

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Page 4-A

Thursday, July 18, 1985

Even With A Few Warts, Brunswick Is Better

We got away for a few days last week to attend the summer institute of the North Carolina Press Association at Kiawah Island, S.C.

Kiawah, you might recall, is a beautiful barrier island off the coast of South Carolina near Charleston which was bought by the Arabs and is being sold back to Americans one lot or condo at a time.

As residents of a resort community, it was only natural to make some comparisons between Kiawah and the Brunswick County beaches.

One thing they all have in common is growth. The first time we saw Kiawah was about ten years ago, when professional development of the island was just beginning. At that time there were only a few private residences on the island. The first motel units and restaurants that would become Kiawah Island Inn were framed but not finished.

Our first trip to Kiawah was to plan the 1976 summer meeting of the South Carolina Press Association. Our group booked the first convention ever held at the then-new resort.

The next time we saw Kiawah was in late 1980. The difference was almost unbelievable. It is difficult to imagine how so much can be built in a short five years.

We were jolted again this past weekend when it was evident that development had more than doubled again between 1980 and 1985.

As one approaches Kiawah the differences between this posh resort and Brunswick County beaches become apparent. Instead of flashing portable signs, roadside peddlers, waterslides or other clutter on the path to Brunswick beaches, visitors are met at Kiawah by uniformed guards at a gate on the manicured, landscaped entrance.

Once in the thick of things at Kiawah, there's sort of a hush—even though there are hundreds of people milling about, biking, heading for the golf courses or tennis courts, or on the way to the ocean or pool.

It seemed strange at first that most everyone seems to whisper and very few, if any, ever raise their voice and no one would dare holler. It didn't take long to figure out why. Some are too rich and refined to talk above a whisper while others are left speechless by the high prices of almost everything on the island paradise.

We lost our voice for quite some time after picking up a decorated glass ashtray in one of the shops priced at \$750, and wouldn't talk with the wife for hours after she picked out a \$26 necktie for us at another shop.

One has to concede that Kiawah is simply beautiful. Everything is planned in such a way that the island continues to look like a lush tropical paradise despite considerable residential and commercial development. Nothing is left to chance as was much of the earlier development of beaches in Brunswick County.

There are some things about Kiawah one cannot help but envy and a few things Brunswick County beaches might do well to imitate. But on the whole, we like Brunswick County beaches a lot better—warts and all.

It was good to get back to reality.

Vigil Of The Flag

Patriotism and advertising go hand in hand.

To separate the two would be an insurmountable task. After all, what advertiser would be foolish enough to jump off of the red, white and blue bandwagon which has fed so many of Uncle Sam's children all of these 209 years.

In fact, it simply makes good sense to appeal to one's sense of patriotism when selling anything, be it apple pie, hot-dogs, or—yes—even gasoline.

That is the case in Shallotte. The American spirit, converted to advertising, is being used to attract customers to a self-service gas station on U.S. 17.

The advertisement is a huge American flag. Indeed, it is a proud sight for residents and tourists alike. The flag runs foul of no municipal ordinance, as has been the case in many towns and cities. And there have been no complaints—of which The Beacon is aware—regarding the flag.

The time has come, however, to remind local residents and business owners of the patriotic duty befalling them whenever they use the American flag for display or celebration.

The flag on U.S. 17 has waived proudly—nonstop—since before Hurricane Diana hit Sept. 13, 1985.

Apparently Diana was not enough to dissuade "Old Glory" (or her owners) from ending the tattered, but eternal vigil above U.S. 17, because long has she waved and waved.

Alas, soon she will be stripped halfway down her stripes and possibly well into her stars.

Meanwhile we all live on proudly as Americans. We have no worries of foreign invasion or of government intervention. We are free...to come and to go and to display our pride with the freedom guaranteed by our Constitution and by the striped flag which waves from above.

It is time to end the vigil of the flag above U.S. 17. Its tattered stripes have served their purpose. Now they cry for the respect they deserve.

Flashbacks Of Diana Haunted My Mind



Terry Pope

Shades of Hurricane Diana, flashbacks of Diana, call it what you will. When the Brunswick County Emergency Operations Center (EOC) re-opened at the government complex in Bolivia last Wednesday, Diana was on a lot of people's minds.

It was on my mind. During the six-hour simulated Carolina Power and Light Company nuclear accident drill last Wednesday, I kept thinking about that September night from nearly a year ago.

Only this time, there were no strong winds, no power outages and no heavy rainfalls. Outside the complex were clear skies. An orange sun was setting in the west, peaking around the large pines that still show scars from Diana. The last time the EOC was established, those pines were bending double from Diana's force.

Inside the sheriff's department, those with responsibilities at the EOC were scurrying around like there was still a hurricane outside. Only this time it was a simulated nuclear accident drill that kept everyone busy from 6 p.m. until midnight.

No one questioned why the practice drill was taking place. Some of those at work at the EOC, like School Transportation Supervisor Bill Turner, were surprised by the telephone call they received re-

questing that they go immediately to the EOC office in Bolivia.

"I was getting ready to go swimming when they called," Turner said. Instead, Turner hopped in his car and drove to the complex as Brunswick County's public school official representative. Social services Acting Director Betty Varnum was working at her restaurant when she received the call.

Everyone who was suspecting the call actually suspected it around 6 p.m., when the drill was scheduled to start. But the first "unusual event" at the Brunswick Nuclear Plant in Southport wasn't recorded until 6:42 p.m. It was an opportunity for suspecting participants to feel that "maybe they won't call. It's probably too late now," as the clock passed 7:30 p.m.

Once they were all assembled in-

side the EOC and had been given their responsibilities, the officials immediately went to work. There were few jokes about going through the motions of a simulated drill. Instead, everyone assumed their roles, like actors on a stage, and seriously carried out the drill for six hours.

"I think that stems from Diana," said Cecil Logan, Brunswick County Emergency Management Coordinator, "from having gone through a hurricane already."

Many officials had survived last September's ordeal, while others had also observed a simulated nuclear accident drill at the Shearon Harris plant in Apex last month.

I hope the EOC never has to re-open again. If it does, it's nice to know that there is an outstanding group of emergency officials ready to spring into action when needed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Businesses Should Allow Placards In The Window

To the editor:

There are quite a few new business firms and drug stores in Shallotte. They came with the expectation of reaping profit from the area.

But when area people come to them—a church, volunteer fire department or rescue squad—with a request to place in their window a neat placard advertising a dinner, yard sale or bake sale, trying to make a dollar to keep themselves going, they are told, "It is not our policy."

Organizations refused should make it their policy to boycott the firm or drug store for 30 days.

The area appreciates firms which do allow them to place placards in their windows. One grocer even put up a bulletin board for the public's convenience. We wish them the very best.

A member of an organization,
H. R. Phillips
Shallotte

Grateful For Assistance

To the editor:

I want to give public thanks to a wonderful organization and some wonderful people.

On July 8 I was scheduled for a doctor's appointment. I am on treatment for high blood pressure. I don't drive, live on limited income and have no transportation. Friends would have taken me but as it happened they were all busy then. I was worried about what I could do.

I called the senior citizens here and

they referred me to social services in Southport, which told me that they had to cut out the program for lack of funds. They, in turn, referred me to Ronnie Robinson, director of the Brunswick County Department for Aging.

And he, God bless him, was an answer to a prayer. He not only sent someone to take me to the doctor, but she waited with me because the doctor had an emergency. Then she took me to get my prescriptions, stopped for a few groceries I really needed, and then took me home.

The next day Mr. Robinson stopped by to see that everything was alright. I was grateful for that. I asked him what I owed them but he said they only accept donations. So you can bet I'm going to send a donation every chance I get. I hope everyone else does too. It's Brunswick County

Dept. of Aging, P.O. Box 249, Bolivia, N.C. 28422.

I found an answer for me and you'll never know when you might need help. One thing for sure, none of us are going to get younger. It's going to go the other way.

Lillian L. Miles
Long Beach

Brief Notes From Readers

To the editor:

My husband and I enjoy the Beacon so much, we want to renew our subscription.

We fell in love with the area down there, and with the weekly paper we can keep up with all the activities and events going on from week to week.

Our family is looking forward to our trip to Sunset Beach the end of this month. We love out there!

Mrs. Paul Davis
Cattlettsburg, Kentucky

We enjoy receiving the Beacon and keeping up with the news of Holden Beach, where we have a home. Please renew our subscription for another year.

Doyle and Pam Lewis
Greer, S.C.

Keep the Beacon coming!

We look forward to the Beacon every week and hope to call Brunswick County home some day.

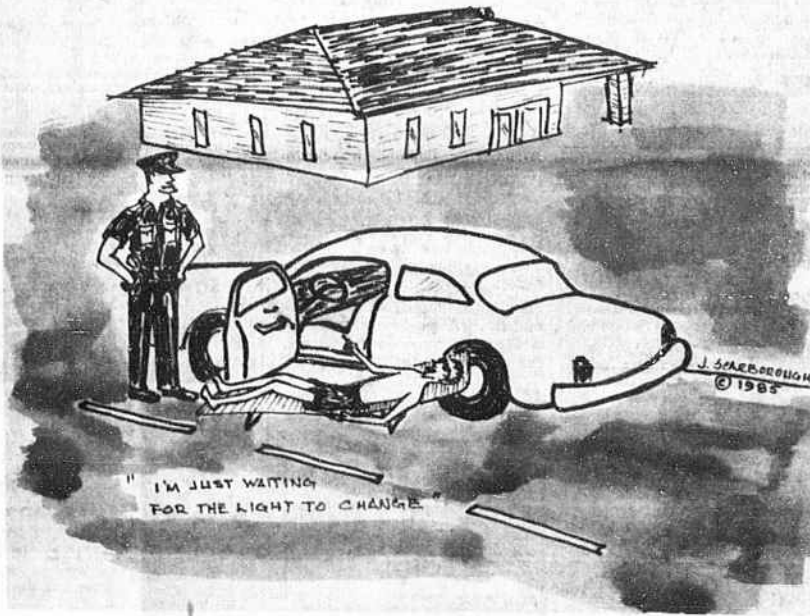
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Edwards
Mars Hill

We are new property owners at Sunset Beach and new subscribers to The Brunswick Beacon. We are impressed with both, and are happy to be a part of the South Brunswick Island scene. Our beach home is a joint venture with a daughter and son-in-law, both attorneys in Winston-Salem.

As a former journalist, I can't resist a couple of comments on the current issue of the Beacon.

Keep up the good work. We all read and enjoy your newspaper.

Ed Rankin
Concord



Adventure Is Where You Find It



Susan Usher

An icy mountain stream with water-smoothed rocks and waving wildflowers, all shaded by crispy green trees—that's the stuff of my summer dreams.

But last week I found the opposite, a farm pond of oozing mud warmed by a midday sun. Edged with dusty fronds, it teemed with frogs that were tadpoles only a few days ago.

The farm didn't seem to offer much potential for adventure, but then, I wasn't really looking for excitement.

Cousin Fran and her sons, Lance, Troy and Jeff, are visiting with relatives in Brunswick, New Hanover and Bladen counties. The boys were looking for excitement—California style. They didn't find it, but then, adventure doesn't always come with neon lights and noisy crowds.

Yorba Linda, where they live a suburban southern California lifestyle, has temperatures similar to coastal North Carolina's. But the humidity here seems beyond my cousins' coping, and at times, beyond mine. We've been in a perpetual drip this past week, not eager to do much of anything, yet caught up in the boys' craving for excitement, adventure and perhaps a summer romance.

We had battled zero, I thought.

Looking back, though, it wasn't as dull as we first thought.

After taking in "Willa Wonka and the Chocolate Factory" at the kiddie movie last Wednesday, for instance, I returned Jeff to Bladen County, to

the dairy farm.

Everyone was busy "assisting" in the delivery of the fifth of 11 calves to arrive that day. Sharon and Greg tugged on the chains attached to the calf. As the heifer grunted the misery of her first birthing, the calf hit the concrete floor with a wet slap. It seemed like an awfully harsh way to enter into the world.

But little redheaded Jeff of the Care Bears, already an expert after several days of hanging around the barns, said it was okay: Once the calf was dragged to its pen, the mother would be brought along to clean it up and feed it.

Of this Veterinary Hospital drama Jeff was the most relieved of those watching when the calf appeared. Several days earlier he had seen twin calves delivered still-born.

Wednesday, he cried out softly, "This one's alive. It's nose is twitching." Sure enough, we could see a wriggling nose and blinking eyes emerging, already checking out a new world.

Jeff has announced he'd like to live on the dairy farm. But I suspect his older brothers would prefer permanent free admission to Knotts' Berry Farm, an amusement park near their home.

Just visiting the farm was an adventure after leaving our beach area.

Ever present and almost overbearing were a pervasive layer of golden dust and the pungent aroma of cows, a combination I'd almost forgotten from earlier visits to Uncle Hugh and Aunt Mable's dairy farm at Abbottsboro. I'd just as soon forget again until my next visit.

Sweetpea, of course, loved this and other exciting smells, though the cows were so large they frightened her. She headed for the nearest puddle of cow muck, cooling herself in the only way she knew how. Dripping black from the bottom of her feet almost to the neck, she required the first of several hosing administered that afternoon.

Soon afterwards, in a hurry to get to the calving shed, Fran decided to ford a small ditch rather than go around the long way. As we watched in horror, it happened.

We cringed as one foot and fliplop missed the bank, bogging instead in the middle of a black, sticky stream of slow-moving yuck.

Fran simply looked at her foot and grimaced.

Maybe she's accident prone. Or perhaps it's just this trip. One thing

for sure, she's needed her good sense of humor during one exciting adventure after another. One more example:

The night before, on Tuesday, she and my Uncle Hugh were sharing the porch swing at Carol's house in Winabow. What followed couldn't have happened to two nicer persons.

It was nearing midnight; we were all chatting away, catching up on lost time. Fran hadn't been "home" to North Carolina in five years. Not one of the boys has been here since he was little. Troy and Lance are almost grown up, one in college and the other a rising high school senior. Little Jeff's about nine years old.

He and my nieces Jennifer and Kelly and my nephew Tony were asleep on the living room floor. Troy was in Fayetteville. Lance, with the growl on this visit, sat on the porch.

Suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, the porch swing crashed to the floor. Or rather, one end of it did. Fran, still sitting in the other, quickly pointed out for historical reference, "It was not my end. I didn't do it."

Knowing our family well, she added, "I want you all to remember that when you tell this in the future!"

Meanwhile Uncle Hugh looked only a little jarred as he picked himself up from the concrete floor where his end had landed.

Who says there's no excitement around here?