Opinion Page

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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County Decision Showed Wisdom

rap for every misstep they make, deserve applause when they behave like statesmen . . . parden, Mrs. Beasley, statespersons. Such an incident took place last week as that governing body wrestled with the budget.

Among a thousand other details of positions and vehicles and programs these folks were trying to juggle with available money, there was the question of a soil scientist. Three departments had requested one: health, planning and soil conservation. All three had valid reasons why this specialist should be added to their little bureaucracy. What were the budgeteers to

One option might have been to close their eyes and choose at random, hoping the disappointed boards and staffs would appreciate the dilemma and be forgiving.

Another route was the old, familiar political one. Which choice would make the most friends for commissioners. especially those closest to an election?

And perhaps the easiest way out would have been to cut the position from the budget entirely, pleading thrift. What a popular argument that would have been!

But the final arrangement showed true wisdom and will probably serve the county better than any other. The soil scientist position was retained in the budget, with the office to be located in none of the interested departments, but in the county manager's jurisdiction. He will determine the work load of this new person, allocating his or her time among the three places where those skills are needed.

What a splendid compromise! Everyone will have the services of the soil scientist, no one has any reason for resentment, and the administration of the job is simplified by placement of responsibility in the hands of one man. County Manager Billy Carter will be as fair and knowledgeable, and competent a manager of this fragmented position as anyone

He and the commissioners had a stroke of brilliance in resolving this item in the county budget. Thanks, guys . . . oops, persons!

Legendary Town Deserves Identity

Pity poor Calabash! Its main thoroughfare is a smorgasbord of more than 20 restaurants, its permanent population has zoomed 57 percent in six years, and its seafood cookery has become a legend from coast to coast. Yet mail addressed to its residents and businesses must have a Shallotte

What an identity crisis the little town must have, with five different addresses in its recent history, and not one of them Calabash. There have been Ocean Drive, North Myrtle Beach. Little River, and Wampee, all in S.C., besides Shallotte, which is now said to be mandatory come 1987.

It is natural that the town fathers and mothers have hit on the notion of a Calabash post office. It seems the only way to avoid the embarrassment, confusion and inconvenience of conducting business with a "foreign" return address.

Then there is the alleged ho-hum service they're getting at the present contract station. If that pseudo-post office takes a lengthy midday siesta, and can't offer all services anyway, it's one more good reason to seek a bonafide post office.

Comparisons around the county argue for it. There are about the same number of permanent residents in Calabash as there are boxholders and route customers for the Longwood post office, and Longwood has nowhere near the name recognition of our little border town, nor is it a municipality. The same could be said for Ash, and both these communities are blessed with these facilities.

So, for what it's worth, we add our voice to those clamoring for Congressman Charlie Rose to come to the aid of this charming, growing village.

The seafood capitol of the world needs a post office!

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE BRUNSWICK & BEACON For Award-Winning News Coverage ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL: In Brunswick County Elsewhere in North Carolina Outside North Carolina Complete And Return To Above Address Name

Life Without Cards: What A Joke

the other day. He'd opened a check-ing account at a local bank. The teller gave him some counter checks and promised he'd have no trouble using them until the imprinted checks with his name and address arrived

Right off, of course, he went to a local store to try out this new means of barter. He was all grown up and proud as punch

It didn't work

The kid was embarrassed almost to death in the checkout line when the clerk wouldn't accept the counter check with presentation of only his driver's license. "You must have proper identification," she told him. ticking off a few that to selfrespecting teemager would own

It was as though he didn't exwould find hard to believe since she



Susan Usher

cards and doesn't carry his birth certificate around in his wallet. High cheels don't have those official looking student 1.D.'s like colleges

What is a guy like this to do? my billfold stolen in the Charleston, S.C., bus station, on my way back to

school in Ohio

does his laundry

At age 17, he isn't too big on credit

I know just how he felt, having had

For three weeks, until I had figured out the right order to go through in

missing person. I couldn't get money out of my bank account; I couldn't register for classes. Nothing, But the landlady, power company and service station still wanted to be paid. No one else believed I was Susan

Thames Usher anymore and I was even beginning to question it myself

These days, you have to have all the right eards to make it. Without two or three different ones on your person at all times, you're in danger of technical invisibility

Remember when you went to get a driver's license? They wouldn't accept one kind of identification, such as a birth certificate. You had to have more. Many a morn has gone home to fetch more papers, more cards.

Stop right now. Sort through the items in your wallet or purse. In a pinch, how many of them would be

tification of who you are? If you were taken bostage someplace, would anybody ever figure out who was missing

Some places even require three kinds of identification. Eve known people to bring in mad from the creditors just to prove their address.

IS their address

In Brunswick County, we get to sign our library cards, which come in real handy at those places that require three forms of identification with your signature on it. Some government agencies just won't in cept fishing club membership cards I know: I tried.

Whatever happens, don't dare lose your driver's license, Social Security card and library card the same week. You may never be board from

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Posted Hours Observed At Calabash Post Office

As an employee of the Periwinkle Shep, which is also the Calabash Contract Post Office, I would like to res pend to a misicading statement made by Calabash commissioner rati Lewellyn on page one of your newspaper on July 3, regarding the closimi of the Calabash Post Office in the middle of the day.

As of August 1, 1985, when the new sitract became effective, the Post iffice hours have been from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekships and from 19

The Post Office hours are posted at the front door and above the Post Office boxes for all to see, and there has been continuous service during these hours for the past 11 months

Prior to that date, the contract hours were from to a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays and 10 m. to 1 p.m. on Saturdays and we did abide by the contract

plaints had visited the Post Office in the last 11 months, they would have noticed the new hours which have always been prominently posted, and discovered these clanges, and not have had cause to complain.

Elsie E. Thornmen

Disregard Shown Once Parking Money Collected

I am a resident of this area and I am angry at the treatment and the ethics used by the man who is in parking lot at Sunset Beach, Walter

tion of grasses and weeds we

sometimes refer to as a "lawn", I cut

for the fourth time a dandelion plant

which now has raised its golden-blossomed head for the fifth time. This reminded me of an article I read

ome years ago on picking a

The gist of the story was that you

cannot pick a dandelion. People who

think about dandelions usually think about one particular part of the plant

with which they have had some

If you make dandelion wine and

have gathered a gallon of flower heads, you don't think about the "puff ball" seed head.

If you have made a wish and blown

away the seed from the "puff ball", you aren't that aware of what the

If you are a wild foods freak and have made salad of the young leaves or boiled the leaves for a vegetable.

you naturally think about the young

The "essence" of the dandelion is

none of these; it is the combination of

If you pick the yong green leaves,

flower may look like.

all of them and more.

green leaves.

association.

In April of this year, my wife and I decided to buy a parking ticket for the season which would enable us to park and have access to both sides of Sunset Beach from the main pier. At

the time of the purchase, my name was recorded on a list and I was issued a parking card for \$30.

Three weeks ago, through my own carelessness, I lost the parking card. I searched fruitlessly for an entire

rode over to the pavilion to discuss the situation with Mr. Smith, I explained to him what had happened and advised him that he could verify my payment of \$30 by consulting his where the names had been recorded. I supplied him with the number of the missing card.

Mr. Smith bluntly refused to consult his list and told me that he could not and would not issue me a duplicate card, nor would be write a note or anything to help me. He refused to discuss it with me.

I accept full responsibility for los ing the parking ticket, but I am cer-tain that the situation could have been corrected and handled with courtesy and at no great effort or cost. If I were requesting something to which I was not entitled, or something that could not be confirmed with a minimum of effort, I could better understand his manner, but there was no excuse for his attitude during our conversation.

By his actions, the image of the business community of Sunset Beach has been darkened. In so doing he exhibited a complete disregard for patrons, once he has collected the

It is my hope that other people will not be placed in the same unfortunate Smith's actions throughout this incident are not reflective of the attitudes of other property owners at Sunset Beach. He has done a disservice not only to me, but to the entire Sueset Beach community

Raymond G. MacQueen

Pick A Dandelion? Faver you haven't really picked a dandelion because a dandelion has a yellow flower and a seed ball. If you pick the 'puff ball' and make a wish, you haven't picked a dandelion because a landelion is more than the "puff Can you really pick a dandelion? Or any other flower? Maybe the meaning of all this that everything in the universe is so interconnected and interdependent that we cannot grasp the vastness of it. For if we could pick a dandelion" whether it is young green leaves or golden flower head or round, fuzzy "puff ball", we still have not captured the nourishing

CAN WE PICK a dandelion?

but appreciate the miracle of life we

How I Survived A Tropical Storm

Remember when tropical storm Andrew flirted with us a few weeks ago, skipping up the coast, then out to sea? Well, he spent last weekend in the Cape Fear area, in my house, and left me somewhat sturned, but in-

This particular Andrew is my three-year-old grandson who demonstrated even more clearly than my mirror just how old I am. When he breezed out with his parents in tow early this morning, after a four-day visit, all I could do was fall back on the bed and stare at the ceil-

Actually, the exhaustion was due in part to my preparations for this little disturbance." I had cooked and cleaned, shopped for books and toys. acquired a beach cottage for a couple of days and planned a dinner party.

All that effort was worthwhile in the very first moment of his arrival, when Andrew came running to me, shouting "Grapma!" and jumped into my arms. Every grandparent will understand the feeling.

And he had his quiet moments during the next few days . . . well, one or two of them. But it's amazing how much energy is required on the part of parents and grandparents even to achieve those golden hours of eating and sleeping and quiet playing. For one thing, I found only frozen chicken chunks and Cheerios were on his



Marjorie Megivern

never-fail menu, so had to make another trip for provisions. Then, it turns out even these favorite foods go down only with a mixture of entertainment, pleading and threats. Eating is not one of his priorities, but it is tops on his mother's list, so we spent considerable time in the frantie activity of cajoling Andrew to take on ourishment

soil in which the plant grows, or the

refreshing rains that have watered it

or the energy giving sunshine that has pulled it from the ground.

maybe we shouldn't just mow over it.

No, we cannot pick a dandelion;

He does go to sleep well at night, but the buildup to that includes an incredible day's agenda of running, jumping, squealing and yelling.

Another daytime difficulty is the attempt at adult talk. There is an inexhaustible patience in three-yearolds that allows them to intone "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy..." over and over and over above Daddy's conversations.

There were a lot of new experiences for Andrew over the weekend, and these kept me in motion, too. He learned to "swim" only after several forays to the beach where he refused to go near the

ly pursued him when he tried to invade a neighbor's cottage

At last we found a tidal poel in Long Beach, where the still, shallow water lured him to wade, then venture out on a raft to float. This we labeled 'swimming" and applauded him.

Another new experience was a parade. We suffered the heat and the crowds so he could celebrate in Southport at the Fourth of July Festival, and I jostled and stepped on toes in order to get pictures of Andrew with the clown.

Later that afternoon a boat trip was a new activity that actually gave us all some respite, since we were only passengers and our little "hurricane" was becalmed by the motion and the wonder of it all.

There were many energetic episodes that involved me: picking blueberries in the blazing sun, dancing to recorded music (they make kiddie cassettes now!), chasing and tumbling, reading books and playing ears. Just keeping up with him conversationally required more attention than with many adults. His talk ing was an endless flow of questions, challenges and new ideas.

The last night of his visit we entertained friends for dinner, and the guests included a three-year-old girl. If tropical storm Andrew packed a

water. We searched for shells and punch alone, imagine the wind ghost crabs, instead, and I repeated- velocity associated with twin har Six adults b trying to maintain dignified, serious discussions against a background of shricks, hed-jumpings, and wild leaps through the house. I finally had a heart-to-heart talk with the two and they turned down their volume to a civilized level, but I was already a trembling wreck.

It's just been too long since I was in the presence of one of these lively creatures. I've spent too much time with dull, lethargic adults, and have not kept in shape for this sort of

Before Andrew visits again, I'll work out at the gym, practice the 50-yard dash, take voice training so I can outshout him, and spend entire days without sitting down once.

But probably time has taken its toll, and there's no way the very old can co-exist with the very young, not in physical endurance at least. For tunately, there's more to it than that. My little hurricane has a tender, delightful side, too. He is fanny and loving and absciutely brilliant! So it matters little that my body has grown too old to keep up with him. The rest of me is still a fun-loving child, and that's something else his visit disclosed.

Thanks, Andrew. Blow in again