

THE POSTSCRIPT

Escaping out of the jungle

By CARRIE CLASSON
Columnist

In my dream, the jungle was thick and dark.

There was a river running through it and I was on a small raft, careening down it. The current was flowing fast in the center and I wanted to steer closer to the banks, but the jungle was filled with monsters—prehistoric creatures that roared when they saw my little raft tumbling in the water. I never saw them clearly, but could sense their large presence. They reared their giant heads as I went by. The branches of the trees thrashed as they moved just out of sight.



Then, up ahead, I saw huge stones in the center of the river. I feared I would smash my makeshift raft to bits. I steered closer to the bank until my raft was very close to the river's edge.

Suddenly, a huge arm reached out of the jungle. It was gray and covered in scales with long claws and I was easily within reach.

I woke with a start. Peter was sleeping. I grabbed him.

"What's the matter?" he asked groggily.

I tried to explain about the monsters that were like dinosaurs and the river that was flowing too fast for me to navigate the rickety raft and the rocks ahead.

"Wasn't I there?" he asked. "No!"

He wasn't there. But as he fell back to sleep, I knew he thought he should have been. If he had been there, we would have evaded those monsters. Next time, he would make a point of being on the raft.

Being married comes with a lot of responsibilities they don't tell you about.

We are now in Mexico and, after weeks of feeling good, Peter's

back went out again last night. He felt worse than he'd ever felt before. I didn't know what we should do. Stay where we were? Continue to our destination? Return home?

"I can't think clearly enough to decide. Let's do what you think is best," Peter said.

"Let's go!" I said. We packed up in minutes, caught a shuttle, and headed to our final stop, an hour and a half away.

I explained to our driver, Ricardo, in my childlike Spanish that my husband had "terrible pain of the spine" and he looked on sympathetically.

We had almost made it to our destination when Ricardo asked if we would like to stop at a pharmacy. The only thing that had helped Peter before was a short course of steroids. I figured it couldn't hurt to ask. So I launched into my small-child Spanish again, asking the pharmacist if it was "possible to buy prednisone."

"What strength?" she wanted to know. "And how much?" This was beyond my abilities to communicate, so she just brought out the boxes and laid them on the counter.

By nightfall Peter was feeling a bit better, and today he is up and cooking beans. He will see another doctor when we get home, because he cannot live like this—always in fear of monsters jumping out of the jungle. But I am so glad he is better today.

"I am not very good at taking care of you," I said, because I'm not.

I have no experience caring for people who are ill or in pain. I don't know what to say or do. I feel helpless and useless and frustrated—none of which makes me much of a Florence Nightingale.

But I was able to speak enough Spanish to get some help. I got our raft a little closer to the center of the river and now we are picking up speed.

Till next time,
Carrie
Carrie Classon's memoir is called "Blue Yarn." Learn more at CarrieClasson.com.

Back in the Day

100 years ago this week
Goodloe Yancey of Atlanta, chairman of the state prison commission, says that there are now 7,667 prisoners in the state system, compared to 5,692 at the same time last year.

75 years ago this week
Ex-governor John Slaton is violently opposed to Governor Hardwick's proposal to enact a state income tax, replacing the present system of ad valorem taxation.

It has been announced that Will Hayes, movie high chief, is considering moving headquarters of the moving picture industry from California to the East. He should move it to Turkey where every director and male star could have his harem in a legal way.

Thomas Edison, 75, made a rousing speech in Orange, N.J., the other day, in which he lamented the nation's trend toward disarmament. He said that he fully believes the nation will be tested again and that we should always be ready to fight

and win if another war should break out.

75 years ago this week
Mrs. Anna Heard Callaway, widow of Parker T. Callaway and a sister of Faulkner Heard Sr., died at the age of 81. Services were at Resthaven Cemetery on Monday. Some years ago Mrs. Callaway became famous for her strain of Rhode Island Reds, which fowls brought her scores of loving cups. Those trophies and many blue ribbons decorated her home.

Gov. Rivers, in a message to the General Assembly, estimated that at least 50,000 have applied for state jobs since the September primary. He is convinced that a system of civil service is almost mandatory for efficient operation of Georgia state government.

Miss Duella Oslin Wynn, age 13, was buried here Wednesday. She died in an Atlanta hospital Monday night of complications following an appendectomy.

The Georgia House of Repre-

sentatives has passed a bill which would require the licensing of drivers in the state. Included in the bill is a provision that would deprive a person of his license after three serious violations of traffic law.

60 years ago this week
The Washington General Hospital has issued a summary report of its services in 1946. Admissions, 2541; births, 392; deaths, 62; total number of patient days, 17,838; average daily census, 48.8.

The new building which will house the City Dairy is under construction on north Jefferson St., across from Rufus Rider's shop.

Funeral services for Samuel Wynne Adams were held at the Tignall Baptist Church on Friday. Mr. Adams would have been 81 years of age on February 14.

Realizing the need for an Easy + 1 Payment Plan, the E&A Tire Store has inaugurated a credit plan by which customers may budget their payments on various items. Jack Leard has been placed in charge of this new operation.

50 years ago this week
Effective Feb. 1, M.S. (Mitt) Callaway was promoted to Area Captain in the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Callaway will head one of four state GBI areas, comprised of about 40 counties.

Dean Nunn has been named STAR Student for Wilkes County for 1972. Dean plans to attend the University of Georgia where he will major in pharmacy. He chose Mrs. Edna Lamar as STAR Teacher.

A large number of ladies attended the meeting of the Washington City Council Monday night to protest rumored plans for construction of a police station on the public square. After the ladies spoke, the matter was not introduced for consideration.

Jack Rhodes is new chairman of the Wilkes County Selective

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Book Review

By MORRIS BRANSON
Staff Reporter

The Stranger in the Lifeboat
Mitch Albom

Published November 2, 2021

Albom, is the author of seven NY Times bestsellers including Tuesdays with Morrie and The Five People You Meet in Heaven. His books have common themes of spirituality, humanity and kindness.

In this novel he explores the spiritual question: If God appeared on earth and revealed himself, would you recognize and believe him? In this narrative he manifests himself as Jesus Christ or God, although it could be any deity.

The super yacht Galaxy has just sunk and 10 people manage to escape onto a life raft. The yacht was hosting an event called "the Grand Idea." The owner, a corpulent and arrogant billionaire, Jason Lambert tells a reporter: "Everyone on this ship has done something grand, something to shape their industry, their country, maybe even the planet." The escapees include Benji, a deckhand on the boat, who narrates the story. It takes the form of a letter he is writing, in a notebook, to his wife, Annabelle, with whom he has a strained relationship, or so it appears.

Out of the ocean a man appears. He is ordinary to look at, not particularly handsome or strong, just a man. He introduces himself as the lord and states that he can save them all if they believe in him. This is met with great skepticism and outright ridicule, except for a mute

little girl who attaches herself to him. As time goes on, the situation becomes desperate and it is clear that the odds of anyone surviving are not good.

In a parallel story a raft has washed up on a beach in Montserrat. It is from the Galaxy, some 2000 miles from where it sank and a year later. The chief inspector, Jarty Lafleur, is called to investigate and is lead to the site by a strange man named Rom Rosh. On the raft he finds a waterlogged notebook and against regulations, he takes it home, dries it out, and reads it.

I found this book to be artificially metaphysical and trite. That is not to say that it doesn't have some good and thought-provoking messages but it simply, to me, tries too hard. For one thing you have to completely remove any logic. How can a boat with all of these important people sink without anyone finding them? Are we to believe that they didn't have GPS or a tracking device on the lifeboat? I suppose you could take this as a metaphor; however, this has been done before, and better in Life of Pi.

One quote from the book that struck a chord with me was: "When someone passes...people always ask, 'why did God take them?' A better question would be 'Why did God give them to us?' What did we do to deserve their love, their joy, the sweet moments we shared?"



Critiquing political correctness

By LORAN SMITH
Columnist

There are critics of political correctness, but also passionate advocates. Historically, we have been insensitive—even cruel—about certain people in our society, probably dating back to the Garden of Eden.



While we don't know why Cain, a farmer, killed Abel, a shepherd, it would be safe to guess it might have had something to do with political correctness. Perhaps, Able looked down on this farmer brother. Maybe he called him something akin to being a dumb redneck, which some people consider appropriate when describing people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, working outdoors in the hot sun.

I've heard Lee Trevino tell Mexican jokes. I have Jewish friends who tell Jewish jokes. Although there is no recall of the punch line, I was driving Ron Jaworski, the NFL quarterback and TV analyst to a golf outing and he sounded fourth with a couple of

Polish jokes, where once were front and center across the board.

Some of those jokes are notoriously clever but were told without rancor, insensitiveness and were not mean spirited. However, all such jokes could not be told in any public forum, lest you run the risk of getting serious rebuke. Would Don Rickles have a career today?

Self-deprecation, can be delightful and usually takes away any notion that the speaker might be without humility. Anytime there is a put down that cuts off the legs of any narrator, we usually laugh the hardest.

Like a famous football coach who had just won the Rose Bowl years ago; he was driving down the road with his wife and said, "Do you know how many great coaches there are in this wonderful game?" She replied, "There is one less than you think."

I remember Johnny Carson orchestrating a clever skit involving French President Charles De Gaulle. The President, also a General, was taking a tour of an art museum and was evaluating the art on display, offering a rating of what he was observing. It was a "thumbs up or thumbs down" exercise until he came to the last exhibit on the tour to which he gave his highest rating, gushing with unequalled exuberance and tribute. Carson, as the narrator, in the skit,

said, "Excuse me General, you are looking into the mirror."

John F. Kennedy, as seasoned of a "the joke's on me" advocate as we have had in the White House, with the possible exception of Ronald Reagan, used humor to get his point across and would have never been guilty of political incorrectness. His press conferences offered signature entertainment with the way he parried with the press.

This brings about the invoking of the memory of Erk Russell, the late Georgia defensive coordinator and later head coach of the Georgia Southern Eagles. He is the one person I have known in my life who I believe actually made up or created jokes and punch lines.

It was Erk who told me over a beer at the Rockwood Inn on the Lexington Road how cheerleading began. Erk explained that he had done some research on Lady Godiva's nude protest ride down the streets of Coventry, England. Erk said that after considerable research, he came across a reference which confirmed that she rode side saddle. "The people lined up of the street facing her," Erk explained, "began yelling, 'Hooray for our side.'"

Another of Erk's originations puts into perspective that, while it is never acceptable to sally forth in public with any political incorrectness (although

we beat that dead horse with unlimited relentlessness in private), has to do with the history of the Georgia band.

"We were once known as the Dixie Redcoat Band," Erk said. "But the word, Dixie, was considered insensitive, so we became the 'Redcoat Band.' Then somebody suggested that the term 'Redcoat,' smacked of British imperialism, so we became 'The Band.'

"After that, somebody discovered that on the banks of the Oconee River in the earliest days of Athens, a band of roving hoodlums came upon the settlement, killed all the villagers and pillaged and plundered everything in sight. Band was then considered an insensitive word, so now they call us, 'The.'"

Last week's answers
Super Crossword

REBA	FDIC	BLADES	PEWS
ELIS	BARA	ROBERT	EXIT
MAGIE	EYES	AMELIE	SEGA
ATM	FEEES	KINETIC	ENERGY
NIA	ESAI	MDI	RATTLE
DOMESTIC	ECONOMY	BASED	
SNAG	LINO	DOUR	
ALIS	COMEDIE	EFFECT	
CLENCHES	LAP	SKYDIVER	
HUIN	DIDUP	CENT	ADELA
AGRA	PUBLIC	ENEMY	ENID
LOATH	POSH	ENVOY	ENE
ESPRESSO	OID	SPREADER	
TITANIC	EFFORT	EEL	
NANO	AMPS	LISP	
SWATS	MAGNETIC	EQUATOR	
LINIEUP	ERI	SCAR	ALE
OLYMPIC	EVEN	ANGELIC	
PLOD	PHRASE	CENTERICE	
EINE	PIANOS	ATTA	MAID
DEER	INTENT	BASS	ANTE

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