

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Page 4-A Thursday, November 12, 1987

## Time To Grow Up, Calabash

One can't blame the lame-duck town council in Calabash for trying to hurry along its efforts to bring water to the downtown business district.

The new council members who will be seated in December have already made it known they think the town needs to further "study" options for financing a water system, as well as questioning the current need for the system.

How foolish. That's mostly what the town council has done for the past four years, study water. Council members, the town clerk, attorney and consulting engineer have exhausted all funding possibilities. While a limited sum from local option sales tax revenues are designated for water and sewer, town officials have concluded that property owners must shoulder the greatest part of the cost of obtaining water—by assessments, without the benefit of even a long-term bond repayment schedule.

But that's the citizens' own fault. The Local Government Commission won't issue bonds for the town because of its past financial history, the community's reluctance to act like and accept the responsibility of being a town. If the commission were willing to issue the bonds, however, FMHA would buy them at a favorable interest rate.

One of the main reasons the Local Government Commission won't issue the bonds is the town's poor tax collection rate.

This year, for the first time in its 12-year history, collections exceeded 90 percent—but it still wasn't good enough. The standard statewide is the mid- to upper-90s.

The town will have to meet similar standards to qualify for participation in a revolving loan fund to be established by the state.

In tax collections and other areas the current board has made great strides. For example, council has taken steps to obtain a town land use plan and to participate in the federal flood insurance program, two more firsts for Calabash, both prompted by efforts to obtain water.

The incoming council members haven't attended council meetings in the past and may not know the efforts made by the current board.

And perhaps they think if they wait long enough, the county will install the lines. If so, holding their breath could prove fatal.

Some also resent the fact that a small portion of the town is served by a county water main and that those property owners weren't assessed for it. In turn those property owners aren't interested in helping pay for their neighbors to get water.

Over all, what Calabash seems to lack is a common sense of purpose, of community, with individuals pursuing their own directions regardless of their effect on others. When a council shows any sign of vision and leadership, its members are generally doomed at the polls.

That's unfortunate. It delays the day when Calabash takes its rightful place among other Brunswick County municipalities.

Grow up, Calabash.

### Write Us

The Beacon welcomes letters to the editor. All letters must be signed and include the writer's address. Under no circumstances will unsigned letters be printed. Letters should be legible. The Beacon reserves the right to edit libelous comments. Address letters to The Brunswick Beacon, P.O. Box 470, Shallotte, N.C. 28459.

## Autumn Is Beautiful On The Coast

"Tree alert! Red leaves at three o'clock."

For the past couple of weeks, it has been all I can do to keep my attention on the road while driving around Brunswick County, ever since my wife and I began our search for fall colors in earnest.

Our first autumn on the coast has been a different and yet rewarding experience, as we've begun to learn more about our new home and appreciate what makes it special.

When we lived in the foothills, we were so accustomed to seeing the leaves gradually turn from green to yellow or red in October that we almost took the beautiful fall colors for granted.

Seeing the poplars and maples in our old backyard change into their "autumn best" sometimes used to only remind me that I would soon be getting blisters on my hands from raking those same once beautiful leaves to the curb to be picked up by the city's leaf truck.

Rahn Adams



The hustle and bustle of everyday life sometimes blinded me to the brilliant colors that surrounded me.

At least once each fall, my wife and I would pile into the car and join all the other frenzied leafers on the winding section of the Blue Ridge Parkway near Blowing Rock and Grandfather Mountain.

But I always found it hard to "ooh and ahh" over the trees while trying to avoid a rear-end collision in the bumper-to-bumper traffic.

Since moving here to the coast almost three months ago, I've been keeping an admittedly uneducated eye out for signs of autumn

Don and I are feeling like proud parents-to-be these days: nervous, curious, expectant, excited.

Helping "parent" a baby Toastmasters Club is exhilarating as well as exhausting. It's fun being in on the creation of something worthwhile, but in the back of your mind, there's always the question, "Is this going to be for nothing? What if...?"

As with many parenting efforts, our timing could have been much better. Don's pretty caught up in several projects sponsored through his church; I'm in the middle of a two-Saturday workshop. Our cohort in this enterprise, Stan Smith, is between Emmaus walk projects involving two long weekends in South Carolina and two at the N.C. Baptist

## We Want This 'Baby' To Do Well



Susan Usher

Assembly.

But we'll make do, better now than just before or after Christmas, we keep telling ourselves. Stan and I had been commuting to Southport several years for the 7 a.m. Wednesday Brunswick Toastmasters meetings, but didn't think the two of us could get a club going here on our own. But with Don's added help, this summer we decided to tackle it.

Somehow it's all coming together; we're getting more excited by the minute. By the time this issue of the paper is out, we'll know if the late nights, breakfast meetings, luncheon meetings and screwed-up home schedules have paid off.

Personally, I'd be willing to bet our club will have before Christmas the 20 to 30 members it needs to charter, though Toastmasters International gives us four months to meet our target.

Why? For the same reason that Don and I are willing to work to establish a club here: it's got a lot to offer a variety of individuals. What other club offers fun and fellowship, business and personal contacts, community service and an opportunity to try to improve yourself with the help

of people with similar goals?

TI is already meeting the needs of thousands of people, having already served two million people. And with an average membership of 21, clubs are mushrooming up all over the country as more and more businesses and individuals recognize the need for the training TI membership offers.

But like most worthwhile ventures, you get out of Toastmasters what you put into it.

That's one reason we're investing our time heavily in this new club: Like most parents, we want this baby to grow up to be a success.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

#### Yaupon Candidate Likes Coverage

I want to compliment you on the coverage you provided during the recent elections in Brunswick County.

The use of a questionnaire kept the facts straight and the photo opportunity indicates the professional approach your newspaper takes in presenting the candidates to the public. You are to be commended for your excellent attitude toward "public service." During the campaign I found that many people in Yaupon Beach had read the articles.

I am enclosing a subscription for the Beacon and I encourage you to continue to present news items of interest about our part of the county.

Please extend my thanks to the writers of the articles and hope you will let them use their "credits" in the future.

Joseph W. Broyles  
 Commissioner-Elect  
 Yaupon Beach

#### Where Are We To Leave Our Trash?

To the editor:

Without any notice, the county removed garbage dumpsters from the Georgetown Road-Highway 179 intersection. These dumpsters served a large community of taxpayers.

We heard the county placed them in an area off Highway 904, far off the road and so muddy and filled with rocks and debris you cannot get in and out safely. This is about four miles from the original location.

Where are we supposed to leave our trash? I guess the only answer is to toss it along the highways.

Brunswick County has let its taxpayers down and we think something should be done about this horrible situation now, before we all dump along the road. I guess that's what the county wants.

Please help us.  
 Douglas R. Willey  
 Bay Point Subdivision  
 Shallotte

#### School Volunteers Were A Big Help

To the editor:

Tuesday, Nov. 10, we administered the N.C. Assessment of Writing to sixth and eighth graders at Shallotte Middle School. Teachers and students both worked hard preparing for this test.

We couldn't have given this assessment without the help of test proctors: Jon Amundson, Marianna Boyd, Jean Cheers, Pam Grainger, Sandra Hall, Pat Hampton, Leuvia Moses, Caroline O'Rourke, Linda Robinson, Connie Russ, Mary Sanderford, Sandra Thomas, Louise Thorpe and Susan Williams.

We really appreciate the efforts of these school volunteers.

Dawn Ellen Nubel  
 Jr. High Counselor  
 Shallotte Middle School

#### Care Could Not Have Been Better

To the editor:

We sometimes hear or read comments about our hospital and the care of the patients.

My husband was hospitalized several weeks ago and I have nothing but praise and gratitude for the care he was given.

I have never seen a more dedicated group of nurses and technicians than in the ICU unit and the respiratory department. They not only show expertise in their field of work, but they display a glow of compassion and devotion toward their patients. Their sincerity is an inspiration.

I feel that my husband could not have gotten better care in any other hospital. He had the very best of doctors and nurses. We had many questions and they found time to give us answers, and came by on their off duty hours just to sit and offer comfort.

Irene Clifton & Family  
 Shallotte



## Carolina Towns Spark Imagination

I happened to be looking through my state map the other day and came across the name Tuxedo, North Carolina.

Tuxedo wasn't exactly in bold type or highlighted like Raleigh, but it somehow leapt off the page at me.

My mind started to wander, as it often will on Friday afternoons when I'm wracking my brains out for a column topic, and I got to thinking what life might be like in Tuxedo.

How do they dress in Tuxedo, I thought?

No doubt, they must all dress very dapper or they would be ostracized.

A couple of counties to the west I noticed the town of Cashiers. My, I thought, they must have a lot of

Doug Rutter



stores in a town called Cashiers. Everyone must work behind a cash register.

Just a glance away I couldn't help notice that the towns of Locust and Red Cross are right next to one another.

Locust, N.C., sounds like a buggy

place or a good place to film a creepy, crawly movie.

It's a good thing Red Cross is just down the road, or I doubt many people would live in Locust.

Then the town of Eureka caught my eye. That must be the place where gold was first discovered in North Carolina. Or else it's the place named after the place where gold was discovered in California.

Thermal City, N.C., must be a very warm place. Either that or a very cold place where the people manufacture and wear a lot of thermal clothing. Just in case, it might be a good idea to sport a pair of earmuffs when passing through.

Ether, North Carolina, sounds like a sleepy little town. It's probably the kind of place you could go for a nice, relaxing vacation.

Then there are some towns about which I haven't the slightest clue. Those are the ones that really make you think.

I can't even guess what life is like in Santeelah. It's near Lake Santeelah and below Santeelah Dam so I guess it can't be too bad.

There are probably some good fishing holes out there. Nebraska, North Carolina, really threw me off. That must be something like California, Pennsylvania, or Indiana, Pennsylvania.

I could understand if it was an inland corn-farming community, but Nebraska is located along Pamlico Sound, and I doubt they do much corn-farming up there.

Toast, N.C., sounds like an interesting place. Something gives me the feeling they import a lot of butter and jam.

While the names of all these towns spark a lot of imagination, it was perhaps the town of Whynot which fascinated me the most.

Could you imagine being lost in the town of Whynot and trying to get directions to New Hope?