DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

Towns County is Blessed Again

Welcome Marion Crawford 1st SGT, US Army Ret and Major Joyce Miller, US Army Ret!

Marion was at one time the youngest 1st SGT in our nation's Army. It all began back home in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich-



igan when she was 11 years old, riding her bike behind a parade of the 501st Women's Army Corps operations unit. Their HQ being nearby, she and her bicycle soon became their unofficial mascot. Marion knew from an early age the Army was for her. "Pestering" DoD throughout HS to join the Army as post WWII the Army had quit taking women, was to pay off.

Immediately after HS she went to the local PO to apply. was told, and "No Way" until she showed them the certified letter sent by Army top brass, in September, 1948. Her dad who joined the US Navy on the day of Pearl Harbor, pitched a fit! She was the first woman in Michigan to join the WAAC Peace Corps. Shortly afterwards this became our WAC.

Not to last forever, the Vietnam War required her services managing the first combat detachment of women since WWII.

Administration was her and her girls' primary duty, but under constant attack by the VC in their Saigon encampment, she is proud of all our soldiers who protected them during these attacks. The Army wouldn't issue them guns. Later transferred to Long Binh; safer than but not as much to do as in Saigon. Marion and her girls witnessed a lot of horror and deaths of our great young men over there. However they never faltered in their assignments and mission.

With 21 years in the regular Army, she became the top recruiter carrying her Army duty over into the ROTC for three years. Married for a short while, she was told by her soon to be ex-husband, "It's me or the Army". No explanation needed!

Her troops called her "Mom". Every command officer, from Generals on down that ever met her or worked with her showered her with praises; she has the documentation to prove it as well as a loaded chest full of awards, and medals. Towns County is blessed that Marion's CO and best friend Major E. Joyce Miller are now permanent residents at our wonderful Brasstown Manor, both having full, exciting wonderful lives. They have some of the best stories I have ever heard.

Successful in real estate, as top realtor, Coldwell Banker for 20 more years, she and Joyce bought a decrepit RV Park renovating it into a successful business.

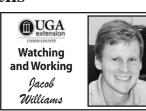
Both are military historians. Did you know that there were 900 women in Vietnam at one time or another, representing four of our five military services? Army has the largest percentage.

Sexual harassment or foul play was non-existent back then. Quotes: "Young women with half a brain and ambition join the Army"; "Army was best years of my life"; "Military service should be an American institution two years minimum, for all our young folks!"

Semper Paratus

Lichens

Have you seen moss growing on trees? Lichen is the term used for the blue green, papery growth that is often found on the bark of trees and other perennials. Sometimes folks are concerned over the growth of lichen because they are concerned that



it may be damaging their tree. Let's talk about what lichens are, what causes them, and what you can do to control them.

Lichens are really made up of a couple of different organisms. They will usually have a fungus and an algae. These organisms work together in a relationship that is mutually beneficial. Together these organisms produce the thallus, which is the leaf like growth that people see and recognize as lichen. Each organism has its own role in the relationship. The fungus provides a physical structure for growth, because the algae is slimy and has no structure. The fungus also provides water and minerals from the air or the material that the lichen is growing on. The algae are capable of photosynthesis, so they provide the energy needed for life. Some algae are also able to pull nitrogen from the atmosphere that the lichen need for development. Together they are able to combine and sustain life. It has been said that lichens are fungi that have discovered agriculture because of the way they cultivate algae. Lichens grow all over the world. Different species will grow on different surfaces. For example, lichen that you see on a rock will not grow on a tree. Different colors are also possible. Lichen may begin to grow more on a plant if that plant has lost some of its leaves. If the leaves fall from a tree more sunlight is able to penetrate to the branches and trunk of the tree, which will enable to growth of more lichen. Lichen is an opportunistic grower, meaning that healthy actively growing plants will not have as much lichen on them. If there is an abundant amount of lichen on a plant that means there could be something that is stressing your plant, allowing the opportunistic lichen to grow. That could be a nutritional deficiency, not enough water (not likely this year), insects, or disease. Lichens do not kill plants. An abundant amount of lichen can be an indicator that something else is affecting the plant. There are not any products that are recommended for use on lichen that is also safe for plants. You can remove lichen manually by gently scraping it from the bark. If you see a tree that has a lot of lichen growing on it carefully examine the plant. Here are some things to look for. Has the plant already lost its leaves? Are there holes in the bark from insects boring? Has the plant been receiving enough water? Are the roots turning black or are there mushrooms growing around the base of the tree? These are all questions that will help you determine if your plant is in decline. A basic soil test may be recommended, which would tell us what kind of nutrients are in the soil. A nutrient deficient plant will be stressed causing an opportunity for lichen to develop. There are many factors that could be part of why lichen is growing. If you are unsure or are interested in more information, contact your local County Extension office and we can help you figure it out.

We Should Be...

The Age of Information has produced experts for any notion and every pursuit. I'm sure there is an expert, or a hundred, who can tell us, for example, whether corporal punishment is a bad thing or not



It was a familiar sound to many who might read this, but regardless of whether your childhood was punctuated by the crack of a thin leather belt breaking the sound barrier in an effort to adjust your attitude, you probably heard something like this at least once while growing up: "You should be ashamed of yourself."

I'm guessing that you heard that phrase when you were mean to your brother or sister or one of the neighborhood kids. Children are like that. But there is probably an expert school of thought which holds that even this method of attempting to foster a sense of right and wrong in a child is incorrect. A popular opinion holds that guilt is bad and wrong. There are thousands of books and even more experts who are ready to help us live a life free from guilt, governed only by our creativity, like our celebrities.

But let's not be too hasty. Perhaps a measure of guilt does serve a purpose if it leads to self awareness and the development of a conscience. Not too much, just enough, like leavening in bread.

Besides, I'm hoping that a little guilt, or better, a little self reflection will get a rise when I say, in all sincerity and hoping that you will understand, that some of us should be ashamed of ourselves. We're not kids anymore, but we've been mean to our brothers and sisters and neighbors.

We've had many discussions here about the tribal nature of identity politics and the conditioning which pushes us to see everything in terms of left and right or us and them. Today let's take a look at what we do personally that makes us part of the problem rather than the solution.

We do it almost every day, now that so many of our waking hours are spent as transponders for social media. We're clicking along and see a meme that amuses us. It may be snarky or insulting, disparaging someone who thinks differently than we do. It utilizes hyperbole or exaggeration to make the point that those who think or believe differently are foolish and should be ridiculed for being so misguided.

Without thinking too much about it, we post it or re-tweet it. Our friends who think the way we do, like it. They think it's funny, and they may add something similar to the thread | a chance) but watch out for those kids of Zeus and Hera.

to demonstrate a shared contempt for those others. But when you have 500

Facebook "friends," chances are that several of those people are "them" and not "us." So they object. We argue. Feelings get hurt. "They" turn around and post something insulting about "us." Every day we add a little bit more to the anger and fear in the world. Sometimes our true friends, or people who could be our friends if we were not arbitrarily and unnecessarily separated by politics, become collateral damage.

How many friends did you lose during the course of the last election? Have you made any new ones to replace them? Is your world richer, now that it has been purged of those who hold different opinions?

What do we hope to

True Confession

Okay, here it comes. Real dirt. On July 27, 2018, I stepped out on my husband John. I feel no remorse or guilt. He had been warned, and even invited to join me for my heavenly encounter. Fact is, I had hoped to



make a "polite orgy" of things. Minus the debauchery, of course. The time had been prearranged and because my date has such a structured calendar, could not be changed for my convenience.

Wanting to share in my ecstasy, the emotion not the drug, a mock invitation was run up the flag pole. To be held at Hamilton Gardens at Lake Chatuge, hot beverages, a nibble or two and activities for a dark summer night were planned. The mock invite was nixed.

Though disappointed, I remained undaunted. Fifteen minutes before the appointed 2 a.m. tryst, I eased out of bed as silently as possible and made my way to The Elixir of Life making machine.

Outside dew had fallen and the chairs on the deck were wet. A thick, folded towel took care of that. I lit a softly scented candle for the fragrance. No additional light was needed because the moon was at its radiant best. The stars often clustered around the moon, were timid and gave a wide berth. They seemed to sense that they shouldn't try to compete. With my hands wrapped around a mug of steaming coffee, I spied him. Mars, my date, the fourth planet from the sun. His orbit path was swinging near Earth, something he does every 17 years or so. Named for the Roman god of war and sometimes called The Angry Red Planet, my visitor wasn't the least bit menacing. He was a charmer. His larger than stars size and his orange tinge won my heart.

What I had hoped to share with husband and friends turned out perfectly without them. I know I'm not the only person in the world and am nothing special, but when Mars caught my gaze and held it, I was. He was there just for me. My date and I vowed to meet again in 2035. He'll be there for sure. I'll try my best.

The annual Perseid Meteor Shower (Aug. 10 - 13, with best days Aug. 12 and 13) will benefit from a darker-than-usual sky, due to a tiny crescent moon. It should be prime shooting star viewing conditions. I'd love to share my stars with you. Of course it will be early, early morning but The Big Sleep is coming soon enough.

John, I'll never leave you for a mere mortal (like there's



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accomplish when we behave this way? Has anyone in the long history of humanity ever changed their mind because someone insulted them?

Way out here on the lonely rim of a small galaxy of hundreds of billions of stars in a universe composed of more galaxies than we can comprehend, on this tiny dot of a planet suspended in the vastness of space, are our opinions so sure, so important, so inviolate and sacred that they are worth more than the friendship or the peace of mind of another human being, another neighbor?

Let's think about that for a moment.

Maybe we're not so sure of ourselves. The world is complicated and our ability to influence it is always in doubt. If we were truly secure in our beliefs, if we really believed what we think, would we have any real reason to say much more about it? Perhaps our beliefs are on such shaky ground that we need constant reinforcement to sustain them.

We need the approval of the tribe to maintain the image we hold of ourselves, and to reinforce that image, we feed it. We only visit websites and watch networks that tell us what we already think we know. We only hang out with people who think like we do, and we follow our herd wherever it goes.

Oh, but I'm not talking about us, right? I'm talking about them.

As democrats, we believe that all people are the same and we celebrate diversity. It's those republicans. They're racists, homophobes and misogynists. They don't value life or desire peace and prosperity and a better future for their families like we do, so what we really mean is that all are the same, except for republicans.

Surely I'm not talking about the republicans either. We are guided by our faith, which informs us that all are the same in the sight of God. But those democrats are godless communists who want to destroy this country. They don't desire peace and prosperity and a better future for their families like we do, so what we really mean is that all are the same in the sight of God, except for the democrats.

Does it ever occur to us that when we think and act this way, it is frightfully easy to manipulate us? Do we ever see the contradiction or the hypocrisy?

Are we really so willing to judge and condemn other people based on so little information about the world, and even less experience, when what we think we know is a one eyed, half-brained squint through a pinhole from a darkened room? Yes, we have a right to our opinions, but we are not entitled to them

How much are those opinions really worth against the pale blue dot of our sun in a background of countless stars? And when we assume the mantle of phenomenal cosmic power required to judge even a single human being, much less millions of them, we should be ashamed.



Towns County Community Calendar

	Every Monday:	
Bridge Players	All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
	Every Tuesday:	1
Free GED prep.	Öld Rec. Čenter	4 pm
	Every Wednesday	-
SMART Recovery	Red Cross Building	7 pm
	Every Thursday:	-
Bridge Players	All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
Free GED prep.	Old Rec. Center	4 pm
	Every Friday:	
Movers & Shakers	Sundance Grill	8 am
Alcoholics Anon.	Red Cross Building	7 pm
	Every Sunday:	-
Alcoholics Anon.	Red Cross Building	7 pm
First	Tuesday of each month:	
Alzheimer's Supp.	McConnell Church	1:30 pm
American Legion	VFW Post 7807	4 pm
Hiaw. City Council	City Hall	6 pm
Young Harris Coun.	YH City Hall	7 pm
	ednesday of each month:	1
Quilting Bee	McČonnell Church	10 am
	hursday of each month:	
Stephens Lodge	Lodge Hall	7:30 pm
Second Monday of each month:		
Chamber Board	1411 Jack Dayton Cir.	8 am
VFW	VFW Post	5 pm
Historical Society	Old Rec. Center	5:30 pm
School Board	Auditorium	7 pm
Unicoy Masonic	Lodge Hall	7:30 pm
	Tuesday of each month:	1
CVB Board	Civic Center	8 am
Gem & Mineral Club	Senior Center	1:30 pm
Arts & Crafts Guild	Calvary Church	4 pm
Lions Club	Daniel's Restaurant	6 pm
Mtn. Coin Club	N. GA Tech	6 pm
	Wednesday of each month:	1
Basket Weavers	SC Fire Hall	10 am
	Thursday of each month:	
Awake America Prayer	Civic Center	Noon
Mtn. Comm. Seniors	Senior Center	1 pm
Democratic Party	Civic Center	6 pm
	Monday of each month:	- 1
Hospital Auxiliary	Cafeteria	1:30 pm
Planning Comm.	Civic Center	6 pm
	Tuesday of each month:	o pin
YH Plan Comm.	YH City Hall	5 pm
Co. Comm. Mtg	Courthouse	5:30 pm
Humane Shelter Bd.	Blairsville store	5:30 pm
Water Board	Water Office	6 pm
		~ Pm

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