

# Opinion

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

## The Clinch County News

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## 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.

## New Homerville postmaster looks forward to serving community

Editor, The News:

I'm honored to introduce myself to the community as your new Postmaster. My name is Shanteria Everett and I'm excited to begin this journey serving the residents and businesses of Homerville.

The Postal Service has long been woven into the fabric of small towns and rural America. Here in Homerville, the Post Office helps people stay connected, supports local commerce, and remains a steady presence in the everyday life of the community.

As I step into this role, I hope to build strong relationships with customers and employees alike. I believe service is strongest when it is local, personal, and grounded in the needs of the people we serve.

That local commitment is part of a larger American story. As the nation nears its 250th anniversary, the Postal Service remains proud to carry forward a public service mission that has helped connect the country since its earliest days.

I look forward to earning the trust of this community and serving Homerville with pride.

Shanteria Everett  
Postmaster, Homerville Post Office



Our letters to the editor are intended to be a free and open forum for local and area citizens to comment on items of general public interest. If you wish to write a letter to us, please type it or write legibly, double-spacing preferred. Letters are subject to editing for length, good taste and newspaper style. Subjects of a personal nature are generally not acceptable. Endorsements of political candidates are also not acceptable during a campaign. All letters must be signed but names may be withheld under certain dire circumstances. Please include a daytime phone number and address. You can also e-mail us a letter at clinnews@windstream.net, or visit our website at www.theclinchcountynews.com.

## Honesty is not the best job seeking policy

Have you ever heard the Latin phrase, "carpe diem"?

It means "let the buyer beware" – for this joke.

Although I'm not from Latvia, I know a little Latin, and that phrase came to mind the other day when a friend was telling me about a person who came to his office looking for a job.

When my friend asked this person why they left their previous employment, the job-seeker replied, "my boss told me I was too stupid to work, and had to let me go."

Some people would applaud such honesty.

I boo it lustily.

Whoever said "honesty is the best policy" apparently was never fired for being too stupid to work – or perhaps they were.

Like politics, and marriage, in the world of job-hunting, being totally forthright may not be the best idea, especially if you're too stupid to work.

## Len Robbins

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Hopefully, the job market will be better in the future. With that in mind, here are some free, easy-to-remember tips for the stupid, and not-so-stupid, employment seekers among us:

- It's not a good idea to tell a prospective employer: "Here's my resume," and pronounce it as "re-zoom."

They'll automatically think you're too stupid to work when you pronounce it "re-zoom." The document you give to potential employers is called a resume ("rez-u-may"). Pronounce it correctly and you're a step closer to employment. Pronounce it correctly with a zesty French accent and you'll get a job offer on the spot.

- Never, ever express

an opinion during the interview process.

Resist the temptation, no matter how great or how much the interviewer incites you. And if you have to fill out an application that prompts you to list hobbies, don't put down any hobbies that reveal anything about you or your personality. Don't put down QAnon conspiracies, sugar packet collecting, or smoking dope as your hobbies, for instance. If you must, put something very nondescript and boring, like reading, or spending time with family and friends, or walking. You never know what prejudices or biases your interviewer may have.

- Don't be afraid to make yourself look good.

People want to be impressed. If you can do something especially well, whether it be typing, operating a fork lift, or making funny noises with your armpit, don't be shy – brag about it. If you don't mention it, they'll never know how talented you are.

- One last thing.

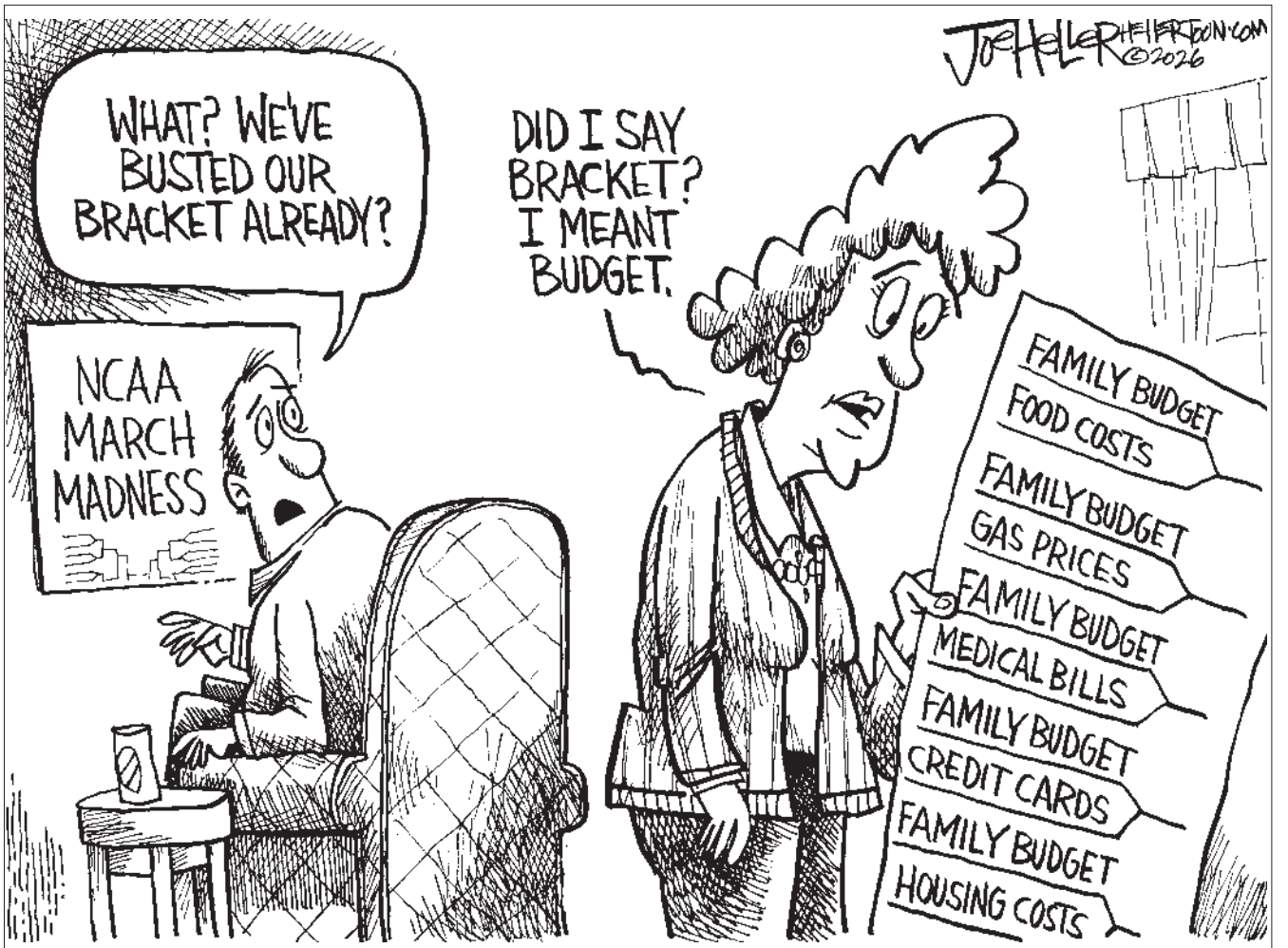
If the interview isn't going well (signs include the interviewer falling asleep or cursing loudly at you to get out of their office), it's a good idea to turn the tables and challenge the interviewer to arm wrestle you.

Sound crazy? Yeah, crazy like a weasel.

If you beat them, they'll be impressed by your moxie and strength. If you lose, they'll feel great about themselves and want to keep your lily-armed self around. Either way, you're as good as hired.

Welcome to the world of the deviously-employed!

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## The Good Life

**Editor's Note:**  
This essay is an excerpt from local author Roy Rhodes's new book "Half Wit-Half Wisdom," available on Amazon.com. The News will publish excerpts from the book for the next few weeks.

My friend Clifford lived out in the country somewhere near Cogdell, Georgia. I'm not going to get any more specific than that. Clifford has gone to heaven now, but as far as I know, some of the family may still own the place. I won't be guilty of leading half of south Georgia to the door.

You see, Clifford had already found what most of us are searching for: The Good Life. It showed up in a tobacco-barn-turned-home out in the south Georgia countryside.

The Good Life followed him to work every day at his family's grocery store. By the end of the working day, the routine tensions, conflicts, and cares that confront us all drove The Good Life back out into the country. At the end of each day, Clifford drove

home to recover it, and it was always there, waiting for him.

The area that surrounded Clifford's home was quite a playground. Out in front of the cabin was a good-sized fish pond, well-stocked with sleek, fat catfish so friendly that they would come to the edge to lick your hand. Clifford became so fond of his catfish that he couldn't bear to catch and cook them. If he was hungry for fish, he either had to invite some people out for a fish fry and get them to cook or he had to bring some frozen fish from the store.

Overlooking the pond was one of Clifford's two treehouses. The other one was out back of the house. These weren't your garden-variety, slapped-up-for-the-kids style of treehouse. They were substantial structures with doors and windows and mattresses and furniture; a place where a guy might take a sweetheart to listen to the wind sway the pines.

Attached to the backside of the cabin was a few hundred square feet of porch and a boardwalk

## Roy Rhodes

GUEST COLUMNIST



that ran to a covered cook-out area. Just before you stepped off the boardwalk onto the cooking area, down to the right was

Clifford's hot tub, made from concrete sewer pipe. He was always quick to point out that since concrete is porous, he made sure that the pipe was brand new and previously unused. At least the guy at Lucky Lany's New and Used Sewer Shoppe guaranteed that you could soak clean and unconcerned.

But I suppose the surest measure of The Good Life was in the cabin itself. There wasn't a dull corner in the place. How many houses have you been in where there was a bee colony behind plexiglass in the john? A Wurlitzer juke-box in the living room? Bearskins and rattles from snakes and old photographs and zines from the last forty years in every room?

That's just a hint of

what you saw in the cabin. The key to getting the picture is to imagine the endless variety of objects that filled almost every available space. The key to appreciating Clifford's approach to life is to understand that, though he liked all of his stuff, he liked people even more. I've seen a dozen kids swarm around his property without ruffling Clifford's feathers in the least.

"Broke it, huh?" He might have said. "Too bad."

The "it" could have been anything from his hot tub to his car, and Clifford wouldn't get the least bit excited. It was nothing for him to have twenty or thirty head out to his cabin at one time to watch a comet, to celebrate a high school graduation, or to cook a mess of friendly catfish.

Anything to share The Good Life with his friends.