

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'We Have Filthy Highways'

To the editor:

It has been my good fortune to travel in a number of states this past year, including Alaska and Florida. It is truly remarkable how clean these states maintain their roadways.

It is always nice to return to the friendly confines of North Carolina. I have, however, noted a flaw in our societal attitude here in the great state, and I would like to call that flaw to your readers' attention.

We have filthy highways. As you and I ride between Holden Beach and Shallotte, it is difficult to ignore the waste strewn roadside of N.C. 130. Everything goes out the window, including fast-food containers and plastic grocery bags, waste left to accumulate and give our numerous visitors the impression that we are lousy housekeepers.

My husband and I recently spent two hours picking up six 30-gallon garbage bags of trash in one short stretch near our recycling center. That section of the roadway has been adopted by a local church, but apparently they feel little responsibility to maintain it. Much of the rest of the road is unadopted.

North Carolina has an excellent "Swat a Litter Bug" program, operated jointly by the Parks Department of Brunswick County and the N.C. Department of Transportation. Unfortunately, the program gets little publicity, and few people use the citation cards to report litterers.

We cannot blame our tourists; they are not here now. We can only blame ourselves for insisting on tossing everything out the window. Maybe you can call this "attitude" to your readers' attention and get them to refrain or get our elected officials to increase the financial cost of littering.

There is no litter in Alaska, where the littering fine is \$1,000 per fast food cup out the window. Florida looks clean, too, despite its current problem of violence. And just maybe we can get more people to adopt sections of N.C. 130 between Holden Beach and Shallotte and then act on the adoption.

June P. Froehlich
Holden Beach

Pave, Don't Patch

To the editor:

Just want to tell you how much we like *The Brunswick Beacon*. It keeps us informed on what's going on down there.

We have a place at Holden Beach. I have always wanted to ask why, oh why, don't they pave Kirby Road and Seashore Drive? These roads are terrible.

We live in Driftwood Acres II and use these roads a lot. Just always wonder why they don't ever pave them—they just patch them.

Jack and Ruth McKenzie
Seagrove

No 'Word Tricks'

To the editor:

"What do you think of Hillary Clinton's government-controlled medicine proposal?" is a question that I'm going to ask all of my friends and acquaintances. I expect an answer to be a question such as, "You mean the president's health care plan?"

When I hear that response, I will no doubt laugh and shake my head and then say, "No, I mean exactly what I asked. What do you think of Hillary Clinton's government-controlled medicine proposal?"

My goal will be to inform that President Clinton has successfully glued the public to those comforting words, "health care," and I for one am not going to fall into his word trap.

When I start seeing and hearing "Clinton's socialized medicine" in-

stead of "Clinton's health care," I'll know that the charlatan's word tricks are backfiring, and I would suggest that the Republicans make this possible in their writing and speaking.

James Robbins
Eatontown NJ

Session Can't Wait

To the editor:

In February the General Assembly will convene a special session devoted solely to the issue of crime. Over the past few months, the governor, the speaker of the House and I have met with dozens of North Carolinians to discuss crime, punishment and prevention.

We hear many real-life problems and some real-life solutions to crime in our state. But over and over it was the same message from district attorneys, police, victims' rights advocates and local government officials: we must act now.

First, we must raise the prison cap, because the alternative is the wholesale release approximately 3,000 dangerous criminals onto our streets.

Second, we must take a hard look at violent criminals and repeat offenders. Life without parole should be a sentencing option for first-degree murderers and rapists as well as for repeat offenders on the "three strikes and you're out" model.

Another concern is our overburdened criminal courts. The attorney general has developed an innovative plan to reduce the strain on our courts and make our criminal justice system more efficient and effective.

The Senate will also consider intervention programs to assist North Carolina's at-risk children in the middle school years. An after-school program can offer planned educational and social activities where children learn from positive role models and avoid the temptations of the streets.

I don't expect the General Assembly to solve all of our problems overnight. However, we can begin to reduce crime with common sense approaches. It is time to take control of a dangerous situation before it becomes even worse. The price of inaction is simply too high.

Marc Basnight
President Pro Tempore
N.C. Senate

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letters are in response to a letter in the Jan. 13 edition headlined "The Wrong Paths." They are from the mother and grandmother of a defendant charged in connection with the death of Charles Wayne "Buch" Davis of Bolivia.

Judge Ye Not

To the editor:

So it is written, as I'm sure you are well aware!

Concerning our future generation that has no respect or decency, or has not been raised, I think it's important that we all realize this generation has never been ours to mold nor tame. The attitude and actions being exhibited by this generation was prophesied even before it could be read by any of us, in 2 Timothy Chapter 3: 1-5.

As to four of the boys in question, each have been taught morals, values and respect. Unforeseen occurrences befall us all, do they not? (However, this quote is not intended to minimize your pain and grief.) No caring parent who has love for their child would ever knowingly close their eyes to their child hurrying to trouble.

I say judge ye not. We are parents that care; I always have. Children will do foolish things as ours have. However, these types of senseless tragedies are not limited to, nor can

be attributed to, the lack of parental training and direction on our part.

This could have happened to anyone's child. Regrettably we are the sharers in this pain and grief, wishing things could be changed.

Judge ye not. My son, in addition to two of the other boys involved, should be punished for their wrongdoing, not because you seek vengeance. None can claim to be faultless, inclusive, but not limited to, you and I.

The question was asked, "Is it going to be said that human life does not matter?" I would answer simply by stating all life matters, even an unborn child, so it is written in Exodus Chapter 21: 22-23. In closure I'd say judge ye not for you shall be judged.

Luenetter Young
Bolivia

Verbal Attacks Hurt

To the editor:

Is the "wrong path" right? Judge ye not, for you will be judged by the same judge, and the same measure you measure out will be measured back to you. We will reap what we sow.

Several bad statements have been made concerning our boys and their families. It hurts to be verbally attacked wrongfully. However, it is comforting to know God judges unlike any man. Men tend to look on the surface; God examines the heart. He also says that it is better for us to have a millstone tied around our neck and be thrown into the sea than to offend the least of his.

There are none without sin. Is thy worthy to pass judgment? Should we allow ourselves or others to burden our hearts with hate? The heart is treacherous leading to many hurtful things. Who can know it?

May we all safeguard our hearts, which is the seed of all motivation. This has aided in my determination not to hurt or offend anyone in my speech or action. Realizing anything to the contrary would jeopardize my standing with Almighty God.

Blessed be the pure at heart. Let us not be burdened down with hatred upon our shoulders. Where there is no sunlight or life.

Minnie Smith
Bolivia

Write Us

We welcome your letters to the editor. Letters must include your address and telephone number. (This information is for verification purposes only; we will not publish your street/mailling address or phone number.) Letters must be typed or written legibly. Address letters to:

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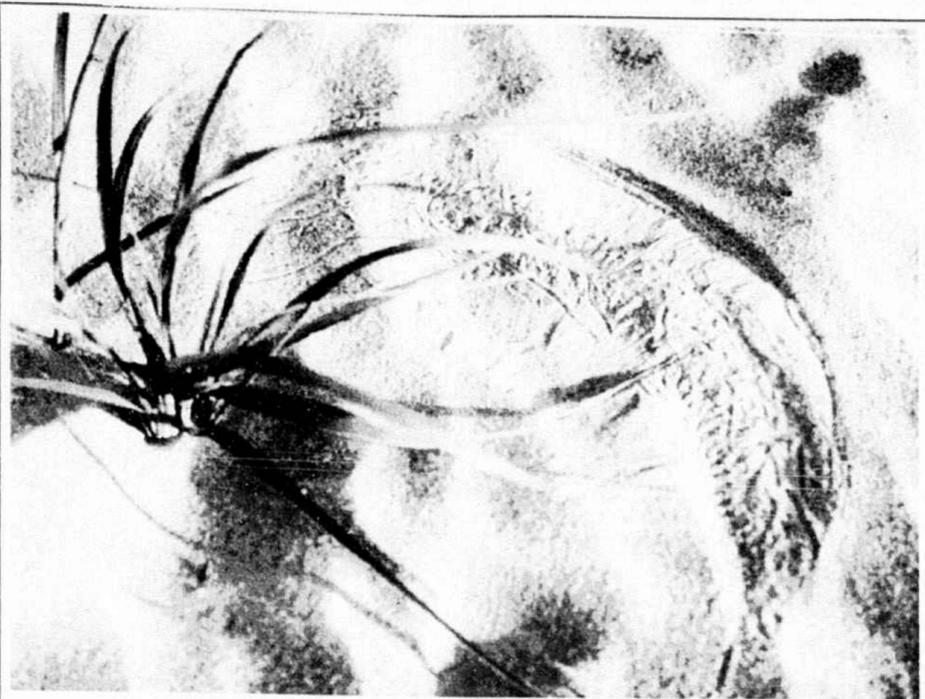


PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

DUNE PLANTS attempt to hold the small sand grains in place in an area of shifting sands.

A Little More, A Little Less

BY BILL FAVER

Those of us who spend any time along the shore are too familiar with the inevitable shifting of the sands. Each wave does it, bringing some sand in and taking some sand away.



FAVER

We hardly notice the action on a calm day, and sometimes we are amazed at the gradual build-up of sand. Too often lately, we've noticed how destructive waves can eat away at the accumulated sand and take away our only seaward protection.

Those tiny grains of sand are almost indestructible. It may have taken years for one grain of sand to come down the river from where it was worn away from the mountains by the weather. Or a grain of sand may have been shaped by the sea, the hard core of mineral remaining after years of grinding away in the surf.

Each grain of sand has been a part of the Earth's crust since the beginning of time. It might be quartz, or garnet, or feldspar, or mica. These grains of sand have been moving for years and years and they will continue to move for many, many more.

In her excellent book, *The Edge Of The Sea*, Rachel Carson reminds us about the movement of sand:

Today a little more land may belong to the sea, Tomorrow a little less. Always the edge of the sea Remains an elusive and indefinable boundary.

We know this, but we don't want to believe it. It takes a big storm or an erosion-hungry ocean to impress upon us again and again the need to respect the dynamic line where land and sea meet.

Our Coastal Area Management program and our land use plans, though far from perfect, are attempting to provide space between ocean and development to allow for this changing line. We all need to be prepared for "Today a little more... tomorrow a little less!"

No Winter Of Discontent Here

"I just called to say how much I hate Eric," my sister said from her fireside in frozen Asheville.

"It looks like Siberia here," she moaned. "What do you suppose the temperature is in Acapulco?"

Later the phone rings and I pick it up to hear static over the operator's rapid-fire Spanish. I understand nothing except "...Senor Eric Carlson, por favor..." with accent on those rolling "R's."

Assuming she's asking me to accept a collect call, I say "si," momentarily self-conscious about how that must sound in Southern drawl.

My shamelessly unapologetic husband reports, "It's blistering out in the sun in the middle of the day, but once you get in the shade, it's like there's no temperature at all. We're on the tenth floor overlooking Acapulco Bay and the Pacific. It's plush. The floors are marble. A housekeeper comes in and cleans every day and serves breakfast at 11 and dinner at 5. I can't describe it. You'll just have to see the pictures. So, I hear it's cold up there..."

I tell him about the ice floe that extends from the Carpenters' dock to the end of the canal, that he did a good job wrapping the pipes before he left, and that at least once an hour I am grateful for the new double-pane replacement windows installed in our house a few weeks ago.

He says he went to a bullfight yesterday, an experience he describes as "intense." He says he's glad he did, but he probably wouldn't do it a second time.

I tell him it was 24 degrees when I drove to the grocery store this afternoon, that I made chicken and rice for supper (but that we'll call it *arroz con pollo* in his honor), and that the humidity is so low I have two vaporizers running full blast in



Lynn Carlson

our small house.

Even with my husband away on tropical leave, I have a hard time taking the cold too personally. For one thing, it's rare. I've lived all my life in the Carolinas, and have no memories like Eric's, of winters in Syracuse when he and his college buddies would jump out second-floor dorm windows into the snowdrifts, of winters when there was no ground to be seen from Thanksgiving until Easter.

Even during our years in the North Carolina mountains, extreme cold was an anomaly and an adventure. Once my car stalled on Green Mountain Road outside Hendersonville on a zero-degree morning as I was driving to work wearing a business suit, stockings and heels. Within minutes a friendly stranger came along in a pickup truck and drove me to the Fruitland Grocery, where I thawed out by a pot-belly woodstove and made small talk with the proprietor until my next rescuer arrived.

My sister says it has snowed so much up there this winter that everyone's annoyed with it, and I'm sure

she's right. But still, every time I hear a forecast for snow in the Blue Ridge—and that's been about every other day this winter, it seems—I'm just the slightest bit homesick for a little winter wonderland.

My thoughts drift back to those beautiful snow days on Bald Top Mountain, when there was no possibility of getting down the hill to work. Might as well put on a pot of beans, stoke the fire and watch those fat heavy flakes come down until they bend the tree limbs.

Every now and again, a magnificent pileated woodpecker would perch on one of the bare oak trees that made up our front yard. We could hear him at other times, too, but we never saw him except against a backdrop of white.

The beach in winter has its own special beauty. Even if you hate the cold, you have to appreciate the stunning clarity of a day when the temperature is 24 degrees and the humidity is 31 percent. And it's kind of nice to look out the window and see absolutely no cars on the boulevard except the occasional police cruiser.

Maybe I'd feel differently if I'd ever had to shovel snow or endure a month of relentless below-freezing weather. But I haven't and don't ever expect to.

So for now, I'll go on appreciating the seasons and be thankful I have a goose-down comforter, some flannel nightgowns, a cat and, yes, even a spouse on the Mexican Riviera.

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