

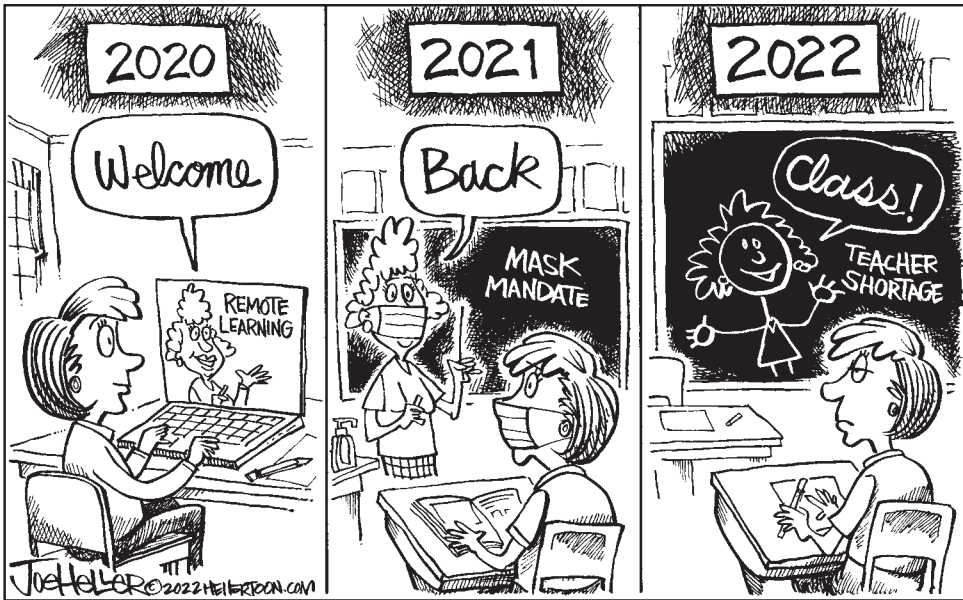
DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

Historic Military Dogs

Historic Military Dogs Who Gave All - Kudos to the Veterans Site News for providing us with this historical reminder that man's best friend is genuinely man's best friend, even in war.

The Veterans' Corner
Scott Drummond
USCG Veteran



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Early on in our Civil War, Sallie was a Staffordshire Terrier with the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. She served on the front lines during many battles. At the Battle of Gettysburg she got separated from her unit. Found three days later, she was still on the battlefield guarding her wounded and dead soldiers. Sallie was killed in Virginia at the Battle of Hatcher's Run. Soldiers from her regiment placed a memorial statue of her at Gettysburg years later.

WWI, Sgt. Stubby served the 102nd Infantry, 26 Yankee Division. He was the only dog to be promoted through combat. Stubby had a keen smell for gas attacks, thus would warn our allied troops of incoming attacks early on. Corporal John Conroy took Stubby to Yale as soldiers were training, then took him to France for deployment against the Germans. He received many medals, met three presidents and became the mascot of Georgetown University. Sergeant Conroy was still with Sergeant Stubby when he died in 1926.

WWII, a German Shepard/Collie/Husky mix served in Patton's Seventh Army in Germany, Italy, Sicily, France, and North Africa. Chips was awarded the Silver Star and a Purple Heart. Claiming Chips was only "equipment", the military leaders later rescinded those medals. After what Chips did charging an enemy pillbox which had his fellow soldiers pinned down and capturing four Italians inside, then that same night saving his soldiers lives by awakening his men to a sneak ambush, it makes no sense that this wonderful dog would have this just awards taken away, even if he was "only a dog."

Vietnam, Nemo! I've been blessed to have a good friend who served in the Americal Division, Frank Gibbs who told me how those military dogs over in the jungles saved him and many other lives. Like me Frank has continued his love and appreciation of dogs as man's best friend. Nemo (A534) served in the USAF with his handler Airman Robert Throneburg and sensed enemy soldiers approaching and alerted Throneburg. Even though they were both shot by the Viet Cong, Nemo guarded his pal Throneburg from the VC long enough for aid and backup to arrive. Thanks to Nemo they both survived, with Throneburg receiving a Bronze Star and Purple Heart and Nemo got a permanent kennel, as one of the first dogs to return to America since WWII.

Cairo, a Belgian Malinois served with our elite Navy Seals and served in Operation Neptune Spear in the covert military operation that retired Osama Bin Laden from his nefarious wicked actions. Because so much of this is secret, we basically know he was the only military dog to be a key player in one of the biggest military operations in modern history.

Lucca, another German Shepard/Belgian Malinois mix served with our USMC for six years as a specially trained explosive detecting dog. During two combat tours she completed 400 missions, off leash and saved many, many of our outstanding Marines lives. In 2012 Lucca was severely wounded when she found not one but two IEDs, thus saving the lives of several Marines. She lost a leg, but was ready for more action immediately after recovery according to her handler Corporal Juan Rodriguez.

We have a lot of good friends in this world, none better than our dogs, sent to watch over us by our Lord, our Father in Heaven. -*Semper Paratus*

Letters To The Editor

Defund the IRS

Dear Editor,

Recently the U.S. Senate Democrats, including Georgia Senators Warnock and Ossoff, voted for the Democrat Inflation Reduction (Misery) Act. This \$730,000,000,000 spending bill allocates \$80,000,000,000 to the IRS to hire 87,000 new auditors/agents, doubling the size of the agency to 170,000 employees. The IRS is the most powerful agency in the world.

The Democrats will weaponize this army of IRS auditors/agents against every American whether or not they file a tax return. We've already witnessed the Democrats weaponizing the FBI and Justice Department against former President Trump. It is just a matter of time before Democrats will remove the tax-exempt status from churches. Church leaders need to start preparing their budgets to pay property and corporate taxes.

This Misery Act also puts a new 15% minimum tax on businesses and additional taxes on oil, natural gas, coal and electric consumption. Those who purchased electric cars have been scammed. Common sense, lacking in Washington, tells us in a time of high inflation that taxes should be reduced on businesses and individuals. Missing from the spending bill was money for border security, baby formula and our military.

Having worked over 30 years in government as a corporate tax auditor and tax administrator, I know firsthand that politicians are shielded from those nasty IRS letters, such as intent to lien, wage garnishment notices, bank account attachments and letters informing citizens that their property and assets will be seized. A select group of agents are assigned to politicians' tax records. No letters for them, just a polite phone call asking for a small monthly payment to pay their tax debt, and in some cases, the debt is eventually written off by the tax "fairy."

A part of the \$80 billion for the IRS will be used to purchase highly sophisticated high-tech computers. They will be used to access every banking and credit card transaction of every American anywhere in the world. They will know instantly when you purchase a gun, ammo, and even your underwear. Patriots, there it is! An instant national gun owners list for when the government decides to confiscate our weapons.

The Dems' final goal is not climate change, but Socialism for America. The new IRS army is their vehicle to make this happen and to bring Americans into fear, submission, and to usher in their new Socialist America.

Former President Ronald Reagan once said, "The most terrifying words in the English language are: I'm from the government and I'm here to help you." Our forefathers warned us about a government that becomes too big. It will work against us, not for us, and will persecute us, not protect us. People, we are there. We are the frogs in the water that is no longer lukewarm.

We the people need to take back our America. Vote in November for those who will protect our freedoms, lower our taxes, protect our border and protect God's definition of life, gender and family. The choice is yours, freedom or tyranny?

Bob Harper

Between Mayberry and Mayfield

I've heard people compare growing up around Hiawasee to life in the fictional Mayberry, North Carolina. The time I spent here in my youth would support that appraisal. But the recent passing of Tony Dow reminds me that two generations of Americans might find the Mayfield of Wally and the Beaver to be a closer fit. It also occurs to me, that somewhere between Mayberry and Mayfield, we lost something important.

By 1960, almost 70% of Americans lived in urban areas, but outside the largest cities the nation still had much of the character of the suburbs. Many of us still remembered life on the farm. With all our differences, there was more of a sense of common experience and common goals. The generation which had just pulled together to prevail in WWII now turned its attention to the greatest rise in prosperity the world had ever seen.

In Mayfield and in Mayberry, it was safe for boys and girls to wander the neighborhood on their own recognizance. Be home by dark. Don't be late for supper. The neighborhood had eyes that were sharper than any surveillance camera, because someone was home to watch in those decades before tapeworm economics sent both parents to work to make ends meet.

There is no doubt in my mind that many of the adventures pursued by my brother and I and our confederates back then would today be considered domestic terrorism. We never harmed, or for one moment thought of harming anyone. In fact, the greatest harm done was administered by our dads and those thin leather belts that were in style at the time; that, and the litany of cuts, bruises, scrapes and singed eyebrows that can accompany experiential education.

My brother and I had an early interest in chemistry. It wasn't the popular chemistry of today that produces illegal incomes and medical emergencies. We never imagined anything like that. No, we liked chemistry that created rapid expansions in volume induced by vigorous exothermic reactions. We made the fuel for our homemade bottle rockets and fireworks, and when an errant launch ignited the leaves in our next door neighbors' gutter they didn't call the police or the fire department. They put out the fire with a garden hose and then called our parents. I seem to recall that the thin leather belt played a part in our rehabilitation, as well as having to mow the neighbors' yard a few times. There was zero recidivism.

We were tough kids. We were outside more than indoors. We got hurt and we healed, and we learned not to do that again. Usually. We knew how to do countless things that kids just don't know how to do anymore, not because they don't have the ability, but because they don't have the interest. The cultural norm for previous generations was independence, and it grieves me to say that by design or by default, we are moving inexorably now toward a conditioned dependence.

Sadly, I think we are also losing the ability to laugh at ourselves. Most of my playground companions were slapstick comedians. That most fundamental gift of human nature was allowed to develop into some truly memorable humor as we grew up. The practical joke was elevated to an art form. The finely crafted insult was a sought-after goal. Most assuredly we could cross over the line at times. All humans are capable of a mean streak. But there was a trust and a sweetness born of true camaraderie which allowed us to enjoy even the jokes at our own expense.

By the time we got to college, we were all comedians. My roommate and I lived off campus so we were able to practice our routines restricted only by legal boundaries and those of a civil society, which we sometimes managed to stretch. For example, he thought it was hilarious to lie in bed when his alarm went off and wait until my alarm sounded half an hour later, then jump up and occupy the shower until all the hot water was gone. I responded by creeping out to the tank and shutting off the valve just when he was soaping up, which was doubly effective in cold weather.

After a particularly escalated series of practical jokes, my magnus opus occurred when he left work at our campus job in a hurry, late for a date, only to find that his truck was buried under a pile of industrial garbage bags loaded with food waste from the cafeteria. Only the headlights were visible. He retaliated by letting the neighbor's cat inside on a cold night, the cat which liked to use the old floor furnace as a litter box. When the furnace cut back on, he raised the alarm from the safety of his bedroom and I stumbled out into a cloud of vaporized cat poo. Ultimately, however, we both suffered equally from that stunt.

I could fill several volumes with the escapades and insults we enjoyed growing up, so many of which might be considered dangerous, or worse, offensive today. All humans benefit, and suffer from the same human nature, but there are differences in the generations. Our parents were physically tough and able to sacrifice short term gain to achieve long term goals. We are emotionally tougher, and thicker skinned than our children and grandchildren. We grew up with Archie Bunker and George Jefferson, George Carlin and Richard Pryor. We're just not that easy to offend.

Our youth are technologically adept and worldly in ways that we never imagined. They are passionate, as youth is passionate, and they are sensitive. They are serious minded, sometimes to the point of being morose. But I'm sorry to say, they're just not that funny. Their culture doesn't allow it, and that is a shame.

Outside The Box

By: **Don Perry**

worldoutsidethebox.com

Seed Saving

Seed saving is an old practice that has become less common in recent years. Before World War II seed catalogues that offered varieties of seeds from all over were not common, so if you planted a garden you would have to save your own seed each year to be able to plant again next year. Very recently, seed saving has risen in popularity again as a way to become more self-sufficient or to preserve old varieties of plants that otherwise would go extinct. Let's talk some of the basics of seed saving today.

To save quality seed is a bit more complicated than simply picking seeds from the garden. Plants have a couple of different mechanisms of pollination that they might use. Some are cross-pollinated which means the pollen has to move from the anther of one plant to the stigma of a different plant. Apples are an example. Self-pollinated means that the pollen travels from the anther of a plant to the stigma on the same plant. Tomatoes are an example. Plants that can cross pollinate are more difficult to save seed. This is because they could have cross pollinated with a different variety that was also planted nearby. The resulting seed from this cross would not have the same characteristics as its parents. Self-pollinated plants like tomatoes and beans are a good place to start for beginner seed savers. As you master easy plants you can move onto more difficult plants like cucumber, squash, or carrots.

You want to harvest seed when the fruit has reached physiological maturity. To reach physiological maturity plants have to be allowed to grow beyond the stage where you would normally harvest them. Reaching physiological maturity means that the seeds will have better germination and vigor. Wet-seeded crops have seeds that are embedded in the fruit. Think tomato or squash. Wet-seeds need to be scooped out, washed, and dried. Some wet-seeds need to go through a fermentation process. Place the seeds into a jar and add an equal amount of water. Place the jar out of sunlight for 4 to 5 days, stirring daily. Viable seeds will sink to the bottom. Bad seeds will float on the top. Let the good seeds dry out for a week before storing. Dry-seeded crops have seeds in husks or pods on the plant. Think corn, beans, or broccoli. Dry-seeds can be separated from the plant and brought indoors to dry before storing.

Storage of seeds is very important to maintain good germination rates and seed longevity. Seeds should be stored in a cool, dark place. Storing seeds in a refrigerator can add several years to how long a seed lasts. Seeds that have been dried down to 5-7% moisture and are frozen will give the best viability. Minimize temperature and moisture fluctuations as much as possible. Pests like rodents and insects will also feed on seeds if they are able. The oldest seed to germinate is a date palm from Israel that was about 2,000 years old! You should not expect your saved seed to last anywhere near that long. Plant most of your saved seed the following season for best germination.

If you have questions about saving seed contact your County Extension Office or email me at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu. There is also a seed saving starter guide on the UGA Extension website that has a lot of great information.

Letters To The Editor

Rename Lake Winfield Scott

Dear Editor,

In 1830, our forefathers in the U.S. Congress passed the Indian Removal Act, inaccurately and unfairly removing Cherokees from their ancestral homeland. A subsequent 1835 Treaty of New Echota, reportedly signed by unauthorized Cherokee leaders, was federally ratified (an appropriate verb) in 1836, despite Chief John Ross, along with 15,000 Cherokee signatures, petitioning non-ratification. This treaty gave all Cherokee lands in the South to the federal government and gave Oklahoma to the Cherokees. What a deal.

President Van Buren ordered Cherokee evacuation, which was carried out by Brigadier General Winfield Scott's May 10, 1838, military order ultimatum:

"Cherokees! The President of the United States has sent me, with a powerful army, to cause you, in obedience to the Treaty of 1835, to join that part of your people who are already established in prosperity, on the other side of the Mississippi ... The full moon of May is already on the wane, and before another shall have passed away, every Cherokee man, woman and child ... must be in motion to join their brethren in the far West."

Thus began The Trail of Tears, a very sad, long and deadly chapter of American history.

Though this was apparently many men's doing, and granted that Brigadier General Winfield Scott contributed significantly to winning the War of 1812 against the British and also the Civil War for the North, I suggest his name has been revered for a sufficient amount of time.

I therefore propose that we, as a Southern Region, petition to change Federal Park Lake Winfield Scott, renaming it as "Lake Grace," a Lovely name signifying a brand new chapter of Forgiveness and a very Real Progression of Renewal in our Land.

With sincere thoughts
and Petitional Prayers,
Deena Allison Handy RN, MS

*Statistics gleaned from North Carolina Department of Natural and Cultural Resources at ncdcr.gov

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE E-MAILED OR MAILED TO:

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P.O. Box 365, Hiawasee, GA 30546
Our email address: tcherald@windstream.net

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Letters that recognize good deeds of others will be considered for publication.*

Note: All letters must be signed, and contain the first and last name and phone number for verification.

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