

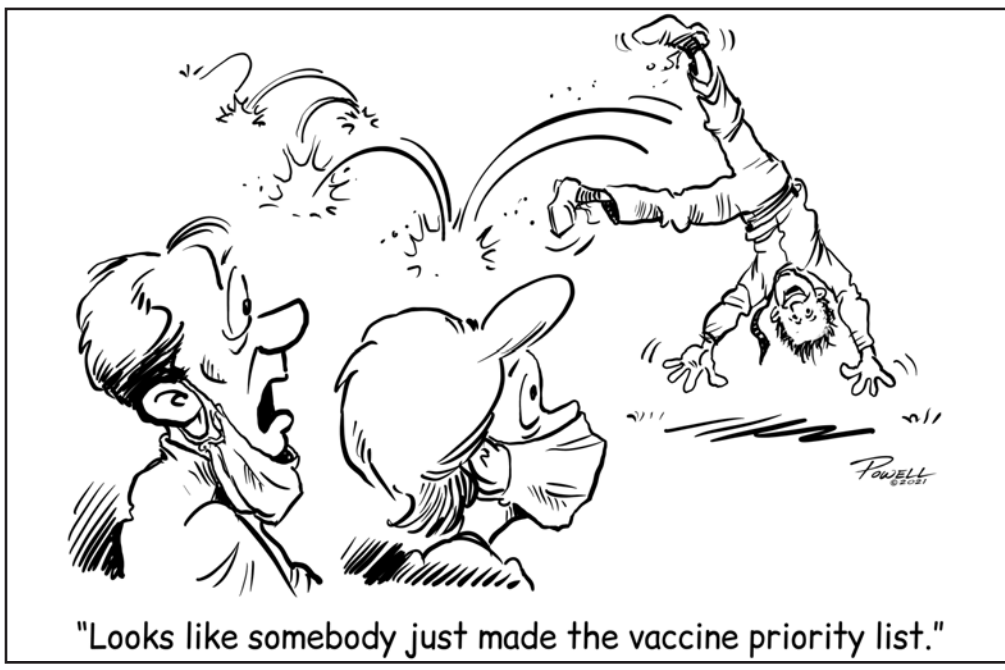
DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

Seabees 79th Birthday

How'd you like to meet and greet some very fine Patriotic American Veterans? Actually they are the salt of God's earth, having volunteered their services to America in our United States Navy, but possessing skills that lead them into becoming Seabees. Those skills range anywhere from carpenter, plumbers, welders, large equipment operators, excavators, architects, designers, electricians, communications specialists, basically builders and engineers of sorts, who are capable of building ANYTHING needed by any of our military forces worldwide. They are also very capable of tearing down facilities and structures needed by those who abhor freedom and liberty. As such our US Navy SEABEES became invaluable to our nation's survival and winning WWII. Now, this March 5, (1942-2021) they are 79 years young! I've never met a SEABEE who was anything less than a great American, fun, pleasant, and still skilled today, willing to help fellow Americans in many and various ways. Those who served in Vietnam are no different and as many of them did carried their ingenuity and abilities over into civilian life. And a dear Friend and Vietnam Veteran SEABEE has even become and ordained minister. Even though the SEABEES may be recognized as an elite force, most of them consider themselves as plain old fashioned American Patriots, who did their duty.

The Veterans' Corner
Scott Drummond
 USCG Veteran



"Looks like somebody just made the vaccine priority list."

It is to Laugh

First of all, we'll change the names to protect the guilty, but otherwise it happened just like this...

About five years ago, a conversation took place between two lifelong friends: "I can't believe you're not going to vote for Pagliacci!"

"I don't trust Pagliacci, but I'm not going to vote for Krusty either. Besides, what business is it of yours who I vote for? Let's talk about something else."

"Don't you understand how crucial this election is? There's so much at stake, and we need to decide right now what kind of world we want our grandchildren to live in!"

Krusty won that election and the two old friends barely spoke for several years, due primarily to the enduring anger and ongoing state of emergency experienced by the Pagliacci supporter. Eventually the two reconciled, but things were never the same.

Loneliness and resentment moved in to replace fellowship. Years of laughter and support which could have been, were lost forever, all because two friends didn't agree about two clowns whom they had never met, and never would meet.

Years later Krusty the Clown ran for re-election against Bozo the Clown and lost. In the run-up to the election, a different pair of old friends began to disagree.

"I think Krusty really is a clown."

"Maybe, but Krusty is the only clown talking about the things that are important to us! If Bozo wins, the whole circus is going to change and the price of tickets will go through the roof! Don't you realize that Bozo is also coming for our balloons? Have you seen the price of helium lately? It might be unpleasant, but if you care about the future you've got to vote for Krusty!"

"I don't know who I'm going to vote for, or if I'm going to vote for president at all. Besides, it's nobody's business how I vote. That's why they have that little curtain that you pull shut when you go into the voting booth."

After Bozo won the election, the Krusty supporter stopped returning his friend's calls. A friendship which had spanned most of their lives was put on hold. Fellowship was replaced by loneliness and resentment, all because two lifelong friends disagreed about two clowns whom they had never met, and never would meet.

I wish that these anecdotes were rare examples of the divisive influence of politics on human relationships, but unfortunately they are not. I've previously shared a story from 80 years ago about how my father lost his student deferral and was drafted in an act of political retribution because his father voted "wrong" in a local election.

Rewind to the 19th century when Jonathan Swift wrote the classic, "Gulliver's Travels," which presented a parody of British politics in the conflict between Lilliput and Blefuscu over which end of an egg should be cracked. Go back another hundred years or a thousand years and the same dynamics still play out.

If every human on the planet emerged from the same test tube and we all were a uniform shade of purple and we all had green eyes and pink hair and we all ate hard boiled eggs and listened to Taylor Swift (the horror), we would still find ways to separate ourselves. Someone would discover they preferred their eggs boiled 6 minutes instead of 11, and a political party would be born. The elevensies would accuse the sixers of being too soft on the palate and the sixers would accuse the elevensies of being eggst.

Before we knew it, every election would be critical to the survival of humanity itself, especially if we were also blessed, or cursed, with a ubiquitous web of instant communication, breaking news and intentionally curated information.

Which brings us back to the real-ish world and my friends, and probably some of yours as well, who are still squabbling over circus clowns. It is a political master stroke, a mark of truly evil genius that a mind can be so manipulated that a vote for this clown or that one can be considered a betrayal of decades of friendship.

As I pointed out to both sets of my own friends, "you're watching the shell and not the pea." We are so distracted by politics, so manipulated by media, that we have failed for over a generation now to notice that our pockets have been picked right under our noses.

The richest one percent now owns more of the country's wealth than any time in the last 50 years, and this transfer of wealth has happened, unimpeded, right through the changing of the guard from the party of Bozo to the party of Krusty and back again.

One percent of 320 million is a tiny fraction, but keep in mind that the tiny Lilliputians were able to completely immobilize Gulliver while he slept.

The real world has real consequences. Friendships lost or damaged because of pixel inspired illusions about what is important, result in real pain and heartache. But in this environment of ever impending doom and daily doses of the historic and the unprecedented, there is a limit to just how much we can feel bad about.

Therefore I hereby deny this doom permanent residence in my consciousness and I urge you to do the same. To the angry and the fragile still licking wounds that won't heal because you keep licking those wounds, to those taking on cartoon-ish roles in this staged production, I respond with the irony and pathos of another cartoon character.

As Daffy Duck once said, "It is to laugh."

Outside The Box
 By: Don Perry
worldoutsidethebox.com

Raised Beds

This week I would like to talk about raised beds. There are many different ways to make raised beds. So I'll go through different types of materials that you can use and some basic principles to use when building your raised beds. I'll also talk about situations where I like raised beds over growing in the soil and vice versa.

UGA extension
Watching and Working
 Jacob Williams



Raised beds are a great tool to use if you have don't have a lot of sunlight in your yard. Plants grown in raised beds will still need full sun, but if you only have a small area of your yard that has full sun, a raised bed is a good way to maximize that. If you have slopes that are too steep to plant, leveling out a small area and putting in a raised bed in that spot is another good idea. Oftentimes, the best soil in Towns and Union is found in river bottoms.

If you don't the good fortune of putting your garden in one of those places, growing in raised bed will also be much easier than fighting with heavy clay soils. Raised beds are also going to have fewer weed issues, and less soil compaction. You can build elevated raised beds to that you don't need to do as much bending down.

Dimensions for a raised bed depend on the materials that you are using. Generally, I like raised beds that aren't more than 4 feet across. If you have really long arms you can make them wider. I also like beds that are about 8 feet long. If you make long beds, it's just more difficult to walk around them, especially if you've put a bunch of raised beds next to each other. 10 inches height will be enough depth for most vegetables. Potatoes will need more depth. The deeper you make the raised bed the more material you will need to fill it. Soil to fill raised beds costs money, so don't make them needlessly deep. If you have tall crops planted in your raised beds they can shade out other crops, so orient them in a north-south direction. You want the raised bed to be completely level. To do this you may need to dig out the place where you're putting it.

Let's move on to materials that you can use. There are several different types of lumber. Cedar is very good, because it does not rot quickly. However, it is very expensive. Cypress is often easier to get than cedar. Oak and other hardwoods can be difficult to find in sufficient quantities, and are only a little more rot resistant than pine. Pine is the most readily available and cheapest lumber. It will rot, but I've seen where you can get several years of use out of pine. An alternative to lumber is cement blocks, brick, concrete, or stone. If you are going to build the wall high, you would need some mortar to keep the walls from falling.

The research that is available says that pressure treated wood is safe to use for food production. Arsenic is no longer used to pressure treat wood, and has not been used since 2005. Wood treated with creosote should not be used. Railroad ties and utility poles are treated with creosote.

If you have questions about building your own raised beds contact your County Extension Office or email me at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.

Warts and All

Joyce, my friend of many years, is said by some to have an inappropriate sense of humor. Nobody said she is not funny, just inappropriate. Back before Covid put family reunions on hold, Joyce and her clan met for their annual kin-fest. I don't know how religious her extended family is but apparently it took the "Go forth and multiply" as gospel. Many heads bowed as the patriarch sadly announced a minute of silence for the family members "not able to be with us today." A single, clear voice pealed, "Then can I have their desserts?" A few chuckles, a few gasps and a belly laugh were emitted. There are those who side-step Joyce because of her, let's call it, unique sense of humor. I take it head-on. I know her heart.

Without delivering a history lesson, in 1653, Oliver Cromwell was to have his portrait as Lord Protector of the British Isles painted. He told artist Peter Lely to portray him as he truly was without concealing his blemishes. Thus was coined the phrase warts and all. The phrase came to mean accepting someone as they are, including their faults. Example: John loves her, warts and all.

The shared project, long planned, labored over, and argued about so loudly that it scared the sweet dog, was finally over. "I love you." I said as we were leaving the event. "I love you too but I don't want to see you for awhile" was the response. Rather than being offended, I was glad I hadn't had to say it. There were times during the process we got so vexed with one another, ok, make that as mad as hello, the only reason we didn't cause a public scene was because we were afraid we'd have to serve time in the same cell. I was recently told (thank you, Gordy) that if two people are planning the same project and agree on everything, one of them is redundant. Through it all, even at the most fevered pitch of our head butting, we were respectful to each other. Sometimes loudly respectful. I never thought a permanent rift would occur and we never called each other names. Smart pants doesn't count. Both of us ceded points and/or held ground. Together we learned to produce a successful benefit. We learned about each other and ourselves. My partner is not perfect. Now, does anybody know where I can purchase artificial press-on warts so my cohort can love me in spite of them? (To JAM, I do love you and I know full well my own Warts and All can make a frog green with envy).

See You Around Towns!

Around Towns
 Dale Harmon



Letters to The Editor

2nd Amendment Sanctuary

Dear Editor,
 I applaud the stand which the Commissioner and Sheriff of Towns County have taken in a resolution that declares Towns County a second amendment sanctuary county.

Towns County is joining a growing list of counties in Georgia that have adopted such a measure. This resolution rejects the enforcement of state or federal gun laws perceived to violate the Second Amendment. Whether these local resolutions stand or fall, they serve as a signal that at the grassroots level, gun owners are fed up with gun control laws that promise but don't deliver and invariably affect the wrong people.

Resolutions are good, but that simply states a county's intent or position. Rather, the passing of an ordinance creates legal parameters and guidelines that the county follows as law, allowing them to be enforced in ways that resolutions are not. While resolutions can act as a statement, an ordinance would go a step further and actually change county code and in turn prevent the expenditure of funds for various gun control proposals, such as gun bans and red flag laws.

For example, an ordinance can state that county funds and resources will not be used to enforce any state or federal laws that the Towns County sheriff deems to be an infringement upon the right to keep and bear firearms, firearm accessories and ammunition.

Tim Groza

Time Wasted by Elected Officials

Dear Editor,
 Regarding, 02-24-21 Towns County Herald front page story, headlined: "Bradshaw, Henderson declare 'Second Amendment Sanctuary.'" Mr. Bradshaw and his silly sidekick, Sheriff Henderson, are so old-fashioned, as in pre-Paleolithic and Cro-Magnon even. It's so quaint and touching in some ways to know that this duo would proclaim their patriotic time-wasted by issuing Towns County resolutions "maintaining their elected oaths to uphold the Constitutional rights to bear arms."

Maybe next resolution they will offer to bring back dueling whereby two disputants can step-off 15 passes from each other, turn and fire. The best shot will win the game of homicide to settle differences.

Perhaps, the above gentlemen would care to volunteer to go first?

Citizen's side wagering could be collected in a fund raising campaign to help pay for pot hole repairs---now there's money that would be well spent.

Lance Jobson

The Towns County Herald is an independent and nonpartisan publication. As such, third-party views contained herein are not necessarily the opinions or positions of this newspaper, e.g. advertising, press releases, editorial content, perspectives expressed in articles covering local events, etc.

Have something to sell?
 Let the Herald work for you!
 Contact us at 706-896-4454
 Deadline for the Towns County Herald is Friday by 5 PM

Towns County Herald

Legal Organ of Towns County

Kenneth West
 Owner/Publisher

Shawn Jarrard
 General Manager

Todd Forrest
 Staff Writer

Derek Richards
 Advertising Director

Shawn Henrikson
 Copy Editor

Lowell Nicholson
 Photographer

Publication No: 635540

Advertising, News deadlines: Friday at 5 p.m.

Towns County (1 Year) \$25. Out of County (1 Year) \$35. Entered as second-class matter on November 8, 1928, at the post office at Hiawassee, Georgia under Act of March 3, 1879. With additional mailing points. The Towns County Herald is not responsible for errors in advertising beyond the cost of the actual space involved. All advertisements are accepted subject to the Publisher's approval of the copy and to the space being available, and the Publisher reserves the right to refuse any advertisement. **Postmaster:** Send change of address to: Towns County Herald, P.O. Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546.

Office located at: 518 N. Main St. Suite 7 "The Mall", Hiawassee
 Phone: (706) 896-4454 Fax: (706) 896-1745 Email: tcherald@windstream.net
 Or mail to: PO Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546