

SOUTHERN FOLKLORE

"Of the several things for which I thank my parents, one is that I am congenitally lazy..." My fellowman is an elderly gentleman who was sitting on a nail keg on the front gallery (porch) of a rural store in South Carolina one August afternoon, slowly stewing in his own sweat. "Damn" he said, "I feel lazy sitting here doing nothing -- I believe I'll go to sleep." Like a sensible fellow he did, to dream in a purely desultory fashion of chitterlings turnip greens, rice, biscuits, sorghum molasses and a Mason jar of "Likkuh" out of the second barrel. The contents of the first barrel that is filled from the local stills being reserved for amateurs and strangers.

The diet of the residents of the rural tenement areas in the South - two blocks beyond the end of Tobacco Road - is monotonous in the extreme unless one is brought up in it. It always reminds me of a camp cook we once had. He was not very good, and we decided that his cooking formula was, "if it's smoking it's cooking, and if it's black it's done." For the true Southerner the formulae would have to be revised to read, "if you can't fry it, boil it in fat."

Almost all vegetables, i.e. sweet potatoes, turnip roots or turnip tops, if boiled are covered with water and cooked with a large piece of ham fat. Meat is usually rolled in a paste of any kind of meal available then fried in deep fat. Biscuits - a semi-digestible concoction of flour, baking powder, shortening, salt and sour milk - are usually served instead of bread. When a southern boy meets a southern belle who can make biscuits no worse than his mother he marries her and they become dispeptic together. Romance wavers at neither the diet nor the heat of summers, yet the heat and the food cause a territorial annual epidemic of chronic constipation.

A friend of mine, an Arkansan from a long line of southern families (from which nothing goes more in line) once said that his compatriots were just too lazy to pronounce the final "g" in any word ending with 'ing', except chicking. Neither the various local pronunciations nor the intonations of speech can be properly expressed in writing by merely leaving letters out and substituting apostrophes, or by substituting a phonetic spelling. The idiom is characteristic and colorful. Two thousand acres of cotton land is casually called, "My little old farm." Close relatives become "Kissing kin." If you offer a passenger a lift in your car you ask "Where do you want out?" Best of all is the idiom corresponding to the Northerners "Goodbye". In the South when you leave anyone they say, "Hurry back, right soon."

(Cont'd from Editorial Page)

The second premise is linked with the first, insofar as it is your relation with everyone with whom you come in contact. Your every action affects not only yourself, but every one about you, even those who do not seem to know. Every act of yours is like a stone dropped into a smooth pond, the ripples spread until it eventually covers the entire pond. So all one's self-interest must be tempered with consideration for others. The only measure of your plans for yourself is that they must not interfere with the happiness of others.

You have the facts now, think. Some of your plans may fail and some of your ideas may prove impractical, but plans must be made, and thinking must be done if one is going to get anywhere, so, THINK.

FORGOTTEN MEN

Who is the tall gaunt officer who is seen continually prowling around in the subterranean tunnels of No. 5 I.T.S., like a ghost or a spectre from the film, "The Phantom of the Opera?"

Who are the two pale, anemic, nervous sergeants who follow in the footsteps of the Phantom? Who is the redheaded LAC who also daily stumbles, and mumbles as he grumbles to himself, making his way also in the dim corridors of that basement of I.T.S? Who is the partially bald corporal seen pussy-footing between barrack stores and Tech Stores with a haunted look upon his bovine countenance? Who is the Jamaican seen standing by the nearest radiator shaking and shivering, and bemoaning the fact that this is Canada, the Land of the Polar Bear? Who is that image of a former man seen unloading boxes from immense trucks, and carrying their contents down into the deepest bowels of #5 ITS? Who is the civilian with the book continually under his arm, who reminds one of a shaggy Alsatian of doubtful heritage?

Who are these men who live a life of constant turmoil, of perpetual fear of the next moment? I'll tell you who they are. They are what is left of the lost battalion of "Forgotten Men" ---

The Equipment Section.

WANTED: for next month's Flash NEWS and ANECDOTES, also short ARTICLES from every section on the Station, also from any of the personnel.

LOST: one small, energetic femal dog which responds to the name of Snetsy. Any one knowing the whereabouts of such a dog will notify the S.A.O. There is a reward we understand.