

Opinion

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

The Clinch County News

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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

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TALL TALES

By Lem Griffis
Fargo, Georgia

I try to farm some but find it very dangerous. I drop a grain of corn and have to jump out of the way, or it will grow up in my britches’ leg and hold me there.

I can’t raise watermelons. The vines grow so fast they wear the melons out dragging them. I hitched one vine so it couldn’t run and it produced two melons. When they got ripe I loaded them on a two-horsed wagon and started to town. Before I got there, one of the melons rolled out of the wagon and busted. Both mules drowned in watermelon juice and I floated for six hours on one of the seeds.

Truthly yours,
Lem Griffis

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.



Fish away those unwanted pounds

Len Robbins

lrobbins@theclinchcountynews.com
EDITOR & PUBLISHER



I’ve seen all the weight loss schemes out there, and I’ve rocked them all.

By “rocked” I mean: Tried and failed.

The No-Carb Diet, the Grapefruit Diet, the Subway Diet, the Smoke-Yourself- Thin Diet, the Beer-and-Popcorn Diet, the Beer-and-Beer Diet. None of them worked for me.

I tried other fads to lose a few pounds. I attempted that wrapping-a-tight-sock-around-your- waist thing. I bought a Bowflex. Tried “Sweatin’ to the Oldies,” a tapeworm, swimming, stapling my lips together, jogging and other scams that promise quick results. I didn’t lose much weight, except when my tapeworm (“Reginald”) gave me the Bangkok flu. When Taco Bell introduced that dang Doritos taco shell, I gained those pounds back — in a couple of hours.

The problem I have in getting back to my “playing weight” is that I haven’t found the right

diet for me. See, I need a diet that requires three things: 1. No effort; 2. No change in lifestyle; and 3. No restrictions on what I eat.

Impossible? I thought so, too, until I hooked up with this revelation — The Fishing Diet.

Before you scoff, this has nothing to do with eating fish, unless you want to. It has to do with the “sport” of fishing.

A while back, my son and I went fishing for about three hours, at two different locations, and caught a grand total of four tiny bream, three large limbs, and two size 9 boots. And broke one pole.

It was a rare, horrible outing, with one magnificent catch. When we got home, my wife was showing her fitness app on her phone — where you type in what you are eating, how

much you have exercised, etc., and it shows you how many calories you are consuming, or in the case of exercise, burned.

We had gone walking the day before for 40 minutes. Keyed that in. For me, it was 172 calories burned. On a lark, I typed in fishing. The app asked if I fished from the river bank or from a boat, and how long. I typed in 180 minutes (three hours) and that we fished off the river bank. Fishing that afternoon, I burned 971 calories. That’s right — 971 calories.

I thought it a mistake and looked up other calorie counters online. It was consistent with them.

Apparently, having to walk back to your truck (repeatedly) when a fish steals your bait eats up a ton of calories.

The Fishing Diet

meets all my criteria: I don’t have to extend any extra effort; I don’t have to change anything about my lifestyle; and I can eat whatever I want. Whatever I eat, I just have to fish enough to correspond appropriately with the calories consumed. For instance, let’s say I want a Zaxby’s chicken finger plate (which I always want). That’s 1053 calories, according to the Interwebs. So, in order to burn those calories off, I need to go fishing for close to four hours. Basically, if I want to eat a Zaxby’s chicken finger plate for breakfast, lunch and dinner (which I do), I could, and not gain any weight, if I corresponded those meals with roughly 12 hours of fishing.

That sounds about like a perfect day, if combined with 12 hours of sleep.

I often have wondered why “angletes” were so svelte and healthy. Now I know. And so do you. You’re welcome. See you by the river.

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A Few Things I've Learned

It’s been almost two years since I passed the three-score and ten mark. Other milestones have not had much effect on my attitude, but the seventies unexpectedly became a more sobering mark. That’s partly because of a too-honest mirror. The kid I used to catch a glimpse of has left the building.

I’ve had some remarkable examples of graceful aging among family and friends. For reasons I don’t fully understand, I’ve not embraced this phase of life as well as they have. I’m glad to be on the train, but wondering how it got to the station so quickly.

One benefit of the journey, however, is that I’ve learned a few things along the way. An insight came this past spring after an inguinal hernia put a kink in my routine. As pain in the hinterlands sidelined my usual activities, the frustration of forced relaxation led to an epiphany: I was better at being young.

All hernias are not created equal, I’ve discovered. A small one developed on my right side several years ago and remained inconsequential. There was no discomfort and only a tiny bulge.

It bordered a faded appendectomy scar I’ve had since the third-grade.

Dr. Baker took out my appendix at Taylor Regional Hospital in Hawkinsville. We kept it in a brown jar of alcohol under our farm shelter for a long time. It didn’t occur to me until later it would have made good fish bait.

That childhood surgery has been mostly forgotten except for two memories. One is the smell of ether in the soaked gauze they placed over my nose.

Ether was the standard anesthesia in the 1950s and I inhaled with great appreciation. I had watched enough westerns to know the other options were a swig of whiskey or clenching a bullet with your teeth. As a Southern Baptist I would have had to bite the bullet.

The other thing I remember about my short hospital stay is a reprimand from an elderly nurse, an ancient woman probably well into her 50s. After I was stitched up and wheeled to private quarters, I snuck out of bed, walked to the bathroom, and locked the door. An eight-year-old boy needs his

Neil Joiner

COLUMNIST

gnejljoiner@gmail.com



privacy.

When the nurse came to check on me, she attempted a forced entry but thankfully had no key. She threatened to accompany me the next time unless I promised to leave the door unlocked. I agreed to her terms but my fingers were crossed. I’d have rather bled to death.

Medical science says the appendix is a useless organ. My thinking is it works like a book appendix and that’s why I have no sense of direction. I’ve been lost on countless highways, campuses, and even inside buildings. It’s frustrating at times, but also interesting.

In the late 1980s a meeting for Georgia bankers was held at a hotel in north Atlanta on Highway 41. Because of my directional challenges, I got off I75 south of the city and took the historic route. I ended up on a dead-end street of abandoned warehouses, waving at people who didn’t wave back.

After a hasty U-turn, I stopped at a

florist and ordered the cheapest arrangement they would deliver to the hotel. Following their pink van was a piece of cake. I would have arrived on time if they hadn’t made two other stops.

I’m glad to report the hernia surgery worked out splendidly. Dr. Alicia Register at Crisp Regional has expertly repaired three ailing members of the John Bonner Sunday School Class at First Baptist Vienna. If you want to run faster and jump higher, visit us for two consecutive Sundays and you’ll qualify for a referral.

Maybe one day I’ll cover a few more things I’ve learned along the way. Meanwhile, feel free to offer suggestions on how to approach the aging process with more enthusiasm. I really miss that kid in the mirror. He left sooner than expected and didn’t even say goodbye.

There’s a lot I’m unsure of about this latter phase of life, but one thing I can say with certainty: I was better at being young.