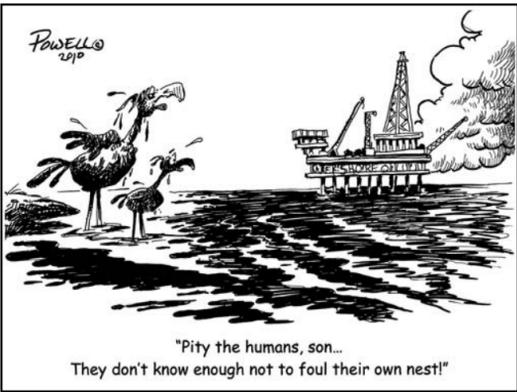


# DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY OPINIONS & COMMENTARY



## Letters to The Editor

**To the Editor:**  
Please allow me to comment upon and add some detail about the 28 April 2010; North Georgia News and Towns County Herald press release provided by the Chris Cates campaign team and the event referred to in that article.

The subject meeting was not an NRA Club meeting. It was a meeting of the Chatuge Gun Club which has its headquarters in Hiawassee, Georgia which is not in the Dr. Cates congressional district. The Chatuge Gun Club has been in existence for over 28 years and is a non-profit organization with 550+ men and women from Towns, Union and Clay counties (and beyond). The club provides a venue for these members to learn about, practice and enjoy the shooting sports. The Chatuge Gun Club maintains an affiliation with the NRA. Our members share a common concern for the protection and preservation of our Second Amendment rights but the Chatuge Gun Club is not a political organization.

We began holding our Annual Meeting at the Anderson Music Hall at the Georgia Mountain Fairgrounds in 2007 when it became apparent this was about the only local facility that would hold the crowd our members and guests. It was at this 2007 meeting that we began inviting all the family of members to attend as well. We provide live music, have swap meets, collect dues, conduct door prize drawings and serve a catered meal to all - on the club. This was and remains a club function for Club members and is enjoyed by all. The high point of the night this year was having Wayne LaPierre, Executive Vice President of the National Rifle Association attending and serving as the featured speaker.

With that being said, I invited Dr. Cates to attend as our guest expecting that he might wish to pass out a few cards for his campaign. What I didn't expect was that he would show up with four people that interfered with our service lines hindering the ability of our members and guests to be served dinner; and in one case step in front of Mr. LaPierre and stick a handful of brochures into his chest, asking him if he voted in the ninth district. When Mr. LaPierres initially arrived, Dr. Cates butted into a conversation between Mr. LaPierre and club officers and when being reminded that we were at a Gun Club meeting, and asked to allow Mr. LaPierre to pass, he stepped aside. Within five steps was in front of him again. This rudeness was not exactly what I expected from an invited guest at our meeting. Dr. Cates abused the opportunity given to him, to further his political agenda.

I thought I would send this in to let you all know what really went on at our gathering of friends.  
**Ed Jones, President Chatuge Gun Club**

## The Middle Path

by Don Perry

The stock market is surging this morning as the coffee brews and the laptop warms up. Last week's market meltdown and the brief glimpse it allowed into the elite and secretive world of high frequency trading is already forgotten by many as the media trumpets the surging market. So often these days Wall Street dominates the news as it seems to dominate our government, our economy and our financial future. From time to time I have to step back in horror and in wonderment at the system we have allowed to develop which is controlled, not by those who produce wealth, but by those banks and brokerages that leech it. As for those of us who work for a salary and who pin our hopes of a comfortable financial future on a 401K, we are increasingly powerless to affect any change to that system. Our opinions do not change it. Our votes, given to the pre-packaged and pre-selected corporate stooges we are forced to choose from, do not change it.

A brief scan of the cable TV channels this morning reveals the expected experts in suspenders and models in business suits mimicking what passes for news between commercial breaks, but as the pundits posit their opinions on the remarkable market moment (at least for the moment) the typical modern mind is increasingly limited by our short attention span and lack of long term (last week) memory. If we are at all suspicious of this morning's "good news," we would have to dig several layers deep into the headlines to rediscover the pertinent facts.

The market is celebrating the trillion dollar European rescue plan to address the sovereign debt crisis which has threatened Greece and several other European Union countries. In other words, the EU has decided to address a problem of debt by lending more money, and just as in the United States, new zeros have been added to the economy and the deficit, but no new wealth has been created.

Meanwhile on a little island in the North Atlantic, a relatively small volcano, as volcanoes go, is once again disrupting air travel by belching smoke and ash into the atmosphere. The Eyjafjallajokull volcano in Iceland offers an interesting object lesson which can ground our perception of reality as effectively as it grounds a jet airliner. We are many generations past hunting and gathering for sustenance,

but we have not yet transcended our basic need to put food on our table in order to survive. We have built a system wherein the food that sustains us is dependent upon the gas in our tanks to transport us to our jobs where more and more of us manipulate electrons and count zeros or else manufacture trinkets and distractions which produce zeros somewhere down the line. Ultimately all of those zeroes end up passing through computers in New York and London where a large portion of the zeroes are siphoned off into personal bank accounts, but the entire system which puts food on our tables is utterly dependent (according to Bill Geithner and Barack Obama) on providing a maximum number of zeros to flow through New York and London. If that flow stops, the entire system comes crashing down. No zeros equals no jobs equals no food.

And the volcano? Well, as far as I know, volcanoes can't count. They are part of another reality from which we have become increasingly divorced, though never separated. They are part of a reality where mountains are created and destroyed, where continents move and climate changes in ways that are not dependent on scientists to be observed and acknowledged. Volcanoes are part of the story of soil and water and sky, of iron and copper - and gold. A single volcano, if it is big enough, can abruptly end our economy of electrons and zeros and return us directly to hunting and gathering. However, as dangerous to our way of life as a volcano might be, I believe that the bigger threat, at least in the short term, will be all the zeros - the ones in New York and the ones in Washington. I don't plan to spend a lot of time worrying about it. Why worry about something I can't change? What I can do, however, is to spend a little less so that I might have more than zero in my bank account or stuffed into my mattress. I can own a little physical gold so that I can possess something which becomes more valuable as my zeros become less valuable. I can plant an extra row of beans in the garden so that in the event that I don't have enough zeros to buy gas to drive to the emptying shelves at the grocery store, I won't have to go so far afield to do my hunting and gathering.



**"IT'S ON MY MIND.."**  
Danny H. Parris

**The Path of Life**  
Being born in rural Fannin County, super highways, interstates, or even paved roads were uncommon to me in my early childhood. I was more accustomed and acquainted with "paths" than I was with roads or highways. To get from one place to another, even though there were graveled roads, usually, there would be a "path" or a "trail" that was a short cut to where you were going. Most of these paths were well worn and well traveled by persons and animals. They were narrow and not accessible for wagons and cars. They were for walking. Now-a-days we have well defined paved, concrete, or dirt-smooth walking trails. These paths are beneficial to the well being of our fast paced whirling world. As a bare footed little ole boy, I was a frequent traveler on the path to "Luther White's Country Store." I was a big spender, purchasing "bubble gum", "dopes", penny candy and ice cream. I kept that path beaten down. The paths to my grandparents, aunts and uncles and to my friend's houses were kept "hot" with my brothers and sisters and cousins. Then there were paths to our favorite fishing and swimming holes: paths to the springhouse and to the one room school house and church house. Anyone who grew up in the country will never forget that most important path to the outhouse. I can still visualize walking, running, and skipping along those paths and trails of my boy hood. These paths were not noisy, nor crowded. They were inviting and interesting. You could stop along the way and eat a hand full of black-

berries, or fox grapes. You could see some of the most beautiful sites observing butterflies, watching squirrels, rabbits, and animals of all kinds. You could observe first hand the blossoms of a cherry tree, pear tree or apple tree. Even climb one and sit-a-spell if you felt so inclined. You could examine the changes of God's creation from blossoms and blooms to full grown flowers and leaves, the turning of those to brilliant autumn colors and falling back to earth. Those trees that were once fully clothed in glorious beauty now looked like naked ghosts until a winter snow clothed them in purity and whiteness. The sights were delightful but the sounds were heavenly. Provided by God's wonderful singers, the blue birds, cat birds, mocking birds, sparrows, brown thrashers and house wrens serenaded me with music that would calm the spirit, and remove moody thoughts from a little boy's mind. All of my boy hood paths were pleasant but the greatest path of all was when God showed me the path of life (Psalm 16:11). I have been walking this path for several decades and found it to be a plain path (Psalm 27:11) and a path of righteousness (Psalm 23:3). It is protected by the presence of God (Psalm 139:3, 142:3). He has directed my paths (Proverbs 3:6). Some of you who are reading this at one time walked in God's path but you have found a wicked path to walk in. Yet, you long in your soul to be back in that old path. Just ask God to direct you back (Jeremiah 6:16). There are others of you who have only known a dark path. In the words of the writer of Hebrews I encourage you "to make straight paths for your feet" (Hebrews 12:13). Let the Holy Spirit lead you to the Path of Life. It will lead you to the Father's House.

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From time to time, people in the community have a grand slant on an issue that would make a great guest editorial. Those who feel they have an issue of great importance should call our editor and talk with him about the idea. Others have a strong opinion after reading one of the many columns that appear throughout the paper. If so, please write. Please remember that publication of submitted editorials is not guaranteed.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE EMAILED OR MAILED TO:** Towns County Herald, Letter to the Editor, PO Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546. Our email address: tcherald@brmeme.net. Letters should be limited to 200 words or less, signed, dated and include a phone number for verification purposes. This paper reserves the right to edit letters to conform with Editorial page policy or refuse to print letters deemed pointless, potentially defamatory or in poor taste. Letters should address issues of general interest, such as politics, the community, environment, school issues, etc. Letters opposing the views of previous comments are welcomed; however, letters cannot be directed at, nor name or ridicule previous writers. Letters that recognize good deeds of others will be considered for publication.\*  
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**Towns County Herald**  
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