IN MEMORIAM

As one who claims to have loved most and have been loved most by the recently departed Miss Betty McGee, I should like to record my feelings concerning her life.

Betty McGee was one who had little to offer, but she offered much. She gave her love and affection to me who had no mother, and showed me in seven years the greatest love one person can show for another. She cared for me with all the tenderness of her heart. Her happiness was complete only when I was happy.

It was she who taught me to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep". It was she who gave me enough pennies and nickels to amount to over a hundred dollars. It was she who apprehended me when I tried out my first cuss word, and who threatened to tell my father-but never did. It was she who carted me off in the summer to visit all her relatives in the nearby country districts. It was she who petted me, pampered me, and loved me as a mother.

And what did this mean to

me? It meant that I would sacrifice no end to be able to visit her on successive summers after my family moved to Florida. It meant that the tie that bound us could not be severed by distances. No, physical distances cannot separate true love, be-cause Betty McGee came to mean more to me as time went on, as the distance between us became greater. As a sailor on the Pacific ocean, I felt as many other men in the armed forces came to feel at one time or another in their military careers; I felt very far away from all that had once been dear to my heart. I felt an estrangement with many of the former things I had valued so highly. Many things were lost, but the greatest thing that kept me to home was the feeling inside me that there was love in someone's heart for me. I knew that no matter what happened, there was one who would always remain true to me. I think though thousands of miles of and values had changed.

The armistics came. I came home, I have not seen Betty run the race of life well. You McGee since, but even so, a have proven yourself worthy of



PEARL HARBOR, T. H .- (Delayed) - Marine Captain R. G. Straine, of Franklin, N. C., is shown above greeting his wife and daughters, Sally and Roberta, as they disembark from the naval transport USS JEFFERSON upon arrival here. It is the first time the family has been together in six months. Capt. Straine is officer in charge of the buildings and grounds office at the Ewa Marine corps air station,

Capt. Straine, a native of Macon County, is the son of Mrs. Floyd Straine, of Franklin. Mrs. Clint Byrd and Mrs. W. H. Paillips, also of Franklin, are his sis ters. Mrs. Straine is the former Miss Edith Combe, of Chicago. The Straines have been living in California for a number of year s.

ness of love has been between crown of righteousness us. When she entered the hospital, I felt a heaviness of heart, Lynchburg, Va. but her reply was to not to worry about her. And now Betty McGee has taken her place among the blessed of the Lord.

A lesson can be learned by all of us by looking at her life. It became her lot in life to serve others, and this she did with a cheerful heart. She never gained material wealth, but ways remain true to me. I think ed material wealth, but she her love had the spirit of God gained something else out of in it. Because when all else life that many of us are searchchanges, only the love of God ing for, but have been unable remains constant, and here was her love for me remaining. God. What is this gift of God? -it is the love of one's neigh water and land separated us, bor with a love that is true and pure.

Truly, Betty McGee, you have

strong bond of mutual aware- God's gift, you have earned a ROBERT DADY

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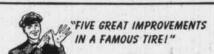
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