

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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## Mind What The Man Says, Vern

Listen up, fellas. Ernest P. Worrell is pushing more than milk these days; his humor may get across what sermons and nagging have not.

Ernest is the popular Southern redneck created by actor Jim Varney for Pine State Creamery Co. With the dairy company's cooperation, the comic character is now promoting cleanup and beautification efforts for Keep N.C. Clean and Beautiful Inc.

In a 30-second television spot entitled "War on Weeds" Ernest reminds us that trash abounds in our communities and along our roads and that it's time for North Carolinians to clean up their act.

"Know what I mean, Vern?" he says.  
 Yep.

## Wooden Ducks Beat Pop Guns Anytime

"Boink!" That was one of the many sights and sounds I will long remember from the recent N.C. Oyster Festival at Seaside—my first Oyster Festival. I've gone to all sorts of festivals over the years, most of them in the western part of the state, but the Oyster Festival was one of the most enjoyable.

Still, every festival has its oddities. My hometown holds what's called the Historic Morganton Festival each year, even though I've yet to understand what's "historic" about blocking off the entire downtown for two days, just to sell "arts and crafts" like wooden ducks that flap their feet when you roll them along the ground. The city's mayor, who also runs the festival, supposedly said he could estimate attendance by counting how many rolls of toilet paper were used in the port-a-johns set up at strategic points around town. Personally, I'd rather count cars.

In Valdese, it's the Waldensian Festival, also known as the Festival of the Glorious Return, which marks the history of the town's founders, the Waldenses, an Italian religious sect. But the closest thing I ever had to a "religious" experience there was being thankful all I got was indigestion from eating too much spicy Waldensian food.

The Oyster Festival, on the other hand, was simple and to the point because the main focus, of course, was the oyster: "Any of several often edible bivalve mollusks with an irregularly shaped shell," according to the dictionary.

As I've said before, I'm a beginner when it comes to oyster shucking; so instead of renting a knife and diving in, I chickened out and bought a couple of fried oyster plates for my wife and me.

But thanks to a man from Salisbury, who couldn't finish off his entire crate of roasted oysters, we got to try our hands at opening and

eating some of the little critters. He even loaned us his oyster knife. As it turned out, I didn't mind eating them at all—they tasted great. I just couldn't get the shells open without stabbing myself in the hand once or twice.

By the time we were finished eating, though, my wife thought she was a pro, and I had to talk her out of entering the shucking contest.

"Boink!" There it was again. I'd been hearing that sound all afternoon at the festival and couldn't figure out where it was coming from. It was everywhere—in the dining area, near the stage and around the crafts booths. It sounded like Lawrence Welk's champagne lady gone wild.

Then I spotted the culprit—a white, tube-shaped pop gun that apparently was one of the most popular sales items at the festival. It seemed as though every child there had one.

Just out of curiosity, my wife and I scouted out the crafts booths to find the one selling the obnoxious little gadgets. It didn't take us long to find the right booth, from the crowd of excited children and frazzled parents surrounding it.

As we stood there, one mother bought at least five pop guns and handed them out to her youngsters.

"Don't shoot the nice man, Billy," she scolded, just as the cork flew from the tube with a "boink!"

Oh, well—I guess I deserved worse for being nosy and saying bad things about ducks with flappy feet—at least they're harmless.

Rahn Adams



## It's My Turn Now To Talk Football

Now that we've heard from Susan and Rahn on the subject of football, I figured it was my turn next.

You may recall that Susan had previously described the trials and tribulations of becoming a football wife. This football-wife status, by the way, doesn't become official until she's watched seven hours of non-stop football action, including half-time analysis shows, consecutive NFC and/or AFC playoff games and survived a Super Sunday. And with the strike this year, she will most likely have to reapply next year anyway.

And then Rahn, bless his soul, expressed the disenchantment of millions of red-blooded American males when confronted with a fall Sunday without "real" football.

With this emotional outcry behind us, I am prepared to take an analytical approach to this whole

Doug Rutter



strike situation.

First of all, I would like to say that I am in favor of the owners' position against the unlimited type of free agency which the players are asking for.

It is my feeling, and I think the feeling of many others, that the players should be grateful for what they have now.

They argue that the average player only stays in the NFL for 3.2 years (or something like that) and that in

that time has to earn enough income to last the rest of his life.

Well, if that is the situation they are getting themselves into, then it is their own fault. As far as I'm concerned, the average NFL salary of about \$200,000 is more than enough for anyone who plays a game for a living.

Other NFL veterans have proven that there is life after football. John Brodie, Ahmad Rashad, Jimmy Cefalo, and a host of former players have all gone on to become respectable sportscasters, and I dare say the majority of NFL veterans have found success in other business areas.

So the argument that NFL players need more money NOW just doesn't hold water as far as I'm concerned.

With this in mind, I believe strongly that these "scab" games should be

counted as normal contests.

The only bargaining power the owners have right now is due to the success of the "scab" games.

If they didn't count as regular games, it is very unlikely that the fans would watch them. If the fans don't watch them, the networks won't televise them. If the networks don't televise them, the owners lose millions of dollars in TV contracts and almost have to invite the players back by meeting their demands.

So, with all of this digested, I say "Long live the scabs." They play with more intensity, create turnovers for a more exciting game and are happy to play for the minimum NFL salary.

Even if my New York Jets "scabs" were 0-2 after last week's whipping, they make losing look a lot better than the "professional" Jets.



A MOST WELCOME AND LONG OVERDUE SIGHT!

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Enjoys Reading About Experiences Of Others

To the editor:

My wife Loretta and I enjoyed reading, "Getting Passport Was Toughest Part Of Trip To Ireland," in the Oct. 15 issue of the Beacon. On two occasions we also had the same experiences. After long waiting for passports, we landed at Shannon Air-

The first time was to celebrate my 75th birthday and the next, four years later, we were guests of my youngest brother who made it my 80th birthday gift.

The four of us, my brother's wife included, stopped at the Salt Hotel on Galway Bay where we enjoyed their excellent oysters. We then had more seafood at a well known seafood specialty house in the city. All were indeed excellent.

We enjoyed travel through the countryside, as on each trip my wife Loretta, then my brother respectively, would drive the Fords on the "wrong" side of the

"Carriageways," and the places to pull off the highways were "Laybys." We stopped to ask an old Irish gentleman how to get to Dublin. In a most friendly way and with his big broad smile, he said, "Well, if I was to go to Dublin, I wouldn't start from here."

In Dublin we asked for combination sandwiches at a lunch counter. Served to us were two sandwiches instead of one. Ham was one; the other Swiss.

We climbed the Blarney Stone at the old castle where I bought a tin flute and proceeded to play "Paddy Dear" and "Miss McLoud's Reel."

Back in 1917 I was one of 30 fifers who were members of a cadet corps that played up New York's Fifth Avenue in the Preparedness Parade prior to World War I. Showing off? Sure! It was fun. Our President then, Woodrow Wilson, was on the reviewing stand and we played "Our Director" as we passed by.

I think it would be great if a fife and drum and bugle corps would be formed locally. It helped me, as well as many other boys, by having competent instructors teach these, not too difficult to learn, musical instruments, as well as the precision march drills. Togetherness, and to be able to lead the line of march, becomes part of the learning process for youngsters.

To get back to Ireland, and particularly to Galway, we were so happy to hear about Cathy Carlisle successfully competing against men and bringing honors to this great seafood area, as well as to herself and family. It takes courage as well as experience.

I was raised at my father's boat marina and fishing station on Long Island. As a schoolboy my dad would shuck oysters and open clams in the great Fulton Fish Market in New York. In the much talked about blizzard of 1888 he had to walk many miles via the sandy shoreline to

reach his home many miles from the railroad station. He had meat and fish in a burlap bag for his mother.

Many years later I established a seafood cannery on the shore of the Chincoteague Bay in Virginia, and lost everything to the tidal wave of the 50s. With our four sons, my wife and I went to Delray Beach on Florida's gold coast, where we established the Clam Box Seafood Restaurant and Raw Bar, and served folks from all parts of the world.

On our honeymoon in 1935 we discovered Calabash, and decided to join the rest of those who enjoy the seafood and the hospitality of the southland.

I believe that now one can understand why we also enjoy the experiences of others, like Cathy Carlisle, and Carolyn and Eddie Sweatt. I'm ready for more oysters, too. How about you?

Earl Markland  
 Calabash

## Brain Can Only Absorb What Seat Can Endure

To the editor:

While distributing unofficial listings (which had been requested by some Holden Beach candidates for commissioner) of new voters which I had copied from the public records at Bolivia, I have been asked

why there might be any value in a second meeting of candidates when they may present their views at a public forum.

My response is (1) it's possible that everyone couldn't attend the "Meet the Candidates" meeting sponsored

by the Holden Beach Property Owners Association Oct. 20, for whatever reason (I don't understand why HBPOA didn't have a reminder news release in last week's Beacon; and several of the candidates told me Saturday that they had not yet been informed of the format of the meeting and did I know anything about it); and (2) during the next two years, the commissioners will be involved with such items as access, causeway, emergency services, erosion, home occupations, impact fee, occupancy tax, parking, rezoning, right-of-way, tax districts, walkway/bike bath, wastewater disposal, you name it—surely, more topics than anyone would want to hear discussed at a single meeting.

Further, if Meet the Candidates is, in fact, just a "beauty pageant," or if a voter already knows all they want to know, I wonder why it's necessary to have even a single meeting, except to visit with each other.

If all nine candidates for commissioner were to attend, six minutes apiece would account for 54 minutes—which, with introductions, some extra time to complete some thoughts, and time for the audience to phrase their questions, and maybe

a follow-up question, would make a full meeting. After all, the brain can only absorb what the seat can endure.

I believe there is an easy solution to the problem. If a candidate does not think it is to their interest to attend, they simply don't attend. And judging by the sparse attendance at the monthly Town Commission meetings, I am not optimistic about how many voters will attend the Wednesday, Oct. 28 meeting at 7:30 p.m. in the Town Hall.

John M. Clarke  
 Holden Beach

## Community Watch Hopes To Inform

To the editor:

As president of the Holden Beach Community Watch, I have been asked why our group is sponsoring a second meeting with the candidates for commissioner.

I feel the alternate date will give everyone more opportunity to attend. It is my hope that Community Watch will serve to inform our residents of all community affairs.

Arthur White  
 Holden Beach

## Taking A Golf Cart Path To Nowhere?

Chances are you've never gotten lost on a golf course. It's just not the kind of thing that happens to most people.

But I'm not most people. And I got lost. It was all my fault. You see, going out last Thursday night was my idea, even though Don suggested the location.

Don and I didn't go to the course near our home to play golf, of course. Though he occasionally talks about trying the game again, he sold his clubs earlier this year to a co-worker. I've played twice in my life, both times with disastrous results to my ego and the greens.

But biking or walking through a golf course late in an evening is one of the most relaxing things we

Susan Usher



know—sunset falling over the lakes and water hazards, lights glimmering from inside cozy homes, the rhythmic swish of sprinklers activated each evening.

Sometimes we stick to the roads, but last Thursday evening we were feeling adventurous, especially me.

It was late when we started out. I talked Don into pretty much sticking to the curving cart paths. And when

dusk came, I urged him forward instead of back, reminding him the white-rocked paths would show our way.

Ever accommodating, he shrugged and agreed, not pressing the doubts he already harbored.

Three intersections later, I was still leading us somewhere, though I may never know where, taking a maintenance trail onto an isolated green that I had figured was just behind our house.

In a rare flush of anxiety, I admitted defeat. "You're sure no geographer," said Don. He didn't have to remind me that he had majored in geography as an undergrad.

After doubling back, with our dachshund and the neighbor's cocker

spaniel still sniffing and bouncing ahead, behind and around us, we decided it was time to act decisively.

Spotting a street that looked halfway familiar, we daringly took a shortcut across a nice yard with a big dog, calling, "It's just us!"

Two more turns and suddenly we were where I had meant to be a half-hour earlier, near the house with the school bus. We charged through the woods, drawn like magnets to the lights from our back porch just one street away.

Mini-adventures are fun, the walk was invigorating, and maybe, just maybe, we weren't really lost.

So why, after an absence of only an hour or so, did it feel so good to see our house again?