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A few reflections on Prayer: We do not pray in order that we may change God's will; we pray rather to change our own. We do not pray that we may have good things; but rather that we may be good. The perfect prayer is not one in which we tell God what we wish from him, but rather one in which we ask God what he wishes of us. Do not pray to God only in an emergency. The plea of strangers is never as effective as the plea of friends. So do not think of God only when you are in distress or danger. Heaven is not a firehouse, and God does not put out all the fires. God the loving Father, often denies us those things which in the end would prove harmful to us. Every boy wants a revolver and no father yet has ever granted this request. Why should we think God less wise? Some day we will thank God not only for what He gave us but also for that which He refused.

EDITOR'S CORNER: Thanks G. I. Joe for that you'r doing. We don't always spread it on thick like we really feel but remember you Navy Boot, you Sweating, Cursing Scabees, the folks on the Main-Drum, round Lawrence's Store and Crisp Cross Roads think a lot of what your doing. And them that don't--- Well my uncle got scared when a whole pack of dogs came yapping & barking round him but Bud told him not to be 'fraid cause they were only peaceful houn dogs. But my uncle said when that many of anything got after him he was scared because there was bound to be at least one SOB in the crowd. So you G. I. Janes, you Florence-Nightingales remember there are a lot of folks in old Edgecombe and we don't guarantee not to have any Ham Fishes or John L. Lowises in our midst cause thats what freedom brings forth -- that is the right to be the back end of a horse if you want to be; but we do guarantee that the freedom your preserving will bring forth a hundred Patrick Henrys' for every Benedict Arnold. Oh yes you cocky Marine, you hard boiled para-shutest, we know what your doing & by the grace of God we're going to be able to look you square in the eye when you come home and say we did what there was to be done on the

Home Front. Listen here you grease monkeys, you muddy, bloody dirty footsoldiers, don't believe any letters that tell you things are bad at home. What we have to stand barely comes in the class of inconveniences much less hardships. The hardest thing we have to bear is the realization that your catching hell and that what we do to help is so little. Oh all you fighting men & women of Edgecombe harkdn to this printed word - don't let the strikers, the draft dodgers, the corner clipping, selfish can hoarder give you the idea they are any more than the smallest part of this our beloved country & know ye and remember well there will not always be a war and when its over, over there, come home with your blood won democracy and your battle given ballot and get rid of the minority spongers you saved along with the real Americans. We'll be some kinda glad when your back fellows---, Main Street is lonseome without you --, but we remember the face that isn't here with more pride than those that now grace our walkway for I repeat - we know what you'r doing and we're proud your some of our folks.

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