

THE POSTSCRIPT

Super Bonito

By CARRIE CLASSON
Columnist

“Maybe I’m a little old for this dress?” I suggested tentatively as I made my way to the mirror in the little shop. I was in the artisans’ market in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where they sell everything imaginable—and quite a few things I had never imagined. I was wearing a dress that had been hanging on a rack outside a tiny shop in the market. It was in my favorite colors.



I’ve been collecting “my” colors, various shades of blue and green. It started with the bracelets. I bought a turquoise one for a few pesos and then I found another one that matched. Then another. Then another. None of them has cost more than a couple of dollars and, at this writing, I have eight bracelets around my wrist. Maybe it’s a bit too much. But I get happy every time I look at my wrist, so maybe it isn’t. My husband, Peter, and I are now settled into a little apartment for the month. It is certainly not fancy. I look at the photos of friends staying in vacation resorts and they probably wouldn’t think much of our lifestyle here. I am sitting at a little desk made of Formica that looks out on a sunny brick wall covered with smiling ceramic suns. I have sunflowers on my desk. Peter is keeping me supplied with coffee (as he always does) and I am writing (as I always am). I think that is why we like it here so much—we are living very much as we always do, just in a different place.

And I also think it is why I am constantly buzzing through the artisan market, dipping into little

shops along the way, looking for my colors. I’m like a bird feathering her nest. I bring back woven napkins and potholders and a bright blue apron with yellow flowers embroidered on the front. Peter is a regular at the chicken roasting shop where dozens of chickens turn on a rotisserie. When he takes too long fumbling with his pesos, the woman who roasts the chickens grabs the money out of his hand, takes what she needs, and returns the wad to him. She is not about to burn her chickens waiting for Peter.

Today is our seventh anniversary and we are celebrating it in the best way possible—by living our life the way we do every other day. Peter is going for his hike in the botanical garden. I am writing and drinking coffee. Later, we will go out for lunch at a rooftop restaurant. The view is wonderful and the weather is fine and, from our vantage point, we can see a cactus that has somehow managed to take root right on the dome of the church roof across the street. The cactus must be nearly 6 feet tall. It is amazing.

I plan to wear my new dress to lunch.

“Maybe I’m a little old for this dress?” I said to the shopkeeper, who I knew would say “no.”

“No!” she said on cue.

“Bonito!” said a customer, unprompted, as I looked skeptically at the rather skimpy blue and green dress in the mirror.

“Super bonito!” the shopkeeper agreed. That is when I decided I would buy the dress. I’ve had pretty dresses before, but never one that was “super bonito.”

Our anniversary today will be another ordinary day that will be perfect because it is not special. It will be perfect because it will be more of the same. It will be super bonito.

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

In response to the growing demand of some of our foremost thinkers in developing the dairy industry in Wilkes County, Dr. C.L. Smith and Redding Sims have purchased 40 head of fine Jersey cattle from the best herds in central Tennessee. These cattle will be brought in and sold at very low prices to aid in developing the alternative to cotton farming.

Wilkes County is going to be relieved of maintaining about 40 miles of highway in the county, by the arrangement with the State Highway Department, whereby that department will in about two weeks, take over the maintenance the Lexington, Augusta, and Lincolnton roads within Wilkes County.

Willis Callaway Lindsey of Washington was married in Macon on last Wednesday to Miss Lucile Barbre of Albany, Ga. They left immediately for Washington, New York and other points in the east on a wedding trip.

85 Years Ago This Week

Billy Garrard, president of the Wilkes Boys’ 4-H Clubs, will have the honor of sitting on stage as representative of the county when Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace speaks at Augusta’s Livestock Show March 31.

Walter B. Graham served as host when bands from 11 schools throughout the 10th District met in Washington last Friday. This was not a competition,

but a time of preparation for the first statewide music festival-competition that the GEA will sponsor in Savannah next month.

Charles Irvin, WHS senior who has a four-year grade average of 97.07 will deliver the valedictory address at this year’s graduation exercises. Stella Massey is Salutatorian, with an average of 96.10. Other honor graduates are Hugh Bernard, Lucile Ellison, Harriet Smith, Sara Amason, Frances Echols and Mary Fortson.

Wilbur Orr, a member of the freshman class, excelled over the juniors and seniors by securing first place in declamation last Thursday. He will represent Washington in the district meet. Marus Pharr is the alternate.

75 Years Ago This Week

The Georgia Supreme Court has declared that M.E. Thompson is the legal governor of Georgia. Herman Talmadge said he would abide by the court’s decision and will not appeal the case.

The interesting feature of the program given at the Lions Club meeting on Monday was the film of the Georgia-North Carolina football game played in the Sugar Bowl, shown by Bill Hartman of the University of Georgia.

Mrs. Ira Brown, owner and operator of Mildred’s Beauty Salon, announces that two of her experienced and popular operators have returned. Mrs. Emma Fulghum Palmer and Mrs. Frances Price Brown are now with the shop again. These, with the proprietor, and Mrs. Annie Ruth Rautenberg, complete the personnel.

Included in the Dean’s Scholastic Honor list for the first semester at Presbyterian College is the name of William T. Johnson, Jr of Washington.

50 Years Ago This Week

A Pet Milk Company employee and a former employee were arrested by Sheriff Cecil Moore and charged with “theft by taking” after a bizarre night during which a delivery truck belonging to Pet was taken from the company’s parking lot and wrecked.

Dr. M.C. Adair was elected a trustee of the Emory University Medical Alumni Association at its meeting last week.

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Book Review

By MORRIS BRANSON
Staff Reporter

Forever Young: A Memoir
By Hayley Mills

Published August 31, 2021

Hayley Mills is best known for her performances in movies produced by Walt Disney. Her iconic performances in Pollyanna and The Parent Trap made her a star by the age of 14.

Reading this autobiography was like stepping back in time. Apparently written without a ghost-writer, Mills writes of her life with honesty and affection although with a tinge of sadness and regret. She was born the daughter of a highly regarded actor, John Mills, and a mother Mary Hayley Mills, a novelist and playwright.

When she was young, Haley describes herself as a tomboy with, “big teeth... and a nose someone once described as a lump of putty.” She loved running around her family’s Sussex farmhouse, riding her pony, and playing with her dogs. In between, she had to suffer through long terms of boarding school. Her father reluctantly allows her to be cast, with him, in a British indie film, “Tiger Bay”, for which she received critical plaudits, although she didn’t see it as the start of a career.

Somehow a copy of the film made it to Walt Disney, who was then casting for the movie, Pollyanna. He flies to London to wine and dine her parents and to convince her to come back to Hollywood for a screen test. She proves to be a natural and signs a deal to star in 7 films for Disney. Although Mills conveys nothing but affection for “Uncle Walt”, she also recognizes that he was a businessman first and foremost. “When it came to dealmaking, the Mickey Mouse Club took no prisoners.” Her memories of these negotiations seem to be viewed through a “Pollyannish” lens. Disney wanted exclusive rights to her talents. Her father, having been in the business for many years, agreed to allow them to approve any project she was involved in. He also negotiated a deal wherein he would be signed to star in Swiss Family Robinson. Hayley sees this as nothing but positive whereas a cynical person might see this as using her as a chip in

negotiations. This proves to be significant as she has to pass on several acting possibilities including: “Exodus”, “The Children’s Hour” and the starring role in Stanley Kubrick’s “Lolita”; roles that would have stretched her acting abilities, as well as relieving her of her Pollyanna stereotype.

For her next film, she played identical twin sisters with (unexplained) British accents, who have been, (implicitly) separated by their divorced parents only to bump into each other (unbelievably) at a summer camp. Nonetheless, “The Parent Trap” was a huge success and Mills actually had a hit song, “Let’s Get Together.” (A guaranteed earworm if there ever was one.)

Her last work for Disney was 1965’s “That Darn Cat” after which Walt sent her a farewell letter: “You know that old saying about not losing a daughter but gaining a son... well, this is sort of like losing a daughter and I didn’t gain any son to make it worthwhile.” Mills seems to dismiss the fact that she was overworked as a child having made 7 films in 5 years and leaving Disney when she was only 19.

The autobiography only covers her to age 28. By then she has discussed her marriage to a man 33 years her senior, her struggles with body image and bulimia, and dealing with her mother’s alcoholism.

This book requires some patience. In my opinion, it could have used some judicious editing. There are too many long references to parties and events wherein the only object seems to be name-dropping. “Larry (Laurence Olivier) and Viv (Vivian Lee), were enchanting as they always were.” I also thought it was odd to stop at 28. Although she hasn’t done as much acting, her life still seems like it would be interesting. (She is now 75) For those of us who remember her from childhood (she was my first crush at age 8), it still makes for a good read as well as a cautionary tale of too much success in childhood.



Exploring Tarrytown

By LORAN SMITH
Columnist

You don’t need to slow down all that much when passing through this town of 66 residents on Georgia Highway 15 which stretches 346 miles from the North Carolina line in the Northeast section of the state and ends just south of Folkston at the Florida line.



There is no traffic light, not even a caution light blinking. There is no stop sign but Internet connections are available and at the Trading Post, you can purchase a beer or a Diet Coke.

The farmland around here is good as the transition from the clay of the Piedmont section of Georgia segues into that rich soil which yields the best tasting onions on earth, the Vidalia sweet onion.

Tarrytown is 4.5 miles south of Soperton, the seat of Treutlen County, and 12.9 miles north of Vidalia,

the home of the sweet onion that people—from everywhere—pine for. With the generosity of the R. T. Stanley family, I often ship Vidalia onions to friends at distant addresses, which brings about high praise from the recipients.

There are many out there who can bite into a Vidalia onion as most of us would an apple from the mountains of North Georgia. Unfortunately, I cannot digest one of Georgia’s best known farm products without serious internal rebuke.

With debilitating acid reflux, I cannot abide onions. If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, an onion a day with this country boy, for just a day, would keep the doctor busy for 48 hours or more.

It is a reminder of how warm and contented I feel when friends, over the years, with central Florida residences, ship oranges and grapefruit to my door during the holidays.

Unfortunately, I don’t have a friend in Omaha who is given to shipping steaks my way. That would be the ultimate friendship. I regret that I don’t know Warren Buffett. Bet he sends Omaha steaks to his friends.

To many out there, Georgia remains the Peach State which means you can become a big hit with

friends if you ring up Robert and Cynde Dickey at Dickey Farms in Musella, give them a credit card number and an address—and they will ship a care package of peaches to wherever for whomever you like.

When the holiday season approaches a few months from now, you can get the Wilson family at Sunnyland Farms in Albany to send the best in pecan products to friends from Tarrytown to Timbuktu.

All of the foregoing is to remind you of the days when you could sit down with the Sears Roebuck catalogue and order little packets of seeds for your garden or your fence row which would bring about tasty vegetables and becoming flowers.

String beans climbing up a back yard fence. Sunflowers at the end of a hedgerow, petunias in a flower box near a pecan tree. It is remarkable what a fistful of seeds connecting with sunlight and propitious rain shower can do for the landscape. And the stomach.

Mother Nature accompanied with energy, industriousness and enterprise can bring about not only a means of survival but an inner peace and fulfillment.

Part of the problem, I am told, with Atlanta today is the great number of gangs which have infiltrated

the city. Members get up every day bent on finding something to steal. What if there was a rural atmosphere hovering over our cities with kids being taught to work outdoors with their hands and combining energy and soul with the soil. Learn to pay their way, extend a helping hand.

I knew a man, who was born in this town, and would grow up to be a farmer, moving some 36 miles northeast. He would drop out of school to work his daddy’s farm during the Great Depression years. He had to work the farm with the greatest of commitment to help enable his family to keep foreclosure at bay.

He later raised his family with an emphasis on hard work, making do with the ultimate emphasis on honesty, integrity and faith. If the Good Book said don’t do it, he didn’t. If the Good Book said, do it, he did.

It was a hard life, but he made it without health insurance, a luxury automobile, vacations in the islands and tickets to the Super Bowl. When he died, he was debt free. Like the apostle Paul, he had fought the good fight.

That man was my father. There is no marker or tribute plaque here in his honor, but to me he was Great American.

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