SNAP SHOTS

By Frances Gilbert Frazier
Staff Writer

A group of learned men were gathered together one day, discussing the Human Race in general and its foibles and frailities in particular. Each one had a personal choice of what he considered the "Cardinal Sin" of the present day man or woman.

One suggested "Immorality" and that was taken apart and diagnosed thoroughly. The ultimate decision was that "Immorality" could hardly be applied to the Human Race as a whole for it was something that was wholly governed by the person, or persons, involved and only in certain cases would extend its effect upon more than the few concerned and could not be applicable to the many.

Then "Intolerance" came in for its hearing and the discussion waxed loud and long. "Intolerance" certainly could, and did, rub shoulders with every class and caused ill feeling, heart aches and disruption wherever practiced. It smacked of peonage, slavery and dictation and took away the rights of others, rights which are given by the American way of living. It left the slime of discord where its trail wound and no pathway was smoother for its touch. Yes, "Intolerance" seemed to be the proper word to fill in the dotted line after the question "What is the greatest sin of the Human Race?"

A quiet, scholarly looking man who had silently listened to his contemporaries arguing, now quietly submitted his suggestion.

"My idea," he went on to say, "of the worst sin of the present generation is 'Ingratitude'. It is twin sister to 'Intolerance' but it is so universally employed that it outranks anything else."

Ingratitude! It begins with the neglect of the simple little act of saying "thank you", for a service done, no matter how small or insignificant.

So many try to make the excuse that it is an oversight, not an intentional disregard for the niceties of every day life: something that is missed because of the stress of time. That's a lot of rubbish! When any one asks a favor, they know they are putting some one to the trouble of carrying out their desires, no matter how trivial the act may be. If it is worth requesting to be accomplished, it most assuredly is worth the breath to exhale two simple syllables: "thank you." Watch the fellow who never says "thank you", and you will find a potential chiseler and a runner-up for the Cardinal Sin of the Human Race, "the ingrate."

Some folk go through this life being human parasites, forgetting to give credit to the tree upon which they have lived. To the innocent by-stander, it seems as though these people are the ones who thrive, succeed and pretty nearly have everything they want but there always comes a day when the tree gives out under them, and then they are in a bad way. Had they given this foundation a little oil of appreciation or nourishment of gratefulness, the tree would still be stalwart and a firm prop for their future. Even a tree can refuse to carry a load without some encouragement.

How many think to say "thank you" to a Higher Power for a lovely day, a moon lit night, an escape from a near-accident; for a staunch friend or a heart-warming remark?

Why should some people think that everything done for them is just routine work? Those who think the "world owes them a living" may wake up some fine day and find that the world (their world) has gone into reverse and they are perilously hanging on the outer rim whirling into the emptiness of oblivion.

This world we live in is a world of cooperation; none of us is entirely independent to the extent that we do not need the helping hand of some fellow traveler on this highway of life. We may, at a moment of wild exhileration because of some great feat accomplished think we are self-sufficient but when we return to the level of common sense, we realize that we could never have succeeded had not some one else given us the mental or physical boost necessary. Then, surely, our first thought would be to give a grateful expression of appreciation. But do we?

Remember this: there are dozens of ways of saying "THANK YOU" without opening your mouth. Try it!

A Letter About a Tomboy

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

YOU and I admire the parents of the mother described in the following letter, only we wish the mother had enough fortitude to tell her sisters to mind their own business.

"Dear Dr. Myers:—Since I never miss reading your column, I am going to ask you to try to give me an answer to something which is troubling me.

"I have a little daughter ten years old. She is in the fifth grade and does very well in her studies.

Tidy and Clean

"She won't go to school in the morning without being very tidy and clean but after school, just as soon as her homework is done, she puts on old slacks and a sweater and, to be perfectly frank, is just a tomboy. She always has two or three children from her class with her and they play ball, climb trees and you can imagine just how she looks when she comes in for her supper.

"Now, Dr. Myers, her daddy and I have laughed at her being such a tomboy, but my sisters are at me continually to make her more ladylike. She is a very easy child to talk to and I suppose I could keep her from these tomboy games, but my husband, in his quiet way, says let her alone and she will grow up soon enough.

Sister's Children

"My sisters have girls about her age but they are not so active as our youngster. We have never had any trouble making her listen to us and we have had so much fun with her that my husband and I really enjoy her.

"Now, Dr. Myers, my sisters blame me to a certain extent for her being athletic for she and I have always had a tussle in her bedroom every evening playing rough and tumble. I don't know if I have made myself clear to you but she is well-behaved and gets along nicely with people. But my sisters are getting in my hair. Now, should I make her settle down to being a lady?

"I am about at the end of the rope, for my sisters are at me all the time saying if I don't make her take an interest in her appearance now she will get worse as she grows older. But my argument is that since she doesn't go to school or any other activities without looking neat and clean, I have nothing to worry about. She belongs to Girl Scouts and sings in the church junior choir. My neighbors say I am very foolish to let my sisters worry me.

"Am I doing right or wrong? We have been so happy until I began to worry. She has got a laughing face and gets so much fun out of everything."

Here is how I answered her. I agree entirely with your husband and you do, too, when you use the sense you were born with. Don't you know that your sisters are not the mother of your daughter? Let them stay in their own hair and mind their own business and not rob you and your daughter of wholesome happiness and her best education. The more of a tomboy she is now, the finer lady she is likely to be at seventeen.

T/4 Frank Putnam En Route From Europe For 30-Day Furlough

T/4 Frank Putnam of Waynesville, R.F.D. No. 1, is en route to the United States from Europe for a 30-day furlough before going to the Pacific. He is being processed by the Assembly Area Command at Camp Washington in Northeastern France. With headquarters in Reims, the Assembly Area Command, headed by Major Gen. Royal B. Lord, processes 250,000 American troops a month for shipment to the United States or the Pacific.

After 141 continuous days of combat including the Battle of the Hurtgen Forest south of Aachen, the 817th Tank Destroyer Battalion with which he served gained fame in the European theatre as one of the first tank destroyer battalions to cross the Remagen Bridge and hold it against continual German counterattacks.

Equipped with speedy M-18 "Hellcats", a 76 millimeter (3-inch) gun mounted on a tank chassis, the 817th later fought clear across Central Germany to the Mulde River near Leipzig. During their long months of combat the 817th knocked out scores of Nazi tanks and trucks, and hundreds of machine gun nests, road blocks and infantry emplacements. The veteran tank destroyer outfit has four battle stars for campaigns in North France, the Ardennes, Rhineland and Central Europe.

Farm Questions and Answers

Question: When is the best time for seeding alfalfa?

Answer: About September 1, so that the plants can establish a good root system before winter weather begins. From a practical standpoint the land be prepared in early August so as to take advantage of weather conditions. Many growers find it good practice to seed alfalfa in "turnip weather," or just before the rain.

Question: Is overfeeding of cows harmful?

Answer: John A. Arey, Extension dairyman, says that overfeeding is not an economical practice. Feeding a full ration never means overfeeding. It means feeding each cow according to her ability to produce milk economically. A cow capable of producing around 260 pounds of butterfat a year uses about 50 per cent of a full ration to maintain her body. The other 50 per cent goes into producing milk.

Question: Will a pinch of salt help egg whites hold their stiffness when whipped?

Answer: Yes, say the food specialists at State College. Another trick to learn is that the white whips best at room temperatures. How long to whip is another secret the cook needs to know. Whip until the white will hold up in a soft peak and looks glossy but not so long that it looks dry.

James K. Boone, EM 3/c Serving On Quincy

James K. Boone, 20, electricians's mate, third class, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Boone, of Waynesville, R.F.D. No. 1, went to the shores of Japan on July 14, and helped a mighty naval task force hurl dynamite into Japanese homelands, according to information received from aboard the USS Quincy off Japan.

In a force of 3rd fleet warships, the Quincy on which he is serving, turned her powerful guns on the Honshu steel city of Kamaiski, 275 miles north of Tokyo. More than 1,000 carrier-based planes also figured in the attack.

The first ship to be fired upon in the Normandy landings, she was under fire for 19 days without a single casualty. Crew members displayed the same determination off Japan's shores that was exhibited when the ship sailed into an eighty-day duel with a 14-inch German coastal gun off the coast of Southern France.

In January, 1945, the Quincy was temporary headquarters for the late President Roosevelt and his military and diplomatic staffs during the trip to the historic Yalta conference. Earlier this year she fought at Okinawa.