

MORE LETTERS

Quarry Said 'No Deal'

To the editor:
To my fellow citizens of Brunswick County concerning the proposed Martin Marietta limestone quarry to be operated in the Southport/ Boiling Spring Lakes/ Oak Island area:

Martin-Marietta has gone to great lengths to prove that this quarry will have no "ill effects" on us. Let's think about this.

The quarry itself will be located approximately three-quarters of a mile to one mile south of one of the largest ammunition terminals in the nation and approximately one to one and one-half miles north of Carolina Power and Light's Brunswick nuclear power plant (that has had more of its fair share of serious problems).

Running the entire length of this area is a railroad that carries supplies and materials to CP&L, ADM and Cogentrix. There is also a six-inch natural gas line that goes to ADM.

At the pit site, the entire quarry area will have to be cleared of all trees, brush, bays, etc. This land now abounds with wildlife: birds, plants and other forms of life native to our unique area.

In order to mine the limestone, a pit approximately 90 feet deep will be dug. Approximately 10 million gallons of good, clear, fresh, much-needed water will be pumped out of the Castle Hayne aquifer per day. Some people have been told that their wells may go dry, but would be replaced. (There will also be blasting to free the stone.)

Where will this water go? I understand it may be put in the Cape Fear River. How will it get there? What effect will it have on the saltwater life and the overworked Cape Fear River itself?

Finally, to those of us who travel the highways in this area, can you imagine adding anywhere from 40 to 200 large dump trucks per day to these narrow, overcrowded, unsafe roads?

No, folks, this is no deal! We can live without Martin-Marietta's quarry and other similar industries, but we cannot survive if we keep wasting and destroying our fresh water and other vital natural resources!

Ronnie Caster
Southport

Fears Called Unsupported

To the editor:

Ms. Suzanne Osborne correctly declares in her defense that "when you feel that your and your neighbor's quality of life is on the endangered list, you might scream too."

But most of the fears expressed by the group opposed to the proposed quarry by Martin Marietta are unsupported by facts, and some accusations against the company are inane or easily discounted.

For instance, Ms. Osborne's charge that MM "endangers our...estuaries..." may be discounted by less than two minutes worth of simple arithmetic on a hand calculator. The 10 million gallons of water to be discharged each day into the Cape Fear River is about 15/100ths of a percent of the water volume of the river from Wilmington to the ocean—a negligible dilution.

The additional charge of endangering protected species and children is a piece of hysteria.

The company has promised to replace any loss of water from dried-up wells, and this is the only fear not otherwise removable which threatens the quality of life.

The "cry of dismay" of so many people is an irrational brouhaha in which legitimate concerns could well be honored with civility and respect. It doesn't fit the genial and friendly nature of most natives of Brunswick County.

Karl Brandt
Shallotte

St. Brendan's Needs Kneelers

To the editor:

Very few of the members of St. Brendan's Catholic Church have been told that we are donating monies to a new church that will be built with no kneelers with our pews.

This is unheard of and disgraceful. Even though someone has offered to donate these kneelers, Father Maloney will not give in. I ask you members for support of these kneelers. Does our new church belong to him or us?

Maybe if more will do as I have done, and write to Bishop Gossman and ask for your memorial refund, we can have our kneelers.

My request to the bishop asked that Father Maloney

be transferred and let us build our church accordingly.
Harry Quick
Ocean Isle Beach

Cancer Center Benefits All

To the editor:

In the Nov. 2 election, North Carolina invested in its future. Funds from the university bond referendum, together with matching private and federal funds, will expand the UNC Lineberger Comprehensive Cancer Center at the UNC School of Medicine. As center director, I want you to know that this investment will benefit all North Carolinians.

The UNC Lineberger serves all of North Carolina. Patients from virtually every county, from Cherokee to Randolph to Camden, come to Chapel Hill for diagnosis and treatment. The center's outreach programs work with doctors and patients in communities ranging from Mitchell County in the west to Columbus and Gates counties in the east.

Our scientists are unlocking the genetic secrets of cancer, secrets that will produce better treatments and increased prevention that will benefit people across the entire state. The center's training programs are producing new doctors and scientists to continue the advances already made.

Cancer is one of North Carolina's biggest health problems. On average, every 15 minutes someone in our state has a cancer diagnosed. Every 35 minutes someone dies from cancer.

North Carolina is fortunate in the resources it has to fight cancer. We have an outstanding medical community and centers of excellence at local hospitals. We have four university-based cancer centers, including three recognized as comprehensive centers of excellence by the National Cancer Institute.

As one of the university-based comprehensive centers, the UNC Lineberger is developing the future of cancer prevention, detection, diagnosis and treatment. The investment of public funds in facilities for cancer research will pay significant dividends in earlier detection, better treatments and fewer deaths from cancer for all North Carolinians. On behalf of the center, I thank the public for their support.

Joseph S. Pagano, M.D.
Chapel Hill
Charleston, S.C.

Praise For Coast Guard

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was addressed to the U.S. Coast Guard. A copy was provided the Beacon for use as a letter to the editor.

To the editor:

On Oct. 30, after our sailboat ran aground on Jay Bird Shoal at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, we were removed from the vessel from the Coast Guard.

This involved attempted by two different boats from the Oak Island Station, neither of which could approach closely enough due to the waves breaking near us and the weather conditions (gusts to 40 knots).

Finally, we were removed by a helicopter team from Air Station Savannah, who dropped a man in the water to swim to our boat and tow us to the basket.

It is impossible to express our gratitude to the Coast Guard in general and to Oak Island Station and Air Station Savannah in particular. Everyone involved in our rescue showed extraordinary skills, courage and dedication.

We took the names of the officers from Oak Island who manned the boats and spoke to us on the radio, and they are as follows: BM1 Desillier, BM3 Anderson, MK3 Horsman, SN Miles, SN Pyle, SA Holt and SA Palmer.

After we were removed from the boat, we were taken to the Oak Island Station. The kindness and hospitality we were shown here was unforgettable. We were allowed to stay for a night and a day, during which time we were fed, given bunks, allowed the use of the showers and laundry facilities, and helped in a thousand other ways. Every man with whom we had contact at that station was friendly and helpful in the extreme.

We think you should know what fine men you have serving at Oak Island Station and we hope that what they did for us will be recognized and commended. We won't ever forget our good experience with the Coast Guard.

Martha K. Knut Hofgaard
S/Y Magnolia



PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

THE OCEAN is the beginning and end of land and rain and winds and life.

The Beginning And The End

BY BILL FAVER

There is a real sense in which everything begins and ends in the sea. The land rose up out of the sea when plates collided or volcanic pressure pushed it up. The constant siltation of sand and stones down rivers and into the sea returns land to the water. The erosion we experience at the beaches seems to be the sea biting off some land to return it to its origin.

The rains that fall on the land come from moisture pulled from the sea by the sun. The moisture forms in clouds, condenses as it cools and returns to the sea by falling on the land, forming into streams and rivers and finally, moving back to the sea from which it came.

The winds move in response to the sea and storms form because of pressures and currents and gravitational pulls, all tied to the sea.

If we believe what some of the scientists tell us, mammals began in the sea and one day some ancient creature crawled out on the land to bask in the sunshine. As the years passed, this pioneering creature stayed out of water for longer periods of time until it could live on land as well as in water.

Its gills, used to obtain oxygen from water, evolved into lungs capable of getting that oxygen from the air. Many people believe man's development is tied to this same sequence and that this in part explains man's love of, and dependence upon, the sea.

Rachel Carson, author of *Silent Spring*, writes in another book:

The sea lives all around us. The commerce of all lands must cross it. The very winds that move over the lands have been cradled on its broad expanse and seek ever to return to it. The continents themselves dissolve and pass to the sea. So the rains that rose over it return again in rivers. In its mysterious past it encompasses all the dim origins of life and receives in the end, after, it may be, many mutations, the dead husks of that same life. For all at least returns to the sea—to Oceanus, the ocean river, like the everflowing stream of life, the beginning and the end.

This ever-changing sea is deep within each of us, tied to the rhythms of seasons and life. It is in our history somewhere, no matter where we live. It touches our lives in many ways and constantly reminds us to put ourselves in perspective when we feel too powerful or too important.

It brings us the joys of beauty and happiness. It is the beginning and end in many, many ways.



FAVER

Cooking Up The Best Holiday

Thanksgiving is the best holiday. It is an equal opportunity observance—people of every faith, gender, race and lifestyle can, and should, find something for which to be thankful.

And any day given over to the simple but profound act of preparing and sharing a special meal with people we love is a day well spent, in my estimation.

For several years at our home in the mountains, Eric and I hosted a sort of open-door Thanksgiving feast for the gastronomically adventurous. No turkey and dressing allowed.

One year everyone chipped in for Maine lobsters and oysters Rockefeller. The next year I filled my enamel turkey-roasting pan with enough paella to feed a small army, after having scouted all over western North Carolina to come up with the requisite shrimp, clams, mussels and saffron to assemble the dish in all its authentic Spanish glory.

One year, it was a Mediterranean buffet for nine, the preparation of which nearly killed me. I started cooking three weeks in advance of this spread, which must have had 25 dishes, from antipasto trays to homebaked baklava.

In the same way that people can remember the details of days spent traveling, all those Thanksgivings are vivid to me. I know which meals I cooked with the kitchen windows open, the guests gathering on the porch in the sunshine until dinner was served, and which ones were eaten by the fire. I remember who was at each gathering, where they sat and what they wore.

Some were quiet holidays, with dinner followed by a walk, a nap or a football game on television. Others turned into raucous parties lasting into the night, with the stereo blaring and the guests dancing barefoot



Lynn Carlson

in our living room.

At any rate, none of those Thanksgivings will be lost in the memory as just another rote nod to the candied yams and pumpkin pie tradition.

Many of our friends who helped make those memories have moved on, just like we did, leaving that succession of November Thursdays as mental snapshots of a time which in retrospect was richer and sweeter than we realized.

We're back to turkey and dressing these days, thanks to my 15-year-old son who insists, in this circumstance only, on doing exactly what we're supposed to do. He turned thumbs

down on every suggestion I had for something a little less predictable. "Well, would you at least consider a smoked turkey?" I queried. No way in heck.

He wants oven-roasted turkey and dressing ("with no oysters or hot peppers in it") and cranberry sauce ("the jelly kind from a can, not that stuff you make with the fresh berries") and homemade biscuits. And something gooey for dessert.

He shall have it. And as I make that meal, I'll be swept back into childhood by the smell of roasting turkey, and I'll understand why Patrick wanted it.

I'll know as I make the dressing that I do it just like my n.ama does, though I can't remember a time when she actually showed me how. I'll try to make those perfect biscuits that came so effortlessly from Aunt Nora's oven. They'll be good, but not nearly that good.

I'll cook until I lose my appetite, but I'll have a great time doing it. I'll miss my old friends. And I'll be very, very thankful.

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