

DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

“Father of Naval Special Warfare”

Phil Buckley was an outstanding football player for teams that are no longer in existence. There was no Super Bowl and Phil

The Veterans' Corner
Scott Drummond
 USCG Veteran



is basically unknown for his leadership in National football championships. He started playing in HS and was an outstanding player in college. Phil was coaching a “Columbus Bullies” team on the field in December 1941 when America was attacked by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. The attack changed, not only hundreds of thousands of lives but many on that football team immediately wanted to sign up to serve America. He and many other players enlisted in the U.S. Navy. Phil wasn't to become what he thought as a sailor.

With basic training complete, the Navy deemed that he become an instructor. Then the Navy wanted him accept a new assignment with “amphibious commandos”. So in 1942 Phil and nine other new-bees in the field of something brand new, trained rigorously as naval warfare commandos. He and his team were given open instructions to just go out and do it, try anything they wanted to try. These ten became Scouts and Raiders who were a recon unit landing on beaches. On board the USS Leedstown en route to North Africa they were attacked by NAZI aircraft and submarines. Phil and his team of specialists had to survive in a raft until plucked from the sea by Allies. Landing in Casablanca, Morocco held by Allies, they were sent back to the U.S. for more training with weapons and demolition. Next stop was the Allied invasion of Sicily. When the NAZIS spotted the young “frogmen” they came under heavy fire. This did not stop Buckley and his team. They continued on into Salerno and were still “batting 1000”! In 1944 this first scout team were sent to measure the waters and beach conditions of Normandy far in advance of D-Day, Operation Overlord of

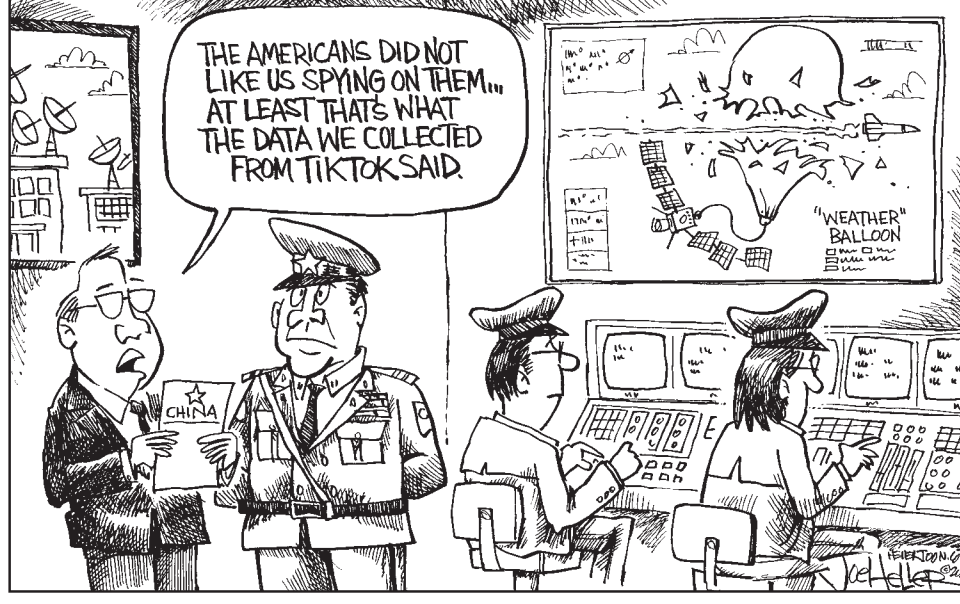
June 6, 1944. They were responsible for “blowing gaps” in the German beach defense, no doubt saving many American lives. After WWII Phil was again in action commanding a team of “beach jumpers” for the Korean War effort. He then went to work for the CIA,

Buckley continued training special units of special men and developing tactics, strategies and weapons, when in 1962 President John Kennedy was responsible for authorizing the creation of our

U.S. Navy Seals. Buckley was to be the commander of SEAL TEAM ONE. Being sent to Vietnam he had very simple orders: “I don't know exactly what I want you to do. I want you to tell me from what you see after covering this area, what you recommend, what the problems are, and what should be done. I want to know why all I get from Vietnam are glowing reports of our accomplishments and meanwhile, we are getting the hell kicked out of us. That's your job.”

The many successes of our Navy's new concept of underwater warfare lead by Phil Buckley changed our Navy forever. Retiring in 1969 Phil worked for a Louisiana boat company and then another evil enemy in 1987, a stroke did to him what no other enemy could do.

This stroke crippled him and he was wheelchair bound until 1992 at age 78, our Supreme Commander called him Home. One does not have to be a football hero or a Navy SEAL to serve our great America. There are plenty of jobs for unsung, unknown American heroes to fill which all serve those folks who go forth into danger. -Semper Paratus



“I like old things.”

“Here's a rock for you then,” said one of my friends who still has a sense of humor.

While I might understand the affection a geologist could have for a particular rock, I prefer one with a connection to living memory. When I pick up one of our arrowheads, for example, I think about the hand that crafted it. The one I now hold was made perhaps a thousand years ago. I wonder how such a thing of beauty and utility was lost. Did it provide food for a family? Did it defend against a threat? Or was it carelessly abandoned like a spent shell casing at a firing range? That, I doubt, having spent some hours unsuccessfully attempting to shape a piece of quartz to even a small degree of usefulness.

More satisfying than these speculations is the memory of this arrowhead from a much more recent time. I remember the day this beauty was found in a freshly plowed field at my grandparents' farm. It is early summer on a Sunday afternoon idyll, a moment of tranquility suspended in time. A cooling breeze gently ruffles the mountain and whistles in the tall white pines. The valley is quiet but for distant sounds of crows harrying a hawk.

Dad speaks the language of crows. He calls out to them, and they answer. He calls again and a scout circles the field to assess the situation, flying away quickly upon realizing the mistake. He is scolded by his peers in murderous exclamations.

Nothing breaks Mom's concentration in her search. She has the sharpest eyes and the greatest attention to detail. She can find the single four leaf clover in a patch while everyone else is still looking, and she always finds the most arrowheads. On this day she wins the prize: A dark beauty made from a flint not found in this area, with an untold story that will never be known. Out of the hundreds of arrowheads we've found over the years, there is none like it. How did it travel here, and why? Life is more flavorful seasoned with a dash of mystery.

In her country kitchen our grandmother is seasoning an early supper, watching us through the window and singing her contentment. Our grandfather has dug some potatoes and spring onions, which will go well with a bit of mutton from the harvest last fall. In the distance, the sheep bells are playing a duet with water on rocks and the sun sparkles in the creek. Yesterday we picked wild strawberries, and there will be cream fresh from the churn. The milk was dramatically lugged up the hill from the barn just this morning by young hands eager to help but straining to keep the milk from sloshing out of the heavy bucket.

The aroma of cooking is floating out of the kitchen and across the field, and our concentration is struggling against the loud opinions of our empty stomachs. The screen door slams and Granny stands on the porch to sing out her lyrical alert that the food is ready, and there is no hesitation from the amateur archaeologists. We converge on the back porch with our buckets and bags and come inside to wash our hands in cold well water. We sit around the big table peering at the food while Pa prays over the meal.

I'm all for reducing the clutter. It's a fine thing not to be attached to our possessions. If it doesn't bring you joy, if you haven't touched it in a year, by all means let it go. But the simple old walking stick standing in the corner of our office doesn't take up much space. I remember the hickory sapling Dad cut to make it, the vibrating resonance of his sharp knife ripping the wood, and each expert pull of the blade to shape the beveled edge of the grip. It's just a stick, and after all these years it probably wouldn't bear my weight on a hike, but it carries a memory that is dear, and brings that memory into focus when I touch the smooth bark, and I would fight you for my stick.

I keep my mother's old scissors for similar reasons, and the sentiment pays a dividend: They don't make scissors of this quality anymore. If they do, I can't find them, and if I could, I probably couldn't afford them. I cherish them like my inherited Craftsman tools from the last century, painstakingly made before decades of diverting attention once given to quality was focused instead on making things more profitable.

Cherish the old things, old memories, and old folks. Old folks are living memory, and the only true repository of wisdom a civilization may be allowed to hold for a fleeting moment before the torch is passed. That torch is not always won. It may be disparaged, dropped or tossed aside. The fire may go out, and then we must stumble forward, or backward, in darkness until we learn to rekindle it. Our torch is flickering today. If we can't keep it lit, if there is no capable hand to take it, I wonder what bits of our own civilization will turn up in a field someday to grace a future childhood memory.

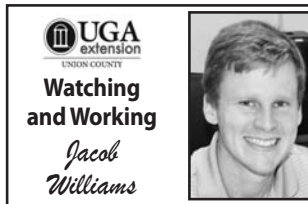
The Towns County Herald is an independent and non-partisan publication. As such, third-party views contained herein are not necessarily the opinions or positions of this newspaper, e.g. advertising, press releases, editorial content, perspectives expressed in articles covering local events, etc.

Classifieds SELL!
706-896-4454

Outside The Box
 By: Don Perry
worldoutsidethebox.com

Egg Prices

If you have been to the grocery store lately, you may have noticed that egg prices have risen a lot. Let's talk about why egg prices have risen so drastically in such a short period of time.



I don't claim to be an agriculture economist. A lot of the information that I'll be sharing is from an agriculture economist from Mississippi State named Josh Maples. Here is the link to that article. <https://southernagtoday.org/2023/01/record-egg-prices-driven-by-supply-disruptions/>

In December 2021 egg prices were \$1.79 per dozen. In December 2022 egg prices averaged \$4.25, and I would expect to see the prices for January 2023 to be even higher. A common term nowadays is supply chain disruptions, and that is the culprit in this case again.

However, with eggs the supply chain disruption is a bit different. It's not because we can't get the eggs from the coop to the store, but because our layers have been hit hard by Highly Pathogenic Avian Influenza (HPAI, commonly called bird flu). In 2022 HPAI was detected in 307 commercial flocks and affected 57 million birds in the US. 40 million laying hens were lost to HPAI in 2022.

Typically, we have 320 million to 335 million laying hens in the US each month. From April 2022 to October 2022 there were 299 million to 310 million layers each month. Decreased supply is the main cause of the high prices that we've seen. Another factor is the increase in input costs. Feed and production costs have risen, also leading to raised prices. We have seen that demand for eggs is pretty inelastic. Meaning Americans will still buy eggs even with high prices, which only drives prices higher. Demand reaches its peak annually in the holiday season.

If you have birds you should create strict biosecurity measures to protect your birds from HPAI. HPAI is almost always fatal for chickens and spreads very rapidly. It is most commonly spread by wild fowl to domesticated flocks.

One response that people have had more expensive eggs at the grocery store is to raise their own or to buy local eggs. I always encourage people to buy local and to support local farmers. To be able to sell eggs you are supposed to have an egg candling license. To receive the license, you must go through a class and pass a test. The Georgia Department of Agriculture is responsible for administering the course.

During the pandemic, very few classes were offered. Now lots of people want to become licensed and it is difficult to get in a class. If you are just raising your eggs for yourself, and not for sale, you do not need to have a license, but it is still a good idea to take the class, so that you can learn about the difference between a good and a bad egg.

You can check the Georgia Department of Agriculture website for a schedule of their programs.

The USDA expects egg prices to moderate in the coming months. Demand should come down from its holiday season high. Easter is an exception. HPAI will continue to be an issue in 2023, but hopefully this spring we will see a slowdown in the spread of HPAI.

If you have questions about chicken eggs contact your County Extension Office or email me at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.

Letters To The Editor

To-Do List

Dear Editor,

To see how significant your to-do list really is, qualify its importance with a slow walk through a neighborhood cemetery. I did that recently on a trip to New York, where some of the markers were from the 1700s.

One U.S. Senator, three doctors and one surgeon had been interred there. Many buried there had served our country in the military, and one had served in both World War I and World War II. Two of the soldiers had earned a Purple Heart. Many had lived and died in less time than I have already been given.

I thought about all of the people buried there and surmised that each one of them probably had a to-do list as big, if not bigger, than mine. I'm sure that each one of those interred in that old cemetery had things that were very important to them which were never finalized.

Everyone has things to do, some important and some, not so important. If it would be possible to give those buried there one more week of life, their to-do list would not enter their minds.

My takeaway, after my walk through the cemetery, is this: John Wesley said it this way, “Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.” Tomorrow is not guaranteed.

Gene Vickers

Towns County Community Calendar

First Monday of each month: School Board... HS/MS Media Center	6:45 pm
Every Tuesday: Storytime for Children... TC Library	10:30 am
First Tuesday of each month: Hiaw. City Council... City Hall YH City Council... YH City Hall	6 pm 7 pm
Second Tuesday of each month: Conventions & Visitors Board... Civic Center	8 am
Second Wednesday of each month: Board of Elections... Elections Office	4 pm
Third Monday of each month: Planning Commission... Civic Center Water Board... Water Office	6 pm 6 pm
Third Tuesday of each month: Commissioner's Mtg... Courthouse City of Young Harris Planning Commission... Meeting Room in City Hall	5:30 pm 5 pm

Habitat for Humanity

Isaiah 25:4: You have been a refuge for the poor, a refuge for the needy in their distress, a shelter from the storm and a shade from the heat. For the breath of the ruthless is like a storm driving against a wall.



Last week I attended a conference held by Western North Carolina Restorative Center. WNCRC is a non-profit organization that provides resources and housing to those experiencing homelessness. The mission of WNCRC is to act as a hub to connect existing resources and advocate for individuals and families in need of a new start.

As a society, we tend to forget that not everybody has the opportunities and support systems many of us are blessed with. Housing is a human right; it is our moral responsibility to help those less fortunate, whether they can return the favor or not.

Ninety percent of America is one paycheck away from becoming homeless. One myth about homelessness is that providing services to them will only attract more. In reality, 75% of homeless people are still living in the city in which they became homeless.

WNCRC is actively seeking partnerships to include support staff, transportation, handyman chores, board members, fundraise, and grant writers.

Individuals or families that are at imminent risk of homelessness can apply for admission to the program. Potential candidates must meet admission criteria, and participants are held to a standard to work in the community garden and work towards the goal of self-sufficiency.

If you are interested in partnering with this cause or to find help for someone in need, reach out to Wncrc1@gmail.com.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE E-MAILED OR MAILED TO:

Towns County Herald, Letter to the Editor
 P.O. Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546
 Our email address: tcherald@windstream.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.*

Note: All letters must be signed, and contain the first and last name and phone number for verification.

Towns County Herald

Legal Organ of Towns County

Kenneth West Owner/Publisher
Derek Richards Advertising Director
Shawn Jarrard General Manager/Editor
Jordan Hyatt Office Manager

Todd Forrest Staff Writer
Lowell Nicholson Photographer

Publication No: 635540
 Advertising, News deadlines: Friday at 5 p.m.
 Towns County (1 Year) \$30. Out of County (1 Year) \$40. Entered as second-class matter on November 8, 1928, at the post office at Hiawassee, Georgia under Act of March 3, 1879. With additional mailing points. The Towns County Herald is not responsible for errors in advertising beyond the cost of the actual space involved. All advertisements are accepted subject to the Publisher's approval of the copy and to the space being available, and the Publisher reserves the right to refuse any advertisement. **Postmaster:** Send change of address to: Towns County Herald, P.O. Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546.
 Office located at: 518 N. Main St. Suite 3 "The Mall", Hiawassee
Phone: (706) 896-4454 **Fax:** (706) 896-1745 **Email:** tcherald@windstream.net
Or mail to: PO Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546