

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Page 4-A Thursday, October 15, 1987

## Keep Open Mind About Wastewater Needs Study

In a letter to the editor in last week's issue, Bob Rohde asked if we knew something he didn't about the wastewater needs analysis presented Sept. 14 to the Holden Beach Commissioners by McKim and Creed Engineers.

Apparently we don't know as much as he does, since his interpretation of the wastewater study is that the canals at Holden Beach are free of pollution.

That is not what was reported by a representative of the engineering firm which conducted the study. Dan Latta told commissioners that results of the study are "inconclusive."

According to the study, "The test results show no clear-cut pictures of what areas are polluted and which areas are not polluted, as was initially hoped would occur. Instead, the results indicate a great fluctuation in (fecal) coliform counts at all locations.

"The main indication of the sampling and testing program is that the island as a whole experiences severe water quality problems which are evidenced by the wide range of coliform counts in the samples."

But after Rohde read the study, he assured the Holden Beach Community Watch, of which he is vice president, that there is no need for a sewer system on the island since septic tanks are not polluting the canals. He has also concluded that stormwater runoff causes far more pollution than do septic tanks.

Who know? He could be right; hopefully he is.

But if stormwater runoff is the major polluter, then why are property owners allowed to concrete driveways?

The fact remains, too, that the canals have been closed to shellfishing off and on a number of times by the N.C. Marine Fisheries Division after testing the canals for coliform bacteria.

It is also understood that the Brunswick County Health Department has also been alerted by information in wastewater study report and applicants are having a more difficult time getting septic tank permits on Holden Beach canals.

And, what's more to the point, if only about 40 percent of the island has been developed, what are the consequences of continuing to develop at the present rate while depending on septic tanks?

Holden Beach residents will have the opportunity within the next several weeks to discuss the town's wastewater disposal concerns with state and local health officials.

In any case, residents need to keep an open mind. Further study may show the island needs a sewage disposal system. If so it could be years before such a system goes into operation.

For those concerned that a sewer system will automatically open the door to more intense development of the island, it's true that availability of adequate sewage disposal makes such development possible and perhaps increases pressure to allow it.

But sewage treatment plants don't set land use and development policies; that's left to public officials, the commissioners elected by the residents of Holden Beach.

## She Was A Great Lady

Shallotte—and for that matter, Brunswick County—would be hard-pressed to find anyone who has contributed as much to the area's civic and cultural life as the late Marie Foscue Rourk.

Area citizens have in the past described her repeatedly as "a leader with a vision, a great organizer, a hard worker."

From garnering local support of the North Carolina Symphony to rescuing the old Sunnyside School, if there was a need to be met, Marie Foscue Rourk could be counted on not only for personal support, but for leadership.

As noted in a tribute paid her by the Long Bay Garden Club several years ago for her role in establishing the local library, she was "loved and respected by all who knew her for her compassion, her generosity, her leadership and her concern for the betterment of everyone around her."

Marie Foscue Rourk was indeed a great lady.

### HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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## Alma Mater Keeping In Touch

The letter started, "Thank you. Your gift to the Bald Eagle Athletic Foundation will be greatly appreciated."

I thought, "You're welcome, but I don't recall sending any gift."

The letter continued, "As a contributor to the Bald Eagle Athletic Foundation, you will experience the personal satisfaction of providing financial assistance to worthy student-athletes."

I thought, "I like personal satisfaction, but since when am I a contributor."

The letter then said that for a donation of only \$1,000, I would become an official member of the Bald Eagle Club, entitled to a membership card,

decals, phone message holder, ruler, membership certificate, media guides, paperweight, complimentary football parking, name engraved on plaque, banquet invitations, football reception invitations, season tickets and a pen and pencil set. (By the way, the ruler, paperweight and pen and pencil set are regulation Bald Eagle office supplies and not cheap

Doug Rutter



imitations.)

Well, I thought, they sound like pretty nice gifts. But how am I going to take advantage of those complimentary football parking spaces, six sets of seasons tickets and three post-game receptions at President Willis' house if I'm 16 hours from Lock Haven, Pa.

I mean, I'm all for college athletics and scholarships for financially needy students, but does this alma mater of mine really think I can afford to donate?

I graduated in May, and five months down the road they think I'm financially secure. They've got to be kidding.

When I left Lock Haven, I promised

myself I would do everything I could to help the university in the future.

They did an awful lot for me, and I really want to give something back.

Well, apparently the future is now. They tell me I can donate to one of 18 different sports.

Well, I can rule out football right off the bat. They are budgeted more money than any other sport at LHU and haven't had a winning season in eight years.

The wrestling and soccer teams are legendary at Lock Haven, so everybody probably donates to them.

Basketball set a school record last year for wins and went to the NCAA Division II tournament for the first time in history. They've probably got more money than they know what to do with.

Then there's the golf team which I competed with for three years. I know they can use the money, but it's probably not worth the effort to buy each player another golf ball and bag of tees.

Women's athletics are fine with me too. But I'll leave donations to those

sports to the alumnae (female graduates).

No, if I was going to donate anywhere it would be to the ice hockey club. I played with them all four years at college and was club president as a senior.

We operated with a yearly budget of about \$1,200 and somehow got 15 games out of that, as well as some practices and some new pucks every year.

The club was organized for fun more than anything else, but we took it pretty seriously and were all the best of friends.

Of course, ice hockey is not a sport recognized by the university, only a club, so I could not donate through the Bald Eagle Foundation.

But once I have some money to give, that's where it's going. It may take another year before I can even think about my old club again, but new jerseys or jackets will make a great donation someday.

Of course I'll be missing out on all those Bald Eagle Club benefits, but the pen and pencil set doesn't mean that much to me.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## In His Own Words, Ollie North Convicted Himself

To the editor:

Although I'm probably more bored with the Stanley vs. Frydenborg letters than you and your readers, there is no way that I cannot respond to Davey L. Stanley's letter in which he likens me to Adolf Hitler.

Am I your only reader to find this comparison not only ironic but ab-

surd? Our government, as I've already stated many times, is still a nation where the law governs and elected officials are deemed to be the servants of the people. When Col. North, President Reagan and the others involved in the Iran-Contra mess deliberately decided to go against the law, as it stands,

they—not me—were sowing the seeds of destruction of our republic, just as Hitler destroyed the Weimar Republic of Germany. And it was the German people who thought like Mr. Stanley who let him do it.

Mr. Stanley, your letter makes it obvious—at least to me—that you are either very young or else somewhat

uneducated in the subjects of civics, history and logic.

Let me relate the essence of a conversation I had, with one of my closest friends, some years ago. This friend, born a German Jew, was rescued from Auschwitz at the close of World War II. Had the war not ended when it did, she would have been another victim of Hitler's gas chambers.

Anyway, we were discussing her strong support of Israel—both vocally and financially—and I told her that I did not completely understand this, since she was—and still is—an American citizen. When she told me that the existence of an Independent Jewish state gave her a place to go, should open persecution of Jews occur over here, I was shocked.

I can distinctly remember telling her "Helen, you're crazy; this is the United States. What happened in Germany, when you were a child, could never happen here!"

When my friend answered me, she did so by telling me that what I had just told her was what the educated Jews had said in Germany, when Hitler came to power. I was at a loss for words. It's because of people like Ollie North—and you too Mr. Stanley—who don't understand how our government works, that there is always the possibility that it could happen here.

I have convicted Ollie North of no crimes. He, in his own words, has convicted himself:

1. Ollie North has admitted that, under oath, he "misled" Congress. That misleading, Mr. Stanley, is lying. It's also perjury.

2. Ollie North has admitted shredding government documents, in order to prevent the FBI and Congress from learning what he and his associates were doing and whose orders they were following. Let me ask you a question, Mr. Stanley: To whom did those documents belong? They belong to us, Mr. Stanley—you and me—because the government is us. Ollie North, in the end, prevented us from learning exactly what he was doing and who had told him to do it. If he's your kind of hero, you can have him. And God help us all.

I would hope that you and your family have gleaned one bit of information from our exchange of letters. No matter how noble and well meaning a public official may seem, under our form of government, he has no right to interpret the law as he sees fit and, while doing so, ignoring our legal system. It is up to Congress to pass laws and for the Supreme Court, together with our total court system, to interpret those laws. When someone makes a hero out of someone who deliberately violates those laws, one has to wonder what the future holds for the United States of America.

Charles A. Frydenborg, Sr.  
 Weston, Connecticut

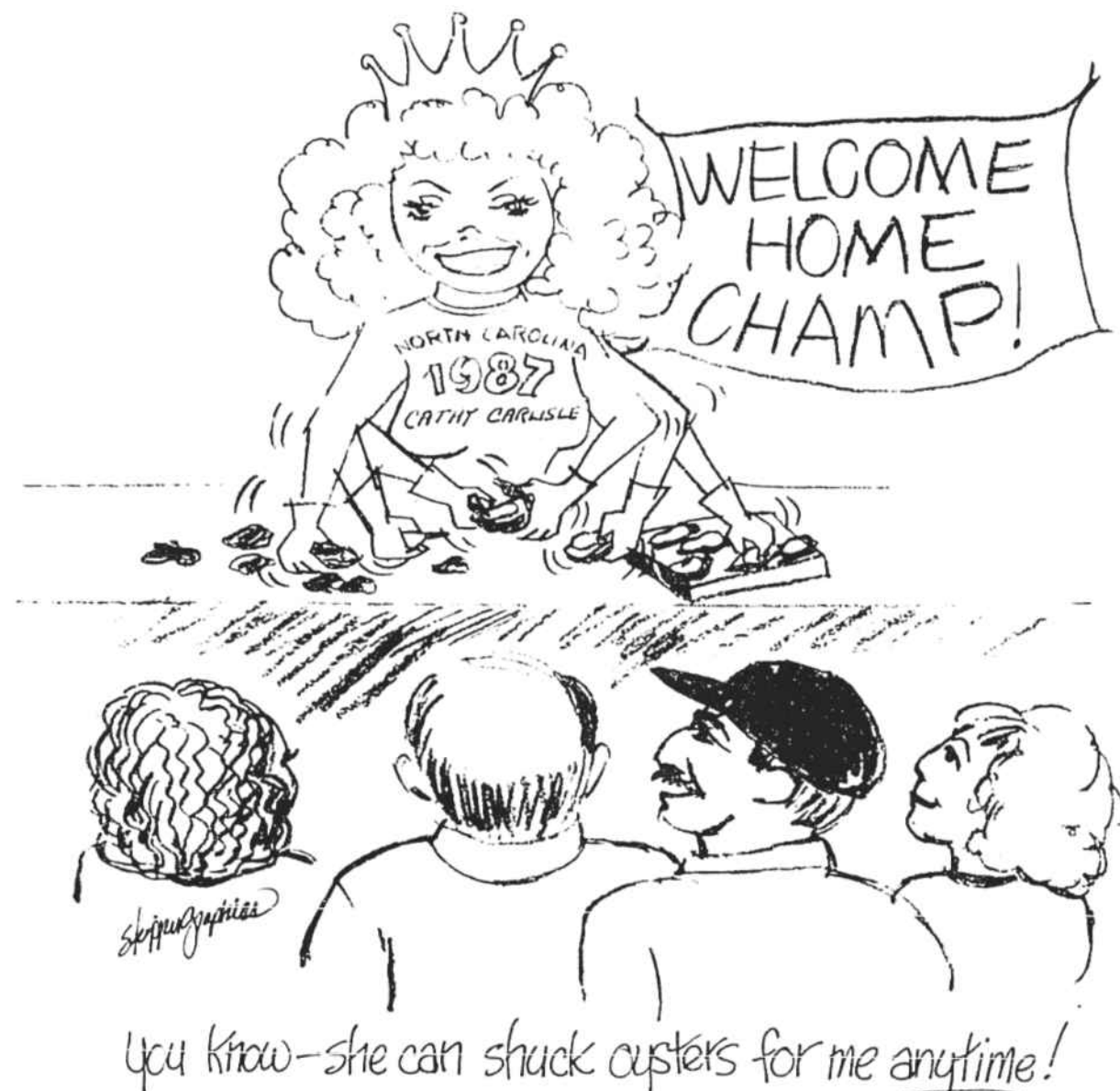
### Not Offensive?

To the editor:

I understand that Chris Chappell, who serves on our board of county commissioners, has stated that the racial joke told by our newly-appointed county manager was, in his opinion, not wrong or offensive.

I feel that, according to his past record, the joke was not wrong or offensive to him as long as it was told to an all-white audience and concerned only black widow women and black preachers.

Jesse A. Bryant  
 Supply



## And Then There's J.R., The Whiner

You've never met J.R., but it's time to let the cat out of the bag.

J.R. is the latest addition to the Eggert family menagerie, soon to be incorporated as the Village Point Petting Zoo. Face it, animals instinctively know a soft touch lives here.

Just this morning I watched J.R. unsuccessfully defend firstcomer's rights to a slice of toast, which Sweetpea (our dachshund) quickly weaseled away but then didn't want to eat, like the sweet potato peelings the night before. But let J.R. show renewed interest and Sweetpea gulps the scraps down without even chewing.

The night before, as Sweetpea watched with a decided sneer from inside the sliding glass door, J.R. entertained himself for hours swatting a dried up sycamore ball across the deck.

But mostly J.R. whines, like a spoiled baby. He mews in the morning and at night, and any time you come home during the day. He paws at the back door and whimpers, wanting to come in. If you let him in, he stands and whines in front of the refrigerator door (He knows where milk comes from and it's not a cow.). But he's also cute and irresistible.

Susan Usher



J.R. (short for Junior because he's the littlest of the cats) is a cuddlesome little tabby, gray striped with rusty tips that glow in the sunlight and white rear boots and front bib that glow in the moonlight.

This cocky little interloper swishes around as if he'd lived at our house all his short life; you'd think he was making the mortgage payments and not Don and me.

We never intended to keep him; we had every intention of picking up a catbox from the shelter.

Don and I were picking up trash near the entrance to our subdivision one evening when we first heard J.R.'s distinctive whine—a plaintive mewling was drifting from across Village Point Road. We went on to the house, Sweetpea trailing behind.

As the night wore on and it began to rain, the mewling came closer and closer until it was just outside our bedroom. With flashlight in hand, Don went to investigate. The dripping kitten was up the tallest tree in the front yard, though not by choice.

And in the front yard he stayed—up one tree or another—for several days. As the rain continued to fall J.R. continued to whine.

Every time the kitten slid sideways down one tree trunk toward a waiting saucer of milk, either Sweetpea or Buster, the neighbor's cocker spaniel, ran him back up another and then drank the milk. Great fun!

Then J.R. discovered he had claws; suddenly he was a free cat.

But about that time, Little Bit, undisputed king of the Eggert roost, sauntered home from one of his three-day rambles acting like he'd never been away. A 20-pounder, he immediately set about putting poor little J.R. in his place. Or so he thought. J.R.'s nobody's fool, even if he is a whiner.

While Sweetpea and our female cat look on in disdain, these days the two fellas are sharing an uneasy peace—and a double-bowled food dish.