

DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

Cliff Notes

The voting responses of our elected officials are a matter of public record. This probing reporter wants to dig deeper, to peel back the veneer and leave bare the true essence of those who serve. After agreeing to this interview of March 27, 2019,

Around Towns
Dale Harmon



Sole Commissioner Clifford Bradshaw of Towns County, GA seemed taken aback by the searing questions posed to him. The following is an excerpt taken from said interview.

PR: Probing Reporter: Tell me, Commissioner, do you prefer Coca-Cola or Pepsi Cola?

CB: Commissioner Bradshaw: Although both are products of the south, I like Coke better.

PR: How about dogs or cats?

CB: Definitely dogs, but cats are o.k.

PR: Corn Bread or Biscuits?

CB: It really depends on what's being served with them, but in general, biscuits.

PR: Would you be in favor of a ban on Stink Bugs in the county?

CB: Well, God created them so there must be a reason for them.

PR: Do you mean in addition to tormenting me?

CB: Yes.

PR: What was your reason for becoming Commissioner?

CB: That one is easy. I love this area, this county and its people.

PR: What would be your ideal "unplugged" day with no civic duties or obligations to attend?

CB: A day to work in my yard. With my wife. (He added quickly and sincerely)

PR: Any guilty pleasures?

CB: I like good food. On extremely rare occasions, I over indulge.

PR: When you find time, do you care to read?

CB: I'm an avid reader. My tastes run to history. Mostly American.

PR: How about movies?

CB: The majority of the movies I see are based on actual events. I don't really see many non-fictions.

PR: We've spoken before about this so I know you love The King, Elvis. Do any other musical genres ring your bell?

CB: I like all types of music. Country, Blue Grass, Rock and Roll, R and B. They're all good.

PR: You didn't mention Rap.

CB: Rap is not music.

PR: Do you ever listen to classical?

CB: Not too often. I'm not on either end of the spectrum.

PR: Thank you for your valuable time, Commissioner Bradshaw, and your candor.

CB: You're welcome. It was a nice break.

I was semi-commissioned, with no commission by The Towns County Herald to interview Commissioner Bradshaw. He was completely good-natured and gracious. A true Southern Gentleman. (The very best kind)

Dale
AKA Lois Lane

Click "Like" for the Earth

When my father was a child, there was a remote spring in the mountains alongside a forest road traveled by horse and wagon or on foot. Travelers would sometimes water their horses at the spring, or take a drink and rest awhile in the shade of the tall chestnut trees. The spring was tiled with "pretty rocks" collected by a farmer who found them in the creek that ran nearby. My dad said that when the sun shined on the pool, it sparkled and cast dancing lights all about the shaded grove around the spring.

The "pretty rocks" were actually amethysts, which can still be found in Northeast Georgia, if you know where to look.

My father understood that the spring had been dug in his grandfather's day, sometime in the late 1800's, and lined with the amethysts soon after. He estimated that the spring had been there for at least 40 years by the time he first saw it, respected and maintained by the travelers who used it.

One day my uncle, who was a few years older than my dad, came home with some amethysts in his pocket and my grandfather asked him where he got them. "At the old spring," was his answer, and sensing that he might be in trouble, my uncle added, "but everybody else is taking them."

"You'll put those right back where you found them," said my grandfather, "and see that you do it quick if you want any supper."

But the magic spell of the spring had been broken, and first by ones and twos, then by pocketful and at last by the bucket, it was not long before all the amethysts had disappeared. The valley was growing. What had once been frontier to the white settlers (it was home to many peoples before them) was becoming more civilized, and greed is often a side effect of civilization.

When I was a child I went with my grandmother to visit the old homestead where she grew up. There was a chimney still standing there, and some stone works around the site where the house once stood. I remember the deep shade of huge trees, and numerous flowers and herbs surviving from plantings made a half century before. Water still flowed over a stone watercourse made by hand. The summer sun was hot, but the old homestead was cool, quiet and peaceful.

Not a trace of it remains. As the property changed hands and subdivided, the trees were cut down, the stone works bulldozed under, the creek dammed, and the variety of plant life replaced by some kind of hybrid fescue over ground that cracks open during dry weather.

Another shaded grove I once knew disappeared in more recent times, during the Big real estate boom that started here when the Olympics came to Atlanta. There was an avenue of giant maples and poplars that followed a meandering stream. Numerous springs fed the creek along the way. One spring was particularly intriguing, as it emerged directly from the roots beneath an ancient maple. The roots formed a grotto over a deep pool of water where mayflies danced in the summer. One might have fancied it as an entrance to the underworld guarded by fairies, though my nosy hound once found it guarded by yellow jackets instead.

The springs survived the first couple of attempts to develop the property, but then came a developer who was more aggressive than the others and decided to try and "recover" all that "wasted" land. Trees were cut. The springs were bulldozed, filled in, destroyed. Of course this was a violation of environmental regulations, and the property owner was fined a few hundred dollars. He eventually lost his land to the bank. What once was forest is now another field of fescue in a vacant lot that has been sold and resold. The mayflies are long gone, but the yellow jackets are still there.

We humans have always been greedy. We have always been prone to treating the natural world in a ham fisted manner. But as our negative impact on the earth has escalated, some of us have tried to seek comfort in the past, looking for that magical time and place and that special people possessed of a set of values that were kinder to the earth. Sadly, no such time, place or people ever truly existed. Perhaps the closest our species ever came was the First Peoples of North America, who cultivated and nurtured field and forest. It was not a wilderness that European settlers found here, but managed land, empty, but recently occupied by a million people or more who had died from the diseases brought here by the first European explorers.

But even among the indigenous tribes that we like to think of as being fundamentally purer in some way than we are today, we find those who were responsible for deforestation and the extinction of species. We have also seen a community of conservative Christians, (the same people who today are stereotyped for an eagerness to drill and mine and develop) who were able to leave a public spring full of semi-precious stones untouched for two generations. If respect for the land is not a function of culture, then what?

Such thoughts seem appropriate as we consider that many of our current 7 billion inhabitants may live to see 10 billion. We are in the midst of a great extinction event that some fear may grow to rival the Permian, when three fourths of life on the earth was extinguished. Meanwhile our tapeworm economists worry where we will get the extra population to pay the bills we have already run up.

So far the tapeworm view is the dominant paradigm, supported by the myopic impulse to reproduce that continues to plague those parts of the world least able to afford more mouths to feed. The economy must always be growing, and we seem to lack the imagination necessary to grow it without also growing the population. Population growth (by birth) has slowed in the developed world, but it will continue through immigration in order to sustain the current economic model that is dependent on borrowing from future generations.

When there are more people, there are less natural resources to go around, and as freedom requires a certain amount of elbow room, there must also be less freedom. There will be fewer shady groves and cool springs to enjoy. When we had a choice to value such things, we often sacrificed them for short term gain. Today, separated from the natural world by the virtual, we value Nature less. Who knows what we will value tomorrow.

The Middle Path

By: Don Perry

Lime

Lime is a very important part of having healthy soil where we live. Knowing how much to apply and where to apply are very important considerations to effectively use lime. Let's talk about what lime does, why you need it, how much to apply, and how to apply it.

Watching and Working
Jacob Williams



There are a couple of different types of lime that you can purchase. Ag lime is a very common type. It is made up of calcium, carbon, and oxygen. Ag lime will do a very good job of raising the pH in your soil. Dolomitic lime also raises the pH level of soil, but it has magnesium in it as well. If your soil is deficient in magnesium, dolomitic lime is a good option to raise the soil pH, and to increase the amount of magnesium in your soil.

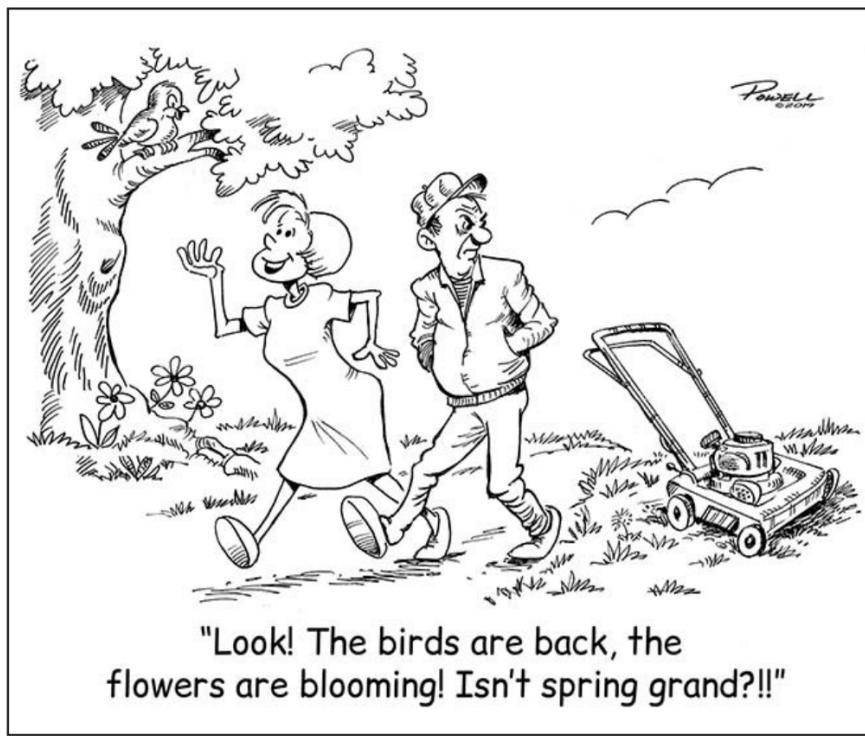
When you get to the bottom of it lime raises the pH in soil. If you recall from chemistry class, pH is basically a measure of the free hydrogen ions in a substance. In this case that substance is soil. pH is a scale that goes from 1 - 14. Numbers below 7 are acidic and numbers above 7 are basic. 7 is neutral. Our soil is going to be naturally acidic. I've seen soil reports with pH ranging from 4.5 - 5.5. Most plants like to have a pH of 6 - 6.5. The past couple of weeks I've been talking about fertilizers. pH is very important because it impacts how available the nutrients are to plants to be able to take them up. If the pH is low, then most plants won't be able to grow because they can't utilize the nutrients that are in the soil.

There's no way to accurately know how much lime you need to add with doing a soil test first. A soil test will make a recommendation for how much lime you should add based on your pH. It is possible to add too much soil. If you add lime year after year with looking at a soil test as a guide you may end up over liming your land. This can lead to a pH that is too high. You can run into similar issues as with a pH that is too low. A high pH is not common around here unless you've over applied lime. In the western half of the country soils naturally have a high pH.

In small areas lime can be applied with a push spreader. You want the lime to make as much contact with the soil as possible, so it may take a few days to water it in. Lime does not dissolve very well in water so it may take a while for the lime to take full effect. Lime can be bought in powder form or pelletized.

Both work well, but the pelletized may make less of a mess. There is also liquid lime. Liquid lime can be effective, but it will take more product because it has been diluted down. Larger areas such as a pasture may need a spreader truck to apply the lime evenly and efficiently.

If you have questions about lime contact your local Extension Office or send me an email at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.



Letters to The Editor

Loving That Trash

Dear Bubba,
I am writing to ask a small favor of you. It may not seem like much, but is important to me.

Let me introduce myself. I am the man in the orange safety vest you see walking along Gumlog Road between the fire station and Many Forks Church on Saturday mornings. The two big buckets and "pickerupper" are my tools for collecting the drink cups, beer cans and fast food packaging and scraps of food that you throw out of your pickup as you speed by. I also occasionally find your empty syringes with used needles still attached and a stinking, messy diaper that Miss Honey has stripped off Little Bubba and thrown out the window. Last Saturday, I picked up the Styrofoam packaging and plastic wrap from the dishwasher you helped install. It was scattered over a wide section of the road near the fire station. Must have blown off your pickup!

Why? You may ask yourself would anyone want such a thankless job. It's because my roots are so deep here and I am proud of my home. Some of my relatives came into this valley 150 years ago, owned most of it, in fact. Five generations of us are buried in the Many Forks Cemetery and I expect to join them there soon. I haven't been back long, just since 2004. You see, I spent 42 years working and saving to be able to return to my ancestral home. For over 24 of those years I was on active duty with the US Army in numerous places, including a tour in Vietnam. At least in theory, we served to ensure the freedom of lesser patriots like you to live as they chose even if they abuse that privilege by such selfish actions as throwing their trash onto other people's property.

I meant to ask you to stop throwing trash onto our road, but I cannot do that. I realize now that trash is part of your DNA. You were born to litter and are so addicted to this selfish, inconsiderate practice, that you can no more resist it than a heroin user can resist pushing that needle between his toes. So I will not ask you to stop. Just kindly collect everything in one bag, tie it up tightly and drop it near the fire station. I will find and take care of it. It would be especially useful if you could leave your bag close to the edge of the road. I am approaching 77 and my knees are so sore that it really hurts to climb up and down those steep roadside banks.

Have you ever considered taking some of the leftover food home? I think if you left a couple of greasy fries and a bite or two of a Big Mac in the bag and slipped it under your pillow it would inspire unbelievable dreams. I suspect if you eased it over close to Miss Honey's pillow where she could also enjoy the aroma, it would arouse chemistry like you have never seen. What a night!

Bubba, I expect you are not much of a scholar. So you may need to ask your Momma to read this to you. I look forward to doing business with you. Happy Trucking!

Wm. Ronald Gibson

Have something to sell?

Let the Herald work for you!
Contact us at 706-896-4454
Deadline for the T.C. Herald is
Friday by 5 PM

Towns County Community Calendar

Bridge Players	Every Monday: All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
Free GED prep.	Every Tuesday: Old Rec. Center	4 pm
SMART Recovery	Every Wednesday: Red Cross Building	7 pm
Bridge Players	Every Thursday: All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
Free GED prep.	Every Friday: Old Rec. Center	4 pm
Movers & Shakers	Sundance Grill	8 am
Alcoholics Anon.	Red Cross Building	7 pm
Alcoholics Anon.	Every Sunday: Red Cross Building	7 pm
Alzheimer's Supp.	First Tuesday of each month: McConnell Church	1:30 pm
American Legion	FW Post 7807	4 pm
Hiaw. City Council	City Hall	6 pm
Young Harris Coun.	YH City Hall	7 pm
Quilting Bee	First Wednesday of each month: McConnell Church	10 am
Stephens Lodge	First Thursday of each month: Lodge Hall	7:30 pm
Chamber Board	Second Monday of each month: 1411 Jack Dayton Cir.	8 am
VFW	VFW Post	5 pm
Historical Society	Hist. Soc. Bldg.	5:30 pm
Unicoy Board	Auditorium	7 pm
Historical Society	Lodge Hall	7:30 pm
Conv./Vis. Bureau	Second Tuesday of each month: 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
Basket Weavers	Second Wednesday of each month: SC Fire Hall	10 am
USCG Aux.	Senior Center	7 pm
Hiaw Writers	Second Thursday of each month: Hiaw Pk. Comm. Rm.	10:30
Awake America Prayer	Civic Center	Noon
Mtn. Comm. Seniors	Senior Center	1 pm
Democratic Party	Civic Center	6 pm

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Towns County Herald

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