Looking back through the Years

15 Years Ago- November 16, 2011

"We Should Always Remember Freedom Is Not Free" The Worth County JROTC has the honor of placing new flags on the veterans' graves. "We do this to show our appreciation of what they have done for us as a country and a community."

Ribbon Cutting at Southland In Sylvester — Mr. Phillip Duke has been in business since 2001, operating Southland Transportation, Inc., and serving the area's transportation needs. Be sure to give him a call at 229-881-9013. The offices are located at 128 N. Isabella St. in Sylvester.

Local Lawyer Ribbon Cutting! The law office of Jay Crowe is a general practice law firm located in Sylvester. The firm serves clients in Sylvester and surrounding communities, including Cordele, Tifton, Moultrie and Albany. His office is located at 103 W. Liberty Ave.

30 Years Ago- November 6, 1996

DAV FORGET-ME-NOT WEEK! Sylvester Mayor Leroy Wilkerson (seated) signs a proclamation recognizing November 11–17 as Disabled American Veterans (DAV) Forget-Me-Not Week. Looking on from left are Max Lewis, Robert L. Goldinger, Idola McCawley, Bobby Vernon and Shirley Vernon.

TOP PARENTS! Melvin Bozeman and Laulene Bozeman were named Title I Parents of the Month for October. The Title I Parent Resource Center is located at Holley Elementary School.

FOR THE CHILDREN! Members of the Sylvester Junior Woman's Club delivered 26 Golden children's books to the Baptist Hospital of Worth County on October 1. Shown from left are Michelle Andrews, Melanie Newton, Pam Forehand and Phyllis Lewis.

45 Years Ago- November 12, 1981

In pregame festivities, two senior girls were crowned as the new Homecoming Queens by the 1980 queens, Misses Staci Sizemore and Deidra Milton. Lovely Miss Dawn Compton, daughter of Marie Compton and Robert Compton, received the crown from Miss Sizemore, while pretty Miss Clara Stokes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stokes, was crowned by Miss Milton.

The Worth County 4-H booth at the Albany fair won first prize, according to Tom Cary, Extension Director. The theme of the booth was "Fishing for Facts—Producing Catfish in Your Farm Pond." The booth contained a small pond, complete with catfish, pond grasses, a picnic table and a frog. The same booth was entered in the Cordele fair and also won first prize there. The cash prize at the Cordele fair was $325, and the cash prize at the Albany fair was $500.

Mrs. Catherine J. Crapps, a business teacher at Worth County High School, was recently nominated for Secondary District II Teacher of the Year by the Georgia Business Education Association (GBEA).

60 Years Ago- November 17, 1966

Jesse James Roberts, a native of Worth County, is still being sought following his escape over a 30-foot wall at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary on the night of Nov. 9. Roberts was serving sentences of up to 75 years for bank robberies, including the robbery of the Bank of Lenox, and a post office robbery in Tennessee. He escaped from the prison with Morris Lyn Johnson, 26, who was also serving time for bank robbery. Both are being sought.

Larry Shedd, a senior defensive player for the Rams, was named "Lineman of the Week" for the entire state of Georgia by the Associated Press. Playing his last game for Worth County High School, Larry was outstanding throughout the game as he intercepted a pass, recovered a fumble and had 12 individual tackles.

James Sutton of Sylvester is one of four Boy Scouts approved to represent the Chehaw Council of the Boy Scouts of America at the XII World Jamboree, to be held Aug. 1–9, 1967, at Farragut State Park in Idaho.

The Worth County Saddle Club announced that its future home will be on the grounds of the Worth Farm Center, one mile east of the Sylvester city limits on Whiddon Mill Road. The club plans to build an arena there and hold all future meetings and practice shows at the site.

100 Years Ago- November 18, 1926

New fishing regulations are to go into effect in Worth: In accordance with the recommendation of the October term of the grand jury, the State Game and Fish Commission has ordered that, after four weeks' notice, no fishing will be allowed in the freshwater streams of Worth County during April, May and June for the next four years. The four weeks' notice is given in this issue of The Local.

Three wrecks and one case of wild driving on the Sylvester-Cordele Road last Sunday furnished mute evidence of the need for traffic officers on the highways around Sylvester. The wild driving resulted in serious injuries to two women walking alongside the road.

When workmen began tearing down the old wooden shack on the corner of Isabella and Kelley streets last Thursday, reports began to circulate that a five-story bank building was to be built on the lot and that the bank would have plenty of money to loan without security. The report created great excitement until it was learned that it was a false alarm.

The county is dividing the convict forces into two camps. A new camp is being established at Warwick, with John Dees in charge. The other camp will remain at the county farm under Warden Free. There are now 34 convicts on the county gang.

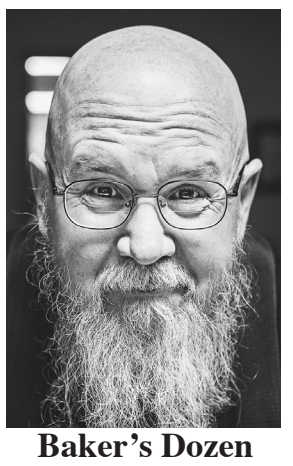
LIHEAP announcement

The Low Income Home Energy Assistance Program (LIHEAP) will take applications for help starting Dec. 1.

Homebound and elderly households (all adults in household must be age 65 or over and/or physically homebound, or care for children ages 17 and under) may call 229-218-0317 or go online at https://swgac.appointment.works/ea/qualification beginning December 1, 2026, at 7:00 am to schedule an application appointment.

If funding remains, all eligible individuals from the general public may call or go online beginning January 4, 2027, at 7:00 am to have their name placed on the waiting list.

Temple on the mound



Ben Baker

Baker's Dozen

The Bible tells us we are to make our bodies into a temple.

It does not say what shape that temple should be. Old, falling apart and likely haunted? That's me.

If Indiana Jones, Lara Croft and the Mayo Clinic ever team up, I'm in trouble.

Instead of giant building blocks falling on explorers, they have to worry about me falling on them.

In case you missed it, yes, I fell at the food bank last week. Fortunately, the pavement interrupted my fall.

Ben and J.T. hauled me to my feet as cars revved their engines in the distance. Seeing me lying there in the street, surrounded by Chilean snapper fillets, was a tempting target for the drivers.

Anyway, my attempts to preserve my temple run afoul of my doctor.

"It's not a temple," Randall told me. "You almost qualify for your own zip code. Instead of Vatican City, it's Fat City."

"I want a second opinion," I said.

"You're pretty ugly too," he said. Christine confirmed it.

Shows you how much he knows about religious architecture. Then he told me I need to lose weight.

"Well, Doc, I have so much invested in it, I sorta hate to lose it," I told him. Short-cutting his next comment, I said, "And if you're telling me I need to watch my weight, I have to keep it where I can see it."

Then he told me my cholesterol is too high.

"It gives me something to talk about," I told him. "When someone comes by and says, 'What's up?" I say 'my cholesterol.' I also need it because nearly everything else about me is below average. I need something to pull the overall numbers up. It just won't do for a temple like me to be below average."

He insists I do something about the cholesterol, though. Increasing it is not recommended. Yes, I asked. He says cholesterol will undermine the foundation of the temple I'm so assiduously building.

While I continue to doubt his knowledge of sacred building construction, I do have to bow to his experience in the medical field.

In order to lower my cholesterol, I've had to change what I eat. I still say fried is a food group. Chicken may be the Gospel Bird, but I now have to approach fried chicken like it might leap off the plate and peck me to death.

Bacon is right out. Bacon is like taking a giant wrecking ball to the temple, Doc tells me. Eggs? Might as well lay dynamite everywhere.

No, that was last week. Now eggs are on the good list again.

With the list of what I can and can't eat, dining out these days is more akin to walking through a minefield than eating. Even the menu is dangerous.

Especially the prices, which cause my blood pressure to soar. Everything I look at, except the raw spinach salad with no dressing, is on the cautionary list. Even the spinach is suspect because it might be contaminated with a bacteria that kills laboratory mice and makes researchers apply for massive grants.

If I do get the spinach, I have to eat it with a spoon. Not entirely sure why, but that's the way it is.

You've heard the expression "if it tastes good, spit it out." That's the literal truth. If the food tastes like paint-covered concrete, then I can eat all I want. If it has the consistency of reinforced concrete, so much the better.

I just wonder what my temple is going to look like.

The Man in Black and the Ragged Old Flag

Letter to the editor

The 250th year of our Declaration of Independence, and birth of the great United State of America, was recently upon us, friends. We had made it!

I had wished a very, very Happy Fourth of July to my family and friends, and fellow Veterans. But there were others I just couldn't wish something so wonderful to.

They are disdaining our country and making no secret of it. Those openly denying the worth and values of our founding, scorning their freedoms, and demeaning our history and contributions to the good of mankind. They're not shy and loudly call for our national demise.

So in turn, this still being a free country despite them. I'm free to call out the ingratitude they show. Don't get me wrong, it'd be great, and I'd be so grateful to God if we could all stand, every man, woman and child, shoulder to shoulder, raise our united voices clear as a jubilant Sunday choir and truly celebrate this momental country, belting our the "Star Spangled Banner", "God Bless America" and "This is My Country", together under a shower of Hallelujahs.

But that ain't going to happen, because we're a nation divided as it's ever been. As joyful as I personally feel about my country, I'm saddened at where America finds itself today. It's only my faith in God, my life's experience as a man fortunate to be an American, and understanding and appreciation for our history that provide light to an otherwise dark time.

This year, another song about our America comes to mind. I first heard it in another time when I was younger, when our country had been sorely tested by foreign threats, war, civil unrest, and strife, and social and cultural changes; the good old USA was experiencing national angst even then. A lot of you remember, if you've lived awhile, those aren't new to us.

Back over 50 years ago, we were divided about many things, much like today. For all I know, it's always been the condition a free Republic exists in, since plenty came before me and more passed by while I was being inattentive and missed it. I'm believing we were't over as seriously divide as now. When Grant and Lee met at Appomattax, they at least saw themselves equally American. Today, the enemy lives here, rejecting being called American. I say they're shameful.

We need a reunion of knowledge of how the United States came to be. Who our heroes are and their struggles for all we've achieved pursuing that "more perfect union"; and how we've lasted to now. If we want another milestone as a United States of America, it's not going to happen by magic. It's on us.

The song is "Ragged Old Flag", written in 1974 by Johnny Cash. It's a psalm with a perspective folks like me, and many of us here might understand its setting and meaning. Politics, debate, and social changes aren't anything new. The "Man in Black", and Air Force Veteran, wrote "Ragged Old Flag" back then to express how he felt about our flag, reaffirm his own love of our country and encourage others to keep the faith in it and remember our history, goodness as people, and the courage, patriotism and sacrifices of our heroes.

It tells us to never forget the battles and cost we've endured to build America, and the fortitude and courage it took to defend and hold on to it. Some of y'all know this song and like it as much as I do, and I think lots of us can see it in our minds eye happening just as he wrote.

Johnny Cash was an Arkansas boy, born in the Depression, grew up in poverty and served his country. And like many, he went kind of wild for a while like so many men do; but found his way to follow Christ. He met trials and challenges, weathered struggles and doubt. But he cherished that he'd made good in a free land of opportunity.

He was still a young man that year, only 42… and me, I was just 26 and American hadn't had its becentennial yet. Well, this past 4th of July has added a decade of tests of us and our nation since then; and I can't help wonder given those, what words he might pen today if he were still among us.

Somehow I think it'd still be the same or damn close, although he'd have to add a few stanzas. For me anyway, the sentiment in his ode lives on and rings as true now in my own heart, and I believe in the hearts of any of us who love our country. What I like especially about "Rugged Old Flag" is Johnny's grasp and reverence of our history, and I think he did a fine job drawing on those things in a perspective, a way to see our nation in its tattered fabric and see and love the flag as a symbol, the banner to the principles of our founding, our character as a people. "Rugged Old Flag" tells us not to forget our reasons for being bigger and more important than the problem or crisis of any given moment. Gawd knows now there's been more than a few holes shot through Old Glory since then, friends.

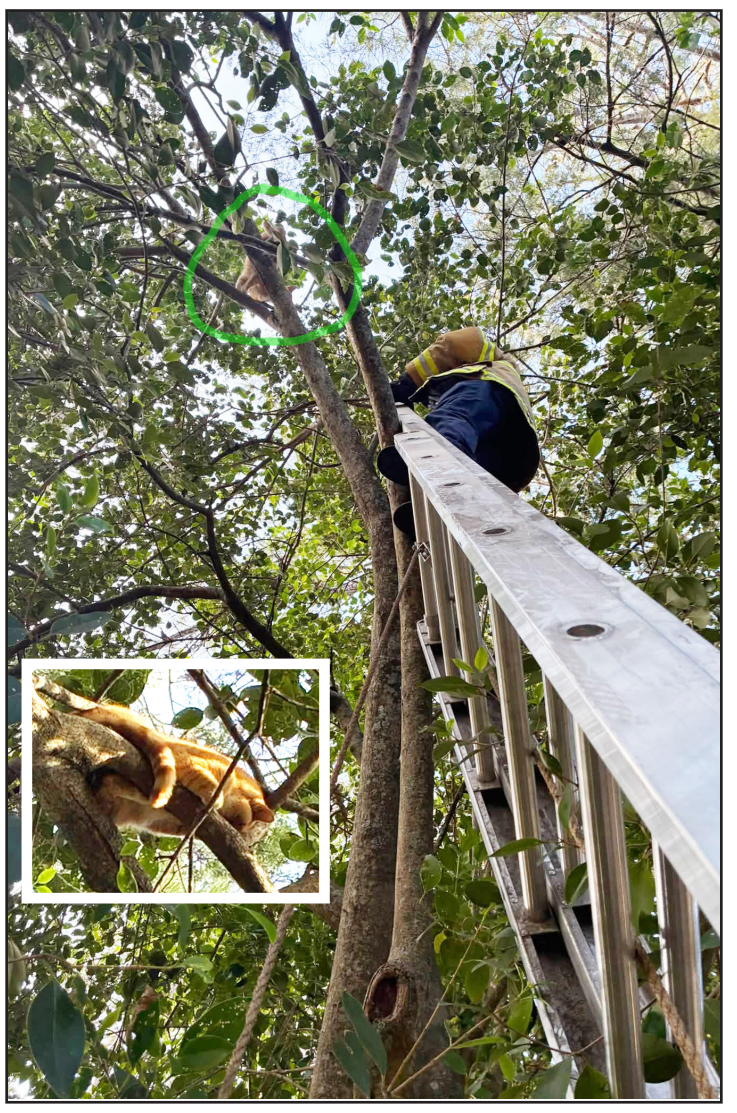
Take time to make a difference. I'm no poet like he was, but I am a Vietnam War Veteran, but I think now it's my time, every patriot's and every parent's time to be that liqurative old man on the bench. It's our time to hold our American purpose of freedom and speak in our own way for faith, family and our country; mend and patch and keep that old flag flying. Tell its story. Our story! Because some stranger or maybe our children visiting our little town courthouse square and look at things and see them as pretty run down. But we know differently.

May God Bless America, and watch over our Heroes!

Vietnam Combat Medic
Larry S. Waltman

Editors Note: We could not put the song lyrics into the letter for copyright reasons.

CAT RESCUE



HOLD ON GUS! The Sylvester Fire Department received a call last week from a concerned citizen concerning her cat that has been stuck in a tree for three days. Sylvester Fire Crew responded and found Gus awaiting a morning rescue. The crew used a 24 ft extension ladder to safely retrieve Gus and return him to his owner. Great job everyone.

Shop local

Keep your shopping dollars close to home and support local businesses