

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Keep Pressure Up For Town By-Pass

The extra couple of traffic lights installed recently in Shallotte may be a pain in the you-know-where to motorists making a straight bee-line through town, but they are just what the doctor ordered for those trying to turn onto Hwy. 17 at those locations.

Granted, we have a special interest in one of the lights since it is on the corner of Main and Wall streets where the Beacon office is located.

For every time one may be inconvenienced by backed up-traffic on the busy highway because of the traffic lights, they help others trying to turn onto the highway ten times over.

If the volume of traffic continues to build, as it no doubt will, perhaps other stoplights may have to be installed before the long-overdue by-pass around the town is finally a reality.

The by-pass is the only realistic long-range solution to Shallotte's traffic problems. But anything that can help in the meantime ought to be tried.

However, the local effort to get the by-pass must not be placated by a couple of stoplights. Keep the pressure up until the by-pass is built.

Change Is With Us

BY BILL FAVER

With the cooler weather of the past weekend we are reminded once again that change is always with us. The most obvious changes are the seasons. Just when we become accustomed to one season we face change as we move into another.

As we begin to feel the hints of autumn in the air there are many other changes—some quite subtle—which accompany the change in the weather. The blue sky is much bluer now that cooler weather has cut the summer haze. Other colors seem to be more intense in the clearer air and brighter sky.

The night sky is more visible since some the peripheral lights from less people on the beach give us a better chance to view the heavens. Cooler nights make us more willing to venture outside and look up at the night skies.

Sounds, too, seem clearer. Perhaps less traffic has reduced the interference and we can once again hear the waves breaking on the shore and the crickets and birds as they join in chorus. The cooler, crisper air also seems to enhance the sounds or make us more alert to them.

The cooler nights of autumn will cause the leaves to begin their color changes and within another month or so leaves will begin to fall to carpet the forest floor. The fresh cover of leaves will help hold moisture and harbor insects and fungi as last year's leaves become soil-enriching humus. All these minute changes will take place through spring when new life sproutings will remind us again of obvious change.

It would seem we could anticipate and appreciate change but most of us resist it. We would rather keep the security of what we know! We can learn from the natural world all around us that change is necessary for life to continue to be exciting and meaningful. To resist change is to bury our head in the sand. To accept and influence change is to meet the challenge we share with other life forms around us.

Coming Home Is Full Of Surprises

After five years of living and attending college in Greensboro, coming back home to Brunswick County to work has proved a different experience. In fact, I would call it "culture shock".

My first big surprise came on Monday morning when I walked into the Beacon office. Since I worked for the newspaper in high school, the offices have been redesigned, a press has been added and computer terminals have replaced the old office typewriters.

The entire community is changed. Everywhere I drive I see new stores and shopping centers, new developments, and other signs of growth. The old Shallotte Middle School I attended has been torn down and replaced with a new facility. Ocean Isle is getting a much larger, much needed bridge, and Shallotte has gained two new stoplights. What heady stuff! You can even get pizza in Shallotte now. When I was a senior at West Brunswick a number of my classmates would drive to Myrtle Beach each weekend just to get a pizza.

I was also delighted to find out one of the modern measures of civilization, cable television, was available in parts of the county. When I left Shallotte it was strictly a two-station



Dawn Ellen Boyd

town. If it sounds like I thought I was coming back to a sleepy little town, well, I believed I was. I must admit I'm pleasantly surprised by the changes I've discovered.

There are a few things about Greensboro I will miss: the literary activities, my college friends, the theatre, the ballet, the zoo, the university library, and concerts at the Greensboro Coliseum. However, I'm looking forward to being a Brunswick County resident again. It seems I have a whole new side of the county to discover.

One thing, though, would make me happy indeed. The community is growing so fast it is probably just a matter of time. I can imagine it: a movie theatre with comfortable seats and buckets of buttery popcorn. Isn't that a nice thought?

Anonymous, anyone?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Litter Score: Dogs One: People Several Hundred

To the editor:

Saturday before last I walked about a mile on Holden Beach. I saw evidence that one dog had been on the beach. Space will not permit me to list all the litter people had left.

However, there had been four big bonfires (which are prohibited by local ordinance), three baby diapers, about a case of beer cans half buried

at one bonfire site, about 25 plastic beer cups at another site, several pieces of watermelon rinds, numerous suntan lotion containers, many aluminum drink cans, etc. I am sure I would have found the same circumstances at most beaches.

Tourism is big business in Brunswick County and if we are to get repeat business we need to develop a plan to keep our beaches

cleaner. Perhaps the Chamber of Commerce could form a committee composed of their representative, representatives of the municipalities which have beaches, a representative of the Brunswick County Realtors Association and others to develop an information program regarding this litter.

This year Holden Beach designated

one vehicle and hired additional part-time employees for the summer to patrol the beach several times a week to pick up litter. This type effort, along with a positive public relations program, can do much to make our beaches more pleasant to visit, and for us who live on or near them.

Jim Buffaloe
Holden Beach

Co-Op Members Deserve Clear Line To Office

To the editor:

To this date I still wonder why Atlantic Telephone even has a phone number listed in the directory.

I have tried constantly for the past nine days to try and get through on the 754-4311 phone number and it has always been busy.

So I tried the 754-4211 phone number for Cable TV which has their

office right behind the telephone reception area. I stated my complaint about trying to get through to 754-4311. I was informed they had five lines in but only one receptionist. So four lines were kept on hold.

Great, huh?

It's time our members of the telephone company got something out of our membership cooperative,

if it is only a clear phone line to the office.

If you have had the same problem, try calling the cable number, 754-4211 or the maintenance number, 754-4317, and have them transfer you to who you need to talk to. Maybe the employees will get tired of that though, and put their phones on hold, too.

Hey, I just got through on the 4311 line. Guess what?...they put me on hold.

So it goes.

Don Ballou
Shalotte Point

(P.S. I stayed on hold for five minutes before I had to hang up and go to work.)

Action Saved Home From Complete Destruction

To the editor:

On Sept. 1, the summer home of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Hall of Lumberton, caught fire and was completely destroyed upstairs. I would like to thank Tri-Beach and Supply fire departments for coming to our aid.

Thanks to their quick actions and professionalism, our cottage was saved from burning to the ground. These firemen, guided by Fire Chief Roy Todd, not only risked their lives

fighting the fire but used their good judgment and training to secure our household items and furniture downstairs.

We would have suffered a much heavier loss without these men and their vast knowledge of fire-fighting.

We have spent the past 18 years on Fayetteville St. and I have seen three fires in the past five of those years. We never thought such a tragedy would happen to us. I cannot tell you the horror and helplessness of wat-

ching 18 years of hard work by my parents go up in smoke in such a very short time.

I urge every property owner on Holden Beach to support our volunteer fire departments. These men not only give freely of their time but risk their lives to protect our lives and property. What a sad story it would be if these fire departments were forced to stop operating because of lack of funds.

We have so much to be thankful for—that the ten lives in our home

were saved. We can rebuild our home but a life cannot be replaced. Our wonderful neighbors and friends—the William Nyes from Lumberton, the Franklin Hurseys, the Henry Youngs, the Joseph Youngs, the Jerry Bares, the Frank Jones and Lisa, Dr. Woodward Farmer, the Bauguess and everyone who came by to offer their assistance; to each fire-fighter, Chief of Police Raymond Simpson, R. A. Parnell, the rescue squad workers—on behalf of my parents and my entire family, we are forever grateful to you.

Beth B. Stephens
Lumberton

DRUG ABUSE CAN LEAVE ONE—



Brief Notes

To the editor:

Please pass on to Terry Pope (former Beacon staff writer) this reader's good luck wishes and the assurance that he will find more "wenches" in Chapel Hill than Holden Beach.

Becky Robertson
Holden Beach

Please enter our subscription for one year. We frequently visit Brunswick County and enjoy reading your newspaper.

Charles A. Girard
Professor of Chemistry
Danville, Kentucky

We have moved and would like your paper to follow us. I enjoy reading it very much. I hope someday to settle in the Carolinas; meanwhile I catch all the news from the Beacon.

Rose and Jim Pepey
E. Patchogue, New York

...I really enjoy your paper—you do a fine job.

Edie Sullivan
Springfield Center, N.Y.

I enjoy reading your paper and keeping up with what's going on in your area. I picked up a copy when we were at Sunset Beach over the Easter holiday.

We have vacationed in your area for some time now and we love it. It has become our home away from home. We look forward to receiving your publication.

Mrs. J. P. Whitaker
Chesterfield, Va.

Caught In The Worst Of Prisons

CAUGHT IN THE PUT-IT-OFF PRISON?

The words jumped out at me. This sounded familiar—maybe it does to you, also.

Are you also one of the world's worst for putting things off? Yesterday rides frequently on today's back around my place.

There are days when I take my list of "things to do" and work down it very quickly and efficiently, tackling even the things I don't do well or don't even know how to do.

But diversionary tactics also come into play. Other days I clean house, rearrange office files, write letters—all useful, but low on the priority list—rather than do a single, important task.

Humorist Don Marquis once said, "Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday."

That sounds funny, but avoiding decisions isn't always fun.

Procrastination, for me, is more than just putting off single disagreeable tasks. For the past several years, for instance, I've managed to put off making several major decisions: Do I want the



Susan Usher

responsibility of owning a house again or should I keep on renting, as I've been doing since returning to Shallotte? Do I want to "sell out," that is, get out of the newspaper business and make big bucks doing something else? If so, what? Because I haven't chosen to make these decisions by precise moments, I've lost several opportunities for new jobs, allowed good land buys to slip quietly by, and missed the deadline for applying to return to graduate school.

And I'm still trying to decide what I want to do for the next 20 years of my life and where.

In the meantime, there's the need to get better organized in handling small, day-to-day stuff. The kind of bits and pieces my hyperactive

schedule once thrived on from 6 a.m. to 1 a.m.

What makes me put off doing things? I'm not entirely sure, but I think it has something to do with responsibility, not wanting it very much. The more capable and efficient you are, the more others expect you to do. They won't leave you alone unless you appear barely competent.

In the two years before coming "home" to Shallotte, there was too much responsibility, a lot more than I ever wanted—a house; two jobs—one with continuous deadlines and coordination of others' work, and one managing a dining room and handling money; presidency of one local club and offices in two state organizations; three or four jobs within the church; and two dogs.

I was running on three to five hours of sleep a day, seven days a week—a typical schedule for a lot of busy people, but one that wore me down quickly.

Committee meetings at every meal, 20 to 30 phone calls or memos a day to other people. I wasn't even sure who Susan was anymore. The guy I was seeing declared me a total

stranger and said our relationship had to consist of more than daily late-night phone calls and Sunday nights at the skating rink. But I was too tired and too busy for anything more.

Burned out, I wanted out and got it—a desk job at Raleigh's AP office, an odd-hours job that kept me from doing or joining anything else. I'd gone from one miserable extreme to another. My next out: home for at least a year, to rest up and sort priorities.

Well, four years later I'm still here, not exactly resting up, and those priorities still need sorting.

Psychologist Lenora Yuen at the University of California at Berkeley said it nicely: "Procrastinators think big. But they think they have to do everything at once and do it well." We have goals and the ability to accomplish them but lock ourselves in prisons of our own making. We're afraid—of doing too good a job or perhaps not good enough.

Whatever. I'm going to shrug yesterday off my back and try to handle today's agenda. And I'll worry about tomorrow—tomorrow. Yesterday, get thee behind me.