

# perspective

CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

(First Amendment to The U.S. Constitution)



Publisher: Cody Sossamon  
(cody@gaffneyledger.com)

Executive Editor: Klonie Jordan

Advertising Director: Robert Martin

Col. Ed H. DeCamp 1865-1952  
F.W. Sossamon, Sr. 1887-1979  
Louis C. Sossamon 1921-

## NEWS STAFF

Joe L. Hughes II: Features  
Scott Powell: Education  
Tim Gulla: Police/Courts  
Larry Hilliard: Sports, Government  
Laura Parker: Lifestyles

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

**In County:** 3 months \$15; 6 months \$28; 1 year \$50.  
**NC & SC:** 3 months \$25; 6 months \$41; 1 year \$75.  
**Outside The Carolinas:** 3 months \$31; 6 months \$47; 1 year \$83.  
**Law Enforcement:** 1 year \$28.  
**Students:** 9 months \$36; Schools: 9 months \$41.

## LETTERS POLICY

- Each letter submitted must be an original — no photocopies. E-mails are also accepted if a name and phone number is included: editor@gaffneyledger.com
- Letters should include the writer's name, address and day and evening telephone numbers.
- Letters should be submitted exclusively to this newspaper.
- Letters are subject to editing for length and clarity.
- Letters submitted in all-italic or all-capital letters will not be accepted.

We will not print letters:  
— That are unsigned;  
— That contain questionable or undocumented facts;  
— That contain inappropriate attacks on a person or persons;  
— Regarding disputes between the writer and other parties;  
— Endorsing a business.

Our mailing address is: P.O. Box 670, Gaffney, S.C. 29342.

## IF YOU MISS YOUR PAPER

Here at The Gaffney Ledger, since 1894, our newspaper delivery goal has always been the complete satisfaction of our readers.

Despite our taking exhaustive measures to prevent it, a newspaper delivery will occasionally be missed. Papers are sometimes picked up by the wrong person or by a dog, or they are missed due to some other unavoidable occurrence.

With this in mind, we have developed the following standard policy for late delivery of your Gaffney Ledger.

— We guarantee same-day delivery of your Gaffney Ledger if the problem is reported to us by 5 p.m.

— You can call at any time after 5 p.m. to report a missing paper via our answering machine and your paper will be delivered the next day by noon.

— We will deliver your Gaffney Ledger on the following business day by 11 a.m. if the missing paper is reported by 9 a.m. on that day.

After that, you have the choice of:  
— Having the paper delivered with the next day's paper, or  
— Crediting your account for the cost of the missing paper.

If you have any questions about this policy or if you have any problems with the delivery of your newspaper, please let us know. We are here to serve our readers.

## CORRECTIONS

The Gaffney Ledger makes every effort to ensure all information in this publication is accurate and thorough.

However, in the event an error is made, it is this newspaper's policy to correct the error as soon as possible.

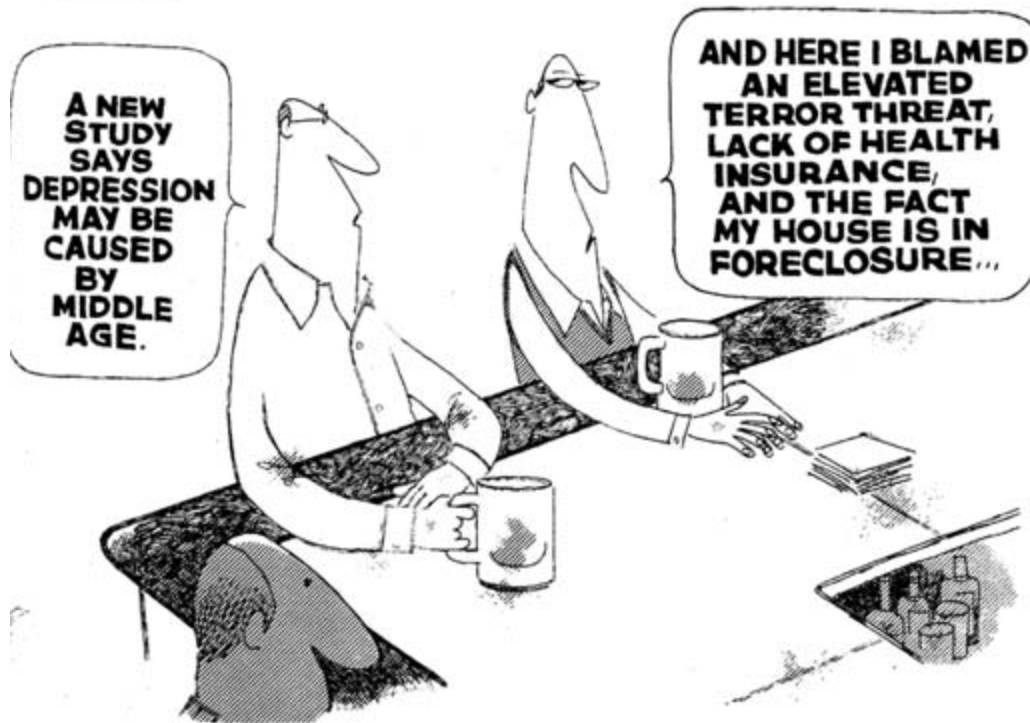
If you find a mistake, please notify the editor by calling 864 489-1131. Please be ready to tell us the page number and story in which the error appears.

## ATTENTION POSTMASTER

The Gaffney Ledger, established Feb. 16, 1894 (USPS 212-760) is published three times weekly by The Gaffney Ledger, Inc., 1604 Baker Blvd., Gaffney, S.C. Periodicals postage paid at Gaffney, S.C.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The Gaffney Ledger, P.O. Box 670, Gaffney, S.C. 29342.

SKILLY THE TIMES-PICAYUNE



## HAVE YOU CONSIDERED ...

### So it wasn't her fault after all

What a revolting experience to discover the faults you thought belonged to your spouse are really your own.

I was to go from Surfside Beach to Duke University on Monday for a writers workshop. My wife, Alma, had gotten a ride to our home in Gaffney on Sunday morning, leaving me at the beach house alone.

This was going to be a new experience. All the responsibility was mine: cleaning and closing the house; packing my clothes and books; and loading TV, boxes of food and fruit and bags of dirty clothes in the van. Having never driven from Surfside Beach to Durham, N.C., I also had to study my map to figure out route and time.

For others this would be a simple task. But knowing my ability to turn the simple into the complex, I planned every detail with a determination to do this job with finesse and success.

Sunday afternoon and evening I worked hard, then went to bed with the confidence of a West Point cadet ready for inspection. Such efficiency would surely avert any possible foul-ups.

Monday morning, at the exact time I had planned, I headed for Durham. Cruising up the interstate listening to stereo music, I felt good about myself. What a virtue to be so organized. If only Alma could have seen this. I could hardly wait to tell her about it.

Miles had gone by and Durham should be close. Suddenly a tidal wave rolled over my sea of tranquility. The road sign read, "Durham 94 miles." I looked at my watch and made a hurried calculation.

"Keep calm!" I kept saying to myself



Dr. French O'Shields

Later when I arrived at the home of friends with whom I was staying, a second tidal wave struck. I dug under the pile in the van and found my suitcase but I couldn't find my hanging clothes. I dug deeper. No luck. The truth became obvious.

aloud, but I couldn't resist the urge to drive a little faster. That was a mistake. A car pulled in front of me and I had to brake quickly. Now books, carrots, dirty clothes and cases were mixed in one huge pile. The sight was sickening.

Puffing, hot and embarrassed I made the afternoon session of the workshop, except for the first hour.

Later when I arrived at the home of friends with whom I was staying, a second tidal wave struck. I dug under the pile in the van and found my suitcase but I couldn't find my hanging clothes. I dug deeper. No luck. The truth became obvious.

Now this was not the first time I had ever experienced being late or forgotten clothes. But before, I had always been able to convince myself that Alma was to blame. She made us late. She forgot the clothes. These were her faults, not mine.

Now the truth was in. It could not be escaped. Alma was not involved, but I had been late and also forgotten clothes.

The biggest tidal wave of all was the discovery that these faults I had so long thought were hers were actually mine. What a revolting bit of news!

When I first started up the road to Durham, I could hardly wait to tell Alma how efficiently and punctually I had handled this trip. As it turned out, waiting to tell her was the easiest part of the whole experience!

(Dr. French O'Shields is a Gaffney native and a retired Presbyterian minister.)

## INSIDE REPORT

### MCCAIN AT CPAC

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Sen. John McCain's managers, fearing an unfavorable reaction at the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) Thursday, wanted to precede his speech with a video of Ronald Reagan praising McCain. Talk show host Michael Reagan, the late president's son, offered his own video criticizing McCain. David Keene, chairman of the sponsoring American Conservative Union, turned down both.

Keene also rejected a plea from the McCain camp for 10 conservative supporters to be seated on the dais. Instead, McCain settled for an opening speech by former Sen. George Allen of Virginia and an introduction by Sen. Tom Coburn of Oklahoma — both conservatives.

Allen asked for five minutes, was given two minutes and actually talked for over 10 minutes. After McCain left the rostrum, he apologized to Keene for presentations by Allen, Coburn and McCain exceeding the allotted time.

### SHRUNKEN STIMULUS

The negotiated settlement Thursday of the Senate standoff over the economic stimulus package acknowledged failure of Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid's intensive lobbying of retiring Republican Sen. John Warner of Virginia. Warner would have been the necessary 60th vote to close debate and permit Senate action on the Republican-opposed bill approved by the Senate Finance Committee.

Warner, an 80-year-old fifth-term, occasionally crosses the aisle to vote with Democrats. Reid stressed the Democratic

bill's benefits for veterans to Warner, a veteran of both World War II and the Korean War, a former secretary of navy and a former chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Even if Warner had agreed, however, Reid could not immediately collect 60 senators because the two Democratic presidential candidates, Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama, were on the campaign trail and absent from Washington.



ROBERT NOVAK

### BERKELEY VS. MARINES

Conservative Republicans are trying to force a congressional vote on Berkeley City Council efforts to close the U.S. Marine Corps recruiting office in that city and provide special access for the CodePink radical antiwar group.

Rep. John Campbell of California promised to introduce the "Semper Fi Act" to rescind all federal spending for the city of Berkeley and transfer those funds to Marine Corps recruiting. Sen. Jim DeMint of South Carolina announced he is planning similar legislation.

The very liberal Democratic Rep. Barbara Lee, who represents Berkeley, did not endorse the City Council's anti-Marine resolution but vowed to fight any effort cutting off funds for the city.

COPYRIGHT 2008 CREATORS SYNDICATE, INC.

## LEDGER COLUMNIST

### Happy Valentine's Day; you're blocking the TV

OK, gentlemen, you don't have much time left. You know what happens this week, right? Baseball spring training starts.

Oh yeah, I forgot about that. But that's not what I'm talking about.

I'm talking about Valentine's Day, that one day out of the year when you have an opportunity to express in deep and meaningful ways your love for what's special in your life.

Like your golf clubs and your big-screen TV. I'm kidding ladies, I'm just kidding. Now put down that knife.

But really, if you have a wife or/and girlfriend, you'd better be making plans to do something special for her (or them) on Thursday. You'd better be buying something red with a heart on it. You'd better be buying some flowers and candy. You'd better be making dinner reservations somewhere other than a place where you color the placemats.

Because women take this stuff seriously. When I first met my wife, I tried one of those slick cool-guy lines on her.

But she wasn't impressed.

I sauntered over (I don't do much sauntering anymore, nowadays it's more like limping and whimpering) to where she was sitting and said, "Hey sweetheart, I'm here to make all your dreams come true."

She didn't even look up. "What are you going to do?" she asked, "Come over and clean my windows?"

She's so funny. I should have just walked away.

But n-o-o-o-o. I had to be persistent. I had to keep on until I finally won her over.

That was 24-plus years ago and we're still going strong.

The other night I asked her: "Honey, remember when we were hot and heavy?"

"Yes."

"Well, now we're just heavy."

We got to talking about when we first met.

"You know," she said, half-kidding (at least I think she was half-kidding). "I wasn't going to go out with you again after we had that first date."

Silence.

She thought I was stunned or that she had hurt my feelings because I just stood there with a faraway look in my eyes, nearly crying.

"What's wrong?" she asked, touching my shoulder.

"What are you thinking?"

"Sniff, sniff. Nothing, really," I answered. "I was just thinking of all the money I could have saved."

See, women always want to know what you're thinking.

They want to make sure the spell they cast over you, lo those many years ago, is still working.

So here's what you do.

You lie.

Now wait a minute. Not serious lies. Just some little white ones trimmed in hearts and rainbows and unicorns (those are the things women like) to keep her happy.

For instance, the other day she was vacuuming in the den and I was watching the basketball game on the aforementioned big-screen TV. She would occasionally wander out in front of the TV and I had to do the old lean-around to keep up with the action (the game action — not the vacuuming action).

She looked up at one point, stopped what she was doing and looked at me. Greg Paulus had just made a 3-pointer to give Duke the lead and I was trying to refrain from doing one of those Tiger Woods fist-pump things.

She thought I had been watching her.

"What's that twinkle in your eye?" she asked. "What are you thinking?"

OK, what I was thinking is why we hadn't invested in one of those little robot vacuum cleaner things that rolls around the floor and sweeps up on its own. It's only a few inches tall (so it can't block your view of the TV), is relatively quiet and doesn't care what you're thinking.

But what I told her I was thinking is this: "Baby, I was just thinking how hot you look in that old raggedy bath robe."

"Yeah, right," she sarcastically replied.

"Really baby, that's what I was thinking," I said. "You know, not many women can look sexy in big fuzzy bunny slippers. But you pull it off."

She rolled her eyes.

"I know you're watching the game," she said.

"C'mon baby," I said. "The only game I'm thinking about right now is the one where I'm the TV repairman and you're the bored, lonely housewife."

But what I was really thinking was how the Blue Devils might be able to run some clock and still get a high-percentage shot.

Ah, love and basketball.

You can have the best of both worlds.

I'm going to get that woman something really special for Valentine's Day.

I'm thinking maybe a new bath robe.

Klonie Jordan (editor@gaffneyledger.com) is executive editor of The Gaffney Ledger.



Klonie JORDAN

But really, if you have a wife or/and girlfriend, you'd better be making plans to do something special for her (or them) on Thursday. You'd better be buying something red with a heart on it. You'd better be buying some flowers and candy. You'd better be making dinner reservations somewhere other than a place where you color the placemats.

Because women take this stuff seriously. When I first met my wife, I tried one of those slick cool-guy lines on her.

But she wasn't impressed.

I sauntered over (I don't do much sauntering anymore, nowadays it's more like limping and whimpering) to where she was sitting and said, "Hey sweetheart, I'm here to make all your dreams come true."

She didn't even look up. "What are you going to do?" she asked, "Come over and clean my windows?"

She's so funny. I should have just walked away.

But n-o-o-o-o. I had to be persistent. I had to keep on until I finally won her over.

That was 24-plus years ago and we're still going strong.

The other night I asked her: "Honey, remember when we were hot and heavy?"

"Yes."

"Well, now we're just heavy."

We got to talking about when we first met.

"You know," she said, half-kidding (at least I think she was half-kidding). "I wasn't going to go out with you again after we had that first date."

Silence.

She thought I was stunned or that she had hurt my feelings because I just stood there with a faraway look in my eyes, nearly crying.

"What's wrong?" she asked, touching my shoulder.

"What are you thinking?"

"Sniff, sniff. Nothing, really," I answered. "I was just thinking of all the money I could have saved."

See, women always want to know what you're thinking.

They want to make sure the spell they cast over you, lo those many years ago, is still working.

So here's what you do.

You lie.

Now wait a minute. Not serious lies. Just some little white ones trimmed in hearts and rainbows and unicorns (those are the things women like) to keep her happy.

For instance, the other day she was vacuuming in the den and I was watching the basketball game on the aforementioned big-screen TV. She would occasionally wander out in front of the TV and I had to do the old lean-around to keep up with the action (the game action — not the vacuuming action).

She looked up at one point, stopped what she was doing and looked at me. Greg Paulus had just made a 3-pointer to give Duke the lead and I was trying to refrain from doing one of those Tiger Woods fist-pump things.

She thought I had been watching her.

"What's that twinkle in your eye?" she asked. "What are you thinking?"

OK, what I was thinking is why we hadn't invested in one of those little robot vacuum cleaner things that rolls around the floor and sweeps up on its own. It's only a few inches tall (so it can't block your view of the TV), is relatively quiet and doesn't care what you're thinking.

But what I told her I was thinking is this: "Baby, I was just thinking how hot you look in that old raggedy bath robe."

"Yeah, right," she sarcastically replied.

"Really baby, that's what I was thinking," I said. "You know, not many women can look sexy in big fuzzy bunny slippers. But you pull it off."

She rolled her eyes.

"I know you're watching the game," she said.

"C'mon baby," I said. "The only game I'm thinking about right now is the one where I'm the TV repairman and you're the bored, lonely housewife."

But what I was really thinking was how the Blue Devils might be able to run some clock and still get a high-percentage shot.

Ah, love and basketball.

You can have the best of both worlds.

I'm going to get that woman something really special for Valentine's Day.

I'm thinking maybe a new bath robe.

Klonie Jordan (editor@gaffneyledger.com) is executive editor of The Gaffney Ledger.