

POOLE'S MEDLEY

By D. SCOTT POOLE

You remember 'way back when Neill McGill opened his store at 5 o'clock every morning. Now you go over town at 9:30 and you see folks hurrying down the streets to get to

work. Main street was one of the sandy roads in the country but Raeford had sidewalks in those days, and these were along all the streets. John Moore of the street committee put a carload of 4-inch drain pipe across those side walks in the town. I saw Raeford first in 1902. I passed where the town was later built once before that date. The

Robeson-Cumberland line was across the centre of Raeford Lumber Co.'s lumberyard. There used to be an echo mornings and evenings when there was real calm. Any loud noise reverberated. You might stand on a high hill, speak loudly, and you would distinctly hear your own words repeated. We boys used to sing; and between

verses of our hymns listen to the echo. Other boys in the neighborhood sang often in the cool of the day as they plowed or hoed. You used to hear colored men or women sing often as they worked. When Raeford was incorporated in 1901, there were 150 inhabitants. The school campus was enclosed with a board fence. "All some folks lack of being a theological seminary is a bell and a board fence." I have heard folks say.

McLaughlin Co. was the J. W. McLaughlin Co., and theirs was a two-story store. When the present building was erected about 1911 that old store was torn down and changed into cottages. Every store was a small framed building. McNeill Bros., occupied one two-story, but others one story. Since we came here in 1905 there have been several fires, and the greatest loss by fire was since the town was rebuilt of brick. \$120,000 it was estimated went up in smoke one night.

The Japs are increasing their force and efforts in the Southwest Pacific. They are on the aggressive at this time. The Washington Government promises more fighting force.

All persons should produce all it takes to support themselves, and more. That will prevent a famine. If the United States of America does not wake up, they will starve before another year rolls by. Any young able-bodied person should support ten.

This is one year when canning should take on new life, and restock the country. If vegetables are allowed to go to waste, some one is guilty of criminal negligence.

The Germans seem to be weakening somewhat. The Allies started in to clean up the Germans first, then turn on the Japs. It makes the task easier on the fighting forces this way. The stronger the fighting, the greater saving of manpower is possible.

If old feeble persons are working, and they are, the young and strong should be ashamed of idleness. Folks, white and black, I have thought, believed when they got an education they would be free from labor of all kinds.

Sad is the day when folks are educated away from useful labor. "There is true dignity in labor, and no true dignity without it. The better educated people the more intelligently they direct their efforts.

There is a certain amount of manual labor which must be performed each and every day, and he is a slacker who avoids his prorata part in it. Love your neighbor as your self solves the whole problem.

A superiority complex distinguishes some people they must abandon when they become candidates for office. *See the difference in men campaign years.* I recall one biggoted man, who will in all likelihood speak to me when he comes to Raeford this year.

I remember those good old folks who used to be kind to me when I was a child, and I also remember those who were unkind. I hold no hard feelings against the latter class. I still think they were foolish.

Navy Pre-Flight Cadets Claim Heartiest Appetites

Chapel Hill, N. C.—Navy Fledglings at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School claim to be among Uncle Sam's most physically fit, and boast the heartiest appetites.

The Pre-Flight cadets consume approximately 5,000 calories a day of good wholesome food. The body-building, energy-yielding diet is heavy in carbohydrates, which are "essential to men as active as these cadets." Proteins, fats, and mineral substances are allocated to promote the greatest energy. Fried, greasy foods are omitted, as are fancy highly-spiced foods.

Emphasis is placed on the sanitary methods of preparing and serving the food. In line with this procedure, paper cups are used for coffee and other hot drinks, and for the daily pint of milk per meal.

Cigarettes, Food Girls, Movies,

Does your soldier, coming home on furlough, have any special ideas about how things ought to be at home?

You bet he does! And they're not what you'd expect, either.

In camp, of course, he doesn't have much chance to express his individual preferences, except in the matter of the cigarettes he buys at his Post Exchange or Canteen. But, when he's on furlough, here's a list (partial, of course) of what Johnny Doughboy prefers:

Girls: As always, some like 'em tall and some like 'em short, some

like 'em blonde and some like 'em dark; but one thing they all agree on: a girl should be feminine. No manish, tailored outfits; no slacks, please; and especially—no semi-military clothes. Frills and furbelows—that's the way to please the man on furlough.

Movies: Nothing grim, thanks. He likes musicals, and service adventure stories with good rousing action, and plenty of comic interludes.

Cigarettes: Here's one place where a soldier doesn't have to wait till he goes on furlough to express his preference. According to actual sales records right at the Post Exchanges and Canteens, where every soldier can buy the brand of cigarettes he likes, the favorite with men in the Army (and in the Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines as well) is Camel.

Food: This one will astonish veterans of the first World War, with memories of "beans-for-breakfast, beans-for-lunch, and beans-for-dinner-too"—but today's furloughing soldier doesn't get off the train with visions of pies, steaks, or alads. He is served all those right in camp. He'll be happy with any kind of good food, BUT—he wants it served on separate plates.

Here's why: In the Army, every thing is heaped onto one plate. His mess tray has compartments, to be sure, but they aren't always sufficient of a barrier to keep his salad out of his mashed potatoes, and his steak away from his ice cream. So you see—separate plates!

Another thing to keep in mind—after Johnny Doughboy has gone back to camp, (and all those dishes are washed up!) one gift from home that is always sure to bring cheers from Johnny is a cartoon of cigarettes. Of course, be sure you send him his favorite brand. Tuck in a card, and your cigarette dealer will be glad to wrap up your gift of Camels for mailing.

Aid to Enemy

"Any American who willfully neglects to pay his taxes on time or to invest every cent he can in War Bonds is surely giving aid and comfort to the enemy. . . . We have a job to do and we are all called for service to our country. Our dollars are called to service too. Let us all ask ourselves, 'Shall we be more tender with our dollars than with the lives of our sons?' " — Secretary Morgenthau.

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