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Dr. McCain

A proper appraisal of the life of Dr. Paul Pressly McCain is humanly impossible for us. We, like too many of our fellows, have not developed our powers of spiritual discernment to the extent necessary for such an appraisal. This is not saying that we are presently engaged in a theological problem. It is simple recognition of the fact that the things which made Dr. McCain's life great were those which the Apostle Paul called "the fruit of the Spirit."

Love of all mankind with whom he came in contact was his. And he had a special love for the thousands he helped back to healthy, useful lives. They, all, eagerly attest this.

Joy was his. It was the joy of the pure kind that evolves from good and honorable service, and from being friendly.

Peace was his because he knew the Source of help,— help that he confidently welcomed as the reward of faith.

Patience was his. There was great patience in his own life as he fought disease in himself, and, later, in others. He had infinite patience as he trained and taught others to share his service. He had patience in the trials of the time of depression, and in the more recent time of scarcity of those who might, under usual conditions, have worked with him. It was in the latter time that he carried the heaviest loads.

Kindness was his. He radiated it, freely, to all. And all responded to it.

Goodness was inherently a part of him, so much so that the hardest of blows and disappointments could not diminish it.

Faithfulness in full measure was his. He was faithful to those who looked to him to carry out the State's policy toward those it would help. He was faithful, individually, to those who came to him in all degrees of physical impairment, and, as we now, in all degrees of mental anxiety. He was faithful to those who shared his burden, from the humblest servant to his most valued assistants.

Gentleness was his. His youngest patients loved his appearing, as did all who knew him.

Self control was his. He was the same all the time, under all conditions, to every one.

Because he lived among us and we knew him, we never stopped to give thought to all the superlatives that were a part of him. Now we begin to see them in all their monumental greatness, and, at this late hour, we stand amazed.

As this is being written on Thanksgiving Day, we cannot help being thankful to God for him, and for putting his life among us. We know at this man whom we called "Dr. McCain" was one who loved his God, and his neighbor as himself, and one whose record of honorable service to both we recognize as a source of inspiration and nobler living in the community, in the State, and in the Nation, for his influence is scattered wide.

To Mrs. McCain, who shared and carries on, his intensity of spirit, and to the children, whose Christian heritage is great, we give our sympathy in this loss that to us seems, indeed, universal.

"WHAT!—NO GOLDEN EGG?"



THAT'S RICH!
 A National Contributor's Column

By Rich Fowler

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HER SAVING GRACE

I knew a gal—
 Fedosy Wales—
 Used shoe-polish
 On her nails—
 Light-oak varnish
 On her hair
 Held th' waves in
 Everywhere—
 Red crayola
 On her cheeks
 Kept 'em red
 For weeks 'n weeks—
 Powdered her face
 From th' flour bin—
 Burn't-match pencilled
 Her eyebrows thin—
 Fedosy says:
 "Th' boys don't rave
 But look at th' doggone
 Dough I save!"
 —Johnny George, Carlisle, Ark.

— AND THEY HANG STOCKINGS!

Dear Rich:
 Feller up our way was trappin' beaver, but ever time he'd bring in the pelts, the paws would be missin'. The trader kep' tellin' him he wanted the paws left on, but every time it was the same. Finally he said: "Sam, why do you always cut off the beaver's paws? What makes you so stubborn?" And Sam, he was kinda shy, and at first he didn't want to tell. But at last he broke down. "Jim," he says, "you know where I trap beaver—way over in Ol' Sandy Bottom creek. Well, I'll tell you the truth—I been cuttin' off them beaver's paws and savin' 'em fer my kids' Christmas—cause I'm dead-set that this year my kids is gonna have sandy claws!"
 —Jim deHooper, Turtle Lake, N. D.

IT'S ONLY HUMAN

—to talk back to the radio.
 —I. D. Testem, New Baden, Ill.

LAUGHING DOLL

The latest toy is a doll that laughs—
 Or so the papers mention:
 A doll that can laugh at times like these
 Is a wonderful invention!
 —Uncle Bud, Maben, Miss.

ESSAY ON POLITENESS

Politeness is a very great virtue, and it is one of the few that don't cost so much the poor people can't afford 'em. It is being polite when you open a door for a lady, especially if she is pretty and not married. It is also being polite if you say, "I'm so sorry!" when you run into a truck, instead of "Why don't you look where you're going, you big bum you!"—especially if the other driver IS a big bum and I mean big. It is much nicer to be polite than horizontal. It don't cost you nothin' and it may save a hospital bill.
 —Little Robbie, Stearns, Ky.

RE-WORDING THE CLASSICS

You can't judge a bloke by his cover.
 Two heads are better than one, but they take twice as many hats.
 A woman's past may be told by her presents.
 Rags a royal raiment are, when worn fur-trimmed.
 Fair exchange is no snobbery.
 —Ebenezer Funkhouser, Holyrood, Kansas.

MAYBE THE FELLOW who complained that bananas were "mostly cob" wasn't so dumb, after all. Science keeps on discovering that we've been throwing away the better parts some of our food produce.

THE LATEST DISCOVERY in that line shows that oat hulls have great value in helping produce a new non-poisonous killer of disease germs that is described as "potentially greater" than penicillin.

I KNEW THERE MUST be some other use for oat hulls than MAKING SPECK in my MORNING OATMEAL!

AND IF YOU FIND OUT, TELL ME!

Dear Uncle Rich:
 It says here in a U. P. dispatch that a man in London, tired of waiting two weeks or more each time he sent his laundry out, has found that he can get it back within 16 days by sending it via mail to a laundry in Melbourne, Australia—halfway around the world. But what I want to know is, what's the name of that laundry?
 —Betty, Reed City, Mich.

DUMB-BELL DICTIONARY

Politician—A low, scheming character; a human dog with both feet in the public feed-trough.
 Statesman—The same guy, but on our side.
 —Bartolph, Rockford, Ia.

PARTING SHOTS

"... I wish you'd TELL me, honey, whenever you're going to move the furniture."
 —R. F.

EDITOR'S NOTE — The foregoing editorial was written at our request, as an expression of this newspaper's feeling, by M. C. Dew.

MORE ABOUT Freight Slash

"My deadline for taking further action was set at 26 days. We are too close to that to postpone action any further. Industry and the public will be hard hit by the restrictions but we cannot further continue to gamble with the coal stocks on hand. We

have an entire nation to feed." The net effect of the orders on the public can be summed up briefly: Christmas travel and mailing will be curtailed severely; there will be increased unemployment, as industry throughout the nation either drastically curbs operations or shuts down entirely due to the freight restrictions.

Excepted from the freight em-

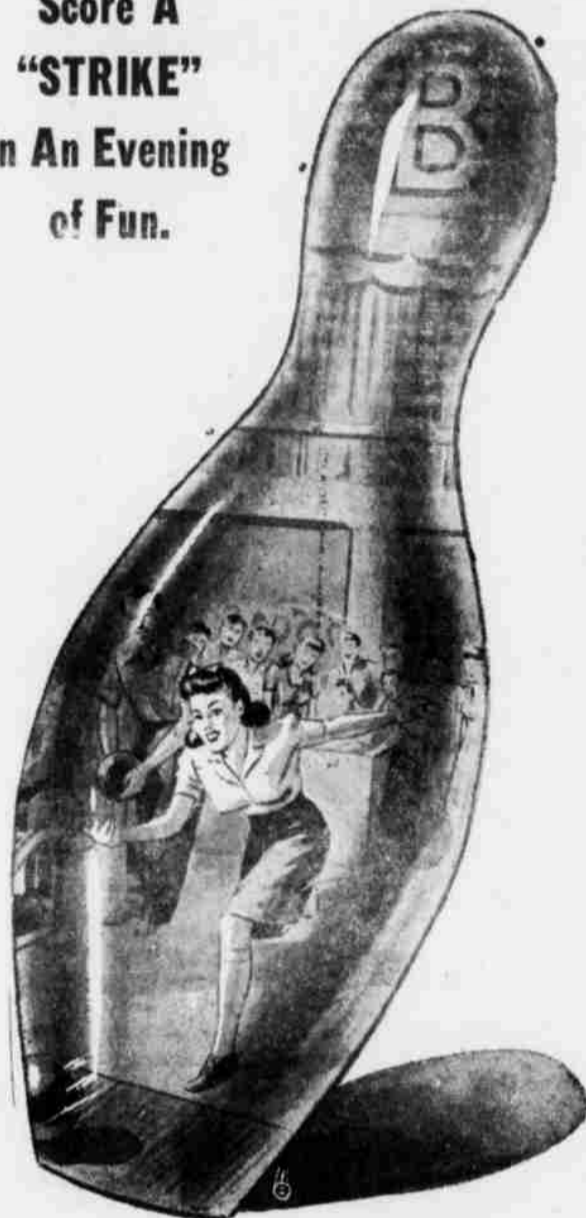
bargo are food, livestock and poultry feed, livestock and poultry, dry and liquid fuels, medicines, drugs, surgical instruments and dressings, newspapers, magazines, newsprint, printing ink, water purification chemicals, insecticides and fungicides, ice, drinking water and a number of other supplies considered necessary for the public health and safety.

Likewise, the following four classes of goods are not affected by the parcel post limitations: Live day-old poultry; seeds, plants and other nursery stock; eggs, butter and other perishable foods, and medicines, drugs, surgical instruments and surgical dressing.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE NEWS-JOURNAL.

BOWLING

Score A
 "STRIKE"
 In An Evening
 of Fun.



THE BEST IN INDOOR SPORTS!

Yes, more and more men and women, boys and girls are finding that bowling provides healthful relaxation and plenty of entertainment after a hard day's work.

Some folks visit our smooth, well-lighted bowling alleys every night. Others drop in frequently for an evening of fun.

Come in tonight for a game and you'll return tomorrow for more.

Open Evenings from Five

METRO BOWLING ALLEYS

Located Over News-Journal Office

R. L. CARTER IS NOW BACK IN BUSINESS...

IN RAEFORD

I Have Purchased The
AUTO INN

Where I Will Offer You
ESSO PRODUCTS
 and
PERSONAL SERVICE

Personally Supervised Lubrication will be a specialty.

I extend a welcome to all to do business with me, and I will be particularly glad to see all those who were my customers during the 13 years I previously operated a service station in Raeford.

VISIT ME AT

AUTO INN

R. L. CARTER, PROP.

Phone 248-1

Raeford, N. C.