

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
 Fargo, Georgia

Progress is what we will have when the world spends more for face powder than gunpowder.
 One of my small boys was watching his mother dress the baby when she snapped the last pin. He yelled, hold it, hold it you forgot to salt him!
 When a rich man gets in trouble he can holler for a lawyer, but all a poor man can do is holler.
 A lady says all married men should wear something to indicate they are married...as if a five year old suit and a black eye is not good enough.
 The farmer and the laborer are the backbone of our country. But some of our politicians are trying to become the jawbone of the nation.
 No wonder women live longer than men. Just think of how long they are girls.

Truthly yours,
 Lem Griffis



Impatient for flying cars and robot butlers

A while back, my wife mentioned that she was going to get a signet ring.

"That's fantastic," I replied enthusiastically. "What's a signet ring?" She explained that a signet ring was a ring with her initials on it, like the earrings she has. "They're heirlooms," she said. "I can pass down the ring to our daughter, and I can pass down the earrings to our sons, and they can use them as cufflinks."

That last comment arched my skeptical brow. "Cufflinks?" I said. "Cufflinks? You're talking about cufflinks? They aren't going to be wearing cufflinks in the future. I've never seen Captain Kirk or Han Solo wear cufflinks. And I don't recall George Jetson wearing cufflinks either."

If television and movies have taught us anything — and they haven't — it's that there will be no cufflinks in

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the future. And we'll all begin wearing some sort of uniform. Except for me, unless the uniform is made of the same fabric as pajamas.

In fact, with 2026 now upon us, we should be on the cusp of these futuristic fashions we've been seeing for the last 50 years on the little and big screens.

On "Star Trek," they all wear these tan and blue long-sleeve lightweight sweaters with insignias on them. And in other TV shows and films, people in the future are always wearing some type of shiny garment, as if that is some type of governmental requirement. Currently, the only segment of society I can think of that wears such garb are

NASCAR drivers and their crews. And they don't have cufflinks either.

Which begs the question: When is all this future stuff I've been seeing on cartoons and movies and what-not going to happen?

"The Jetsons" was set in 2062. That's just 36 years away. Two things I really need bad right now are a butler robot and a flying car — both of which were featured prominently on that show. But I can't wait 36 years for those two items — I need them now! Heck, in 36 years, I'll be — 8 plus 5 is 13, add 1 to. Oh, never mind. I'll be "George Strait needs to be on the Super Bowl Halftime Show-oid," and in dire need of a robot butler to pick up things

for me, and perhaps an addition to my brain to handle math. Actually, I need that now.

Why are we spending all of our resources on things like curing baldness and starting wars when we could be using our research dollars on projects that could actually affect mankind in a positive way — like creating time machines or light sabers for the general public.

And when are they going to come out with a huge floating spaceship that's like a mini-city? Those things are in about every science fiction show over the past half-century. Yet the closest thing science has come to that is a cruise ship.

C'mon science — get off your rumps and start creating manservant robots and flying cars that I can buy at Target. Time is of the essence.

Otherwise, we might actually have a use for cufflinks in the future.

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Scribbled Notes 4

My stack of scribbled notes is shorter, but still has a precarious tilt. I've grown a bit weary of sifting through papers, but recently found fresh motivation. We'll get to that later.

I kept a sample letter of a common scam - trying to buy land for less than it's worth. Legitimate buyers sometimes make unsolicited offers at decent prices. There are, however, countless solicitations which are far below market value.

Gazillions of unscrupulous proposals are made, knowing a few recipients will take the bait. Financial predators don't mind taking advantage of people who can be manipulated. They also exploit very capable people who get careless. So be careful. If you're leaning toward making a quick decision, it's usually best to slow down.

Another scribbled note contained several questions I had been pondering. Can a dog have a cat scan? Can a cat be dog-eared? Is a doggone cat gone because

of the dog? It's hard to sleep while searching for answers.

A newspaper clipping had a picture of Sonny and SuSu Burt announcing the sale of Daphne Lodge. I intended to write a story about them but never got around to it. Besides the excellent food and charming atmosphere, the lovely couple made customers feel like family. Like the bar on Cheers, it was a place where everybody knows your name.

One slip of paper had a potential column title, "Shadow Finds a Home." My mother's yard dog is 93 pounds of affection. He's too friendly to be a protector but will knock you down if you're carrying food. Here's some background on that unwritten column.

Shadow is the last survivor of three similar-looking stray dogs that found their way to my mother's rural home. His ribs were showing when he came and he was afraid of people, as were Spot and Spottie before him. All three dogs, in different years,

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were apparently dropped off at the wet-weather creek near Mama's home. Three strays went looking for mercy and found it. Perhaps there's a lesson in their stories.

I've finished reviewing notes through 2022 and just got to one from October 3, 2021. Shannon Akin shared this high-school remembrance in our men's Sunday School Class that Sunday. I know the date because I scribbled it on a church bulletin. It was about Mr. Hubert Yow, who taught agriculture at Vienna High School for decades.

Mr. Yow loved orange juice and kept some in a refrigerator in the ag building. Someone, however, began discretely depleting his supply. Mr. Yow spiked the juice with syrup of ipecac, a product used years ago to induce vomiting when a person swallowed poison. The

mystery was solved, and Allen Cross lost his taste for orange juice.

"Life Expectancy Plummeted in U.S." That newspaper article from September of 2021 included the 2020 chart. Men were pegged at an average of 74.5 years. I'm a bit weary of sifting through scribbled notes, but those statistics gave me new motivation. Rather than taking a break, maybe I should write a little faster.

I'm hoping to be above average, but either way will be okay. An unwritten column, "Shadow Finds a Home," just reminded me of three stray dogs who went looking for mercy and found it. Their good fortune probably involved some luck, but man has a sure thing if we claim it. It may not be on our terms or timetable, but mercy is ours for the asking.