

## Opinion Page

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Thursday, April 25, 1985

## Warning: Fishing Reports Are Addictive



Terry  
Pope

Of all the articles I write for The Brunswick Beacon each week, I probably receive more feedback from the fishing reports than all others combined. Columns finish in a close second place.

There must be something addictive about articles where the victims are spots, croakers, flounder or whiting rather than people who have been burglarized, run over by automobiles or robbed at gunpoint.

Given the choice, I bet more people would rather read about what was caught off the local piers last week than how many murderers were caught in downtown Shallotte over Easter weekend. Not that there were any murders in Shallotte recently.

The worse news one could possibly read in a fishing report is that the fish are not biting, which doesn't stop many fishermen from trying their luck anyway. Fishing conditions change frequently while bad news seems to be engraved in stone.

Afterall, "Who's going to believe what's in that old newspaper. Everybody knows when the blues move in the spots leave the shore. It's as simple as that. You don't catch blues and spots in the same waters. That guy don't know what he's talking about!"

It's enough to make a reporter respond, "Oh yeah! Well, hey buddy, I just work here!"

I occasionally do get to practice what I preach by testing the fishing holes around Holden Beach just to check my sources' reliable information. For example, the first fishing report for 1985 appeared in The Beacon during the week following Easter weekend.

I called the reporting piers and marinas early Easter Monday and found out that everyone was saying the same thing, "The spots are biting like crazy. They're catching the spots two at a time."

After tasting fried spots all day, I decided to test the facts in the In-

tracoastal Waterway just down from my house after work. It was dark and cold, but as I told my roommate, "I'm on a mission after some spots."

Within an hour I caught two small spots, which proves they were catching two at a time—not necessarily two on the same hook and line, but two during the same fishing trip. So there, take that if you don't believe the fishing reports.

Did you know that fishing reports are also educational? I've heard of high school students who have clipped the fishing reports to use in their current event assignments for marine biology classes.

You can also learn about such places as "the Sea Bouy," a popular offshore hangout for local black sea bass fishermen. There is also the "five-mile rock," which is apparently a large rock five miles offshore. No one has yet explained to me what the rock looks like, or how one knows when they've found the five-mile rock.

Through rain, sleet, snow, or in the case that occurred last September during Hurricane Diana, The Beacon will let you know how the fish are biting each week.

Yes, there was a fishing report in the Hurricane Diana issue, complete with pictures of fishermen braving the stormy waters just hours before the hurricane struck the coast. Yes, they were catching spots.

And yes, I imagine plenty of people read the fishing report that week, too. Afterall, it's refreshing, it's light reading and it's addictive. Good luck to all the fishermen this season.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Those Concerned Should Attend Public Hearing

To the editor:

A number of disturbing incidents involving hunters hunting from the right-of-way of the roads in Brunswick County have prompted our neighborhood to petition the Brunswick County Commissioners to enact a law prohibiting such hunting.

We are against neither hunters nor hunting, nor do we desire to stir up feelings against the majority of hunters who are responsible and respectful of others. But the actions of a few irresponsible hunters who endanger the lives and property of others by hunting along the edges of well-traveled roads, often under the pretense of "catching their dogs"

must be stopped before a tragedy occurs.

At present approximately 50 counties in the state have laws which in some way prohibit the use of firearms on or near the public roadway.

We have neither the time nor the resources to organize a county-wide campaign. But if you live in Brunswick County and are concerned about seeing such a law enacted to protect your homes, lives and property, we invite you to attend a special hearing on the subject April 30 at 7 p.m. in the public assembly building in Bolivia.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyon Skipper Leland

This Friday marks the 200th anniversary of the birth of John James Audubon, noted American bird painter, author, and explorer. Though Audubon was no real conservationist (in keeping with his times when there was abundance of natural resources), his work has helped make us aware of the beauty and wonder of birds in their natural habitat.

Audubon was the son of a French naval officer, planter, and merchant and was born on his father's plantation in present day Haiti in 1785. He was taken to France where he grew up exploring nature and learning dancing, riding, shooting, and music. After a brief time in the French navy, he was sent by his father to Valley Forge to escape involvement in the Napoleonic Wars. In Pennsylvania, he spent most of his time living the life of a gentleman—hunting, fishing, drawing birds, and going to parties.

His room was filled with collections of stuffed animals, birds eggs, fish, snakes, frogs, lizards—until it resembled a museum.

He married Lucy Bakewell, an Englishwoman who lived in a nearby estate. When his father's farm was lost, they moved west with a partner to set up dry goods stores in Kentucky and Missouri. Although he did well for a while, in 1819 his business failed, he was arrested and jailed, and had to declare bankruptcy. He lost all he had, including his wife's silver and clothes. He was disliked by his in-laws, one of whom wrote,

He neglects his material interests

and is forever wasting his time

hunting, drawing, and stuffing birds,

and playing his fiddle. We

fear he will never be fit for any

practical purpose on the face of

the earth.

## Health Board And

### Newspaper Complimented

To the editor:

I was pleased to see your editorial (March 21 issue) recognizing the progressive actions of the Brunswick County Board of Health. Local boards of health have a particularly difficult role to play in the 1980s. Public health issues are increasingly complex and controversial, and the need for strong, responsive local

leadership has never been greater. Congratulations are certainly due to the Brunswick County Board of Health for its commitment to the people of Brunswick County and also to your newspaper for encouraging positive community action.

Ronald H. Levine, M.D., M.P.H.  
 State Health Director  
 Raleigh

## Write Us

The Beacon welcomes letters to the editor. All letters must be signed and include the writer's address. Under no circumstances will unsigned letters be printed. Letters should be legible. The Beacon reserves the right to edit libelous comments. Address letters to The Brunswick Beacon, P.O. Box 470, Shallotte, N.C. 28459.

## It's Like Green Lipstick, Man



Susan  
Usher

man's (they bring out litmus paper to prove it.).

Actually this "mood" stuff is nothing new.

Remember mood rings? Depending upon your body temperature or pH or both, I can't remember, their color switched from sea blue, rose or jade green to angry-looking purples and even onyx.

Back in high school, they were all the rage.

I never understood how they worked. Maybe that's why I bought one, since ordinarily I'm not one to go along with fads.

Watching it turn colors right before my very eyes was fun, mysterious. And the manufacturer was on to something in human chemistry. Depending upon how I felt—angry, bubbly, quietly content—the color changed just like the little piece of paper enclosed with the ring said it would.

Green lipstick has that same aura of mystery.

What I want to know is this: What does it mean if the green stays green? I may have to do some experimenting of my own.

Second Chance

Have you been wondering about the mystery couple that adopted the little gas chamber survivor at the

county animal shelter?

"Second Chance," as her new owners have named the puppy, has moved uptown. She now has a home at the beach and one upstairs.

Friday morning I got a call from Janet Branch, identifying she and her husband Larry as the new owners. They're from Winston-Salem. They own one home at Sunset Beach and have just built another beach home on Richmond Street at Ocean Isle Beach, where they were staying last week.

Second Chance (Janet said the name seemed the most logical choice) already has put on weight, perked up and even learned to bark. "She's already almost demolished a box of Puppy Chow, but prefers macaroni and cheese," Janet reported.

The puppy's not the only adored pet in the Branch family. Second Chance joins a beagle named Precious and a cat named C.P.

Janet said she'll have to take turns with the other family pets coming to the beach one at a time. She's going to be an outside dog and promises to grow up to a rather good size.

"We'll take very good care of her," Janet promised.

That I don't doubt; I just wish there were a lot more Larrys and Janets around.

I tried the yellow one that said "coral" on the lid. Coral? It came closer to wine or rose on my wrist, almost the colors I normally wear.

The stuff was addictive.

The third and last tube had orange-gold flecks that were supposed to produce a frosty gloss. It came out a pretty shade of peach.

Rubbing hard at my wrist, I heard Jean add, "It stays on forever. It'll be on there the rest of the night."

I could hear trying to explain to supper guests why I had three funny shades of lipstick swiped across my wrist. But then longlasting color is just what a busy working woman

wants to make a reporter respond, "Oh yeah! Well, hey buddy, I just work here!"

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VARIANT & ROTATE



Purple Martins Returning

Purple Martins have begun to return to the Brunswick Islands beaches for the summer as this sunset scene at Holden Beach indicates.

## Happy Birthday, Audubon!



Bill  
Faver

For a while Audubon worked at sign painting and finally got a job with a museum in Cincinnati. The Western Museum failed and Audubon was forced to move seriously to studying and drawing birds. He moved to New Orleans and from there explored the Lower Mississippi Valley, making his way as an artist and a tutor. Money saved from Lucy's teaching helped him get to England in 1826 in search of a publisher. He gained success and fame, but it took 13 years for Audubon to complete the project and sell subscriptions for his "Birds of America", published 1826-38. He tired of travel and finally settled on the Hudson River above New York City.

Another of Audubon's works was "The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America (1845-54)" done in collaboration with John Bachman of Charleston. This work was turned over to Audubon's sons and Dr. Bachman when illness made it impossible for Audubon to complete the work. He died in 1851 when he was 65.

Audubon's contributions as an artist, an author of detailed journals, and a sportsman gained him an important place in our history. The conservation and education society which bears his name continues the spirit of his endeavors as it seeks to foster awareness and concern of the natural environment in a day when our resources are not unlimited and the pressures of an ever-increasing population daily deplete our natural areas.

Happy birthday, John James Audubon!

*A Time to Remember*

Remember family or friends with Special Occasion, Get Well or Memorial cards.

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

American Heart Association