

# 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.

## Best Wishes!

"My best of wishes for your merry Christmases and your happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities! Wishes worth twenty pound good if they are delivered as I send them. Remember! Here's a final prescription added, 'To be taken for life.'"

—CHARLES DICKENS

## Christmas: Warmth and Caring

Thoughts range widely at this season—from the Star of nearly 2,000 years ago, remote and majestic, to a baby's fingers curled around a new toy on Christmas morning, immediate and blessedly commonplace.

At home, in Moore County, over 300 families will eat well on Christmas because of the generosity of their neighbors who give to the Christmas Cheer basket program conducted by the welfare department in cooperation with numerous organizations and individuals.

Away, in a world torn by revolution, men talk of peace while threatened with nuclear destructiveness surpassing the force of any natural disaster visited upon mankind. As we sing, "On earth peace, good will toward men," a few men have it within their power to murder millions in moments.

Yet "good will"—the common, garden

variety of Love—may yet triumph. And it has its symbol, the United Nations, the best hope of achieving peace on earth.

We would not begrudge the citizens of this prosperous nation the joys of home and hearth at Christmastide, but now we must look outward with good will, rather than inward with satisfaction—whether considering the needs of our neighbors in Moore County or of people in the Congo.

Most of the words appearing on this page, in poems and anecdotes and observations, were written more than a century ago, yet all spring from the same source: human warmth and human caring. One feels this quality in every line of these old songs and stories.

If this Christmas page has a message it is this: the warmth and the caring—that's what counts. That, the very essence of Christmas, can save the world.

## Mary's Song

When Virgin Mary rock'd her dear Son,  
Sweetly she sang there, in her heart was  
great joy.

"Lili, lili, laj! O my babe, my dear one,  
Lili, lili, laj! O how lovely are you!

"Come from the skies here, come, you host of  
angels,  
Sing to your Lord here, sing your songs to  
please Him.

Lili, lili, laj! O my fragrant rosebud,  
Lili, lili, laj! In this manger lowly.

"Breathe softly, oxen, by the sleeping Child  
here,  
Hush! make no sound now, do not wake the  
dear Child.

Lili, lili, laj! Sleep, my Lord, sleep,  
Lili, lili, laj! Sleep, my only Child, sleep.

"No word, my dear Son, no word can you  
speak now;  
Surely my heart knows all that you would  
tell me.

Lili, lili, laj! God you are incarnate,  
Lili, lili, laj! O my Child immortal.

"Sleep, sleep, my dear pearl, sleep while, I  
watch o'er you;  
No care, no sorrow shall disturb your rest  
here.

Lili, lili, laj! My own pearl, my ruby,  
Lili, lili, laj! Take the sleep you need now."  
—Poland

## The Blessing Of 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 neighbour,  
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.

Without malice, without jealousy, without  
envy,  
Without fear, without terror of any one  
under the son,  
But the Holy Son of God to shield me.

Translated from the Gaelic  
by Alexander Carmichael

## Ye Grete Astonishment

Whosoever on ye nighte of ye nativity  
of ye young Lord Jesus, in ye grete  
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 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 grete 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 grete star in  
his breaste.

—From "Ye Miracle of Ye Seasons"



## God Give Ye Merry Christmastide

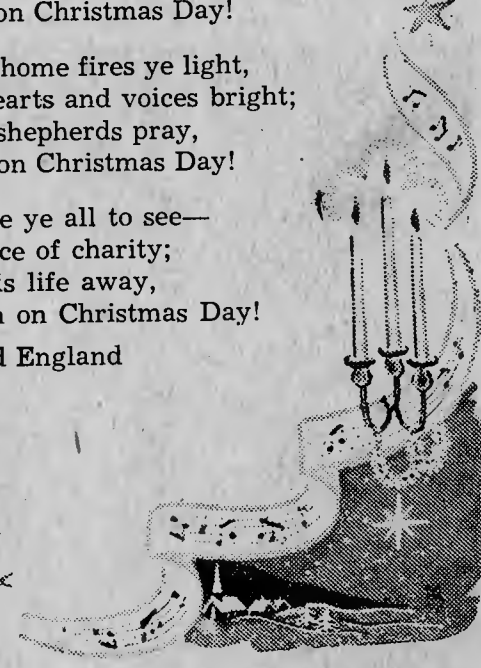
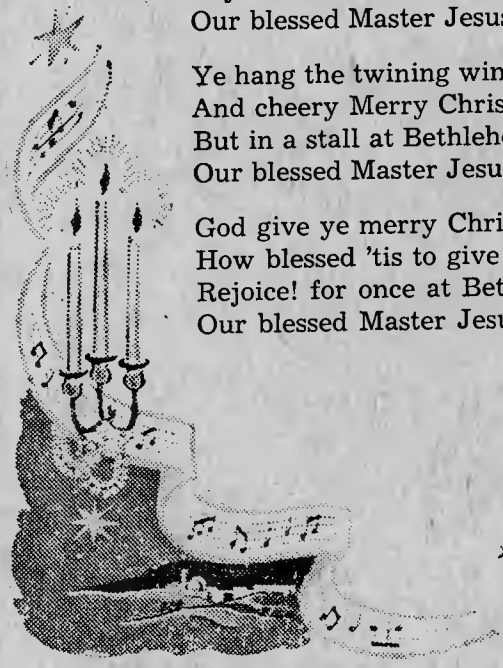


God give ye merry Christmastide, ye gentle people all!  
And in your merrymaking may no evil chance befall:  
Rejoice! for once at Bethlehem, while shepherds knelt to pray,  
Our blessed Master Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day!

Ye hang the twining wintergreen, the glad home fires ye light,  
And cheery Merry Christmas keep with hearts and voices bright;  
But in a stall at Bethlehem, where simple shepherds pray,  
Our blessed Master Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day!

God give ye merry Christmastide, and give ye all to see—  
How blessed 'tis to give and know the grace of charity;  
Rejoice! for once at Bethlehem, to give his life away,  
Our blessed Master Jesus Christ was born on Christmas Day!

— Old England



## THE JOVIALITY OF LONG-DEPARTED YEARS

### Christmas at Bracebridge Hall

(From Washington Irving's  
"Sketch Book")

Master Simon led the van as  
"Ancient Christmas," quaintly ap-  
parelled in a ruff, a short cloak,  
which had very much the aspect  
of one of the old housekeeper's  
petticoats, and a hat that might  
have served for a village steeple,  
and must indubitably have fig-  
ured in the days of the Coven-  
anters. From under this, his  
nose curved boldly forth, flushed  
with a frost-bitten bloom, that  
seemed the very trophy of a De-  
cember blast. He was accompa-  
nied by the blue-eyed romp, dish-  
ed up as "Dame Mince-Pie" in  
the venerable magnificence of  
faded brocade, long stomacher,  
peaked hat, and high-heeled  
shoes. The young officer appear-  
ed as Robin Hood, in a sporting  
dress of Kendal green, and a for-  
aging cap with a gold tassel. The  
costume, to be sure, did not bear  
testimony to deep research, and  
there was an evident eye to the  
picturesque, natural to a young  
gallant in the presence of his mis-  
tress. The fair Julia hung on his  
arm in a pretty rustic dress, as  
"Maid Marian." The rest of the  
train had been metamorphosed  
in various ways; the girls trussed  
up in the finery of the ancient  
belles of the Bracebridge line,

and the striplings bewhiskered  
with burnt cork, and gravely clad  
in broad skirts, hanging sleeves,  
and full-bottomed wigs, to repre-  
sent the characters of Roast Beef,  
Plum Pudding, and other worthies  
celebrated in ancient maskings.  
The whole was under the control  
of the Oxonian, in the appropri-  
ate character of Misrule; and I  
observed that he exercised rather  
a mischievous sway with his  
wand on the smaller personages  
of the pageant.

The eruption of this motley  
crew, with beat of drum, accord-  
ing to ancient custom, was the  
consummation of uproar and mer-  
riment. Master Simon covered  
himself with glory by the state-  
liness with which, as Ancient  
Christmas, he walked a minuet  
with the peerless, though gig-  
gling, Dame Mince-Pie. It was  
followed by a dance of all the  
characters, which, from its med-  
ley of costumes, seemed as  
though the old family portraits  
had skipped down from their  
frames to join in the sport. Dif-  
ferent centuries were figuring at  
cross hands and right and left;  
the dark eyes were cutting  
pirouettes and rigadoons; and  
the days of Queen Bess jiggling  
merrily down the middle, through  
a lane of succeeding generations.  
The worthy Squire contempla-

ted these fantastic sports, and  
this resurrection of his old ward-  
robe, with the simple relish of  
childish delight. He stood chuck-  
ling and rubbing his hands, and  
scarcely hearing a word the par-  
son said, notwithstanding that  
the latter was discoursing most  
authentically on the ancient and  
stately dance of the Paon, or Pea-  
cock, from which he conceived  
the minuet to be derived. For my  
part, I was in continual excite-  
ment, from the varied scenes of  
whim and innocent gaiety pass-  
ing before me. It was inspiring  
to see wildest frolic and warm  
hearted hospitality breaking out  
from among the chills and glooms  
of winter, and old age throwing  
off his apathy, and catching once  
more the freshness of youthful  
enjoyment. I felt also an interest  
in the scene, from the considera-  
tion that these fleeting customs  
were posting fast into oblivion,  
and that this was, perhaps, the  
only family in England in which  
the whole of them were still  
punctiliously observed. There was  
a quaintness, too, mingled with  
all this revelry that gave it a pe-  
culiar zest; it was suited to the  
time and place; and as the old  
Manor House almost reeled with  
mirth and wassail, it seemed echo-  
ing back the joviality of long-  
departed years.

## O Thou Lovely Night!

O thou lovely night! When in Beth'hem Jesus,  
Who saves all people, is born.  
In the hope that here He has come we'll seek  
for Him  
Through the house on this night.

Iron workers, half of us, while the rest of us  
Work as carpenters here.  
Then may love and pity our hearts now soften,  
That off'rings we'll give to Him.

Our good mother has a fine cow in pasture,  
And there she's milking it now.  
The milk's warm and nourishing; should He  
like it she'll

Give Him some from her pail.

All the men who came down the mountains  
leaping  
Are like a shepherd who's old,  
And who bears a lamb on his shoulders,  
digging his

Heels in earth lest he fall.

All the way from Nazareth, straight to  
Bethlehem,

There we went on our knees,  
In the hope that we might come first to Jesus,  
Our Master, whom we adore.

—Basque

## Whence Comes This Rush of Wings?

Whence comes this rush of wings afar,  
Following straight the Noel star?  
Birds of the woods in wondrous flight,  
Bethlehem seek this Holy Night.

"Tell us, ye birds, why come ye here,  
Into this stable poor and drear?"  
"Hast'ning we seek the newborn King,

And all our sweetest music bring."

Angels and shepherds, birds of a sky,  
Come where the Son of God doth lie;  
Christ on earth with man doth dwell,  
Join in the shout, "Noel, Noel!"  
—17th Century

## Boar's Head

Noel, noel, noel, noel!  
Tidings good I think to tell.

The boar's head that we bring  
here  
Betokeneth a Prince without peer  
Is born this day to buy us dear.  
Noel! Noel!

A boar is a sovereign beast  
And acceptable in every feast;  
So might this Lord be to most  
and least.

Noel! Noel!  
This boar's head we bring with  
song  
In worship of Him that thus  
sprang  
Of a virgin to redress all wrong.  
Noel! Noel!

## A Christmas Tree

Then the tree was decorated with bright merriment, and  
song, and dance, and cheerfulness . . . Brilliantly lighted by  
a multitude of little tapers, it sparkled and glittered every-  
where with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls,  
hiding behind the green leaves; and there were real watches  
(with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being  
wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were  
French-polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day  
clocks and various other articles of domestic furniture perched  
among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy house-  
keeping; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambou-  
rines, books, work boxes, paint boxes, sweetmeat boxes  
and a hundred other fascinating trinkets, clustered on the  
tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks  
directed towards it from every side. . .

Among the toys and fancies hanging there are the images  
once associated with other Christmases, the softened music in  
the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts  
of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my child-  
hood stand unchanged. In every cheerful image and suggestion  
that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above  
the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world!

—CHARLES DICKENS

## Grains of Sand

### Blessings

God give you Blessings  
at Christmas time,  
Stars for your darkness,  
Sun for your day,  
Light on the path as you  
search for the Way,  
And a mountain to climb.

God grant you courage  
this coming year,  
Fruit for your striving,  
Friends as you roam,  
Joy in your labor,  
Love in your home,  
And a summit to clear.

### Sing Noel

Two nice-looking young gals  
talking in front of the pretend  
stained glass window showing the  
carollers, in Patch's Store:  
"Pretty, huh?"  
"UHUH! Who's that singing?"  
"Sounds like the Salvation  
Army."  
"Them? You mean they're back  
in there?"  
"Must be. Isn't anybody out-  
side."  
"Well, for crying out loud!"

### Is This Right?

Babies are busting out all over  
the Tots Toggery window decor  
up at Patch's corner. Great big  
Picture Baby smiles out at you  
surrounded by every imaginable  
gadget for every imaginable and  
unimaginable baby purpose.

Is this RIGHT? At a time when  
the world is in a crisis over the  
population explosion, when we  
are, so to speak, trying to soothe  
it down, put the lid on it; at this  
critical time, here, in a Broad  
Street window, we find the great-  
est display of Anti-Anti-Popula-  
tion-Explosion Missiles ever as-  
sembled!

Who's back of this? Could it be  
a certain Mr. Claus; that fellow  
who comes down chimneys?

### Do's and Don'ts of Old Christmas

Be sure to put on your best new  
clothes on Christmas Day, but  
NOT new shoes. They'll hurt like  
fury if you do and just might  
walk you straight into a bad  
catastrophe.

Don't wash your clothes on the  
Friday before Christmas. And  
don't wash a Christmas present  
before you give it, or you'll wash  
the good luck right out of it.

Eat an apple as the clock strikes  
midnight on Christmas Eve and  
you'll have good health all the  
rest of the year.

If you let a fire go out on  
Christmas morning, watch out!  
Spirits will come.

Always start some work be-  
tween Christmas and New Year's  
Day, to show your good intentions.  
That's important.

On the other hand, watch out  
about mending things. Especially  
your roof. Even if it leaks then,  
leave it alone. If you start mon-  
keying with it and plugging up  
the holes, they'll just open right  
up again before you can say Jack  
Robinson—or Santa Claus.

### Oh-oh . . . Careful!

It is reported that a teacher  
handed back a composition to her,  
or his, pupil and on it the teacher  
had written "careless spelling."  
It must have been pretty bad.  
But who cares!

### We'll Take A Chance

By the way, what about this  
Mr. Claus we're hearing so much  
about?

He wears a red suit, doesn't he?  
And those boots, and white fur  
around his red cap—kind of Rus-  
sian that get-up, isn't it? They  
say he lands on roofs, slides down  
chimneys, creeps around folks'  
houses while they're asleep drea-  
ming of sugarplums. And when  
they get onto him he takes the  
Fifth Amendment and, poof! Up  
the chimney he goes.

What about it? Should the  
Birchites be alerted? Awfully un-  
American activities, we'd say.

But awfully nice ones.

GRAINS will take a chance on  
Santa. MERRY CHRISTMAS,  
EVERYBODY!

## The PILOT

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