

# Editorial page

## Nolia's Notes

### A Different Time, Wonderful Memories

by NOLIA BIGGERSTAFF



My Aunt Christelle was quite a lady! She and my Uncle Skeet married back in the 1940's. The world was quite a different place. They were a young couple excited about the end of the war and optimistic about the future, but realistic, too. They knew that if they had anything it would depend on their hard work.

I wrote about my Uncle Skeet and how he made each brick for their home by hand on the small piece of property in Bainbridge, Georgia, where he would eventually design and build their home. That house is still standing today.

Uncle Skeet could and would work! He was always the first one to jump up and grab anything that needed to be carried or moved somewhere. My Aunt Christelle worked, too. She could knit, I mean really knit. She would look at patterns and pictures in books, then she would knit beautiful stylish suits for herself and later her girls. She would even sew suits for Uncle Skeet. If they had such clothing, she had to make them.

They were a young couple in Bainbridge, Georgia, and lived there happily married for well over 50 years. I often wondered how in the world they stood it. Back then, Bainbridge was a tiny, sandy, hot, flat town in the middle of nowhere. As a child, during the summer, Mama and Daddy would load me up in our 52' green Buick (no air-conditioner, no radio) and we would make the long trip over 300 miles through very small sleepy southern towns until we reached Bainbridge.

Remember heat...I mean I remember heat. The heat from the gravelled road seeped up through the bottom of the Buick and a steamy breeze blew in from all the windows that were rolled down by the handle cranks as far down as they would go. My only words were, "How many more towns?" I knew there were a lot and as a child I just loved to hear Mama

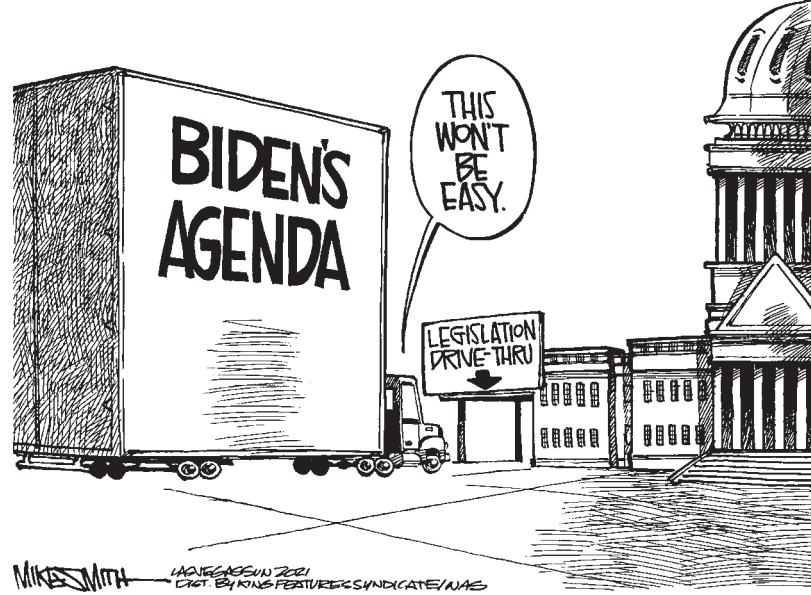
list them all over and over and over. Aunt Cristelle cooked every meal. When we arrived at their house, Aunt Christelle would always humbly apologize for the food she had to offer. Aunt Christelle always had a pot of peas simmering on the stove. There were fresh red tomatoes from the garden and cantaloupe and freshly made biscuits with real butter. That was our meal, usually no meat unless there was a death in the family or a very special occasion, but there was always a freshly made pound cake, a very old recipe that belonged to my grandmother that had an almond flavor.

Sometimes, Mama would bring a basket of peaches to be sliced for the top of our piece of pound cake and sometimes there would be churned ice-cream. I just remember my aunt was a wonderful cook and she had nothing for which to apologize.

She was Mama's older sister and somehow she got all of the cooking genes allotted for Mama because, unlike Mama, Aunt Christelle cooked every meal. First of all, she probably had no choice. Back then, Bainbridge had no other dining options and a larger town was miles and miles away.

When I was young and heard a fire and brimstone preacher preach about the heated depths of Hell, my mind always went to those long hot trips to Bainbridge as I thought I knew exactly just how hot those depths of Hell were because I had experienced such heat on those long summer trips to Bainbridge. Once we arrived, however, there was a Heavenly meal prepared for us!

Today, I have such fond memories of those bygone times. Bainbridge has grown and has many dining options but none as tasty as those delicious meals at Aunt Christelle's kitchen table. A different time and wonderful memories, for sure.



## Consumers get answers from Ga. Department of Agriculture

Consumer Q's is a weekly question-and-answer column by Arty Schronce at the Georgia Department of Agriculture. Please share your thoughts, questions and suggestions with him by phone, mail or email.

**Q:** When I was a child my grandmother had an emblem of thrift. It grew like a mat and was a gorgeous mass of pink flowers. I thought I remembered the foliage being somewhat prickly to my little hands. Is this the same plant that is sometimes called creeping phlox? I am in my sixties now and would like information on this plant. I have several places in my own yard that I would like to grow this wonderful groundcover.

**A:** Thrift may sometimes be called creeping phlox, although another species of phlox is more commonly called by that name. Thrift is also called moss pink. The botanical name of thrift is *Phlox subulata*. Using the botanical name is a good way to make sure garden center or nursery personnel understand exactly what plant you are talking about. Most good garden centers or nurseries in Georgia carry thrift or should be able to get it for you. There are numerous varieties of thrift available now including lavender, white, magenta, purple and some bi-colored varieties. Thrift prefers full sun will tolerate almost any soil as long as it is not soggy.

**Q: Is there such a thing as a pink daffodil?**

**A:** Although no daffodil is entirely pink, there are numerous varieties that have pink trumpets. Their color is closer to peach, salmon or coral than to a pure, bright pink. Many are tinged with yellow when they open, but turn pinker as they mature. Pink daffodils add a nice contrast to other daffodils in the garden or in a bouquet. Daffodil expert and author Brent Heath of Brent & Becky's Bulbs ([www.brentandbeckysbulbs.com](http://www.brentandbeckysbulbs.com)) gave us the following recommendations of pink daffodil varieties: Accent, Audubon, By George, Fragrant Rose, Katie Heath, Mary Gay Lirette (a split corona type), My Story (double), Pink Charm, Pink Silk and Salome. If you love daffodils you may want to give some of the pink ones a try.

**Q: My radishes are blooming. I have been told the flowers are edible. Is that true?**

**A:** Yes. Radish flowers are edible. You can also eat the leaves and young seedpods.

**Q: I was unable to purchase**

**tomato plants from a catalog company. They said they could not ship to Georgia. Why?**

**A:** Any company that grows its tomato and other vegetable transplants under certain conditions to prevent infestation with pests and diseases can ship its transplants into Georgia. Companies that do not choose to meet the requirements and treat their vegetable transplants with an appropriate insecticide to control white flies and other sap-feeding insects that transmit virus diseases cannot ship their transplants into Georgia.

Vegetable transplants that don't meet the requirements put other vegetable crops at risk whether they are in a home garden or a farmer's field. Georgia farmers grow numerous kinds of vegetables. Introducing virus diseases and the sap-feeding insects that carry them would result in fields being treated with a much higher level of chemicals than used as a preventive measure on shipped seedlings.

The Georgia Department of Agriculture adopted regulations regarding shipping vegetable transplants into the state when new virus diseases were discovered in 2007 on vegetables in some western states that shipped to Georgia. The intent of these regulations was to protect all of our vegetable growers yet not cause undue hardship on transplant producers in other states.

Many people enjoy the taste of homegrown tomatoes, and we at the Georgia Department of Agriculture encourage gardening. We also want to ensure that our gardeners and commercial farmers face as few insect and disease problems as possible when growing their crops. If you cannot find an online source of tomato plants, visit a nearby garden center or nursery. You'll be surprised at the variety of heirloom varieties as well as the latest hybrids that are now available locally.

If you have questions about agriculture, horticulture, food safety or services or products regulated by the Georgia Department of Agriculture, write Arty Schronce ([arty.schronce@agr.georgia.gov](mailto:arty.schronce@agr.georgia.gov)) or visit the department's website at [www.agr.georgia.gov](http://www.agr.georgia.gov).

### Sunday services

Blessed Hope Bible Baptist meets at the Presbyterian Church on Sundays at 11 a.m. and Wednesdays at 7 p.m. for prayer meeting. Come join us. For more information call 706-359-6759.



## What's that pest? Southeastern Pocket Gophers

By Robyn Stewart  
Lincoln County Extension Service



This week, I had a client send me a photo of their yard. There were 5-10 holes in the lawn characterized by large crescents of dirt around the entrances. While we've talked about some other digging pests in the past such as armadillos, this damage was most likely done by *Geomys pinetis*, better known as the Southeastern Pocket Gopher.

The Southeastern Pocket Gopher is native to Alabama, Georgia, and Florida and is the only gopher species in this region. It gets its name from the fur lined pouches in its cheeks used to carry food and nesting materials - just like a pocket. The Southeastern variety weighs on average half a pound and is typically 10-11 inches in length. Most gophers live between 1-3 years, though some species have been documented to live up to 7 years in the wild. Pocket gophers are adapted for a digging lifestyle with powerful front limbs, large, clawed front paws, short, dense fur, and large incisor teeth used to cut plants and roots.

The Southeastern Pocket Gopher stays active year-round. They feed on green plants such as grasses and weeds near the entrance of its burrow and on underground roots and rhizomes. Typically, the gopher will gather vegetation and store it in an extensive borrow system for future consumption. Breeding takes place in spring and summer, with a gestational period of about 4 weeks and an average litter size of 2-5 offspring. A gopher can have up to 3 litters per year in the right environment. Due to its predominantly underground lifestyle, there are few natural predators of gophers, but snakes and weasels are the primary

culprits.

The best sign of a gopher's presence are mounds of fresh soil typically around a foot in diameter. You can differentiate a gopher mound from other species because it is typically horseshoe or crescent shaped when viewed from above, with the entry hole off to one side and usually plugged with loose dirt. Mole mounds will be more circular or volcano shaped, and armadillo holes are typically shallow and wide. The burrow system of a pocket gopher can cover an area that is anywhere from 200-2000 square feet and can be home to over 14 species of insects. The tunnels are usually 3-4 inches in diameter and can be anywhere from 6 inches to 6 feet deep under the surface. Gophers can do significant damage to landscaping and gardening as they pull plants into their tunnels to store and eat. The mounds they produce can also interfere with mowing equipment and ruin the aesthetic of your yard.

The Southeastern Pocket Gopher is not a federally protected species but is protected by state law and classified as vulnerable. Several articles show that we have had a significant decline of up to 75% of the gopher populations in the state, which has also been seen in Florida and Alabama. At this time, I am following up with the Georgia Department of Natural Resources to see what management options exist for this species given its protected status. If you have a burrowing animal issue in your yard, we are happy to help identify the species and provide management options to you. Call us at 706-359-3233 for more information!



## Huffs honored with anniversary dinner

Helen and Bubba Huff celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary Saturday, May 15, with a dinner hosted by their son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren. They were married on May 17, 1956. They are the proud parents of four children, eight grandchildren and several great grandchildren.



### TO THE EDITOR

## Our history lost

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

#### Our history lost

Remember the happiness you felt, or feel, when you come across a copy of an article about your ancestors, or better yet, an old scrapbook containing old forgotten clippings of births, weddings, milestones, or deaths of years gone by?

I was recently thrilled to receive copies of articles and snippets from *The Clayton Tribune* about my birth, my parent's wedding, an article and photo of a horrible car wreck my daddy had back in the 60s, pictures of myself and my classmates winning the Presidential Physical Fitness Award, and pictures of my grandmother proudly posing in beautiful dresses, with matching parasols, she had sewn herself to wear in the Mountaineer Festival.

I love looking at old advertisements and being amazed at the cost of things back then, or the fact that they were able to actually sell some of these "cures."

With the recent news concerning *The Lincoln Journal*, it has brought some sad facts to life. Newspapers are sadly becoming a thing of the past. A lot of older people still enjoy reading the paper and look forward to receiving it every week in their mailbox. Those who have moved away, it helps them keep up with people from back home, or keep up with what is new and happening in their hometown.

For some, it helps keep them apprised of what is going on at the government level when they are unable to attend the meetings due to their work schedule. It's hard to know what is happening with your tax dollars if you depend solely on social media for your news.

Over the years while I have worked here, I have seen a lot of changes in Lincoln County, some good, some not so good. I have seen the people of Lincoln County come together and help stop a 910 acre private owned landfill from locating in Lincoln County and turning it into a huge trash dump, totally destroying any future our beautiful county may have had.

Today I see the potential Lincoln County still has, and the growth that is happening almost daily it seems, and I realize that if not for the paper informing people, and getting people involved in issues, the reality of what our county could have become would have been very different than what we see today.

Recently looking through some of the old bound Journals for a story that had ran years ago, I stepped back in time. I came across articles and pictures of people who have long since passed. I saw birth announcements and birthday

write-ups of children who grew up with my kids. I even saw some of the wedding write-ups of their parents.

Sadly, this will no longer be the future for my grandchildren. How many birthday write-ups do you see in the paper anymore? How many weddings?

Today everything is shared on social media, but what is not realized yet, is when the children are grown and wanting to share memories of their childhood with their children, those social media platforms that were once so full of their lives, may no longer exist. Then where will their tangible memories be? Not in photo albums, most of our pictures are digital and right at our fingertips on our electronic devices, so who needs print photos anymore or photo albums and scrap books? They definitely won't be in old copies of the local newspaper, no one takes time to send them to the paper anymore.

I can sit with my granddaughters now and show them scrapbooks with clippings of their mother and uncle growing up from the paper. I can even share a few photos of their grandmother and great-grandmother in the paper through the years. But the best part for them is holding the newspaper and seeing themselves featured there. They see their parent's wedding announcement, their birth announcements, and their birthday party write-ups, and fun summer pictures sent to the paper over the years. They are always excited when they are "in the paper."

It breaks my heart that something that has been around for so long, and is such an historical record of our lives, our ancestors lives, and our county as a whole, has become as disposable and forgettable as so many things in this day and time. As for me, I'm not convinced it's for the better, but I guess time will tell.

So as you are scrolling on social media on those Forgotten Georgia, and other such pages dedicated to the history of small towns and the families that grew up there, notice how many pictures you see that are old newspaper articles or newspaper advertisements. That is where the true record of our history can be found. In the newspapers of those towns.

Fifty years from now, my great-grandchildren will be able to look back at old *Lincoln Journals* and see their great-grandparents and grandparent's history in black and white. While those growing up today, their histories will be somewhere out there in cyber land. It's sad to see it happening.

ANNE RITCHIE

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