

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Page 4-A Thursday, October 24, 1985

October Is The Month For Fish And Festivals

A lot summer vacationers who think the streets are rolled up and there's nothing going on in the South Brunswick Islands after Labor Day would be in for a big surprise if they came back during October, the month for fishing and festivals.

The annual N.C. Oyster Festival sponsored by the South Brunswick Islands Chamber of Commerce a couple of weeks ago attracted record crowds of residents and visitors. The annual N.C. Festival by the Sea at Holden Beach this weekend, no doubt, will bring in another big crowd.

Area fishing piers and campgrounds are packed on weekends with anglers from all over and more and more families are scheduling vacations in the fall when the weather is still warm enough in the daytime to sun and swim, and cool enough at night to be comfortable without air conditioning.

Each year the so-called vacation season gets started just a little bit earlier in the spring and lasts somewhat longer in the fall as folks discover that the weather on the coast can be balmy up to ten months of the year and that many activities, like golfing and boating, can be enjoyed just about anytime of the year.

The Festival by the Sea this weekend shares a lot in common with the Oyster Festival in that they both attract people to the area. They are not, as some still think, competitive events. They complement each other.

Both, too, bring local residents together to plan and stage the festivals. Newcomers, caught up in the activity, have a chance to get better acquainted with neighbors and to meet some new friends.

The Festival by the Sea is party time, granted. But it is party time with charity overtures since part of the proceeds each year is donated to the fire department and rescue squad.

The Greater Holden Beach Merchants Association, whose members organize the festival, are also building up a kitty to help beautify the causeway once the new high-rise bridge is completed. That, too, is a worthwhile cause.

So enjoy the last real big fling of the season this weekend at Holden Beach, where one can have fun as well as contribute to the community.

Calendar Of Events

Thursday, Oct. 24

FLU SHOTS will be administered by the Brunswick County Health Department at Jennie's Branch Baptist Church for \$3 each to seniors and persons with chronic medical conditions, 1 p.m.-4 p.m. Shots are also available Monday, Wednesday and Friday through Oct. 30 at the Brunswick County Health Department, Bolivia, 8:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m. and 1 p.m.-4 p.m.

A COASTAL PLANTS workshop sponsored by the Brunswick County Agricultural Extension Service will be held at the Brunswick Electric Membership Corp. office in Shallotte, 10 a.m.-12 noon. Call the extension office at Bolivia for more information.

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

BRUNSWICK COUNTY VETERANS COUNCIL meets at Boiling Spring Lakes VFW Post 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, Oct. 25

HALLOWEEN CARNIVAL and costume contest at the Tri-Beach Volunteer Fire Department mark the start of the weekend N.C. Festival by the Sea at Holden Beach, 6:30 p.m. See story in this issue.

HALLOWEEN CARNIVAL at the Waccamaw Fire and Rescue Building, Ash, 25¢ general admission, with games, haunted house, foods, bluegrass music, with proceeds to go toward a new ambulance, 6:30 p.m.

ACHIEVEMENT NIGHT for Brunswick County Extension Homemakers, public assembly building, Brunswick County Government Center, 7:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC TELEPHONE MEMBERSHIP CORP. holds its annual meeting and elections at the West Brunswick High School gym, Shallotte, 7:30 p.m.

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

Saturday, Oct. 26

FISH FRY at the N.C. 904-U.S. 17 intersection at Grissetown, to benefit the new Grissetown-Longwood Volunteer Fire Department, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.

A \$6 ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT OYSTER ROAST, clam fritters three for \$1 and fried spot dinners, \$3 for adults and \$1.50 for children ages 5-12, are on the menu at the Sunset Harbor-Zion Hill Fire Department, starting at 12 noon. Bring your own oyster knife.

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

Sunday, Oct. 27

UNDERSEA RESEARCH at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, by Allan Hulbert, is the topic for the free "Sunday Speakers" program at the N.C. Marine Resources Center, Fort Fisher, 2:30 p.m.

Monday, Oct. 28

CALABASH TOWN COUNCIL meets at the town hall, 4:30 p.m.

BRUNSWICK COUNTY BOARD OF SOCIAL SERVICES meets at the social services department, 5:30 p.m.

LONG-RANGE PLANNING MEETING by the Brunswick County Planning Board will be held in the Planning and Resources Development Building conference room, Brunswick County Government Center at Bolivia, 6:30 p.m.

HOLDEN BEACH BOARD OF ADJUSTMENTS meets at the town hall to consider a request for a variance and an appeal of a denial by the building inspector, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Oct. 30

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

CANDIDATES FORUM sponsored by the Holden Beach Property Owners Association will be held at the town hall, 7:30 p.m. Candidates will answer questions they have received in advance.

Remembering Lady's Slippers and Ramps

Another year has come and I still haven't seen the mountains in their fall colors.

I love the beach; I was born here. Perhaps the very difference of the mountains is what makes me feel so drawn to them.

This summer I spent a lot of time in the mountains around Boone. The weather was always cool, and it was wonderful to escape on weekends from the pressures of work and school.

Not to mention it was a relief to be in a place in the summer where people didn't smear themselves with oil and line up body to body on the sand



Dawn Ellen Boyd

to pay homage to the sun god.

One memorable early summer jaunt in the mountains was spent looking for lady's slippers. I really had no idea of what I was looking for. All I knew was that they were a

flower and hard to find. Then, beside a rotting log, I saw this fragile-looking pink blossom. It looked like a tiny pale pink flour sack attached to a green stem. "Is this a lady's slipper?" I asked.

"Beginner's luck," was my friend's reply.

On another occasion we drove up past a little town called Crossnore to attend an annual event known as Ramp Fest. A ramp is a type of mountain onion. You are not supposed to get directions to the festival, you're supposed to smell your way there.

Don't laugh; it's possible. I feel reasonably sure no one will ever create a perfume known as "Night in Crossnore," unless it is used to keep vampires away.

These people don't go around genteelly munching ramps and looking at craft displays. Crafts are a way of life, not a pastime. These people go to have a good time. That afternoon, they played their fiddles and clogged and ate all afternoon. People are expected to get involved, not just sit around and watch.

My favorite moment at Ramp Fest was watching a 90-year-old woman dressed in a loosely-fitting bright pink polyester pantsuit play her washboard. She jumped around and played and sang with such a high energy level that a rock star would have gotten tired watching her.

Pink polyester and white hair moved up and down to the bluegrass beat.

After her performance she apologized that she was feeling poorly or she would have put more into her performance.

My friend dryly remarked that if she ever went on tour in good health even Prince would have some competition.

Many of the performers at Ramp Fest had less than a high school education, but they were better musicians than many people I know with master's degrees in music.

And some people have the nerve to refer to the arts from this area as "primitive" art.

One afternoon my friend and I drove up to the top of a mountain called Howard's Knob. It was a steep, narrow road; I think I held my breath most of the way up.

My previous idea of "high" had been defined by large sand dunes.

Perhaps you've heard of Howard's Knob. It's the mountain on which NASA constructed the experimental windmill in Boone. They finally took it down, but the windmill is still a favorite subject of conversation in the area.

When we reached the top, it became obvious the drive had been worth it.

We were surrounded by mountains on all sides; it was like being in the middle of a green frozen ocean.

You could even see the profile of Grandfather Mountain in the distance.

I want to see that scene hued in yellows and reds, but I guess there is always next year.

For now I can remember sitting on a huge mossy boulder with my favorite person, enjoying the view and having an enlightening conversation on bunnies and 'possums.

Who could ask for more?



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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

How Sad When Selfish Interests Supersede Public Interest

To the editor:

This is to notify the public that all roads south of U.S. 17 and bounded on the west by Shallotte River, on the east by Lockwood Folly River and on the south by the Intracoastal Waterway are being considered for closing to the public (those not owning property along said roadways).

We regret this action, but due to the problem of speeding cars day and night, the noise, trash and lack of concern for our children and pets

along the roadways, we find it necessary to take this action. These roads are for use by those who own property along them. All others are trespassing and subject to prosecution.

We will erect guardhouses in the future, but first must select and approve a suitable design as we want one that looks like a guardhouse so the public will know not to proceed beyond this point. Having seen but

one guardhouse we want to consider other styles before making a decision. Also we need time to train guards in dealing with unreasonable people who think they have a right on our property.

We realize this will inconvenience many of you, but we have no choice but to protect our rights. After all, the public has no reason to be on these roads as there is no public parking, no public beach, no public access to the ocean. So what earthly

reason do you have to enter our private domain?

It's a sad day when developers and/or individual property owners seek to deny access to that which has been public since the Indians fished, clammed, oystered, swam and enjoyed.

How sad when selfish interests supersede public interest.

Carvin Robinson
 Rt. 2, Supply

The Haze Gold Of Autumn

One of the beauties of the fall season is the play of light on the trees and shrubs of the forest. Shafts of light strike through rustling leaves like some laser from the heavens. Light on one changing leaf causes brilliant crimson, deep purple, or bright gold to stand out among the varieties of colors in the woods.

This is the time for those treks to the mountains to see the color changes and make inevitable comparisons as to whether this year is better than last. Those are good trips but are becoming more crowded each year with traffic and people who have difficulty finding accommodations. Still the lure is there and most of us respond.

We are still several weeks away from the peaks of color in our area. With cooler, crisper weather coming soon we have the opportunity to experience some good walks in the woods or along the beaches and marshlands to observe what changes are taking place in our county. We can look for the "haze gold" along a stream or a wooded pathway and watch the effects of the filtered light as leaves come alive with color. We can look for minute plants in the dunes or marshgrasses as color changes cause them to stand out



Bill Faver

among the browns and greens. And the asters, goldenrods, lavender, and other flowering plants add to the beauty.

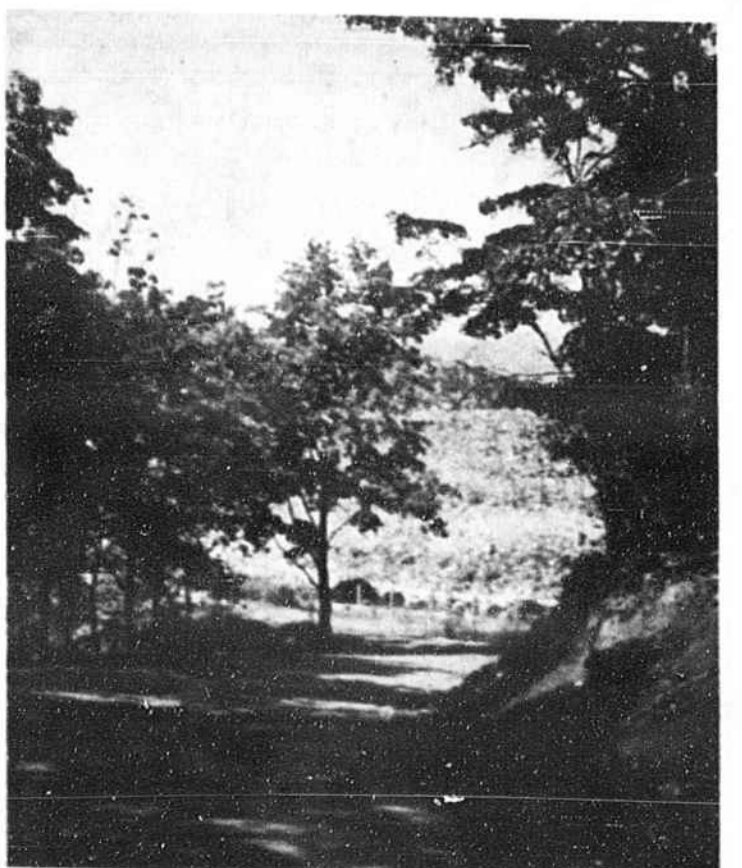
In his poem, Haze Gold, Carl Sandburg writes of the autumn:

Sun, you may send your haze gold
 Filling the fall afternoon
 With a flimmer of many gold
 feathers.

Leaves, you may linger in the fall
 sunset
 Like late lingering butterflies
 before frost.

Treetops, you may sift the sunset
 cross-lights
 Spreading a loose checkerwork of
 gold and shadow.

Winter comes soon—shall we save
 this, lay it by,
 Keep all we can of these haze gold
 yellows?



WE, TOO, CAN SHARE with the mountains the haze gold of autumn.