

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

Edward M. Sweatt and Carolyn H. Sweatt... Publishers  
 Edward M. Sweatt... Editor  
 Susan Usher... News Editor  
 Dawn Ellen Boyd... Staff Writer  
 Johnny Craig... Sports Editor  
 Mary Potts... Office Manager  
 Cecelia Gore... Advertising Representative  
 Tammie Galloway... Typesetter  
 Steve Anderson... Pressman  
 Bill McGowan... Photo Technician  
 Clyde and Mattie Stout, Jim Ballou... Circulation

Page 4-A Thursday, October 3, 1985

## Barricaded Road Is Not Just Like A Driveway

Is the barricaded road at the west end of Holden Beach private property just like ones driveway? At best, that theory is an oversimplification.

What driveway parallels over a mile of publicly-owned beach strand and what driveway on Holden Beach is the only land access to one side of the Shalotte Inlet? What driveway can be used by many and not by others?

No doubt it will take the courts to decide the legal questions. It doesn't take a judge and jury to figure out that barricading the road is bound to be unpopular with many, both on the island and mainland, who view the action as improper, if not illegal.

While there may be valid arguments on both sides of the barricade, those who are kept out by the barricade understandably resent a section of the beach being able to secede from the town as far as public access is concerned, but yet continue to enjoy all the town services such as city water, fire and police protection, and garbage pickup.

It is argued that there is no reason to allow vehicle traffic beyond the barricade since there is no public parking or accessways on that end of the island. If provision for the public is all that is to be considered, then the barricade could be moved eastward to the first available public accesway to block off even more of that end of the island.

That the town was incorporated, including the barricaded west end, without a public road right-of-way being granted, is regrettable. That mistake happened so long ago there is no point in trying to decide now who was to blame.

Considering this omission, one would think the present town government would take a more active interest in the situation on the west end. Instead, the commission has had little or no public discussion of the matter.

By now it seems reasonable that commissioners would know what legal options are available to them if they wish to reunite Holden Beach. There are some obvious cards they can play if they don't like the deal.

If the barricade has the blessings of the town government, then voters have a right to know this, too.

## The Course Of Least Regret

BY BILL FAVER

The bright sunshine of last Friday morning was a welcomed sight in Brunswick County. In contrast, the weather forecasts and the news reports about Hurricane Gloria have been the subject of much discussion during the last few days. Everyone seems to have an opinion about the expected severity of the storm and what might have happened had we taken the direct hit. We are fortunate indeed she veered to the north and took her destruction elsewhere.

That some of us were inconvenienced by hurricane preparation and evacuation is understandable. The precautions were based on the probabilities of Gloria reaching our shores as best estimated by the National Weather Service. That they missed on this one is to our benefit. But the data upon which they based their predictions, coupled with the time necessary to process evacuation, called for the hurricane warnings to be issued. It was what Dr. Neil Frank, of the National Hurricane Center in Miami, called the "course of least regret".

Think what might have been the situation had the weather people waited until the last minute for the anticipated turn to the north and then it hadn't happened! We would have seen tremendous property losses and probably a few lives as well.

I remember back in the 1960's in Miami there was an estimate that it cost businesses and government over \$1 million to board up Miami every time a hurricane came nearby. The Hurricane Center, well aware of that cost, was reluctant to make the call until a certain course was established. This resulted in a 3-4 hour preparation time after a hurricane warning was issued and the pace was frantic as people tried to board up and stock up on supplies. It was evident more time was needed even if it meant some calls would be "false alarms."

I have no idea of the costs involved in our county. One company estimated a cost of \$12,000 to be closed one day. If this is average across the county and then the costs of school, municipal, and county emergency operations are added, the costs of Hurricane Gloria would be mammoth. Don't forget the plywood and batteries and canned goods and lantern fuel most of us bought!

Hurricanes can be excellent reminders that we have not conquered the natural elements and that our predictions can be wrong. We should be thankful those in charge chose the "course of least regret" in preparing us for what could have been a catastrophic storm. This time we can rejoice with them that they were wrong and thank them sincerely for their efforts.

# Music Lyrics Spark Interesting Battle

History has always been filled with battles of one sort or the other.

A rather interesting battle being fought now involves popular music lyrics.

I was watching television one morning last week around 7 o'clock when a woman who wanted album lyrics rated (like movies are now) was introduced. She explained that many lyrics are not beneficial to children, then proceeded to give examples.

What she quoted on television I am too embarrassed to print here.

The woman was insisting these lyrics were bad for children, yet she was quoting them at a time when many children would be watching television while getting ready for school!

It was a comedy of errors. She listed records she found offensive, but many of them were over four years old. It is probable many of today's younger listeners had never heard of many of the albums.

I was sure, however, that sales would go up after her "advertisement." She made them sound so awful, so wickedly sinful, a mischievous kid would want to go out



Dawn Ellen Boyd

and listen to every song immediately.

Oscar Wilde's famous quote came to mind, "I can resist everything except temptation."

I don't mind the idea of rating records; I will buy albums by my favorite artists no matter what rating is put on them the same way I will go see a movie by a good director even if it is rated R.

I don't mind people standing up for what they believe in either; in fact, I admire it. It would have been nice though, if the woman had done a little more research on her subject. She was on television criticizing American popular music yet she seemed to know nothing about it. All she seemed to know was that some albums had words she considered "not nice" and

some of the songs referred to s-e-x. An informed person might have been able to intelligently criticize some things about the modern music scene. All this woman could do was make me laugh.

People like her scare me though, too. They are the kind who will try to get the great literary classics taken off the shelves of libraries because they don't understand what they are reading and are so self-righteous they won't take the time to learn.

I'm not comparing modern music to the classics (horrors!), but the common denominator is that there are people who will publicly criticize subjects without understanding them. The danger here is that people who don't realize these people are not informed will buy what they say hook, line, and sinker. That could lead to all kinds of nasty things, including censorship.

There is some music out today that people could find offensive; I can't deny that. Last year I went to a Twisted Sister (a heavy metal band) concert just to see what it was like, and personally, I was offended by what I heard. I still believe they have a right to play it though. If a responsi-

ble, impartial group were to give the band's records a rating, that would be fine with me.

I still don't approve of an uninform-ed individual getting on television and passing judgement on something she has obviously not taken the time to research properly.

One of the popular artists the woman did not approve of was Prince, well known for his movie "Purple Rain." (One of the albums the woman quoted from was Prince's—it was five years old.) Prince writes music about the here and now, sometimes with an emphasis on sexuality and an awareness of death... quite the existential stance.

I took out the Prince album released this year and put it on my turntable. One of the songs was blatantly anti-drugs. Others had lyrics such as "Show me a boy who stays in school and I'll show you a boy aware," and "Love is more important than sex."

Perhaps the woman on television might be surprised.

Some of these songs could actually be good for her children.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## If Compromise Impossible, Let The Courts Decide

To the editor:

Last Saturday I attended an open meeting at 125 Burlington St. on Holden Beach regarding the public use of the road extending west of the end of State Road 1116 (Ocean Boulevard).

Copies of a letter to James D. Griffin from Maxwell Freeman and Beason, attorneys in Durham, were distributed. The letter stated that following a review of the evidence and research of the legal question involved, they have "concluded that

the road designated as Ocean View Boulevard is, in fact, a public road.

"The basis for this opinion is the legal effect of the plats put on record in the Brunswick County Register of Deeds. It is our belief and interpretation of the General Statutes of North Carolina that once a road is shown on a plat recorded in the public records and thereafter lots are sold off that plat and/or the public accepts the road by usage, it becomes a public right-of-way. It is our understanding that there have been lots sold off the plats that have been recorded, and that for many years the public has, in fact, used that access road to the west end of the beach."

Further, in support of that opinion, despite the fact that the extension is

not included in the town's listing for Powell Bill funds and they do not maintain it, I believe the town has acted in two areas as though the street were indeed a public right-of-way.

Firstly, town Ordinance number 5, Regulating the Accumulation, Collection and Disposal of Garbage, Section 2, Item 2, states: "racks shall not be placed more than ten feet from the right of way." Hence, since the town includes the area in its garbage pickup contract, it has acknowledged the street to be a right-of-way.

Secondly, it is assumed that the Holden Beach Police Department includes their patrol of the development in the "number of miles driven," as reported monthly to the

town council. In the past, the town has refused to routinely patrol and police what they consider to be private property, such as the parking lot at the fishing pier. (They would, of course, respond to a call for help.)

The letter to Mr. Griffin concluded, "My clients would obviously like to get the barricade down and the road opened again. They hope that can be accomplished without the necessity of any lawsuit being instituted or litigation involved."

Those attending the meeting expressed their readiness to help resolve such problems as public use of the road would exacerbate, like littering, a problem common throughout the length of the island.

My own position is that, as with so many other facets of life, there must be a way to reconcile the difference between (a) total exclusion of the public and (b) public abuse of individual rights.

Reasonable people should be able to develop such a compromise. If they are not so able, then let the courts be asked to determine what may be justice for all concerned.

Persons willing to help pay for the required legal expense can mail a check to West End Fund, P.O. Box 2872, Shallotte NC 28459.

John M. Clarke  
Holden Beach

### Hoping To Build

To the editor:

We have purchased a lot in Calabash and hope someday soon to build a home on that lot. Thought it might be nice to read the local news about Brunswick County. Our subscription is enclosed.

Harry L. Cooke  
Vienna, Virginia

### Keep It Up

To the editor:

Before my current subscription to your paper expires, and the fear of missing a weekly issue becomes a reality, I am enclosing a check for a one-year renewal subscription. Keep up the good work and thanks for the Beacon.

Robert S. Grau  
Gastonia



Clarke



## Tom, 5; Sweetpea, Nosey and Susan, 0

I've got cat fever. Or perhaps I should say a cat has got me hot, very hot.

For nearly a year now, a yellow and white tomcat slightly larger than Sweetpea (my overweight dachshund) has terrorized our growing household.

In the middle of the night I'm regularly awakened by the sound of Sweetpea demanding to be let out, a frustrated yapping at the door that signals one thing and one thing only: the predawn return of that you-know-what cat.

Sweetpea—and me—have tried to catch that cat to no avail.

The big tom plays games with Sweetpea, sneaking through Aunt Myra's garden to her scrap pan for dinner, then around the garage and under my house. Suddenly, he's on the porch, attacking the dog with glee—and very sharp claws and strong paws. Round one: Cat, 1, Susan and Sweetpea, 0.

Well, about two or three months ago we picked up two of Prissy's kittens from my sister Carol's house in Winnabow—one for our house and one for Aunt Myra.

In less than a month the tomcat had swiped the eyeball out of one kitten, which soon after disappeared; then two weeks later cut the other kitten from tummy to back, cleanly opening the outer layer of skin. That had just mended nicely—after some sore days and minor infection.

Round three: Cat, 1; Susan and the kittens, 0.

More determined than ever, I applied for a cat trap from the animal control office, adding my name to a



Susan Usher

long waiting list for a limited number of traps. In earlier efforts to reduce the cat population at Ocean Isle Beach, the traps had worked well. We were off and running.

Meanwhile, the cat returned to slice up the pad of Nosey's right rear paw one morning at 3 a.m.

The score: Cat, 4, Susan, Sweetpea and Nosey, 0.

Nosey's okay, limping along with the aid of the family medicine kit. She'll make it.

But I'm not sure I will.

The trap finally arrived. Baited with chunks of tuna, it sat in the front yard, just at the edge of the porch where the tomcat usually appears.

First night out Sweetpea and I hear the trap shut and a cat yowl. Bingo!

Ha! We got outside and there, gobbling up tuna as fast as it could, was a tiny ball of white-and-black fluff. I could only wonder how this kitten, so small it fit easily into the palm of hand, even triggered the latch on the cage.

I stick its head in the tuna can and pop it on the rear, hoping to scare this tiny thing away, and reset the cage. Back in it goes, home sweet home, going "rouw, rouw" all the while in a tiny, but persistent squawk at the front door—a "rouw" that within 24 hours turned into a steady hum.

Score: Tomcat, 5, Susan and household, 0.

And that's that, folks. No matter what I've baited that trap with or where I've put it, the kitten has adopted it as home. After spying the tom skulking near the garden, I finally locked the kitten up and reset the trap. But the tom's a smart fellow; he didn't come within five feet of it and for once, didn't harass Sweetpea or Nosey.

But that won't continue for long. I've ceded victory to the tom.

The trap goes back first of the week. What have I got? Another cat hanging around.

After all, who could have the heart to turn in an innocent ball of fluff?