

DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

I Hope You Remembered

This past September 18th was the 73rd birthday of our USAF. An extremely remarkable, critically important element for our nation's defense and security. Thanks to all those men and women who have HONORABLY served our nation in the USAF. These men and women, like almost all our Veterans serve as they realize that there is more than "self" in our world. Our USAF is most certainly built upon the premise that there is something far greater than the sum of it's whole. As such all who serve Honorably recognize there exists, as America something far greater than "self".

Did this all start with the Wright Brothers over in Kitty Hawk, NC, December 1903? Theirs' was the first airplane flight, as it were. Ergo only four years later in 1907 the U.S. Army Signal Corps created an Aeronautical Division, in charge of all matters regarding and pertaining to military ballooning, air machines, and "all kindred subjects". Not only influenced by Wilbur and Orville Wright, but the observation balloonists earlier. Someone certainly foresaw the value and future of flight at that time! Under US Army command the independent military arm under U.S. Army Command as our Army Air Forces was created. Later, during WWII, growth was inevitable throughout the remainder of that war, having proven the outstanding value of aircraft used for warfare, observation, reconnaissance, defensive measures and transport. Naturally these aircraft were substantially advanced from the early days of the Wright Brothers, and especially WWI. War, as unfortunate as it is, creates the need for extreme innovation, invention and technology in all fields. This was accomplished in spades by our early airplane R and D folks who were aware that our world depended upon us winning that horrible war in the face of tyranny.

On July 26, 1947 our great President Harry Truman signed the National Security Act of 1947 while on board of the presidential aircraft, the "Sacred Cow" leading to the initiation of events which birthed the creation of our USAF.

Today our USAF consists of 328,200 active duty personnel, 69,200 reservists, 106,700 air national guard personnel, plus 145,700 civilian personnel. There exists, that we know of, over 5,300 manned aircraft. Nineteen airmen have been bestowed with the Medal of Honor.

The USAF Veterans that I have met and known are superlative examples of Americans. And one in particular Frantz Goring served in WWII during the transitional period as Army Air Force and thereby changing from his green uniforms into the AF blue uniforms before his Honorable Discharge. Frantz and his beautiful wife Mason WAAF, now both fly in God's air force at His omnipotent command. Frantz always had some wonderful stories to tell. We could all learn from those of our truly Greatest Generation no matter how they served America.

This very minuscule missive is meant to say God Bless all who served and who are serving in our United States Air Force and a very happy and honorable belated HAPPY BIRTHDAY! -Semper Paratus



The Veterans' Corner
Scott Drummond
USCG Veteran



Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums, also called mums, are the Queen of Fall Flowers. They can have gorgeous flowers each fall and bring a lot of color to the home this time of the year. There are several nurseries around here that grow beautiful mums. Let's talk about some of the properties of this plant and what you could do to have mums in your yard.

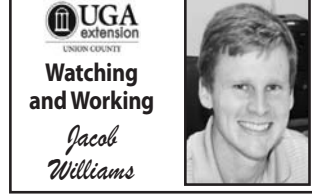
Mums are a member of the daisy family (Asteraceae). This is one of the biggest families in the plant kingdom with a wide variety of flowering plants. The mums was first cultivated in the 15th century B.C. in China. In the 8th century A.D. the mum made its way to Japan. They were so popular there that the mum became the official seal of the emperor. The mum was introduced to the Western world in 1753 by Karl Linnaeus, a Swedish botanist. Growers from ancient China would probably not recognize modern day mums due to the breeding that has given them more showy flowers. Chrysanthemum is also the source for an insecticide called pyrethrum. Because this insecticide is developed from a natural source it is considered an organic insecticide.

The easiest way to have blooming mums at your house each year will be to buy them in the fall from a local nursery. However, if you are interested in growing your own mums it is possible. There are many different varieties available, so talking with a local nursery will help you choose a variety that is acclimated to our area. They do best when planted in the spring after the last frost. Planting in the spring will give them time to develop a root system so that the following winter they will be able to survive. Well drained soils with full sun are the best for growth. Mums need a slightly acidic soil with a pH near 6.5.

After planting fertilize mums with 5-10-5 fertilizer. The high phosphorus will assist root growth on mums. As the mum is growing in the summer pinching the tips of the mum will increase the amount of branching on the plant. More branching will lead to a fuller plant. Pinch the top half inch to full inch of the plant to encourage branching. Pinch every four to six weeks until August when the flower buds begin to appear.

Mums are relatively easy to take care of, but there are a couple of diseases to look out for. Some of the most common diseases are powdery mildew, blight, leaf spot, and rust. These diseases are fairly easy to control either by fungicide applications or removing the infected leaves. Spider mites and aphids can be pests of mums. They can be controlled by insecticides but good coverage of the plant is necessary to control these pests. Spider mites and aphids are capable of population explosions in a very short amount of time, therefore make sure that you completely cover the top and bottom of the leaves when spraying for these pests.

If you have questions about growing mums please contact your local Extension Office. Or send me an email at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.



Watching and Working
Jacob Williams

The Old Blue Jar

Autumn is generous and wise. Like the favorite aunt who visits once a year, we're happy to see her come, and sad to see her go. She arrives with gifts, tells us ghost stories and funny ones, and reminds us to watch where we step. Here in the high country we're always among the first to receive notice of her arrival.

For me it usually comes in on a wandering breeze, colder than expected, spilling down from the mountain and winding among the torpid buzzing of late August to brush against my neck with a reminder to take note. Green still surrounds us but a stray leaf, already yellow, drops from a tulip poplar. Soon, and so it seems without any warning, we wake up one morning to discover we need a jacket to take the dogs out.

Autumn is to the spirit what that first cold snap is to our need to dress appropriately. It reminds us there are cycles older than time, of unstoppable, inevitable, unremitting movement in sidereal splendor which reveals our tenderest notions and our hardest facts to be mist on a river. All the vanity and vexation in the world won't stop the leaves from falling or Jack Frost from biting.

August turns to September and the sun riding lower in the sky now shines through an old blue jar sitting in my window. It's old because it was made before 1937. It's blue because of the minerals in the sand taken from Lake Michigan for the Ball Brothers Glass Manufacturing Company, which made canning jars in Buffalo, New York. It sits in the window to remind me of people and times past, absent from this earth but alive in memory and in the hereafter.

We have a number of the old jars. Many are still in service, and knowing that would please my grandmother immensely. Some of the younger ones (less than half a century) still do canning duty. The older ones, becoming rarer and dearer as is fitting for that which is old, still contribute by vacuum sealing beans, dried apples and coffee for the larder.

There was nothing nostalgic about canning for the mountain people of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The practice may have taken on a golden glow of reflection in stories for the grandchildren, but for many families it was the crucial difference between staying healthy through the winter or going hungry.

For other families it was a choice for food independence and for many, even today, it is a choice for a quality that far surpasses what gets stacked on the shelves in grocery stores.

For those of you who still produce your own food and preserve it, whatever the reasons, you've probably heard it all before: "Why go to all that trouble when it's cheaper in the store?" (Because what's in the store is - cheaper). "How do you know it's safe?" (Do you even know the country of origin of that can of tomatoes you bought?)

Oddly, after the empty shelves of 2020 there were fewer questions and more people planting gardens and canning.

I have a feeling that here, within the valleys and coves of these old mountains, there are many of you who will still be canning next year, and the year after, not because of needs, but because of values. Those values are not as widespread as they used to be. They aren't "trending." But the people who cling to them tend to come back around, again and again, like the seasons.

Among that group I'm confident that some of you understand exactly why I keep an old blue jar in the window to catch the September sun and preserve the memories of Septembers long ago.

GUEST COLUMNS

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 E-MAILED OR MAILED TO:

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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.

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Contact us at 706-896-4454

Deadline for the Tows County Herald is Friday by 5 PM

Progression, or the Busses on the Wheel Go Round and Round

This is not an advertisement, promotion, or endorsement. It is a testimonial to what vision, determination, and hard work can accomplish. In 2008 John and I just happened to turn down a perfect road. It was dotted with barns, fields, houses and animals. Suddenly, an oasis, Crane Creek Vineyards, appeared enticing us to visit. We succumbed to its charm. As we ambled into an old farmhouse, reborn as a tasting room, a warm welcome from behind the counter greeted us. I was instantly smitten by this place. I still am.

Eric, a West Point graduate and DeAnne, an Army veterinarian, met and married while in military service, much of it in Italy. The plentiful European vineyards and wineries stirred their interest and evolved into desire to establish vineyard and a winery of their own. With not just a whim but a solid goal in mind, careful plans were devised. Back in the States, in 1995 they bought 15 beautiful acres, which included the old farmhouse, in Towns County. DeAnne bought and managed a veterinary practice to hold body and soul together while groundwork was laid (pun intended) for their Life's Grape Adventure. I urge you to read Eric and DeAnne Seifarth's story on the CCV web site. Nobody can tell it as well as they can.

26 years in operation prove the farm house's resilience. It now serves as The Farm House Market. If you can't find something you like there, have your pulse checked. The Stone House, the new tasting room, sits atop a hill overlooking the greatly expanded vineyards. CCV not only provides sense pleasing experiences to those who visit, it provides jobs to locals. Starting with just 3 full-time employees, CCV now provides earnings to 15 full-time, and on a need basis, part-time employees. Still expanding, more opportunities will certainly be added.

The weekends and the Camelot perfect weather of the Labor Day Weekend drew people from not only Towns and surrounding counties, but other states and even other nations. This meant an influx of tax monies to Towns County as well as a positive reputation. Son Peter and daughter-in-law Jess are in pivotal positions at CCV ensuring legacy and continuity that will benefit Towns County well into the future. Rome wasn't built in a day nor was Crane Creek Vineyards. Perseverance, dogged determination (that nod is to you DeAnne), mixed with American ingenuity and an Italian tour of duty, work every time. Surprise at seeing Eric at the glass-washing machine caused him to quip that his first job had been bussing tables and it looks like his last job will be too. Snidely asked why I would pen a column about an alcohol producing and consuming place, the reply was John 2:1-11

See You Around Towns!



Around Towns
Dale Harmon

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Towns County Herald

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Derek Richards
Advertising Director

Shawn Henrikson
Copy Editor

Lowell Nicholson
Photographer

Publication No: 635540

Advertising, News deadlines: Friday at 5 p.m.

Towns County (1 Year) \$25. Out of County (1 Year) \$35. 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 7 "The Mall", Hiawassee

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