

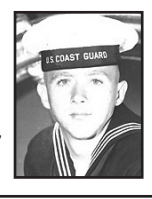
DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

Freedom Isn't Free

Forwarded by former Fire Chief Mitch Floyd reminding us of one facet of global history which required the sacrifice of so much American blood and treasure. Mitch appreciates and understands our unique amazing country we have been Blessed to be a part of.

The Veterans' Corner Scott Drummond USCG Veteran



Please type the link into your browser to actually witness the sincere appreciation for America by a thirteen year old child and another country!

Bear in mind these numbers are nowhere close to all those Americans, POWs/MIAs who cherish freedom, having made the ultimate sacrifice for others. These true heroes did NOT go into battle against evil forces wishing to die!

"How soon we forget the cost of our freedom." About six miles from Maastricht, in the Netherlands, lie buried 8,301 American soldiers who died in "Operation Market Garden" in the battles to liberate Holland in the fall winter of 1944. Every one of the men buried in the cemetery, as well as those in the Canadian and British military cemeteries, has been adopted by a Dutch family who mind the grave, decorate it, and keep alive the memory of the soldier they have adopted. It is even the custom to keep a portrait of "their" American soldier in a place of honor in their home.

Annually, on "Liberation Day," memorial services are held for "the men who died to liberate Holland." The day concludes with a concert. The final piece is always "Il Silenzio." (The Silence) a memorial piece commissioned by the Dutch and first played in 1965 on the 20th anniversary of Holland's liberation. It has been the concluding piece of the memorial concert ever since.

This year the soloist was a 13-year-old Dutch girl, Melissa Venema, backed by André Rieu and his orchestra, playing at the 'Vrijthof' in Maastricht This beautiful concert piece is based upon the original version of "Taps" and was composed by Italian composer Nino Rossi. www.fliixy.com/trumpet. After you watch this, check out the numbers below. Our European legacy, in alphabetical order is:

The American Cemetery at Aisne-Marne, France: 2,289. The American Cemetery at Ardennes, Belgium: 5,329. The American Cemetery at Brittany, France: 4,410. Brookwood, England - American Cemetery: 468. Cambridge, England: 3,812. Epinal, France - American Cemetery: 5,525. Flanders Field, Belgium: 368. Florence, Italy: 4,402. Henri-Chapelle, Belgium: 7,992. Lorraine, France: 10,489. Luxembourg, Luxembourg: 5,076. Meuse-Argonne: 14,246. Netherlands, Netherlands: 8301. Normandy, France: 9,387. Oise-Aisne, France: 6,012. Rhone, France: 861. Sicily, Italy: 7,861. Somme, France: 1,844. St. Mihiel, France: 4,153. Suresnes, France: 1,541.

Remind others of our sacrifice! WWI/WWII count for American military deaths exclusively, is over 524,008, not counting tens of millions of others world wide.

Semper Paratus

Letters to The Editor

Sea Planes

Dear Editor,

This is regarding use of sea planes on Lake Chatuge. I am one of those people who does like the sound of a high performance engine doing what it is designed to do BUT not 4 to 6 times an hour low flying over my back yard every Saturday and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., it is so loud and obtrusive that when we are sitting at our pool or on our deck visiting we are not able to hear each other speak. When it is directly overhead, it can be unnerving and when it flies to north or south of our home we still hear it and when it goes in for landing we see it and hear it.

I have kept a record for 2 months of number of times it has flown over my home. It can be from 8 to 16 times a day and this is only when I have been outside which maybe a maximum six hour time frame. I am not against the people who live on the lake owning a seaplane but I am against a commercial seaplane low buzzing my home multiple times an hour. From my understanding it contributes nothing to the county - no need for business license, no tax on its sales, no rules of safety, etc. from TVA. For many years I have enjoyed the peace and quiet that this mountain recreation area has provided and it is my hope that some sort of resolution can be reached so I may gain the quiet Saturday and Sundays again.

Linda Brewer Dobson

Support Our Veterans

Dear Editor,

As a Vietnam-era Veteran, I would like to share some thoughts concerning the upcoming Towns County Alcohol Referendum in the Nov. 6 General Election.

So often we take freedom for granted, and our Constitution and liberties that Veterans fought to defend. Countless sacrifices have been made by many brave men and women so that we can live in a country that allows us to express ourselves freely. Yet, here, at the Towns County American Legion and VFW Post 7807, these heroes are not allowed to partake in spirits by the drink. Some of the over 200 veterans at the VFW loathe beer or wine. Many of my brothers and sisters in arms enjoy a Cuba Libre or other spirited drink of choice. My own son on active duty as a Green Beret currently fighting in a war zone is not allowed to partake of his drink of choice when he comes home visiting, if in fact he comes home.

I understand the concerns regarding alcohol in our county, but I believe it is wrong to penalize our Veterans because of others who may abuse this privilege.

Bobby Lee Carroll

Have something to sell? Let the Herald work for you!



Deadline for the Towns County Herald is Friday by 5 PM • 706-896-4454

To Everything There Is A Season

History is a plow behind a blind mule that never stops pulling. We can put a hand to the plow and try to guide it, or we can get out of the way. Some of us walk the rows and sow seeds. Whatever choice we make, sooner or later we all grow weary of our labors and give the reins to someone else. Everything we cultivate, and everything we harvest will be turned under to nourish the next crop, just as we were once nourished.

Last night it was 46 degrees. Perfect sleeping weather. Today I stood in our garden, warmed by the sun while a sprinkle of rain played counterpoint to the heat. Not a single gnat or mosquito violated my airspace. We have tomato blossoms, and future sandwiches are ripening on the vine. November is just two weeks away but turnip and mustard greens are growing faster than I can pick them. Not all climate change is all bad, all the time. Yet somewhere today, and not very far away, there is someone still without power, or without a home or a business to go to because of the recent hurricanes. The "gallinippers," mosquitoes several times the size of what we have here, are plaguing eastern North Carolina and south Georgia where the storms passed. Parts of North Dakota have already had 17 inches of snow. Wildfires continue in the west where almost a million acres have burned so far this year. We count our blessings living here.

Here is where the early days of fall bring my favorite weather of the year, the kind of weather that makes memories and polishes them with the deep blue skies and crystalline air of the season. Sometimes there is a whisper of sadness in the wind. Some of the very best memories, hiking and hunting with my dad, the old stories by the fireplace with our grandparents, my mom's butternut squash pie and the approach of the holidays, were harvested this time of year. The oxen are slow, but the earth is patient. Weather is still green but the earth has its own wisdom, and though the grass is fickle and the tomatoes red, the flowers of September are drying up and dropping to the ground in the ongoing cycle of birth, death and renewal. It reminds me of the impermanence of all things, and the loved ones who have gone on ahead to the undiscovered country. There is a chill in the air that hints of the season to come.

There is another sound in the wind this fall, and it's not one we're ever eager to hear. In the distance, the growl of bulldozers followed by hammers driving nails heralds the surrender of more mountain habitat to the inexorable pressure of a growing population. There is some consolation in knowing that we're taking better care of our mountains now than we did in the past. A friend once told me that a developer is a person who wants to build a house in the woods. An environmentalist is a person who already has one. There is some truth in that. Many of us who made it here safely want to close the gate behind us. It might be selfish, but it's honest. If you're new here, please understand that some of us have been around long enough to remember unbroken ridge lines and dark skies at night. It's nothing personal. It's just hard to see the mountains scraped flat and washing into the creek in a land where it takes ten thousand years to grow an inch of topsoil.

Harder still for those who remember the communities that once took root in these valleys and coves, communities of faith and shared hardships and common interests. People knew who their neighbors were, how they were related and the quality of their characters. Some families still living here can trace their ancestors back to the first European settlers who came here 200 years ago.

Echoes of those communities still exist, but the houses in the woods and on the ridge lines are not often pioneers looking to build a new life. More often they shelter a type of refugee looking for a place to live out the rest of their days in a place that isn't as hot, or as crime ridden or congested as the place they came from. If I were hot, or scared or crowded, I would want to come here too.

Once a youthful pioneer spirit took hold of these hills and looked forward to the future, grew families, built communities and put down roots here. Now, many of us sit behind locked gates and look out our picture windows at the windows across the valley, reflecting on our own bygone days. Many others don't have time to sit, making our livings on and over the land but rarely having time to touch it, and every year another layer of concrete and asphalt puts it farther out of reach.

I know. The lifestyle nurtured by these mountains disappeared from more than just our own beloved valleys. It has departed from most of the nation. We traded our communities for interstate highways; extended families for Facebook chats; strength for comfort, and free thought for some kind of proprietary form of political correctness. We gambled freedom on security and lost some of both.

Maybe we're only guilty of shortsightedness and lack of imagination, occasionally leavened by greed. In other words, we were just plain human, and it's hard to look far ahead when your shoulder is to the wheel. A bulldozer may sound like death to some, but to others it sounds like paid bills and food on the table. To some it sounds like a new beginning.

We feel a sadness, but we do not despair. We have young people living here who will discover new frontiers, and old people looking as much to the future as they do the past. But when whispers of the past are carried down the mountain by an autumn breeze, I wish I could share with young and old alike, especially our newcomers, what these mountains looked like before they were scarred; what the night sky looked like before the stars were washed out by floodlights; what it felt like to kneel over a bubbling spring deep in the forest and drink your fill with no fear of contamination. I wish they could hear the singing on a Sunday evening, or feel the satisfaction of a group of neighbors raising up a barn or cutting hay together.

Some have brought with them just such memories from valleys far away, and they share values that we hold dear. Some newcomers are better stewards of our mountains than many who were born here. Many years from now, our descendants will look back on here and now with longing, and grieve the loss of what, we cannot imagine. Many lifetimes ago, someone who made the arrowhead I hold in my hand looked to the future with hope. If I could see his mountain, how different would it appear from what I remember, and how alien would my grandfather's mountain seem to him.

The Middle Path By: Don Perry

Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums, also called mums, are sometimes called the Queen of Fall Flowers. They can have gorgeous flowers each fall and bring a lot of color to the home this time of the year. I have some on my front porch and they live up to the porch as my annual zinnia are fading. There are several nurseries around here that grow beautiful mums. Let's talk about some of the properties of this plant and what you could do to have mums in your yard.

UGA extension Watching and Working Jacob Williams



Mums are a member of the daisy family (Asteraceae) This is one of the biggest families in the plant kingdom with a wide variety of flowering plants. The mums was first cultivated in the 15th century B.C. in China. In the 8th century A.D. the mum made its way to Japan. They were so popular there that the mum became the official seal of the emperor. The mum was introduced to the Western world in 1753 by Karl Linnaeus, a Swedish botanist. Growers from ancient China would probably not recognize modern day mums due to the breeding that has given them more showy flowers. Chrysanthemum is also the source for an insecticide called pyrethrum. Because this insecticide is developed from a natural source it is considered an organic insecticide.

The easiest way to have blooming mums at your house each year will be to buy them in the fall from a local nursery. However, if you are interested in growing your own mums it is possible. There are many different varieties available, so talking with a local nursery will help you choose a variety that is acclimatized to our area. They do best when planted in the spring after the last frost. Planting in the spring will give them time to develop a root system so that the following winter they will be able to survive. Well drained soils with full sun are the best for growth. Mums need a slightly acidic soil with a pH near 6.5.

After planting fertilizer mums with 5-10-5 fertilizer. The high phosphorus will assist root growth on mums. As the mum is growing in the summer pinching the tips of the mum will increase the amount of branching on the plant. More branching will lead to a fuller plant. Pinch the top half inch to full inch of the plant to encourage branching. Pinch every four to six weeks until August when the flower buds begin to appear.

Mums are relatively easy to take care of, but there are a couple of diseases to look out for. Some of the most common diseases are powdery mildew, blight, leaf spot, and rust. These diseases are fairly easy to control either by fungicide applications or removing the infected leaves. Spider mites and aphids can be pests of mums. They can be controlled by insecticides but good coverage of the plant is necessary to control these pests. Spider mites and aphids are capable of population explosions in a very short amount of time, therefore make sure that you completely cover the top and bottom of the leaves when spraying for these pests.

If you have questions about growing mums please contact your local Extension Office. Or send me an email at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.

Illustration by Powell 2018 showing a family watching a house being destroyed by a storm. Text: "It's amazing how storms can blow everything apart, and at the same time pull us all together."

Towns County Community Calendar

Table listing community events: Bridge Players (12:30 pm), Free GED prep (4 pm), SMART Recovery (7 pm), Movers & Shakers (8 am), Alcoholics Anon. (7 pm), Basket Weavers (10 am), Hiaw Writers (10:30), Mtn. Comm. Seniors (1 pm), Democratic Party (6 pm), Hospital Auxiliary (1:30 pm), YH Plan Comm. (5:30 pm), Humane Shelter Bd. (5:30 pm), Water Board (6 pm), Quilting Bee (10 am), Book Bunch & Lunch (11:30 am), Friendship Comm. (6 pm), Republican Party (5:30 pm), Goldwing Riders (11 am), Red Cross DAT (5:30 pm), Lions Club (6 pm), Hiaw. Writers (10:30), Humane Shelter Bd. (5:30 pm).

Towns County Herald

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