

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Thursday, September 26, 1985

## Law Says You Gotta Buckle Up Tuesday

Like it or not, you are required to buckle up beginning Tuesday, October 1. That's when the seat belt law, passed by the North Carolina General Assembly this year, goes into effect. Drivers and passengers who do not wear seat belts are subject to a fine if caught from that day forward.

Thanks to some convincing statistics that show how much safer motorists are when they wear seat belts and a very effective lobbying effort by insurance companies and automobile manufacturers and dealers, you no longer have a legal freedom of choice in this matter.

Passage of the law by the state was necessary in order to head off proposed federal law requiring automobile manufacturers to provide air bags or other devices which would not depend upon the car's occupants doing anything for their own protection.

In passing this law, the General Assembly apparently agreed with its backers that it is possible to defy the old adage that "you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink."

No doubt the law will prompt some who have not been doing so to buckle up. However, the law very well might belong to that long list of ones that are nigh on to impossible to enforce. The task of convincing motorists to buckle up for their own safety must continue, even though it is now the law.

Some 50,000 people die and a million more are seriously injured in car crashes annually in this country. Statistics indicate that during your lifetime you stand a one-in-three chance of suffering a disabling injury as a result of an automobile crash.

Think about that Tuesday when the law says you got to buckle up whether you want to or not.

## Pelicans In The Rainbow

BY BILL FAVER

Last Saturday morning dawned with threatening gray skies at the beach and lots of bird activity out over the water.



As the sun broke through the clouds a brilliant rainbow appeared in the southwest and crested down to the horizon line to merge with the sea. Lines of pelicans moving westward seemed to pass under the rainbow without much thought to the beauty around them or the legendary pot of gold out there somewhere. Rainbow and sky and sea and birds came together to form a spectacular picture of a late September morning.

I was fishing and without a camera, so the lingering rainbow had to remain a mental image which could not be captured. (I have lost more good images this way than I ever have recorded and the memory of them ought to keep me trying harder.)

The dictionary defines a rainbow as "an arc or circle that exhibits in concentric bands the colors of the spectrum and that is formed opposite the sun by the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays in raindrops, spray or mist."

I can recall many rainbows during my years like those following an afternoon thunderstorm in the South Carolina midlands or ending in the snow on a Korean hillside. But few rainbows anywhere can rival those out over the ocean when the air is clear and the colors are just right. And to have pelicans flying through the rainbow adds our own "pot of gold" here in Brunswick County.

## 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.

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## Cotton Candy, Country Music And Cows: It's State Fair Time In Raleigh Again

Remember that first trip to the State Fair in Raleigh? Falling asleep during the ride home, footsore and sticky after tramping mile after mile?

Perhaps you ended a long day with a glimpse from the top of the Ferris wheel at the sparkling "city" below... or oohing and aahing from the grandstand at a fireworks display that put all others to shame. If you're like me, when you slipped under the covers that night, your tummy ached from one too many Polish sausages on top of cotton candy, boiled peanuts and fried dough.

A typical day at the fair, it seems; one to be remembered selectively... The little kid in the barnyard trying to hug a goat, naturally balky competitors in the annual mule race, one dizzying ride after another on the Tilt-A-Whirl between trips to look at gardens, animals, farm implements and entries in events from a folk festival to a photography contest.

The excitement of that first fair was a while in sticking, but soon I was firmly gripped in State Fair fever—even with all those N.C. Staters around. After all, I was a 19-year-old UNC sophomore, operating my first political booth and



Susan Usher

attending my first state fair, all in the same day.

It was a heady, growing-up kind of magic, not the wide-eyed enthusiasm of a nine-year-old grammar school student. And the day was as good as, if not better than, Jeanne Crain's day at the Iowa State Fair.

It was so much fun we went back the next year and the next, before taking on the giant among state fairs, Ohio.

Our own Tar Heel fair is billed as "America's largest nine-day agricultural fair," with emphasis on the nine. When the gates open on Oct. 18, the area off Blue Ridge Road will have much of the appearance and size of a self-contained city. Security forces, tow trucks and fire and rescue services will be standing by. Craftsmen will ply a wide variety of skills ranging from blacksmithing to bak-

ing. For a gate admission of \$3 for adults, (\$1 for ages six through 12, free for seniors and little children), you can learn how to give a pig-picking, build a house the "volunteer" way or win a prize at the Senior Citizen Fun Festival for having the most children and grandchildren. For a few dollars more, Dorton Arena shows will feature the likes of Tammy Wynette, Exile, Ronnie Milsap and The Florida Boys.

A tractor pull, demolition derby and rodeo are standards also. Entering its 118th year, North Carolina's State Fair clings to its agricultural roots with draft horse races, tractor pulls, educational exhibits and traditional competitions for jams and jellies, quilts and doilies, prize steers and even sheep. District 4-H and extension club winners still look forward to the nine-day event in Raleigh with a full set of jitters.

This is big-time stuff—there was a day in North Carolina when the State Fair was the fourth largest city in the state. Last October, 694,720 people went to the fair—in spite of one rain day.

A crowd-hater like you wouldn't believe, I had fully expected to be

miserable at the State Fair that first time out.

Incredible as it may seem, only a few weeks earlier the following scene had taken place in the Student Union at Chapel Hill. We were organizing a North Carolina State Young Democrats Club booth for the fair.

"You've never been to the state fair?" asked a senior with 20 fair seasons behind her, making no attempt to hide her amazement—or her pity.

"Nope," said this 19-year-old sophomore, newly-elected secretary of the Young Democrats.

"Why, you poor girl. You've missed it all."

"I sure have," she thought, images of wall-to-wall tobacco-spitting males, damp squalling infants, sweat, goat manure and pickpockets flitting by in Technicolor. Not to mention a long hike to the parking lot and the surely even longer wait to get on to the bypass. To herself, she added, in relief, "I've missed it all!"

Take it from me—she had missed it all—all of the fun, the smells, the sights, the predictable and loveable traditions that will probably keep the State Fair alive and well another 118 years.



"AND THE RACE IS ON... AGAIN!"

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### Do Property Rights Depend On Who You Are?

To the editor:

My husband and I were working in our yard at our home on Holden Beach last Thursday when we heard a strange noise. In a few minutes here comes a huge, ugly yellow monster over the sand dune in back of our home. It was cutting a wide path through the green vegetation as it came.

It proceeded down the side of the dune and to the edge of the marsh at which point it stopped and turned around. Then it began to back up. It backed across our property line and was headed toward our house when I asked my husband if he intended to stop it. His reply was, "not if he intends to keep coming." Well, after all, it was bigger than he is.

We were informed later by one of the beach officials that we had no right to complain as long as no law had been violated. So, I guess it all depends on who you are here, whether or not you have the right to protect your private property.

I spent the rest of that afternoon watching the rabbits and birds scur-

rying around hunting for their homes that had been destroyed forever, and thought what a shame they couldn't build a little house and post a guard inside to protect their God-given property that man seems bound and determined to destroy.

Mrs. Ann King  
 Summerfield

## England's High-Tiders Are Alive and Talking



Dawn Ellen Boyd

something different, yet the first thing I found out was many of the people there had accent patterns similar to those in my own backyard.

I knew I was going to like this place.

The rest of my week-long vacation wasn't as shocking, but I will always be glad I went. I traveled all over the city by underground (the subway) visiting many of London's popular spots: the Tower of London, the British Museum, the National Gallery of Art, the National Portrait Gallery, the Old Curiosity Shop famed in Dickens' writings, Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, Buckingham Palace for the changing of the guard, St. Paul's, the Sherlock Holmes Pub, and Westminster Abbey.

At night I attended the theater then visited pubs with friends. One pub had a resident cat that waited for me to come in each night then jumped in my lap. The owner of the pub gave me a mug because his cat and I became friends!

I also took day trips out of London to visit Oxford, Windsor Castle, Stratford-on-Avon, and Hampton Palace.

A highlight of my trip was visiting my English cousins, Ron, Gwen and Susan. Susan and I had never met, but we're exactly the same age and have been writing each other for years. They took me to visit my grandfather's old school and local villages. The thin cobbled streets and thatched roofs were unlike anything I'd ever seen in America.

The week was really enlightening. England became less a mythical place in my imagination and more a real country with a present and problems. I had become very aware of some of the problems when I was

trapped in a crowd during a miner's demonstration near the British Museum.

My imagination wasn't entirely ready to give up, however. On my last day in London I visited the church where Elizabeth Barrett ran away from home with her dog Flush to marry Robert Browning, and I spent a long time standing on the sidewalk at 221-B Baker Street, the literary address of Sherlock Holmes.

Even in a country of demonstrations and high-tiders, a little dreaming never hurts.

## Calendar Of Events

### Thursday, Sept. 26

A MEMBER of Rep. Charlie Rose's staff will be at the Supply Post Office from 8:30 a.m. to 10 a.m., and the Shallotte Post Office from 10:30 a.m. until noon to discuss any concerns local residents might have relating to federal agencies or legislative issues.

SEA TRAIL COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION meets at the Sunset Beach Fire Station for a covered dish dinner, 6:30 p.m.

INTERESTED CITIZENS meet at the Shallotte Point Volunteer Fire Department to discuss the future of the Gurganus Cemetery, 7:30 p.m.

THE BRUNSWICK COUNTY VETERANS COUNCIL meets at Bolling Spring Lakes VFW Post No. 10400, 7:30 p.m.

GAME NIGHT at the American Legion Hut, one mile south of Shallotte on U.S. 17, 7:30 p.m.

### Friday, Sept. 27

SQUARE DANCING CLUB meets at the American Legion Hut on U.S. 17 one mile south of Shallotte, open to the public, 8 p.m.-10:30 p.m.

GAME NIGHT at the Sunset Beach Volunteer Fire Department, 8 p.m.

### Wednesday, Oct. 2

BRUNSWICK TOASTMASTERS meet for breakfast at the Ship's Chandler Restaurant, Southerport, 7 a.m.-8 a.m. Visitors and prospective members welcome.

SHALLOTTE ALDERMEN meet at the town hall, 7:30 p.m.