

GUEST COLUMN

Of Surf And Sand In Winter

BY JOHN SELLERS

I believe there is nothing that can calm one's nerves more quickly than a brisk walk on a deserted beach in winter. There is something about the undisturbed sand and the roar of the waves crashing onto the shore that is more tranquil than most drugs. The feeling that all this was placed here for only you to enjoy is overwhelming.

Bundled up with "layered" clothing, gloves and toboggan guards against the cold ocean breezes. The smell of salt air stimulates our senses and the shrill cries of sea-gulls seeking a handout serves to remind us that they too are a part of our world.

Seemingly endless water with gentle whitecaps reflecting the bright sunlight instills in us a feeling of humility, when we realize that all of this grandeur could not have been possible had it been left to mere man to create.

To most of the long-time residents, this splendor no doubt is taken for granted. But to us former "landlubbers," it is breathtaking. It is a tonic to our consciousness. The rest of the world seems so far away as we continue our stroll. These feelings will be shared by thou-

sands during the summer months, but right now this is all ours.

As we return to our home after our walk, we do so with realization that although we felt for a short time that this majesty was ours alone, it was designed for everyone to enjoy, and we are determined to do our part to preserve it.

Probably in the past we have been guilty of taking for granted that someone else would care for the area enough to keep it presentable, but that usually is not the case.

Maybe by stooping and bending to pick up pieces of trash could mean that we could miss an aerobic class and not feel too guilty. Not yielding to the temptation to climb on the dunes or pick a sample of sea oats is not really that hard if we only work at it.

Leaving the beach better than we found it should be a requirement for all of us, and by doing so everyone can enjoy the peace and tranquility that we cherish so much; and we will become better custodians of the world that God has loaned us.

John Sellers lives at Sunset Beach.

MORE LETTERS

Added Praise For Commissioner

To the editor:

I would like to add my voice to those who have written you to commend the courage of Teddy Altreuter, a member of the Calabash Board of Commissioners.

In her letter to you, Teddy succinctly stated her opposition to the commitment of over \$200,000 of taxpayers' money for "planning" for the proposed Southwest Brunswick Water and Sewer Authority. She was joined in that opposition by one other commissioner.

In their arrogance, however, the other four commissioners from District 2 approved the expenditure of these funds, which are projected to increase to \$500,000 for "planning," and, if approved, the cost of this venture is expected to exceed \$30 million!

All this for a community already 90 percent possessed of sewer and water service by Carolina Blythe Co., who have stated that they can, and will, extend the service to the area not now served, if those receiving the service are willing to pay for it.

Many of us feel that our commissioners have a moral, if not a legal, obligation to give the taxpayers of Calabash an opportunity to express themselves in a referendum on this proposition.

We appear to be getting government of the council, by the council and for the council—instead of the people.

James T. Reagan
Calabash

Truth Not Enough

To the editor:

In February of 1991, I was injured in an accident at a local Southport fast food restaurant. The outdoor cement bench I was sitting on flipped over, and I hit the ground.

The restaurant has continually claimed that the accident didn't happen, and it's not responsible. However, the tables and benches have been replaced with one-piece units, eliminating the possibility of another accident. I am greatly re-

lieved this won't be happening to anyone else.

Make sure to report any/all accidents, no matter how trivial. Get the names, addresses and phone numbers of anyone who may have witnessed the accident. You and your party don't count.

Don't expect the employees or manager to report the accident. In all probability they won't. When in doubt, leave in an ambulance—there's an automatic record of the accident happening on the premises.

In this day and age the truth just isn't enough.

Taunya Hedrick
Long Beach

Don't Change ESC

To the editor:

I am writing in regard to the re-

cent decision to change the manager at the Employment Security Commission office in Shallotte.

I have known Mazie Frink for 35 years. I have been associated with the employment office for 23 years.

It has been my pleasure to have served on several county, state and local committees with her. She has shown leadership in the office and community. Through her expertise, the Shallotte office has grown to new heights.

Due to her ability to work with local employers and to serve the people who go into that office for service, it would be disastrous to bring in a new person. Also it is a total injustice to her personally.

Betty S. Varnam
Varnamtown

Timothy P. Gible, M.D.
Internal Medicine
Board Certified

An internist specializes in all aspects of adult medical care, from a common cold, stomach or skin problems to chronic illness to intensive care. Internists provide preventive and acute care and many outpatient and inpatient medical needs. Also, they provide diagnostic services and referrals to subspecialists, if necessary.

Susan Gible, PA-C
Physician Assistant Certified

A physician assistant provides care through assessing, diagnosing, prescribing medications and treatment, ordering diagnostic testing and offering educational needs, always under supervision of a physician.



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OSPREY usually take their catch to a nearby tree or pole to feed.

PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

Fishing With The Feet

BY BILL FAVER

We seldom think about some animal using its feet to fish or to capture its prey. But we have an excellent example of one in our area in the osprey. The large black and white birds fly out over the water and dive from 50 or more feet to catch their prey with their mighty talons—their feet!



FAVER

Osprey are expert fishermen, and when they spot a fish near the surface, they fold their wings and plunge head-first into the water, often disappearing under the surface. They will rest on the surface for a moment and then fly upward, often with a sizeable fish clamped in their talons.

Careful observers can watch them shake a time or two to remove water from themselves and their catch. Often, these birds will even turn the fish around in their talons, to put the head in the direction of flight.

Sometimes we can watch the osprey perch on a nearby tree or pole to consume its catch, tearing away bits with the strong bill. Often the bird will take the catch to the nest where three or four eager young birds wait to devour the fish.

Eagles once were on the lookout for osprey, and they would swoop down at the fisherman and cause it to lose the fish. The eagle would then drop down and grab the fish before it hit the water surface. We are unable to see this unusual activity, now that eagles are so rare. But we can listen for the telltale whistle of the osprey and watch these majestic birds as they use their feet to fish.

The Fraternity Of The Night

The woman on the screen has unruly hair and unblinking red-rimmed eyes. Then comes the voice-over: "More insomniacs get their news from ABC World News Overnight than from any other source."

Once again I'm reminded that I'm not alone. Somewhere out there is the rest of the fraternity of the night.

I've never been much of a sleeper. I was the kind of kid who deemed getting a nightly spanking preferable to going to bed at the proscribed time.

There was that brief stretch late in high school when I taught myself to sleep until noon on Saturdays, because I thought that was a cool thing to do. But the only way I could swing it was to wait until 6 a.m. to go to bed.

In college, I was pleased to learn that the ability to stay awake all night is a handy skill in both the academic and social arenas.

It was a little touchy a few years later when my son was born, and the two hours at a time his body needed sleep rarely coincided with my own biological timer. But we persevered, and now I have a night-owl teenager who occasionally joins me in the living room for bad science-fiction movies during the wee hours.

If this nocturnal tendency left me feeling bedraggled or exhausted during my workday, I'd probably be annoyed, if not alarmed. But it doesn't.

I come home tired, fall asleep early, then awaken in three or four hours. I stay up for a few minutes or an hour and sleep some more. This can happen three or four times some nights.

All this may sound like something of an inconvenience, but it's not once you get used to it. I've used the wee hours to catch up on the laundry, bake a pie, pet the cat, write a letter, finish a book, or just lie on the dock and watch the night sky.

If all of a sudden I started sleeping straight through, I wouldn't have nearly as much time to myself. I'd feel as if I were missing something.

As a veteran insomniac, I've learned that there's nothing like a dose of televised overnight news and commentary to stop your mind from racing so you can get some rest. Apparently some folks over at the networks understand this and do all they can to be accommodating.

Lynn
Carlson



My first late-night news pal was Charlie Rose—the TV guy, not the congressman. Rose, a North Carolinian who hails from Warren County, used to have the graveyard shift at CBS before public television realized what a good interviewer he was and gave him an intellectual-type show with better hours and creative license.

If you've ever seen Rose, you know he has good manners, a lingering Southern accent and a particularly soothing interview style. He asks meaningful questions then actually keeps his mouth shut until the person he is interviewing has answered. It's quite refreshing.

When we lived in the mountains, the CBS affiliate there ran Rose's show over and over from about 1:30 until 5:30 a.m., so I got to see it at least once almost every night.

Upon moving off the mountain and onto Holden Beach, I was delighted to find cable television available, thinking I'd spend my late nights enjoying black-and-white movies on my choice of a half-dozen late shows. I tried, but it's not the same. Movies are too stimulating for a hair-trigger insomniac. Get in-

terested in an epic like "Giant" at 2 a.m. and you'll still be watching when the alarm goes off.

So my current partners in Dreamland are Boyd Matson and Thalia Assuras on the aforementioned ABC World News, 1:30 to 6 a.m. Sunday through Thursday on Vision Cable channel 4.

I was momentarily alarmed when they changed the cable line-up recently, and the new label they sent for my remote says channel 4 has become the E! network. On my TV, it's still the ABC affiliate out of Durham, and I hope it stays that way.

Boyd's kind of a pretty-boy without the attitude, and Thalia seems to be sort of a tomboy—the kind of gal who reads the sports like she actually cares who won. They goof around with each other and run clips from "Nightline" and the Brinkley Roundtable and show basically the same 30 minutes or so of news all night long. I guess they assume no one's really watching at that time of night—and how many of us can there be, anyway?

I watch for five minutes or 20 minutes or a hour-and-a-half—whatever I need on a given night—until the eyelids grow heavy and it's time to slouch back to the land of countenance.

What they do isn't exactly art, and what keeps me coming back isn't exactly science. But it works...

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