



SHALL WE FORGET? Twelve years ago, next Tuesday the Great War ended, as far as physical conflict and mutual killing is concerned. For twelve years however it has lived on, through re-creation after re-creation, in book, play, picture and conversation. A struggle has ensued with the dogmatic fierceness of the conflict itself as to whether it is a good thing that these presentations of war appear to recreate in the minds of a people now at peace the gruesome and disturbing details of the time when practically the whole earth was fighting. Long and fiercely the battle of opinion has been waged and yet through it all the people of America and the world have eagerly devoured the books that were the most stark and horrible, have flocked in thousands to see war plays and have listened eagerly to the talk of things that happened in the trenches and behind the lines. "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "A Farewell to Arms" have been in the forefront of the nation's best sellers; a troubling series of war pictures have packed theatres and "Journey's End," a realistic portrayal of the war, became the most talked of play of last theatrical season. People say that the war should be forgotten. People have never forgotten a thing because it was expedient to forget. They forget because they are no longer interested, or because the memory of a thing has become dim and unreal and no longer takes a hold on their mind. Participants who suffered in the war do not forget because they cannot; those who did suffer will not forget because the horror, which did not touch them, is fascinating.

The question arises then as to why we should forget. Will the obliteration of the memory of the mud and blood, erase War from the earth? Obviously not. Will forgetting murder and crime silence guns and minimize unlawfulness? Probably not. But will the ignoring of personal grievance temper the sting of it? More probable than the others. Hope is more easily controlled than memory. Exaggerated expectations may be moderated by common sense; memory of the things that have happened is more powerful and defies the power of the human will. Grievance against the nations who were our enemies should be forgotten in a hope for world unity growing out of a will to work toward world harmony. The grim facts of slaughter and unspeakable suffering should not be forgotten entirely; they should be remembered to be weighed in the balance against the next policy which seems to aggravate war as a national measure.

Above all there are a few things that can never be forgotten while our country stands. Devotion, loyalty to the point of giving up life itself, courage in the face of hard-

ships and suffering that few of us can imagine, broken health, deformed bodies, shattered nerves . . . these are a few of the things that the soldiers of the army and every army incurred for us. These things should be treasured in the heart of every American for whom the sacrifice was made. The memory of the war on Armistice day should not be an occasion for glorifying war but for the quiet realization of the price that was paid and firm determination that that price shall never be called for again.

HONORING TRADITIONS. Every new age has its original and so-called "new" customs and traditions. Most of these are pronounced superior to the old, often we are afraid, because they are new and for no other reason. Every few years brings forth its now born scarves of entertainment and burlesque with appropriate ceremony the decrepid and obsolete entertainments of former years. Always in the ranks of mankind are some men who recall the pleasures of bygone days and appreciate the simple things that entertained us. These men are usually called columnists, though they are sometimes known as old timey people or, unkindly, old fogeys.

The life of a tradition is not hard. It springs up suddenly and for a period of years is rushed about popularly. A decline sets in for a while as it is ignored and then comes the Indian Summer of its life when it can sit back in the old arm chair and read what the columnists have to say about it. Distance lends enchantment to the customs of foreign we have never seen. Distance in time adds color to the times of our fathers and a few passing years will cast the same quiet glory about our age when the men who flew in aeroplanes handled the controls themselves and never had a plane flown for them by radio, when people talked over wires, by means of an old instrument they called the "telephone" and when the sea was yet an undiscovered source of electric power.

SOME OF YOU REMEMBER. Weddings at early candlelight . . . the long pile of corn, gathering for the corn shucking and the regular anxiety every morning to look out and see whether it had been disturbed during the night . . . the corn shucking, the feverish rivalry, the lightwood fire casting dancing rosy shadows on the broad backs of the workers . . . the canny trading at the old Scotch Fair at Laurel Hill . . . the mountaineers came down in top wagons, over roads that few of us would travel afoot these days, to trade with the

men of the lowlands and usually to get a little the worst of it . . . the swapping of green hides for tanned ones to be turned over to the farm cobbler who made them into rough shoes fastened with wooden pegs . . . the eager group about the old organ, singing "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and "Annie Laurie," while the candlelight flickered softly on the walls . . . the tallest youth holding the lamp for the organist with modest helpfulness, dividing his time between singing earnest base and keeping the candlebugs out of the organist's hair . . . the all day picnic and the dashing superiority of the swain who deliberately drove a wild horse . . . the elaborate ceremony of helping a girl out of a buggy and the ignominious fate of the young bridegroom who was unable to support the weight of his bride and fell sprawling under a flurry of snowy petticoats . . . the dashing touch of a new buggy whip and the indispensable red tassel on the end . . . the blacksmith's shop whose ability to supply every contraption possibly needed by mankind is only equalled by the mail order house of today.

THROW SOMETHING (Small). The editor has confided in us sometimes a yearning to write an editorial about a matter that has haunted his mind for some time. Without divulging the subject upon which he intended to write we are about to get off a few stray straws that have hung quivering on a withering limb for a season. Only a breeze was needed to send them down to earth and here they flutter. Comfort may come in small or large packages. Comforts may be so unobtrusive that they are for a long time ignored. We want to pay tribute to a practice that has been of untold relief to us and may be to you. It is the practice of throwing things. We hasten to eliminate from our considerations the throwing of heavy missiles or throwing for the avowed purpose of demolishing the thing thrown at. This practice is capable of much curious satisfaction but is not within the bounds of this idea.

If you are besieged with unavailing grief, unexpressible joy, or unidentifiable emotions, throw something. The means of throwing are as boundless as the scale of emotions that it will relieve. Throw anything. Throw acorns at a stump, dried beans at a twitching, yellow leaf, hickory nut hulls at the top rail of a fence, clods at a telephone pole, pebbles at a water lily leaf, particles of dry and broken sticks at a pine tree, balls of paper at the tire of the car. Don't throw to hit. Throw for the innate pleasure of throwing. The hitting is incidental and an added pleasure like the finding of a spray of cocoon in a cafe pile.

Throwing the ear of corn in a previously selected spot in the corner of the bin erases the memory of

the pain of shucking and makes the next ear a new adventure. Digging potatoes just missed being a very pleasant job because potatoes must be carefully placed in the wheelbarrow and not thrown in from new and enticing angles. Throwing things in this spirit is a sure cure for depression, elation, boredom, worry, toothache, chronic moodiness and fallen arches. The next time you are afflicted and misund stood, select your favorite throwable and try this unfailing remedy; it is sure to relieve.

SEEN IN A STADIUM . . . the feverish last minute rush for seats that have disappeared under strange camel's hair coats . . . the tremendous organization required for herding and shooting twenty three thousand people into individual seats and not being insulted . . . the teams are ready to start and there's not a smile in twenty-two possibilities . . . how does the referee always think to have a coin . . . all drunks at football games are cheerleaders at heart . . . Gaston McBryde, a home town boy who directs the applause of the stands with the ultimate ease and enthusiasm . . . and Dunk's familiar shoulders huskier than usual is bulging pads . . . a fight in the opposite stands and people rising in tiers, making the stands look as if a breeze had ruffled it . . . red hats dotting the crowd like cherries on a fruit cake . . . we wonder what remarks the "celebrities" make about the game, as they sit in stiff magnificence in the honor box . . . stadiums will soon have to be enlarged to allow the bands room to exhibit during the halt . . . are "bigger" and "better" logically coupled . . . we would like to have made some amends for borrowing that program so often . . . if the style changes continue, uniforms "straight from Paris" will be the next development . . . middle aged men explaining the game to interested wives . . . wonder if the pines draw comparisons between this battle and the old ones with the Indians . . . no game is good enough to keep everybody in their seats till the end . . . simile—as disconsolate as a program seller after a game.

REASON ENOUGH.
Diner: "Why does that dog sit and look at me all the time?"
Waiter: "You have the plate he usually eats from, sir."

INCREASED MILK YIELD RESULTS FROM RADIO
Kinston, Nov. 3.—Increased yield of milk is reported to have resulted from installation of a radio in the barn of the Home dairy here "for the cow's benefit" and other dairies are understood to be preparing to install machines. The radio in the Home dairy's barn was put into service a week or two ago, according to Dr. Frank B. McCallum, inspector of markets and dairies. Soft music is supposed to stimulate the lacteal flow by soothing bovine nerves. The theory, McCallum states is not easy. It has been adhered to by European experts for generations. It was introduced in this country by the late Dr. C. B. McNairy, of Kinston, who employed a phonograph to coax a Holstein herd to give more milk and, according to records, succeeded in getting a five per cent. increase. After Mc-

Nairy's experience had been revealed to the public dairymen at scattered western and northern points experimented with phonographs in milking barns and reported increased yields.

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"I would have such dizzy spells, and such bursting headaches, until I could hardly go. But after taking a few doses of Black-Draught, I would feel just fine. It is a good medicine, and I recommend it to all who suffer as I did. It is very easy to recommend a medicine that has done as much for me as Black-Draught has done."
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