

**THE POSTSCRIPT**

**How things are done**

By **CARRIE CLASSON**  
Columnist

One reason to travel is to discover how things are done all over again. My husband, Peter, and I are in Mexico, and I was thinking this as we stood, confounded, in front of the washing machine.

It would not start. There was a dizzying array of buttons and commands. I was pleasantly surprised to realize that I actually understood what almost all the buttons meant. Unfortunately, my Spanish skills were of no use whatsoever in making the machine start.



“We need to put soap in it,” Peter advised.

“I don’t think we want to put soap in it until we know we can get water in,” I replied.

We continued to poke buttons and stare at the machine, completely flummoxed.

The good news was that Alma, a cheerful housekeeper, would be by in three days. We would only have to wear dirty clothes over the weekend and then Alma would come to save us. Peter and I stared at the machine for a few more minutes, pushed a few more buttons, then declared defeat. I decided I could air out a shirt for tomorrow. I don’t know what Peter decided to wear.

Of course, something like this happens to us at least three times a day when traveling.

Two days ago, we found a wonderful bakery. There were shelves of pastries and rolls and a few assorted baked goods displayed on the counter. I started telling the woman who worked there which of the rolls and pastries I would like and she began putting them in a bag.

“Oh, but I don’t want all those!” I tried to tell her in

Spanish. Under pressure, it’s a lot harder to come up with the right words to refuse an excessive number of pastries. She gave me a look that I could not quite identify and kept piling all the pastries displayed on the counter into the bag.

Finally, she finished filling the bag and handed it to a woman standing behind me—who I had not even noticed in my eagerness to buy pastries. They were her pastries. The bakery woman handed me a tray (it looked like, and I’m pretty sure it was, a pizza pan) and pointed to the shelves loaded with baked goods, with sets of tongs conveniently located at the bottom of every shelf.

“Oh.”  
After I apologized to the bakery woman (who clearly thought I was an idiot) and the woman with the bag of pastries (who had good reason to feel the same), Peter and I began to select a few rolls and pastries—but nowhere near as many as we thought we would have to buy a moment earlier.

Late that night, I started giggling in bed. “That woman thought the gringos were going to make off with her pastries!” I said to Peter. He started chuckling.

“There’s a whole lot of ways of doing things we know nothing about,” he noted. Peter is right.

And that is a big reason why we like to travel as we do, living amongst people who live here all the time, embarrassing ourselves regularly while we encounter new ways—and often better ways—of doing things we do all the time without thinking.

Alma sorted out the washing in no time flat. Three buttons were all that were required to get it started. I have no idea why there were so many. They were put there to be ignored, apparently. Peter and I now have clean clothes and a nice supply of fresh bread.

It feels like a major accomplishment because, actually, it is. Till next time,  
Carrie

*Carrie Classon’s memoir is called “Blue Yarn.” Learn more at [CarrieClasson.com](http://CarrieClasson.com).*

**Back in the Day**

**100 years ago this week**

The home of Mr. A.C. Lindsey, 3 1/2 miles from Washington on the old Danburg road, with all its contents except some beds which were out to be aired, was destroyed by fire at 1 p.m. Wednesday.

The new post office will get a new tile floor over the original concrete floor. After hearing many complaints, Mayor Wilheit contacted the proper officials and persuaded them to make this change.

George W. Carver, chemist and head of the agricultural department of Tuskegee Institute, will speak at the fairgrounds on Saturday.

The many friends in Washington of Mr. Louis McKinney are delighted that he has accepted a position here as assistant to City Clerk S.R. Brooks.

**75 years ago this week**

Charles V. Curtis has announced that Clarence B. Wicklif has become mortician at the Curtis Funeral Home here. Wilfred B. Smith will continue as manager. Mr. and Mrs. Wicklif will rent

the Cheney residence on east Robert Toombs Avenue when they move to the restored Lane house in the near future.

The Strand offers a blockbuster movie on Thursday and Friday, “The Big Broadcast of 1937.” It stars Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, and Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

Mrs. Weyland Hendry is in Atlanta with her son, Weyland Jr., who has been ill at Emory Hospital. She reports that he has shown considerable improvement.

Harriet Smith, president of the Senior Class at WHS, appointed a committee to draw up a list of senior privileges for this year’s class. Under the advice of Miss Esalee Jordan, homeroom teacher, they requested the following: (1) unsupervised study hall with free access to the library for seniors with an average over 90 in scholarship and conduct; (2) exemption from final tests in May to seniors with conduct and scholastic averages above 90; and (3) one excused absence in May, to be given under the same circumstances as the other privileges. The faculty approved

the request.

**60 years ago this week**

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hopkins announce the birth of a daughter at Washington General Hospital.

A committee composed of Messrs. J.E. Corry and CH. Randall, representing the City Council, and J.M. Griggs, for the Wilkes County Board of Trade, went to Atlanta yesterday for a conference with Wiley Moore in regard to the building of a bus station in Washington. Several months ago, Mr. Moore leased land on the Tom Nash property. Mr. Moore assured the group that work would begin on the structure by March 15.

Smythe Newsome and Jack Harper received slight injuries in a plane crash last week on the Savannah Highway about 11 miles from Bush Field.

The farm formerly owned by Pat Darden, on the Greensboro Road, has been bought by George Ward. The property is about a quarter of a mile from the J.M. Griffin store. Mr. and Mrs. Ward plan to move there in the late Spring.

**50 years ago this week**

Harold N. Sisk, manager of Belk Department Store in Washington, has been promoted within the Belk organization to manager of their store in Monroe, Ga. He will be succeeded by Evans O. Davis, a Wilkes County native who has been manager of the Belk store in Sandersville.

Miss Katherine Callaway attended a meeting of state Y-Club officers at Callaway Gardens last weekend. She is state vice-president of the group.

Col. Harold Dye, Deputy Director of the Department of Industry and Trade of Georgia, was guest speaker at the Kiwanis Club this week.

The Hospital Authority and administration of Wills Memorial Hospital has petitioned for permission to raise emergency room charges from \$2.00 to a minimum of \$4.00, and to raise room and board charges from \$25 per day to \$27 per day.

**LEGISLATIVE UPDATE**

**Third week of session with the Georgia General Assembly**

By **REP. TREY RHODES**  
Georgia House District 120

*(Trey Rhodes serves as chairman of the House of Representatives Game, Fish, and Parks Committee and is a member of the Banks and Banking, Economic Development and Tourism, Special Rules, and Ways and Means committees. He represents Greene, Oglethorpe, Taliaferro, and parts of Wilkes and Putnam counties.)*



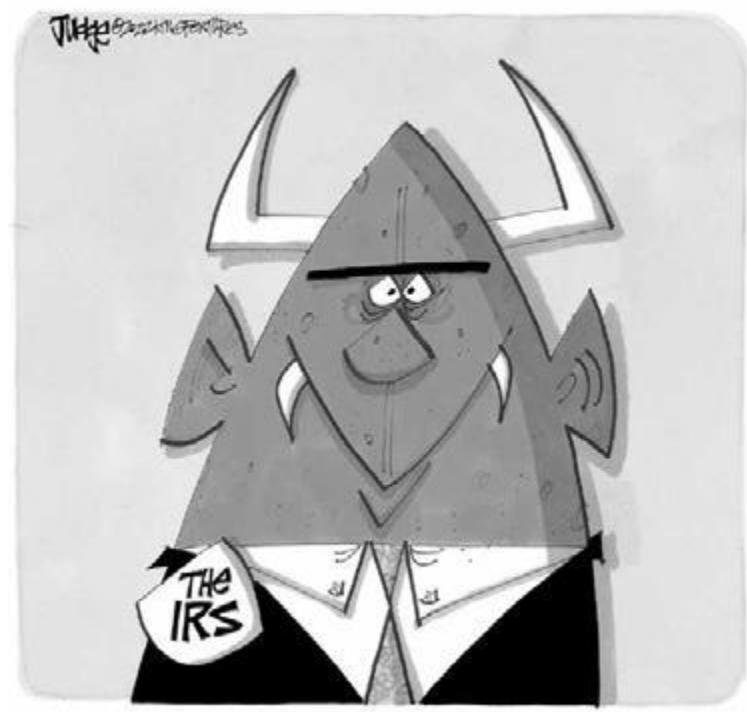
The Georgia General Assembly is well into the 2022 legislative session, and we resumed our work at the State Capitol on Tuesday, February 1, 2022. This was our fourth week of session, putting us at more than a quarter of the way through the legislative session.

To start the week, my col-

leagues and I took up House Bill 385 to help address the recent teacher shortage in Georgia. This legislation would allow retired certified pre-K and K-12 teachers who have obtained 30 years of creditable service to return to the classroom full-time while receiving their full retirement benefits. This legislation offers an immediate solution to the state’s overall growing need for teachers and would also ensure that our students are able to continue to receive quality classroom instruction from experienced educators.

We also unanimously passed legislation to help ensure that Georgians have the power over decisions regarding their mental health care. House Bill 752, or the Psychiatric Advance Directive Act, would allow competent adults to legally establish their expectations and preferences for future mental health treatment and medication. It would allow individuals to appoint someone as a “mental health care agent” to act on their behalf if they

Continued on page 6



FACIAL RECOGNITION

**Winter weather and pining for Georgia summers**

By **LORAN SMITH**  
Columnist

A chilly winter day for most Georgians would be like summer for those living in International Falls, Minnesota.

Last weekend, temperatures in the town known as the “Ice-box of the nation,” hovered around 1 and 2 degrees.



Get this, there are 199 days during the year when the temperature in International Falls drops below freezing. This brings about recall of my intellectual beer drinking days with my favorite down home philosopher, the late Daniel Hamilton Magill, Georgia Bulldog icon who would often raise a toast to Canada: “Here’s to Canada, queen of the snows. But cold, God knows.”

The further south one goes in most places on earth, the warmer it gets. Right across the border

from International Falls is Ft. Frances, Ontario about as far south as you can go in Canada which, on most days, is as chilly as it is in International Falls where heating bills in the area are only 8.1 per cent higher than the national average.

Based on my knowledge of Canadian lore and trends, I don’t recall ever hearing that anybody has ever retired and moved to Canada. This time of the year when you take to the Interstate and drive to Miami—and down into the Keys—you note that a lot of license tags indicate that the occupants are Canadian residents. Snowbirds and there are plenty of them.

If you go “down under” to Australia in June and July, the natives will be snowmobiling and singing Christmas carols in those months. Last week, if you watched Australian Open tennis, you noted that the weather was akin to what you might find in Miami.

In Sydney and Melbourne, during our winter months, it is summertime down under and the living is easy. Once at St. Andrews in the month of July, I had an occasion to visit Peter

Thomson, the Australian golfer who won the British Open five times, three of them consecutively.

Thomson, in addition to being an annual competitor in the Open championship, was a sports columnist for “The Age,” the leading newspaper in Melbourne.

As we talked about the weather in Scotland, which can sometimes be less than balmy, even in summer, he noted that it was “far better” than the weather in Melbourne. “It gets bloody cold down there this time of the year,” he said.

Having grown up in the Deep South, I, nonetheless often enjoy winter weather. I am not a fan of hot weather and consider one of my greatest achievements in life came when I was able to afford central air conditioning.

I like the fall most of all, and when the weather segues into the chill of December, I prefer winter weather over what we get in July, August and September.

There is nothing quite like skiing the Rockies, but the best thing about such an excursion is that when the day ends and you can take off those heavy boots, and sit by a comforting fire with

a cold beer. Unless you are good at it, skiing is work.

Ice fishing? Got invited to do that one winter while on a trip to Minneapolis. We went out on Lake Minnetonka, found a spot to our liking and got underway. First, the host took out a big auger, cranked up the motor attached and soon had a nice hole in the lake. He baited a hook attached to a line, anchored to two small pieces of plank.

Soon a northern pike sucked down a shiner with abandon. While the thrill of casting and setting a hook and reeling in a trout on the Chattahoochee offers greater thrill, it was such a unique experience to ice fish that I couldn’t wait to try it again—once my toes and hands thawed out.

It was more fun, however, when I got back to the North Star Inn, took a shower and joined the guests at the greatest piano bar I have ever patronized.

When the wind chill, wherever, makes a polar bear’s day, then I pine for Georgia’s summertime high thermometer days. When the weather has that biting edge, I’m ready to return to my summer roots.

**The News-Reporter**  
www.news-reporter.com  
(USPS 387-580)  
Published every Thursday at Washington, Georgia, by Quarterdeck Publishing, Inc.  
**The Official Organ of Washington and Wilkes County, Georgia**  
Offices are located at 23 West Robert Toombs Avenue. Mailing address is P.O. Box 597, Washington, Georgia 30673.  
Telephone: 706-678-2636.  
email: editor@news-reporter.com  
  
editor and publisher:  
**Michael Bowen**  
managing editor and advertising manager:  
**Joan Bowen**  
Office Assistant:  
**Margaret Griggs**  
Staff Reporter:  
**Morris Branson**  
  
Member, Georgia Press Association  
  
—SUBSCRIPTION RATES—  
One year in Wilkes County - \$26.00  
Lincoln, Taliaferro Counties - \$26.00  
Outside three-county area - \$41.00  
(includes 8% state and local sales tax)  
  
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Periodicals Postage paid at Washington, Georgia. POSTMASTER: send address changes to The News-Reporter, P.O. Box 597, Washington, GA 30673.