

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.



TALL TALES

By Lem Griffis
Fargo, Georgia

I have a very good raccoon dog. He is so good after coons. He will tree the coon the day before he went there. When he gets him treed, if you don't go to him he will sit there and bark until his tail takes root in the ground. This dog dearly loved to chase rabbits. I did not want him to be using up his energy running rabbits. So I put in to teach him how to throw his voice. He seemed to get the idea and learned very quickly. Now, he can sit on the door-step and chase a rabbit all around the field.

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.



Guidelines for operating a shopping cart

It is required by law that you have a license to drive a car.

It is required by law that you have a license to fish.

It is required by law that you do not remove a tag from a mattress.

But anybody – any age, any sex, any national origin, criminal record or not – can operate a grocery cart in a supermarket. No license required.

I find this oversight to be unsatisfactory and a stain on these United States of America.

First off, let me stress that I'm usually against additional forms of regulation by governmental entities – unless in the case of a national emergency. We've surpassed that point.

Simply put, people (other than myself, of course) don't know how to operate grocery carts. It's a national, perhaps international, epidemic of recklessness, ignorance, and buffoonery. Since our government is in that exact same state, it comes down to me to solve this problem – as usual. I have come

Len Robbins
lrobbins@theclinchcountynews.com
EDITOR & PUBLISHER



up with a list of basic guidelines of how to operate a grocery cart in a supermarket. Please post on your refridgerator, or forehead:

1. Drive your cart on the right side.

In most grocery stores, there is room for two carts to navigate one aisle. If cart drivers observe this simple guideline, traffic flow will go more smoothly. If they don't, it won't. And remember: Your right side, not theirs.

2. Do not park your cart, or gaze for five minutes at the bread selection with your cart, in the middle of the aisle.

This prevents others from doing their shopping, and causes a traffic jam behind you. Keeping your cart to the right, and out of the middle of the aisle, will prevent such gridlock.

3. If you want to study the nutrional guidelines

for a certain item, fine. Leave your cart elsewhere.

If you prefer to take your sweet time and study how much Riboflavin is in each of the products you are considering purchasing, or compare prices using an abacus, do so without blocking a lane for the other shoppers. You can simply park your cart somewhere out of the way of others, and meander around at your leisure.

4. Only use a motorized shopping cart if you need one.

I was at the supermarket recently when an elderly woman hobbled up to find there were no motorized shopping carts (which I call "rascals") available. Instead, two kids were using them, swerving them around the store like the Dukes of Hazzard.

C'mon, people.

5. Be alert to your

surroundings.

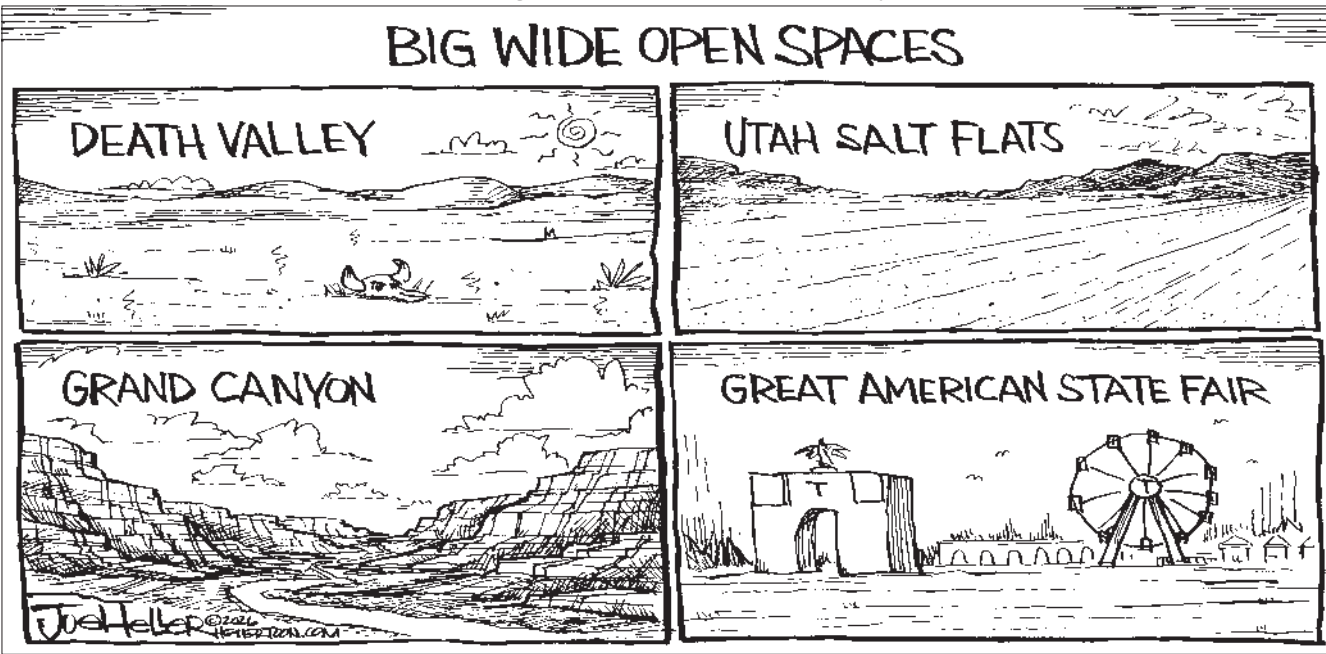
I've found that when people are operating grocery carts, they have a blind side – mainly everything in front, behind, and to the left and right of them. They don't notice if someone (usually, me) is waiting patiently behind them. Side mirrors for grocery carts could help, but I doubt it. Just try to be more aware of what is, or who is, around you.

6. At checkout, if you have a full cart, let the guy buying one Kit Kat go ahead of you.

Pay it forward. One day, if you follow this guideline, someone will show you the same courtesy, and you'll be glad.

As you may be able to tell from my tone, I don't particularly enjoy grocery shopping. I only do so for two reasons: 1. I'm always hungry; and B. My wife refuses to go.

It's only taken me 30 years of marriage, and of having to wait on aisle 5 while a man stares at the Rice Krispies with his cart in the middle of the aisle for what seems like that same amount of time, to realize why.
© Len Robbins 2026



Lost and Found

As we slowly improved the interior of my mother's childhood home over the past two years, the outside patiently waited its turn. In late 2023, however, the neglected exterior began begging for attention. That's why we're putting new boards on an old house. For those who came in late, here's a little background.

Before the inside carpentry work began a major cleaning was required. The folks who moved out left piles of clothes on the floor along with untied garbage bags. A lifeless refrigerator was well stocked, plus packages of unopened sandwich meat were in a burn pit near the back door. The aromatic buffet fostered a roach infestation of biblical proportions.

Not having access to an oxygen mask, I borrowed a trick from President Bill Clinton and didn't inhale. After disposing of rank garbage, the next step was to eliminate brazen roaches. Five gallons of Home Defense spray were dispensed, plus powder, tablets, and traps. Salt-filled shotgun shells were the only unused tools in my arsenal.

Regular treatments over several months finally squelched the bugs. I then began scraping paint off walls and ceilings as Jane washed them. She scrubbed using commercial-

grade cleansers and disinfectants. It was so nasty I felt sorry for our rubber gloves.

The attic also needed a major cleaning. Decades ago my mother and I vacuumed much of the dirt and dust. Cracks in the clapboard siding had allowed dirt dobbers to invade and generously adorn the rafters. As I knocked their earthen clumps into five gallon buckets, Mama vacuumed.

I then stapled screen wire across the attic's end walls to keep insects out. The house was built from green lumber cut from the farm in the 1930s. Those boards had dried and left substantial gaps. The openings weren't noticeable from the ground, but an inside view showed streams of sunlight.

On my recent attic excursions, I found that the screen wire had been effective in keeping insects out, but dirt and dust had been steadily drifting in. I removed heavily-soiled insulation and vacuumed the boards multiple times. Another session is needed before new insulation is added.

Cleaning the attic comes with challenges, such as reaching all the way to the front and back walls. In the middle of the house I can stand up, so it's relatively easy. To access other sections, however, I sit on a board and use a long extension on a shop

Neil Joiner
COLUMNIST
gneiljoiner@gmail.com



vac. And I wear a hard hat. One minor nail encounter proved I'm not as hard-headed as some have suggested.

With fresh paint and most other interior work completed, our focus finally shifted to the exterior. My initial plan was to replace a few boards and seal cracks with strips of wood and fillers. But as I pondered over the project, I realized a piddler with sketchy credentials lacked the skills to do it correctly.

Mart Sikes, a renovation enthusiast, began working there near the end of 2023. Like many old houses, when one board was removed it revealed another that needed replacing. That brought about, however, an unexpected benefit of being able to insulate hollow walls.

We removed the lower boards on the front of the house, which faces south. After suctioning and blowing out almost 90 years of dirt, dust, and wasp nests, we cut one inch foam boards to fit between the studs. Adding two more layers provided a total of three inches.

Afternoon sun had been unkind to the fully-exposed west wall. That's

where we began working next. Those planks were in the worst condition, plus windows needed attention. Rain had been seeping in behind one window, discreetly damaging unseen wood. The renovation became a bigger project than expected, because I eventually decided to do it the right way instead of patching it.

Patches are sometimes okay, but are seldom the best way. That's true of carpentry and countless undertakings. It's even more true of life and faith. It's tempting to choose the easiest fix, but our relationships with God and our fellow man deserve our best efforts.

Years of neglect and the passage of time has taken a heavy toll on those walls; restoration, though, should prevent their further downfall. Each day I'm warmly reminded of the satisfaction that comes with doing something the right way instead of patching it. That's why we're putting new boards on an old ho use.

Neil Joiner is a syndicated newspaper columnist from Dooly County.