Everybody has one...

Thankful for Lowell

When you've worked with a person for several years, sometimes it's easy to take that person for granted.

Straight

Shooting

Not so when it comes to Lowell Nicholson. Lowell has been taking photographs for Kenneth West since Sep-

tember 1990. That's almost 25 years for the mathematically challenged.

Newspapers were 15 cents in those days, and for those counting years, that's really not that long ago.

Today, those newspapers are 50

cents, but Lowell is exactly the same. He's probably the most dedicated

employee that has ever worked for and with me. Regardless of the detail Lowell is ready to go when news breaks. In most cases, Lowell discovered that the news was happening, and gave me a call.

He's covered car wrecks, house fires, homicides and many other tragedies just to name a few.

However, if you've ever had a child at an Easter Egg hunt, you've probably noticed Lowell taking pictures of the little ones. Nothing warms Lowell's heart more than having the opportunity to put a child's face in

And, more often than not, we have a ton of calls after every event that Lowell covers asking for a copy of a photograph that appeared in

I can say this, the name Lowell is synonymous with the word 'loy-

al.' He's 67 years old, and every time Lowell says he's going to retire, Kenneth says he can retire all he wants, but, he's still going to have to take pictures for the newspaper. Lowell claims he sticks around as long as he has because he en-

joys the people that he works with. I for one appreciate that, just as much

If every business had a worker as loyal as Lowell Nicholson, that business would be very prosperous. Lowell is dedicated to his trade, he's dedicated to the people that he works with and he's a professional from

Here at the North Georgia News and Towns County Herald, we're thankful to have had Lowell Nicholson as an associate for as long as we

Come Sept. 2, we'll celebrate 25 years of having been blessed with Lowell Nicholson as a friend and compatriot in the news business.

Sweet Lorraine

It was a rare thing that happened to Fred Stobaugh after his wife Lorraine died. Grief is hard work, and out of his grief came something amazing and inspiring. But first you have to know the back story. He met her at

a root beer stand in 1938. Two years later they married. Together they **All Things** raised three daughters as he support-New ed his family driving trucks. Think of the times they lived in: wars all over the world, the nuclear age, the 1960s Wayne

angst, the sexual revolution, Watergate, 911, so many things unimagi-

nable in 1938. Yet Fred and Lorraine had good times, and lived

Then she took ill and died in 2013. He was 95 and they had been married just shy of 73 years. A few months later, the local music studio had a song writing contest, so he penned a few lines and mailed it in with a letter. The studio was so moved by the story that they visited him and agreed to produce the song with professional musicians. It was no longer about the contest; they just wanted to help him tell his love story about "Oh Sweet

Oh, sweet Lorraine. Life only goes around once but never again. I wish we could do all the good times over again.

They posted the song on YouTube, and it September 2013. it went viral. Soon Mr. Stobaugh was accepting invitations to appear on live national TV, and speak at schools and other venues. În his plain-spoken way, he extolled the virtues of a long marriage in general and of his sweet Lorraine in particular. He became the oldest artist ever to have a song on Billboard's Hot 100 list.

After a whirlwind year, his friends at the studio asked him how he felt to be famous. As he reached for a sheet of paper nearby, he said, "It's not over yet." At age 97, he had written another song he called "Took Her Home." He didn't take her away, He just took her home. He's keep

ing her safe and He's keeping her warm 'til I show up and call

It's no wonder the story and the songs are so touching. A deep longing of the human heart is to find its place in the Creator's

See **Fowler**, page 5A

Questions and Answers

Q. Once the county pays off the Community Center with the SPLOST bond funds, what will the remaining \$2.8 million dollars that was borrowed be used for?

A. These funds will be utilized to jump start some of our SPLOST projects, allowing us to complete some of them earlier than would Q & A from Union normally be possible. For example, we need a new Fire Engine and new County upgrade for our Motorgrader. We also

must begin the construction of our

Splash Pad so that it will be ready

when the pool opens this Spring/Sum-

mer and we must do the work while the

pool is closed. There are also other projects we are currently evaluating and prioritizing right now. Q. Have we borrowed money in the past for SPLOST

A. Yes, we always have. During SPLOST I we borrowed ap

proximately 4 million dollars to build the jail and during SPLOST II we borrowed 7 million dollars to build our courthouse addition. Then for SPLOST III, we borrowed \$5 mil for projects. This is done so that some important projects can be completed and utilized earlier and hopefully before the costs go up due to inflation.

Q. How have these previous SPLOST loans been paid A. Each SPLOST loan has been paid off from the proceeds

of the SPLOST sales tax collections without any additional cost to property tax payers other than for operation and ongoing mainte-Q. How do we know that the county will pay off the debt within the six-year sales tax collection period?

A. Because once the money is borrowed through SPLOST bonds, each month before ANY money is spent on any other project, the payments come out of the SPLOST revenue first. This ensures that at the end of the six-year SPLOST, as in the past, all debt

Q. Does the county owe any money now on the previous SPLOST \$ 5 million bond? A. No, the previous SPLOST III bond of \$5 million was paid

off on July 10, 2015 from the proceeds of the prior SPLOST.

See **Paris**, page 5A

Blairsville-Union County

Letters to the Editor ...

Crazy Crabs Dear Editor,

I thought the following true story would be a fun contrast to the "dog days of summer."

In 1946 our local bus service ran a daily bus from our little New Jersey fishing village to Philadelphia. The trip could only be compared with the early stagecoach runs from Cheyenne to Laramie. It was especailly rough in the winter, as the pre-World War II buses were old, creaky, and had one small heater up front. At least the driver wouldn't get frost bite and the more fortunate passengers were able to remove their gloves.

I worked in Phillie and commuted on weekends. On this particular night, dad had packed a dozen large blue-claw crabs for me to take to my boss. When it is cold, the crabs hibernate much in the manner of a bear. It was a cold, clear January night when I boarded the 7 p.m. bus for Phillie. Naturally, I sat up front for warmth, took off my gloves and relaxed.

Our trip took us through the New Jersey pine barrens, an isolated area comprised of nothing but scrub pine. No houses, no gas stations, just desolation. We were halfway through the barrens when disaster struck. The crabs, when exposed to heat, wake up and get very agitated! About 10 of the larger crabs had climbed out of the container and were running around the bus. All the passengers jumped up on their seats and screamed for the driver to stop. He pulled over to the side of the road and everyone scrambled 20 degrees, and while the passengers huddled around a hurriedly built fire, I spent one miserable hour trying to catch those wayward crabs and secure the container. Naturally, by the time we finally pulled into the station, some of the passengers had missed their connections and I was one unpopular lady!

For months afterward, that particular driver would always greet me with a grin and "do you have any crabs this trip?"

Mary Martha Anderson

Conundrum

Dear Editor,

The definition of the word conundrum is

"something that is puzzling or confusing." Here are six conundrums of socialism in the United States: 1. America is capitalist and greedy - yet half of the population is subsidized. 2. Half of the population is subsidized - yet they think they are victims. 3. They think they are victims - yet their representatives run the government. 4. Their representatives run the government - yet the poor keep getting poorer. 5. The poor keep getting poorer - yet they have things that people in other countries only dream about. 6. They have things that people in other countries only dream about - yet they want America to be more like those other countries.

Think about it! That, my friends, pretty much sums up the USA in the 21st century. Makes you wonder who is doing the math.

These three, short sentences tell you a lot about the direction of our current government and cultural environment: 1. We are advised to not judge all Muslims by the actions of a few lunatics, but we are encouraged to judge all gun owners by the actions of a few lunatics. Funny how that works. And here's another one worth considering 2. Seems we constantly hear about how Social Security is going to run out of money. How come we never hear about welfare or food stamps running out of money? What's interesting is the first group "worked for" their money, but the second didn't. Think about it. And last but not least, 3. Why are we cutting benefits for our veterans, no pay raises for our military and cutting our army to a level lower than before WWII, but we are not stopping the payments or benefits to illegal aliens.

None of this makes any sense, except to

the recipients, the Liberals and the media. John Q. Adams III



Stand up and take note Dear Editor,

We have seen some laws, executive actions and Court decisions handed down over the past many years from the Federal Government, that must be recognized as unjust or immoral, and against the freedoms we as a nation have always held inviolable. History was never my favorite subject, but the more I study it, the clearer it is that there has been a solution that has been in place for generations. It is known as the Doctrine of the Lesser Magistrates, which means action y those who stand up and refuse to follow un just, illegal, or immoral rules.

Who are the Lesser Magistrates? Those who hold subordinate offices below the President, the Congress, the Supreme Court and other Federal agencies. Lesser Magistrates are those in elected or appointed positions in City, County and State governments, such as governors, senators, representatives, mayors, councilmen, sheriffs, clerks of the Court, for example. And we, The People who recognize the injustices, have not only a right but a duty to bring our grievances to those local and State governments for their intercession. Our Constitution did not mean that citizens were to be governed like uninformed sheep or compliant subjects as in a monarchy or autocracy; the framers wanted citizens to have as much Freedom and self-determination as possible, and not be chained by strangling restrictions by an overriding Federal government. States Rights were to have a greater role in the lives of their residents, as opposed to those in Washington making sweeping rules and restrictions across the nation.

See **Gray**, page 5A

Sad state of affairs

Dear Editor,

This past Saturday morning a very important meeting was held at First Baptist Church, Blairsville. The topic of the day was discussion of the Biblical duty of standing up to escalating unconstitutional federal tyranny being foisted upon America, especially in areas of prime concern to Christians such as same-sex marriage and

The sponsors of this event sent letters of invitation to every pastor/minister in Towns and Union counties, enclosing with this letter information about the subject and a book entitled *The* Doctrine of the Lesser Magistrates.

Less than six of these men, who are charged by their position of pastor with the responsibility of teaching the tenets of the Bible to their flock, attended.

Perhaps the concern of Saturday's meeting in addressing the immorality within our nation was misplaced. With demonstrated apathy and failing to lead on the part of these pastors, it seems the focus of this meeting should have been directed to the sad state of the Christian Church in Towns and Union counties.

Chuck Luca, Young Harris Gary Meier, Young Harris



The Big Fight

This time of year I find my mind wandering back to a simpler time when the world felt like a much safer place. All of my cousins would converge at Maw Maw's house to spend the sum-

mer. Each day was the same, but, I never tired of the routine. We were up with the sun and enjoyed a hearty breakfast



and chocolate gravy. After breakfast we marched to one of the seven chicken houses operated by my grandmother. All of us cousins picked up dead birds, cleaned out the drinkers, and made sure the feeding tracks were in working order. By the time we finished with the chickens it was 10 a.m. and time for the garden. Maw Maw's garden was only an acre. But, if you worked in it every day you could stay ahead of the weeds. After a lite lunch we headed

It was a hot July day in 1970. All of us cousins had finished working in the chicken house and garden we were on our way to Baker's Rock swimming hole. I knew that this day would bring trouble when I reached for a limb to steady myself as I was wading the creek and grabbed a banded water snake. I was momentarily dazed and confused when my cousin Robin screamed, "It's only a little snake. Come on we got work to do." All of us were not the fondest of our cousin

Robin was the eldest cousin and she was left in charge by our Grandmother Adams. Each day we made our way to Baker's Rock. First, we would make the swimming hole deeper by adding another layer of rock to the dam across the creek. Then we would jump off Baker's Rock and swim in the creek. Today was no different and soon Robin was barking out orders to all of her younger cousins.

I was next in line to Robin and behind me was Dewayne. He was 2-3 years younger than Robin. Dewayne didn't like the idea of taking orders from a girl. We were nearly finished with the task of piling up rocks and Robin told Dewayne to get a couple more rocks for the dam. Dewayne looked at her and said, "I don't have to listen to you. You are a girl and I am a man and men don't take orders from women." All work stopped at that point and all of us looked at Robin to see what she would do next. She calmly walked to Dewayne and tried to negotiate. Dewayne just stood his ground.

I am sure Dewayne thought he could bluff Robin and she would back down. They were standing nose to nose when Dewayne pushed her. That was a mistake. She grabbed Dewayne and placed him in a head lock. By this time they were standing in knee deep water. She told Dewayne to say uncle. Dewayne screamed out "never." At that point Robin sat down in the water and pushed his head under the water. I be-

See Cummings, page 5A

Lifestyle Lights! Camera! Action! I am very ex-

cited to share with our community some of the many things taking Blairsville place in our own

backyard. As we all know, Blairsville-Union County is a wonderful place to live, work, and play and this week I want

spread that message.

County Chamber Cindy Williams

to share with you two opportunities to help us To start, the Blairsville-Union County

Chamber of Commerce is partnering with Andrew and Belinda Anguelo, owners of Chillipics Photography, on a project called the Blairsville-Union County Lifestyle Project. The goal is to produce an entire series of photographs that will visually represent Blairsville and Union County. The images will be used in a variety of publications and media outlets in order to promote our community and lifestyle that is second-to-none. At this time, we are looking for volunteer models who want to be a part of this exciting project, who enjoy spending time in the community, and

who are in love with the front of a camera. The first casting call is open now! The photo shoot will be held on Saturday, August 29th at Meeks Park. The deadline to register to be a model is Friday, August 21st. Characters needed for this shoot include families with young children, an older couple, grandpa and grandson, bow hunter, rifle hunter, campers, hikers, and runners. If you are interested in being a

See Williams, page 5A

Who Knows?

I was asked it again, this week. "How do you decide what you are going to write about in your column each week?" My answer -"I sit down, when it's time to write it, and I take note

of what comes to mind, and then I start weeding through those thoughts until one of them rises to the surface or resonates best with me

Farmers Market Moment Jo Anne Leone



Today when I sat down at the keyboard, my heart was racing through my mind, and that gets things all jumbled up. It was a tough week. Three people who have touched my life in immeasurable ways, exited life, stage left, in a matter of four days. My Aunt Betty saw me hours after my birth and has been the only living relative. except my Mom, that has known me literally all my life. When I write often about my family's summer garden, I refer to the fact that my Dad and my Uncle Fred shared that plot of land. Aunt Betty was Uncle Fred's bride. Her kitchen was my summer hangout in the evenings, after we'd work the garden. She gave me love, a dirty look if I let the screen door slam, always saved me a piece of something sweet she had baked and made the best deep fried fish I've ever eaten.

My dear friend, Diane, I have known for 25 years. Her husband Bob befriended me first. Eventually they moved to the mountains, other mutual friends moved to the mountains and before you knew it, I followed up the mountain. For the past 18 years I've spent nearly every Wednesday evening sitting across from Diane, sharing dinner, ideas, political rhetoric, recipes, gardening tips, business triumphs and family trials, infinite pictures of the grandkids and more discussions about our dysfunctional body parts than one would want to envision. I can't imagine that there is anything we haven't shared.

Neal came into my life just two years ago. Talk about a crazy story. No, I don't think I'll talk about it. Let it suffice to say that through a multitude of clumsy acts on my part, in an effort to make things better, I stumbled on this sweetheart of a man, who never asked anything from anyone, appreciated every kindness he was shown, and taught me that when you have

See **Leone**, page 5A

Publication No: 001505

Advertising, News deadlines Friday at 4 p.m. Mail Service for all subscriptions except 30512, 30514 & 30572 - 1 Year \$35.00. In county, carrier delivered subscription is \$3. All subscriptions must be paid in advance. NORTH GEORGIA NEWS is published weekly by NGN/TCH, Inc., 266 Cleveland Street, Blairsville, Georgia, 30512. Entered as Second Class Matter as of Dec. 10, 1987 at the Post Office in Blairsville. NORTH GEORGIA NEWS is not responsible for errors in advertising beyond the cost of the actual space involved. Advertising

and subscriptions can be paid by cash, check or credit card. **Phone**: (706) 745-6343 **Fax**: (706) 745-1830 * P.O. Box 2029, Blairsville, GA 30514

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North Georgia News

Published since 1909 • Legal Organ of Union County

Photographer Website: www.nganews.com

E-mail: northgeorgianews@hotmail.com Mailing: POBox 2029, Blairsville, GA 30514