

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Page 4-A Thursday, June 6, 1985

Protect Holden Beach From Over Development

To the editor:
 I was very saddened to read that the Holden Beach town commissioners recently rezoned ten acres of Holden Beach property for multi-family use.
 When I was growing up my parents owned an oceanfront home in the Cherry Grove section of North Myrtle Beach, S.C. Cherry Grove at that time was much like Holden Beach, a family beach.
 Now, due to rezoning and the continuing construction of multi-family and high density condominiums, Cherry Grove is a very unpleasant beach to visit. If you own property, other than oceanfront property, you can rarely see the ocean due to the

multi-family construction. The same is true of Myrtle Beach, Garden City, Surfside Beach and many other beaches in South Carolina.
 My wife and I finished our home on Lumberton Street last summer and dearly love Holden Beach and its family atmosphere. If any property owners or town commissioners have any doubts concerning what can hap-

pen to Holden Beach through multi-family zoning, please visit Cherry Grove or the Garden City sections of the South Carolina beaches.
 Please, protect this beautiful island from over density and over development.
 J. Ronald Ward, Mayor
 City of Darlington, S.C.

Unwanted Animal Situation Is Handled Well In County

To the editor:
 As an active volunteer at the Brunswick County Animal Shelter, I feel I must reply to the letter from Kay Petty in the May 30 edition.
 First, I would like to ask Ms. Petty if she has ever visited our shelter? If not, it would be advisable for her to visit the shelter before she becomes

critical.
 I feel our officers are handling the unwanted animal situation in our county very well. Perhaps Ms. Petty would like to join in the battle for more funds as it seems that animal control is at the bottom of the list as

far as funding goes.
 As more people with pets move into our area the situation can only grow worse unless more funds are allocated for better and more up-to-date equipment and more officers.
 A few active volunteers would also

help the situation.
 As for the Animal Welfare League, I agree with Ms. Petty. If more residents were aware of our needs maybe we could get the help we need.
 At the present time we have two trucks, one telephone, two filing cabinets, three officers and one volunteer to take care of the unwanted animals in one of the largest counties in North Carolina 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
 Marty Perry
 Sunset Beach

Friendly Thanks Was Also A Nice Gesture

A motion commending the local press for its coverage of the Brunswick County schools received unanimous support from the Brunswick County Board of Education Monday night. It was a total surprise, and as expected, no one knew how to react.

In making the motion, board member James Clemmons stated, "I commend and appreciate the good reporting." His motion was seconded by Doug Baxley, followed by a brief pause and period of nervous laughter.

Such a simple friendly gesture has a way of placing both the media and board members in an unusual position. Immediately a flood of questions may arise: What are the politics behind such an action? Who are the ones receiving attention? etc.

Consulting a handy reporter's or board member's pocket guide to etiquette may advise against such actions at a public board meeting, but there are always exceptions to the rule. If one board member wants to mention at an official, public meeting that he enjoys the press coverage the schools have been receiving, then the board member should do so without hesitation.

The public body-media relationship should not be cast in stone. Clemmons' motion was received by both sides as a friendly gesture, a surprise, but not an unusual event coming from this school board.

Sometimes a friendly gesture is just a friendly gesture, and should be well-received.

Out Of Touch Without Paper

To the editor:
 For the past four years while traveling back and forth to my house at Sunset Beach, I always stop to pick up the Beacon. I find it very newsworthy and loads of interesting articles. When not at the beach, I feel so totally out of touch as to the local happenings and events.

It is for this reason I've decided to subscribe to your enjoyable paper.

A favor I ask—if my subscription cannot start with this week's issue, because of the lateness of my writing you, if you could find some way to put a copy of this week's issue aside, I would most appreciate it. There were a couple of boating accidents at Sunset this past Memorial Day weekend that I was rather curious about.

Thank you in advance and continue with the good news coverage.
 Virginia J. Kazan
 Quimby, S.C.

There's A Bumpy Road Ahead

My fingers are tingling, car keys are jingling,
 I can hardly grip the wheel.
 My eyesight is failing, my complexion is paling,
 don't ask me how I feel.

Front wheels are bumping, back wheels thumping,
 the car has a mind of its own.
 As I lose control and head for a pole,
 chattering teeth hold back a moan.

Please let me cruise 'til I tend the bruise
 where the sunvisor hit my dome.
 My ears are roaring, blood pressure's soaring,
 I wish I had stayed at home.

My aching back signals, "Enemy attack!"
 or an earthquake high on the scale.
 In cars that are near I can see the fear,
 the tourists are scared and pale.

Suddenly it's calm and with sweaty palms
 I pull to the side of the street.
 It's quiet once more as I open the door;
 with a sigh I fall back in my seat.

I ask an old man, please tell if you can,
 the reason my heart's in my throat.
 He sez as he smiles, "For a couple of miles,
 you have just gone through Shallotte!"

—Pat E. Williams
 Holden Beach

Pageant Has No Redeeming Qualities

To the editor:
 I join with many friends and acquaintances in feeling real concern at the Little Miss Bikini contest being held this week in Leland.

Beginning with age two and going on to 14 and older, little girls are being told that it is perfectly alright for them to publicly expose their bodies, and they might even be given a prize for it.

This pageant has no redeeming qualities—no judging on the basis of talent or intelligence at all.

The first impression might be that it is a "cute" idea. But closer consideration will show that by approving such things society is sending a double message. We cannot, realistically, encourage such exposure by our young and, at the same time, abhor and bemoan the rising tide of child pornography and sexual abuse. Isn't it a bit hypocritical to say that something which is criminal on the pages of a slick magazine is "cute" in a bank parking lot?

Carolynn Skipper
 Leland

Hang The Expense: It's Deductible!

Of all the tax changes proposed by the Reagan Administration, it seems a little hilarious that the one hardest to digest—literally, in some instances—should be the idea of limiting tax-deductible business meals.

The elite restaurants that rely on business lunches and business dinners for a majority of their trade are in an uproar, crying "Unfair! Unfair!" It seems they realize that most people can't afford to pay those kinds of prices out of their own pockets—only out of the pockets of corporate America, the same giants of industry that have traditionally managed not to pay not much, if any, income tax.

My heart bleeds for these sacrificial lambs who may be forced to cut back on their \$4 baked potatoes and \$17.50 hamburgers and \$60 dinners. It seems all gravy trains must come to an end sooner or later.

Under President Reagan's proposal, half of the cost above \$25 of any business meal would be taxed. Ouch! What a hardship to entertain clients (and friends) under such heathen circumstances. To butter up



Susan Usher

their prospective clients, companies will now have to bear some of the cost themselves. I don't think that's asking too much.

Of course the whole idea could bounce upside down. Instead of simply cutting back on these perks, companies could just add the expense on to the cost of their product—whether it be tires or legal expertise.

Most "business" dinners may be just that, but I've been treated on a few of those dinners—when I was only a friend of the family.

For instance, there's one dinner I'll never forget, even though I can't remember the name of the restaurant. It was in Toledo, Ohio, a businessman's city if there ever was one—and with restaurants to match

their expense accounts. My friend Stevie called, hyper as always. Her dad was in town and wanted to take both of us out to dinner. Dress up, she said, mentally running through my wardrobe and picking the right outfit. She'd done this number with her dad before, you see.

He was a top-flight equipment salesman from West Lake, a suburb of Cleveland, whose business brought him regularly to the Great Lakes port of Toledo, home of such firms as Toledo Scales, Anderson Seed, Jeep and Libbey glassware.

My dinner that night, overlooking a semifrozen Maumee River and a crackling blaze in a huge stone fireplace, cost somebody close to \$100 and I never bought a thing from that company or considered doing so. Neither did Stevie. But we were written off as "clients." When I questioned it, I was told that this ploy was standard procedure. "Don't worry," he said. "It isn't costing the company anything. It's tax-deductible."

I can't remember Stevie Boberg's daddy's name or the name of his company.

But the meal I'll never forget.

lot in Holden Beach.

With a good watering each afternoon, so far it's working. It's not ideal, but I figured it's worth a try.

Making a yard attractive requires time, but I can't seem to find the time to work in the yard. What started the latest spree last week was a need to get rid of fleas and my neighbor's invitation to help spray for sandspurs.

It seems her yard was infested with sandspurs and our yard contained plenty of fleas. We both didn't want to catch the other's problem, so a mutual spraying was worked out followed by carpet grass transplanting.

Each year I read the Brunswick County Agriculture Extension service's tips on proper lawn care for the spring. Usually, the tips inform coastal residents what should be done to their yards during May, but May passed too quickly for me this year. In fact, it's already gone.

So we're improvising and trying to cover up our bare spots the best we can. Or else we'll just slip back into the past and begin playing basketball and having dirt-clog fights on the lawn. It's much easier to keep that way.



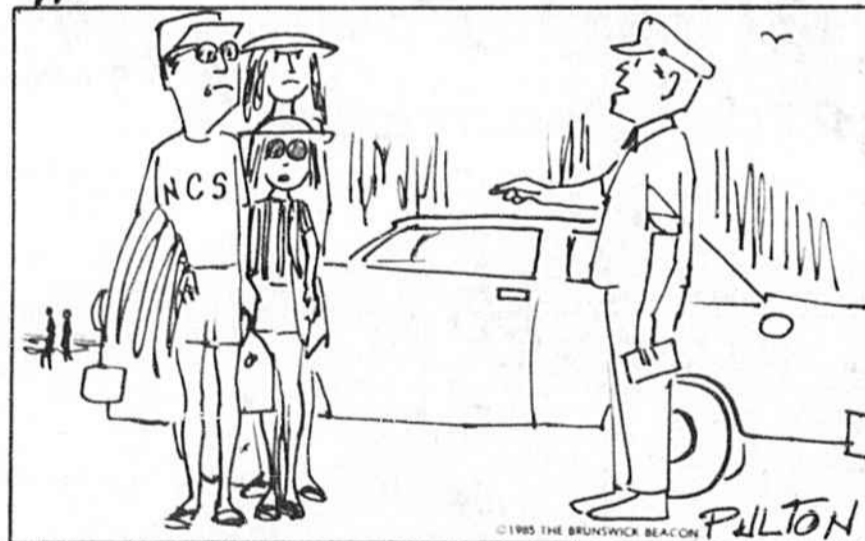
Terry Pope

However, after outgrowing those things, your thoughts once again turned to taking care of lawns as grass began taking over the basketball courts. The heavy foot traffic that once kept grass away lightened to just once every few months.

That's the way it's been since high school. The banking along N.C. 87, where we once had our marathon dirt-clog fights with the neighbors' kids, was planted with carpet grass. The grass has now spread down into the ditch itself and across the yard as well.

I returned to the battlefield last week with a shovel in hand. The same person who once swore he would not tend to lawns as a grown-up was out digging up sections of carpet grass in Macco to be transplanted on a beach

WELCOME TO SUNSET BEACH!



YOU CAN'T PARK THERE, YOU'RE WELCOME (BY STATE LAW) BUT YOUR CAR ISN'T!

Attractive Beach Yards Require Work

The yard got a good spraying last week for both sandspurs and fleas, but now the only problem is we have very little grass. My roommate and I are working on that.

I envy anyone with a nice yard, especially at the beach. Nearly all yards at the beach are square lots, which takes creativity and special care to make attractive.

I like yards with character, with hills, small ponds, and rocks—the kind I got used to seeing while at Chapel Hill, the kind my friends at Chapel Hill still have. I would walk home from campus each afternoon, about a half-mile stroll down Raleigh Street, and gaze out across the lawns and flower gardens.

While growing up in Macco, unfortunately, there was always plenty of grass to mow and plenty of rose bushes to dodge. I would always mumble, in between the ice water breaks, "When I grow up and have a yard of my own, I'm not planting any grass. I'm tired of mowing lawns."

After all, dirt-clog fights and basketball courts didn't require grass or nice bushes. You wanted nice hard, clay stamping grounds for the best forms of recreation.

Think Of Beaches As Meeting Places

With the beginning of the summer season on our beaches and the renewal of friendships and making of new friends, it is easy to think of our beaches as "meeting places". It is also obvious to even the casual observer that our beaches are "meeting places" of land, sea and sky.

It is this characteristic which appeals to those of us who live or vacation here. It is also this same characteristic which makes this "meeting place" so attractive to other living things along the shore.

As we watch the waves working on the shore and the wind carving away at the sand, we may wonder how anything can hope to live in such a hostile environment. Yet we are told some 85 percent of all the living creatures ever discovered are able to live under these complex conditions.

Where land and sea and sky come together has become one of the most completely inhabited areas of our world. Just about every space



Bill Faver

available has been taken by plant or animal life. Within the zone from the dune line down to within a few feet below low tide we find an astounding diversity of life. All the important groups of animals in the world have representatives living along the seashore.

Much of the plant and animal life is visible to us, but much of it is not. We can find the most obvious plants, but there are minute plant species which can be seen only through a microscope. Some animal forms, such as the crabs and birds, are obvious, but there are small crustacea we cannot see. The worms below the surface are constantly at work but

we don't usually see them. Rachel Carson, in *The Edge of the Sea*, reminds us that there are groups of living things between the sand grains.

All these creatures must be well adapted to the ever-changing conditions. Any kind of variations from the usual happenings can cost them their lives. The air breathers must live while submerged and the gill breathers must live while exposed to air and the scorching rays of the sun. Some plants and animals can do this for a short spell, but complete submersion for longer periods or complete exposure for longer than usual will mean death.

The Meeting Place is an exciting community of living things. All attracted to this special place at the edge of the sea, these plants and animals add a variety and an interest to life as they go about their business of daily living. We are fortunate indeed to share this special place with them.