

Opinion

A community forum for viewpoints from around the world to your backyard

The Clinch County News

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TALL TALES

By Lem Griffis

What a rain! and what a man!

E. L. ("Lem") Griffis, of Fargo was in Homerville again last week end, this time with tales of woe.

He said that he had lost most of his cattle because the fish had swallowed them. (Fierce fish!)

Then, too, he was worried over farming land. He said, "That dirt is so rich that I can't raise watermelons. The vines run so fast they bust-em. One time I did manage to get a couple on my two muled wagon. Started to town, but one of them melons fell out, busted, drowned both mules, and I floated for six hours in the juice on a watermelon seed.

"I've got a peg-leg uncle that comes to see me once in a while. But the dirt is so rich that every time he goes out in the yard his peg-leg sprouts and he has to chop down the weeds before he can get back to the house.

"Why, when I throw corn to my chickens they have to catch it before it hits the ground or they have to gnaw it off the cob. And when I plant corn I have to run to keep it from running up my overall legs"

Truthly yours,
Lem Griffis

SPEAK YOUR MIND!

Letters to the Editor

Send your letters to us at P.O. Box 377, Homerville, Ga., 31634, or e-mail to mail@theclinchcountynews.com, or visit our website, www.theclinchcountynews.com.

State bar congratulates Bennett on appointment

Editor, The News:

On behalf of the State Bar of Georgia, I am writing to extend congratulations to Matthews B. Bennett of Bennett & Connell LLC in Adel on his appointment by Gov. Brian Kemp to serve as a Superior Court judge for the Alapaha Judicial Court, covering Atkinson, Berrien, Clinch, Cook and Lanier counties.

Judge Bennett will be well served by his 17 years of experience in the legal profession and justice system. He has also served as a solicitor for the Probate Courts of Atkinson, Cook and Lanier counties, as well as the Municipal Courts of Homerville, Nashville and Ray City.

By Accepting this appointment, Judge Matthew Bennett demonstrates his continued commitment to serving the public and the justice system. We wish him well in this new capacity of judicial leadership.

Christopher P. Twyman
President, State Bar of Georgia



Analyzing the elements of proper respite

It's my understanding there are some folks who don't like to nap.

I categorize them with the other "People I Don't Understand": YouTube celebrities; Garth Brooks fans; conspiracy theorists; and the owners of the Washington NFL team who took two years deciding on a nickname, and then came up with "Commanders."

Obviously, people who don't appreciate a good nap simply aren't working hard enough.

I mean, after five days a week, six hours a day, of laboring in front of the computer, my body is exhausted, my brain frazzled from all that reading, napping, and talking on the phone. Ten hours of sleep a night just doesn't suffice. I need at least two naps over the weekend to truly be fit and rested.

Well, okay, just rested.

I've been napping since the day I was born, and, man, there have been some great ones along the way. Like Hank Aaron when discussing what's the most memorable of his 755 home runs, I can't really pinpoint one nap that sticks out as the very best or the most enjoyable. All are

enjoyable in their own wonderful way.

The secret to a soothing siesta – like most everything – is in its preparation. While all nappers have their own preferences, styles, and tastes, the elements of proper respite have to be in place for the most splendid of slumbers. With opportunities for napping increasing during the holidays, let me explain the essences of my most satisfying snoozes.

First of all, there is a difference between the vacation nap and the home nap.

The best kind of nap is the beach nap. You spend an active morning on the beach in the sun with your family, or perhaps some strangers. After a hearty noon meal, you retire to solitary sleeping quarters. For the best naps, I would suggest making sure your reservation calls for a beachview on an upper floor with a sliding

glass door. That way, prior to napping, you can open the sliding glass door, partially close the curtains, and have an ocean breeze for which to nap with. The bottom-floor simply won't work, as there will be too much noise, or people wandering in occasionally to borrow a glass of water or make a sandwich.

If it is hot at this particular beach, as most are, turn the air conditioning as low as it will go before laying down to snooze. Little-known fact: Hotels and condominiums do not charge extra for power usage. Turn down the AC, let the refrigerator door stay open for hours, leave the hair dryer on – it doesn't matter.

For a home nap, I usually don't have the luxury of much solitude, making the fundamentals for a perfect nap slightly different.

The prelude is basically the same – active morning outdoors,

preferably a golf outing, followed by a hearty meal. Retirement is usually to my bedroom. I am unable to nap on the couch or in any shared space (living room, kitchen, garage). It's got to be a bedroom with a bed. I don't know why.

I am a "sleep on top of the covers" napper, so I make sure the bed is made.

Just my personal preference. I turn the TV on to something like a baseball game or Formula One racing or professional tennis – something in which I can't get too interested.

The sound is barely audible. The AC is set for 68-70 (unfortunately, the hotel won't pay my home power bill – despite my pleadings), and a ceiling fan is going full-blast. A UGA afghan rests nearby in case a chill emerges.

I place a dark baseball cap on my head with the bill directly over my eyes. The Land of Nod soon beckons, and it is glorious.

Do yourself a favor: Take a nap today. If you can't seem to fall asleep, read this column two more times.

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EDITOR & PUBLISHER



Dirt Road Memories

A July 2025 column mentioned a few signs of knowing you're in the country. Barbara Lamb Snyder said it rekindled memories of growing up on a dirt road in Dooly County. Her comment made me realize I had barely touched on dirt roads, which probably deserve top billing in defining rural living.

Several years ago I considered writing a book titled "Dirt Road Memories." Ideas without effort eventually settle though, like the stirred dust on country roads. So I'll just offer a few recollections from childhood instead.

I'm not sure how old I was when the road by our house was paved, probably six or seven. One thing I remember about riding my bicycle is standing up to pedal through sandy places, sometimes even getting off to push.

My first bike had seen better days when it came our way. Daddy hid its rusty patina by brushing on a coat of red paint.

Shortly after the training wheels came off, however, my ride was upgraded. Small accomplishments sometimes lead to big rewards.

Another early dirt road memory is of Uncle Murray coming to our house looking for my father. When Mama told him he'd gone to Unadilla to Giles and Hodge Warehouse, my uncle said he was about to head that way.

Why a five-year-old decided to hide in the bed of his uncle's truck I don't recall. I climbed up on the back bumper while he and Mama were talking, then scrunched down between bags of seed that were stacked above the rear glass.

That's about all I would remember if I not for hearing the story retold many times. Several people along Rural Route One saw me perched atop the bags. When they waved at my uncle he smiled and waved back. After arriving at the warehouse he understood their

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enthusiastic gestures. Many times I've asked God to protect me from making foolish choices. Sometimes he's protected me in spite of them.

A dirt-road memory from my teen years is the brief thrill of fishtailing a vehicle. I was not brave enough to confidently master the maneuver, but my brother Jimmy loved to make the back end of his 1964 Chevy drift sideways. I was with him a few times, usually on the sharp curve between our house and Harmony Church.

His most-publicized stunt occurred near Mr. Willie Bowen's home. Mr. Willie loved sharing the details of that entertaining escapade. Jimmy slid into one ditch, then crossed to the opposite side before getting back in the ruts. With a grin and hint of admiration Mr. Willie

would tell how Jimmy never let off the gas as he went by.

I guess I learned a few things from those unpaved roads, like how standing on the pedals can help get you through the sandy places. Although I didn't realize it until much later, I also learned a little about mercy. My family was able to laugh about a pickup ride that could have turned out badly. My brother gets credit for a third dirt road lesson. I'm not advocating recklessness, but sometimes the best way to get out of a ditch is to step on the gas.

Childhood memories have grown sweeter with time, especially blessed when lessons come to mind. Old memories fade and settle, just as dust on a dirt road wanes, but it only takes a gentle breeze to stir them up again.