

**THE POSTSCRIPT**

**Listening to the bells**

By **CARRIE CLASSON**  
Columnist

The bells ring more or less all the time here. My husband, Peter, and I are in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, a city filled with old churches. Every old church has at least a couple of old bells, and all the bells are rung frequently. Since there is so much I do not understand when I travel to another country, I assumed that the bells rang according to some sort of system that everyone else understood and I did not. (This is an assumption I've made about a lot of things over the course of my life, but that's another story.)



As it turns out, none of the English speakers in town have any idea what is going on with the bells.

"I thought it was military time because it rang more than 12 times," someone said. "But then it rang 34 times!"

"There is no rhyme or reason," someone replied. "They don't ring on the hour and they don't ring any number of times that makes sense!"

"Well, they are all rung by people," someone else added. "It's not automated. Maybe they just ring them when they feel like it?"

So now I'm listening to the bells.

I was right in the center of town, near the largest, oldest church, when the bells started. "One... Two... Three... Four." They stopped. I checked the time on my phone. It was exactly 4 o'clock. "Well!"

Now I'm thinking the bells are just rung to get our attention. Maybe we would pay more at-

tention to them if we knew they were right all the time.

The roosters in town operate on a similar principle. Every town in Mexico I have ever spent a night in has had multiple roosters alerting me to the first hint of sunrise. But at our temporary home here, we have one who has decided to up his game. He lets us know that it is 4 o'clock in the morning and that sunrise is only a couple hours off, in case we were interested.

None of the other roosters are following his lead. I suspect the other roosters think this guy is a showoff, crowing his head off in the dark. But he keeps it up. It gets our attention, and I guess that is the point. He's letting us know that he is keeping track of the time. It's not morning yet, but morning is on the way.

We have lots of ways to keep track of time and, honestly, I'm not sure why it is so important that the bells ring at any particular time. Peter and I are not meeting anyone at a given time. We have no appointments to keep. This idea that we need to keep track of time is a little odd, given the circumstances. And yet, nearly every day, Peter or I will say, "Can you believe it's 2 o'clock already?" as if 2 o'clock had some special significance. As if we had something special we had to prepare for at 3 o'clock.

I am rather pessimistic that I will ever solve the mystery of the bells. I think they will keep ringing when I least expect, at odd intervals, for an indeterminate amount of time. But every time they ring, I will be reminded of the time—even if it's not the actual time. Even if I have nowhere to go. They'll remind me that time is passing and will pass. They remind me that sometimes the very best thing I can do with my limited time is to stop whatever I'm doing and listen to the bells. Till next time,  
Carrie

Carrie Classon's memoir is called "Blue Yarn." Learn more at [CarrieClasson.com](http://CarrieClasson.com).



By **LORAN SMITH**  
Columnist

This unincorporated community, a suburb of Bowman (population 866) is where one finds the Kay family cemetery, which is where the remains of a celebrated author were placed in eternal rest last weekend.



The plot is adjacent to acreage where cotton, corn and a plethora of vegetables—a horn of plenty—were grown a half century ago, sustaining a hard-working farming family who were compatible with the biblical preachment that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

When you come this way, you may become perplexed as to which county you are setting foot. You could be in Elbert or Hart or Franklin or Madison. Each is virtually within arm's length of each other. Everything has a sameness wherever you tarry—rolling fields where there are hay bales neatly rolled and encased in weather resis-

tant plastic to aid and abet the many cattle, which dot the landscape, during winter.

John Deere tractors in their classic green paint and those big yellow wheels remind one that mechanized farming today can still help turn a profit. Those tractors are a classic staple of rural life. Newly minted chicken houses are springing up as the demand for chicken seems to be proliferating.

If Terry Kay's salt-of-the-earth father had been the beneficiary of such aforementioned anti-back breaking implements, that might have kept his son and author-to-be from plowing a mule. However, the insightful storyteller viewed his early life without regret, or woe-is-me lament. He never went to bed hungry, he was never given an assignment that was too physically taxing for him to endure. He had access to books, and he became adroit enough at playing high school quarterback that he was considered the star of the team. To him, that was a signature station in life not to be taken lightly—but was never to be flaunted.

When he, with the passing of time, chose to follow his dream—to write novels, his life down on the farm served as motivation and provided resource material to craft story lines

**Back in the Day**

**100 years ago this week**  
Stanley Roberts was hunting on the last day of the season when his gun accidentally discharged, mutilating one of his arms. The arm was amputated Wednesday, and Mr. Roberts is doing as well as could be expected in the circumstances.

Fire of unknown origin gutted the drug store of Benford and Sutton at Tignall.

Miss Burke Nicholson, Miss Sarah Mobley and Mr. Earle Norman were motor visitors to Crawfordville Saturday.

All the stores of the city will close early beginning March 1. They have agreed to close at 6 p.m. every day except Saturday, the new schedule running through September 15.

**80 years ago this week**  
The Armour Brothers partnership has been dissolved but the general merchandise, staple and fancy grocery business will be continued by C.E. Armour, who bought out the interest of E.W. Armour.

George Florence, age 39, died suddenly at the home of his

father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. W.T. Florence, Monday afternoon.

Curtis Funeral Home has bought the business and equipment of Mr. W.M. Hill's funeral business. Mr. Hill will devote his full time to farming.

George Currie at Interstate 5 cents to \$1.00 store offers ladies' handbags for Easter at 59 cents each; belts, 10 cents; a 40-piece set of fine dinner china for \$4.00; paint brushes, 10 cents; heavy towels, 25 cents; and 80x90 feet color bed-spreads for 59 cents.

**75 years ago this week**  
Robert Oslin Jr. has been made local agent for Carter's Dry Cleaners of Crawfordville. The establishment is owned by J.C. Carter, who is well-known in Washington from the time, prior to his wartime service, when he was employed by Worley of Elberton and was in charge of the Washington business for that firm.

The Old Hill homeplace 14 miles northwest of Washington has been sold by Mr. and Mrs. A.P. Anthony to a purchaser in North Carolina. The house was built in

1839 by Lodowick Meriweather Hill and was the center of a ten-thousand acre plantation. Though the land has been divided among various members of the family, 2300 acres was sold with the house.

Dr. A.S. Furcron, Georgia's assistant geologist, predicts that Georgia will be the site of the next big oil strike. As a scientist, he states specific reasons why he believes this is the case.

John Gresham has bought from Mrs. T.J. Barksdale the residence on West Robert Toombs Ave. now occupied by Mrs. Henry C. Brooks and it is to be remodeled and converted into an apartment house. This will help greatly to meet the urgent need for housing in Washington.

**50 years ago this week**  
The Wilkes County Board of Commissioners moved to expedite construction of a connecting road between Ga. Hwy. 47 and Ga. Hwy 44. Unanimous action authorized Chairman Henry Harris to condemn such properties as required for the project which "cannot be acquired by agreement or otherwise."

Mrs. Vola O'Connor Jacobs, pianist of Augusta, will be presented in recital at the First Baptist Church Sunday afternoon.

Gene Parker is maintenance supervisor at the Standard-Cosa-Thatcher plant here and assumed his duties when the plant opened. He is a former maintenance employee with the J.P. Stevens Co, in Milledgeville and maintenance foreman of Bibb Mfg. Co, in Macon.

Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Williamson Jr. of Washington announce the engagement of their daughter Kay to Louis Finney Jr. of LaGrange, GA. The wedding is planned for March 12 at the Newtown Baptist Church.

**25 years ago this week**  
An entertaining and inspiring speaker, a delicious dinner, recognition, special awards, special music, and lovely ladies as speakers.  
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**LEGISLATIVE UPDATE**

**Fourth 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.)



Monday, February 7 marked the start of the fifth week of the 2022 legislative session. Each day last week grew increasingly longer as more legislation made its way to the House floor, including the bill for the Amended Fiscal Year (AFY) 2022 budget.

Not only was the week filled with debates on legislation in the House Chamber and in our committees, but Chief Justice David Nahmias of the Supreme Court of Georgia also delivered the annual State of the Judiciary address in the House Chamber.

We passed one of the most important bills of the legislative session, House Bill 910, to amend the state budget for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 2022. Last year, the original Fiscal Year 2022 budget was set at a revenue estimate of \$27.2 billion, but I am pleased to report that Georgia's economy has since made an outstanding recovery, and the state anticipates robust collections for the rest of this fiscal year. The AFY 2022 budget is set at \$29.8 billion, and this amended budget will allow the state to utilize about \$2.6 billion in new funds before the current fiscal year ends in July. With these projections in mind, I'd like to bring your attention to the areas of the House's version of the  
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**Terry Kay**

and plots and colorize his characters in print.

Terry Kay was about sentiment. He collected old, manual typewriters—at least 40, by his wife, Tommie's account. He was about humor. Nothing pleased him more than to become the beneficiary of well told yarn. After all, he knew that when his books enjoyed substantial success, he had told a story well.

The farm life kept him humble and grateful. When he could look out his window and see a red bird on a tree limb as he was in deep thought, he knew that it was an accompaniment for his creative needs. When he saw field of grain and vegetables in a hamper, he knew that artists were uplifted by such scenes. The rural landscape enhanced his writing and helped him maintain perspective.

Great men are, more often than not, in need of a dose of humility. No man in our time has been more in need of such an injection than Donald Trump. Only, if he had been required to pull a pair of overalls over his Gucci loafers and plow a mule.

A successful person can be a good person with ordinary ways and a genial nature. Those without arrogance are the ones who have the best chance of pulling that off.

Terry Kay never allowed anything

in print, by his own hand, that trumpeted he was a best-selling author. He had too much class for that. He never called attention to himself at a banquet hall or at a meat and three lunch with a couple of friends. He always functioned with modesty aforethought.

The eulogists—his latent friend, Dick Hudson, a retired college professor; his closest friend, companion and journalism colleague, Lee Walburn and his brother John, who knew him best—all spoke to his modest and genuine bent. He was a good and selfless man, one who would get your ox out of the ditch.

My fondest remembrances of our times together were those lunches when he and I found a spare table at the Varsity or one at the Savannah Room at the Georgia Center or any place where barbecue was the main course.

I remember the lunch at J. Christopher's in Five Points, mostly because it was convenient, when he disclosed that he had been diagnosed with cancer.

He did not lament his fate, which at the time was unknown. He was resigned to make the best of it and said, "If this thing turns out bad, I have a lot to be grateful for. I have lived a good life and I have had the good fortune to enjoy what I do."

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