknown

Lullay My Liking

Lullay my Liking, my dear Son, my Sweeting,
Lullay my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

I saw a fair maiden sitten and sing,
She lullayed a little child, a sweete Lording.
That eternal Lord is He that made alle thing,
Lullay, lullay . . .
There was mickle melody at that Childe's birth,
Though the Songsters were heavenly they made mickle mirth,
Lullay, lullay . . .
Angels bright they sang that night
And saiden to that Child
"Blessed be Thou and so be She that is so meek and mild."
Lullay, lullay . . .
Pray now we to that Child, as to His Mother dear,
Grant them all His blessing that now maken cheer.
Lullay my Liking, my dear Son, my Sweeting;
Lullay my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

—From "Mediaeval Anthology"

Marcellus Speaks

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth was celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

—Shakespeare

The Shepherds' Song

"O than the fairest day thrice fairer night!
Night to best day in which a sun doth rise
Of which that golden eye which clears the skies
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light.
And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heav'n-sent Youngling, holy maid born wight,
Midst end, beginning, of our prophecies.
Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread,
Though withered . . . blest grass, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet for this place."

Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the Babe, the shepherds bow'd on knees;
And springs ran nectar, honey dropped from trees.

—William Drummond

Grains of Sand

"Mid-South Resort!"
"The Mid South Resort!" took
on a few icicles last week, not to
mention inches of snow. As may
be seen in the accompanying pic-
ture.

Well . . . what's a few icicles?
What's snow? "Now's the season
to be jolly," sings the carol. Any-
way, it's gone now and just think
how much good all that wetness
did! When the peach trees bloom
all pink next spring, and the big
white dogwoods shine, and the
flowers in the gardens sing with
summer sunshine, what'll you bet
we look back and say: Thank
you, Santa!

Good News—At Least Kind of
When is good news: kind of?
Well it certainly isn't good news
when you slip and go down on
the ice and break something. But
couldn't you say that it was "at
least kind-of" good when you
break a small bone in your ankle
instead of a big bone in your
leg? And maybe it's more "kind
of" when you do it almost out-
side your doctor-husband's office.
We'll have to ask Dot McMIL-
lan to tell us.

In other words, sometimes
there's that good old reliable sil-
ver lining to the cloud.

How Many Did You Say?

How many brave souls took off
for their jobs at Ft. Bragg—or
started back home from work—
the morning of the big snow and
got stuck? And had to foot it
back home. To Myrtle Goldsmith,
peering out her window from her
home in the Weymouth farm-
house, it looked like hundreds.
And even from where she was
she could see cars stuck in both
directions.

As the folks came by they saw
the smoke going up from the
chimney and the friendly face
beckoning them in, and most of
them turned right off that road,
floundered up through the snow,
up the steps, and right on, with-
out a pause, to line up in front of
the big hot fire.

A mighty warming sight. And
a mighty good idea to get those
people into a warm spot and give
them a chance to rest and warm
cold hands and feet.

More Silver To The Lining

There was a bright side to the
mess of getting the school children
in to school and back home again,
that messy morning.

It was very lucky, for instance,
that, though both buses got
stuck, competent hands were able
to get to them, and quickly, and
get them going again. Or take the
children out and to their homes.
It might have been serious if the
sticking had taken place where
no one could get to them or hear
about it, in that bitter cold weath-
er and with deep snow on the
ground.

You could, perhaps, say that
this area is mighty fortunate to
have three wreckers and the
good, able men to run them.

A. A. Howlett's machine was
out of commission so he couldn't
charge out with the others, as he
wanted, but Gene McKenzie and
Mack Frye, with the Stelle
wrecker and C. D. May, with his,
did grand jobs. Worth their
weight in gold to the communi-
ty, those big machines and their
operators.

Sleds

Where do all the sleds come
from? It must take real optimism
or pessimism—according to how
you look at the matter—to bring
along a sled when you move
south.

You could write a fanciful little
story about the sled that moved
south and waited and waited—
sad, dusty and neglected in the
cellar—until one day 18 inches of
snow falls in Southern Pines and
Little Sled has his moments of
joy and glory making all the chil-
dren of the neighborhood happy
. . . Then back to the cellar when
the snow melts.

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