

Opinion

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

The Clinch County News

USPS #118-140

113 E. Dame Avenue • Homerville, Georgia 31634
Telephone: 912-487-5337

Published by
AIR Publications, Inc.

A.I. "Len" Robbins, IIIEditor & Publisher

lrobbins@theclinchcountynews.com

Holly Mullis.....Business Manager
airpublications@outlook.com

Ben Murray.....Production Manager
news@theclinchcountynews.com

Established in 1894 and published every Wednesday. Entered at the Homerville, Ga. Post Office as periodical rate, Permit No. 118-140. Member of the Georgia Press Association and the National Newspaper Association. Subscription Rates: In Clinch County, \$35 per year. Elsewhere, \$42 per year. Single copy price is .93 cents. POSTMASTER: Address all correspondence to The Clinch County News, P.O. Box 377, Homerville, GA 31634, or e-mail at clinnews@windstream.net.

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.



TALL TALES

By Lem Griffis
Fargo, Georgia

I enjoy listening to the honk of a wild goose except when he is at the steering wheel of a car.

Preachers generally have different views, but they all fall in line when it comes to fried chicken.

A man can make mistakes and get over it, but just let him make one success and he never gets over it.

I just love rodeos. It's so different, seeing the bull throw people.

I saw an old couple sitting on the ground doing some-thing. I thought they were playing marbles. I said, aren't you a folks a little old to be playing marbles. The old fel-low said, who is playing marbles.... me and my wife had an argument and she is helping me pick up my teeth.

Truthly yours,
Lem Griffis



Thank a firefighter, and pray for rain

Years ago, I used to live near a fire station.

I would drive by during the midst of my workday grind and see a bunch of guys – firefighters – playing basketball or shooting pool or washing cars.

With envy, or, actually, jealousy, I would say to anyone within earshot: "I would love to be a fireman. Ninety-five percent of your day is spent shooting hoops or improving your pool game, then boom, you have a burst of excitement and you're called out to extinguish a fire. That's the life."

And while there is still a part of me that would love to be a fireman (a trait found in nearly every male human being), the romantic notion of the hoops-shooting, billiards-brilliant, never-get-hurt hero firefighter is long gone. I know it not to be so.

The hero part is indeed still true, but it does not come without risk and sacrifice. 9/11

Len Robbins

lrobbins@theclinchcountynews.com

EDITOR & PUBLISHER



showed us that a quarter of a century ago.

And so does the work of firefighters here in South Georgia as we battle another nasty batch of wildfires.

Most firefighters in these parts are of the volunteer variety. The majority of their hours are spent fixing cars or filing paperwork or grading papers or working on the line in their day jobs. But any minute, they can hear the call. They must drop what they are doing and hurry out to the fire station, then to a fire. It could be a five-foot-wide grass fire in an elderly lady's backyard that takes 10 minutes. Or, as is currently the case, an enormous forest fire that rages 60 feet high and takes months to contain. You never know when

you get the call.

Our local volunteer department has response times better than some full-time units. How do they do that? I don't know. I'm sure it has something to do with very fast driving.

More probably, it can be attributed to a strong urge to serve, to get the job done, to be the best. If only all of us – me included – would perform our jobs with such pride, much less our "hobbies."

Their pay is a pittance. There's very little glory involved. Their reward, really, is of community service – of helping their neighbors in a time of need. I consider it probably the most noble of callings.

And while hundreds of firefighters are now

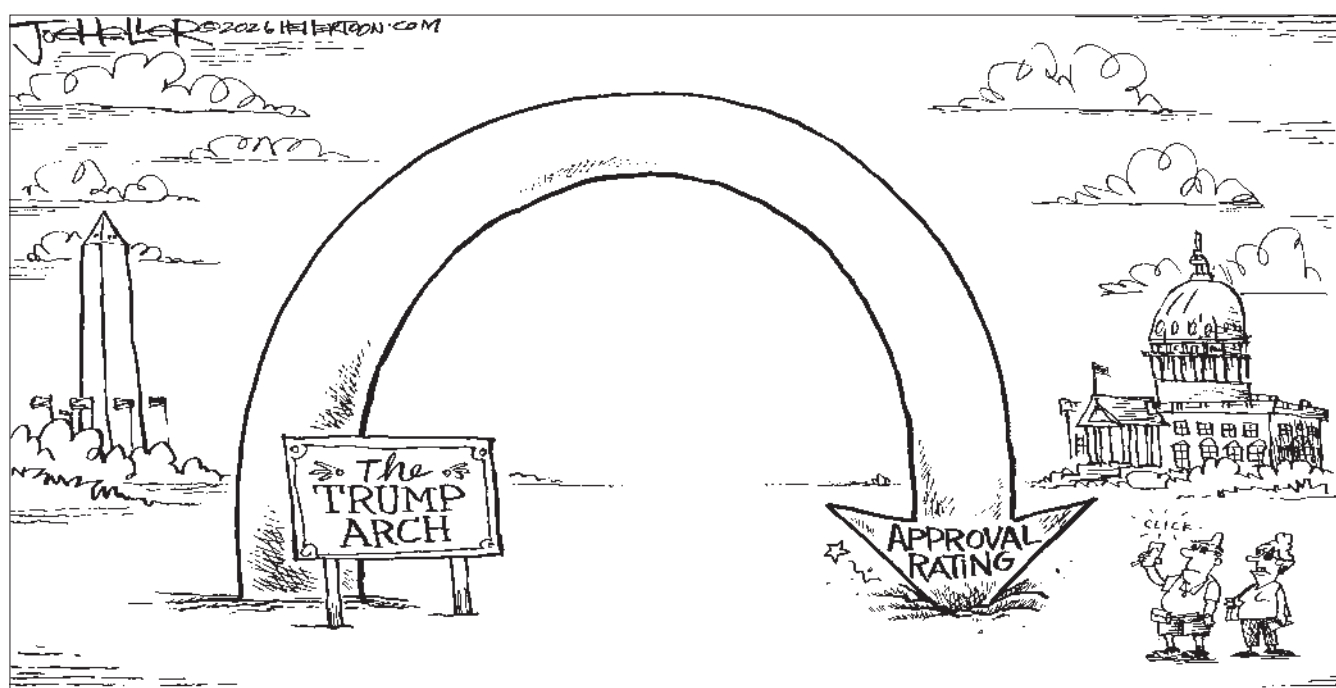
sprawled across South Georgia battling a series of blazes, they are but a David versus a burning Goliath. On Goliath's side is Mother Nature, who has turned our land's dry sandy soil into a thatch of hay. On David's side – savvy, determination, and pride.

The week ahead, and perhaps the month ahead, predicts little help from the clouds. The current drought is more severe than the ones in 2007 or 2011 – the last great conflagrations to char this region. Why do the tropical storms wait until football season to sit on top of us?

If left unchecked, these fires are such that they could make us all embers. These firefighters are our only protection, and I think I speak for most folks when I say their efforts, and their commitment, are greatly appreciated.

That said, we can help them. Pray for rain.

© Len Robbins 2026



Some New Words

My friend and neighbor, Dewel Lawrence, recently introduced me to a new word. That's not hard to do as my vocabulary is pretty slim, especially for someone who poses as a columnist. This is at least the second time Dewel gets credit for expanding my personal dictionary. The first word he taught me was cavalry, a term I once knew but had for decades incorrectly substituted with calvary.

I don't remember which column it was, but months ago I mentioned the calvary in one, thinking I was referring to those soldiers on horseback routinely featured in old westerns. Despite watching a fair share of such fare in my youth, I had been using the wrong word for ages. I've seldom had reason to say, write, or even think about the word cavalry, which helps explain how my error went unnoticed for so long.

In the unlikely case there is someone reading this who has made that same mistake, here's the gist of it. Calvary is the place where Jesus died on the cross. Cavalry refers to soldiers. Both are pertinent to the rescue business but there are substantial differences. The cavalry's relief is temporary and for specific situations and people. They are one

of many avenues for physical deliverance. Calvary, on the other hand, paved the way for spiritual deliverance. It offers the path for eternal salvation and is available for all who will accept it.

When I say my vocabulary is limited, I'm not being modest. The Vice-President of the proof department at Joiner's Corner returned a draft to me not long ago for a column I was working on. Penned in red ink across the top was a note, "Congratulations on a new record! You used "it" 17 times and "its" twice." She had underlined the numbers showing a total of 19, and graciously added a big smiley face on the side. Not many proof departments add smiley faces and sometimes a heart.

The late Murphy Head deserves credit for teaching me an interesting word years ago. Murphy, who was affectionately called the walking man's friend, sold used vehicles and all sorts of home furnishings. Nobody ever left his place on foot if he could help it. When he stopped by my office at the bank one day, I politely inquired, "How's it going, Murph?"

"Everything's copasetic," he said with his usual grin. I had never heard the term

Neil Joiner

COLUMNIST

gneiljoiner@gmail.com



copasetic before, so Murphy explained it meant okay, lovely, or jam up and jelly tight. It's odd how little moments like that stay with us and sometimes become an ongoing part of our conversations. For years afterward Murphy would ask me if everything was copasetic, or I'd ask him the same. That one word gave us a thousand laughs and I just added another to the count.

The new word which Dewel shared with me in September is discommoded. His casual inclusion of discommoded in an email seemed a ruse to slyly introduce a made-up word. But Dewel works a lot of crossword puzzles, so I knew it was possibly something he'd stumbled across or found going down.

Discommoded, I reasoned, must be the opposite of commoded, which is obviously something a nurse and doctor might discuss in a hospital setting. "Nurse, do you know if Mr. Lawrence in room 308 has been commoded?"

"Yes, doctor. He was commoded just before the shift change for the third straight day. The second shift

discommoded him and several of the staff are threatening to quit if it happens again."

My conjecture seemed logical, but I also checked with Google. Discommoded reportedly means "to cause (someone) trouble or inconvenience." The example sentence provided was, "I am sorry to have discommoded you." Apparently, that can be said by either the patient or the nurse.

I don't expect to embrace discommoded as heartily as I have copasetic. I am, however, now mildly inspired to expand my vocabulary and have set a goal of learning one new word per month. I considered a weekly challenge but decided the stress might cause me to feel more discommoded than copasetic.

Ol' Murph would get a kick out of reading this, so maybe St. Peter will show him the column. The walking man's friend is spending time now where every day is far beyond copasetic. I can say that with confidence, because Murphy was confident in what happened at Calvary.