

Our times could be a-changin'

Well, it's all over. Those months of listening to seemingly respectable, responsible people sounding like first graders fighting over the last cookie in the jar are through.

What a relief. Voting is always a cathartic experience for me. Sort of like going into the confessional and revealing all my sordid sins to an anonymous priest. Afterwards I experience an overwhelming sense of well-being and gratification that I've done the right thing.

Although I've been voting nearly half my life, this election year seemed to capture my attention more. The exciting opportunities for change certainly played a part, but I think one reason I felt more involved, especially in the national election process, was because there were candidates who were not the same stuffy old men who have dominated politics for as long as I can remember. They are ones who listened to the Beatles growing up, witnessed the first Earth Day and were outraged at the Vietnam War.

Bill Clinton isn't the youngest man to be elected president. John F. Kennedy was in his early 40s when he was put in office, but since I was just four years old at the time he seemed like an old man to me. Finally the president will be someone in my generation. (Well, almost my generation. My sister is Clinton's age and there have been times I thought she was several generations removed.)

I stood in line for three hours waiting to vote on Election Day. Yes, three hours. At 9 p.m. I

Marybeth Bianchi



was the 1,954th person to vote in my precinct. There was a wide range of people waiting along with me. A self-supporting middle-aged widow, a retired couple, a couple of single parents, college students, a self-employed couple with their kids and me, a DINK (Double-Income-No-Kids) representative.

Everyone around me was there because they were concerned about America's future. It was a good feeling to know each of us had a small voice in what it would be. After so many years of feeling that the government is big and impersonal, we all felt this year, for some reason, that by getting out to vote we could make a difference in the way things are run. Maybe old Ross Perot, for all his indecision about running,

made us see that we don't have to settle for the status quo.

It's sad to think, however, that the people we elected aren't necessarily the best out there. One article I read pointed out some very qualified people in the country, who are sitting back not getting involved in the political process because they don't want their personal lives violated by the scrutiny one must undergo in the race for office. It's too much trouble, and for what? To be placed under an international microscope where every action, every word is analyzed and where you bang your head against a brick wall called Congress to get any change accomplished.

Even though many say they are doing it for the good of their fellow man, I've always thought those who ran for office had some distinct personality flaw (that's comes from studying psychology for too many years) such as an overwhelming desire to control or a need to wield power over others.

And while I'm complaining, I think it's sad to think how many of those who do run for office are perceived as arrogant, cut-throat liars who will do most anything to get elected. Sometimes they are (see above paragraph), but my good nature which looks for the best in all men (and women) makes me think that somewhere inside they are like you and me.

Why Clinton's mom is just a good ol' down-to-earth gal who goes to the big city once a week to gossip with her friends. Maybe her son will be more down-to-earth, too, and give us some hope for the future.

Time and tide

50 years ago

Fifty years ago this week the war was showing its effect on the yacht travel along the Intracoastal Waterway. The time of year for the yachts to appear already had passed, and not one yacht had been through here on its way south. This was far from the annual average of 300 craft that normally passed by the Southport waterfront.

A front-page photo showed Robert B. Thompson and W. L. Styron, both members of the Cape Fear Pilots Association. They were serving in the seafaring divisions of the armed services. The latest rationing action by the war department had set a limit on the number of miles a motorist could travel.

40 years ago

Forty years ago this week the Sprunt family, owners of the famed Orton Plantation, donated a section of the property to be used as a historic site. Included in the area was the old town of Brunswick and St. Philip's Church.

An offer was received from Carolina Power and Light Co. to purchase the local power plant; bears were robbing the honey-filled beehives of the county and an effort was to be made to stop them; the biggest real estate deal in the area recently was made at Long Beach when E. F. Middleton sold 400 building-lots to Barbee, Inc., of Wake County. Plans called for the development to begin immediately.

30 years ago

On the front page of our edition for November 14, 1962, there appeared a photo of the National Guard Armory building at Shallotte, together with the announcement that open house would be observed the following Saturday. Governor Terry Sanford had been a guest of Brunswick County friends at an informal gathering at Boiling Spring Lakes Country Club.

Several members of the State Ports Authority, including chairman John M. Reeves, were to be in Southport the following Sunday; the editor had paid respects to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the late president, upon the occasion of her own demise.

Big news in the sports section was that Southport had defeated Clarkton, defending state champion in the ranks of eight-man football, 29-6. Thus, the Dolphins became eligible to participate in the state playoffs themselves.

20 years ago

Our issue for November 15, 1972, came out one week following the general election which saw Jim Holshouser elected governor and Richard Nixon re-elected president. There was some assessment of political position in news and editorials that week. A front-page photo showed Stephanie Helms, the current Miss N. C. Fourth of July, accepting a new red and white dress for wear on festival occasions.

Bids for construction of the new Oak Island bridge were to be opened the following Tuesday; "Carolina Shores" had been chosen as the name for the new resort development at Calabash; and a quorum had failed to show up for the annual meeting of the Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation in Whiteville the preceding Friday.

15 years ago

The Environmental Protection Agency in Washington had ordered CP&L to erect cooling towers to take the place of the canal discharge system at the Brunswick plant near Southport. That was the front-page story in the Pilot for November 16, 1977. A requirement to furnish sewage facilities to the proposed area of annexation had placed a roadblock in the path of plans for extending the Southport city limits to include Live Oak Village.

We had a front-page photo of the Veterans Day observance at the Southport cemetery; plans were taking shape for Holiday House, an annual effort on the part of the various women's organizations in town; and we had a picture of a big king mackerel catch made by a South Carolina party fishing aboard the *Ebbide* with Capt. John Mueller-weiss.

10 years ago

The artist-in-residence program at Brunswick Tech was featured in the Pilot, including a full page of pictures. Three George Parker awards had been handed out to deserving teams and individuals in the Southport-Oak Island Dixie Youth program, honoring the man who had played a large role in establishing the organization.

Stray dogs got into a herd of goats in a pasture owned by Dr. Larry Hemby and had left a gruesome mess of death and maiming; the Southport Parks and Recreation Department had received national recognition for its efforts to establish a children's art gallery; and the editor had announced plans for making a church page a regular weekly feature.

5 years ago

Marion Hilliard of Long Beach had been elected vice-president of the North Carolina Magistrates Association and we had his photograph and a feature story about him in the Pilot for November 11, 1987. Voters of Long Beach had filed a protest of election results with the Brunswick County Board of Elections because ballots had run out while voting still was in progress during the election the week before.

Some Yaupon Beach citizens were upset over a proposed logo which featured a shell which they thought looked like a snail (actually it was the likeness of a whelk); South Brunswick had defeated West Brunswick 25-15 to earn the title of county champion; and deadline for entering the Brunswick County Show, sponsored by the Franklin Square Art Gallery, was on Saturday of that week. Entries would be exhibited throughout the month of November.

Travel has it's ups and downs

It's a wonder Edward made it at all. But despite a poor sense of direction, Edward was here last week. He got his picture taken at one of those fancy restaurants where a photographer goes around snapping Polaroids which end up in print with cutlines that read, "So-and-so enjoys a fine evening of dining at such-and-such establishment."

But what caught my attention was the rest of the story. Edward, you see, was "down from Florida visiting his aunt."

"Down" from Florida? Hey, Mr. Cutline Writer, Cuba is "down" from Florida.

Or is it? That's the question I've been trying to get a reading on all week: Is Cuba "down" from Florida? Or is it "out" from Florida? Or is it "over" from Florida?

I need some direction here.

It seems Edward may not be the only one who doesn't know his way around. I always go "out" to Boiling Spring Lakes. I also go "out" to Bolivia and "out" to Supply, but I go "down" to Holden Beach, Shallotte and Myrtle Beach. "Down" is how I get to Charleston, too, and Edward will soon learn it's the best way to get back to Florida. I can't believe he's going "up" when he heads home.

No way. "Up" is how I get to Wilmington. And when I go to Raleigh "up" is how I get there, too. Interstate 40 goes "up", and I just follow it.

I go "up" to Charlotte when I go see the Hornets play, but I go "down" to Atlanta when I

Ed Harper



watch the Braves. Columbia, S. C., is about halfway between the two. I go "over" there.

Strange, though. "Over" is how I get to Long Beach. And "over" is how I get to Bald Head Island -- unless, of course, I go "out" there.

"Over" can get me to Wilmington, too, depending on where I am. If I'm in Southport I've still got to go "up" there, but once I reach, say, Boiling Spring Lakes I start going "over" to the Port City. But "over" is how I get from here to Whiteville on Wednesday, though I suppose if I went through Shallotte I'd be going "up" from there.

There are a few simple directions one must follow to get from here to there -- without of-

fending anybody.

"Down" -- like the way Edward came here -- is defined as "in a direction or place thought of as lower or below." That might upset folks "down" in Shallotte, but you've got to remember our western neighbors always came "down" to Southport, too. Nobody from Shallotte ever said they were going "up" to Southport; that's what you do when you go from there to Leland.

"Over" is, pretty simply, "the other side of" -- like Wilmington and Bald Head are on the other side of the river and Long Beach is on the other side of the bridge. Columbia is on the other side of the state line. Whiteville, I suppose, is on the other side of the Green Swamp.

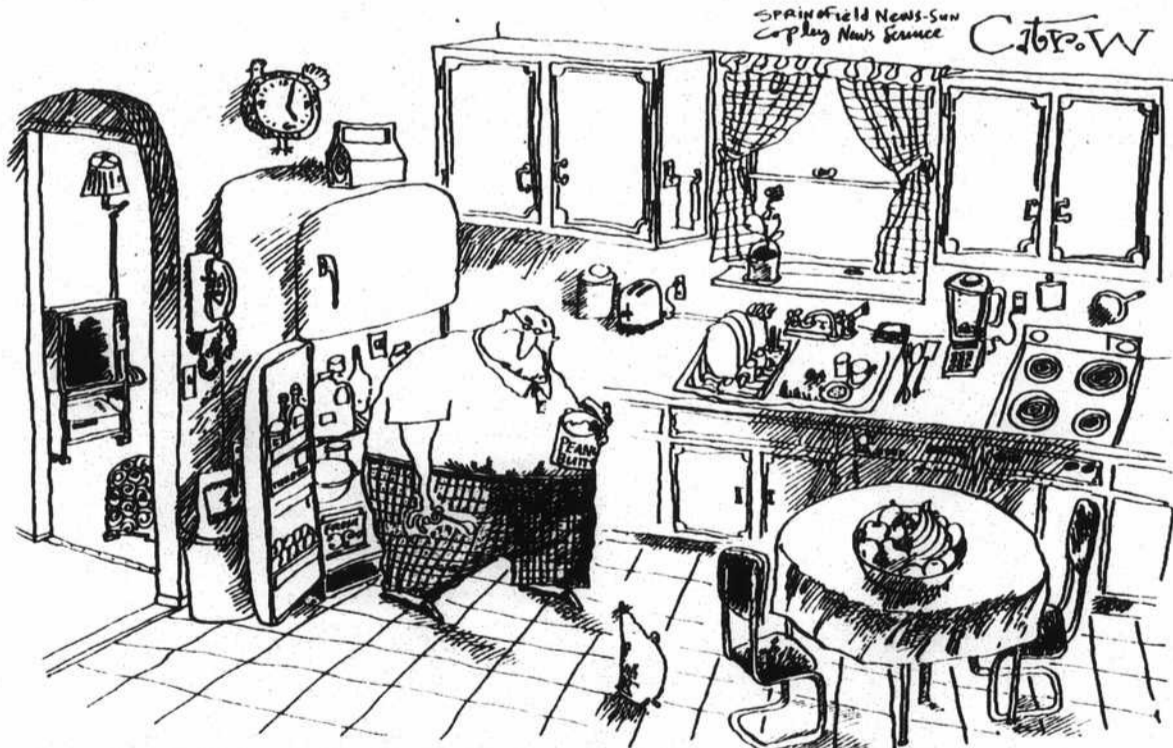
"Up", unlike down, is "in a direction or place thought of as higher or above." That just about settles it: From now on I'm going "over" to Wilmington. I'm not going "up" there anymore because it annoys me that all these years they've been talking about coming "down" here. (By the way, how do you Greensboro folks and West Virginians get to the beach?)

"Out" -- as in Boiling Spring Lakes or Bolivia -- is like "beyond regular limits." Neither should feel slighted, though; someday I want to go back "out" to San Francisco.

And "down" to New Orleans. And "up" to Washington.

And "over" -- what? -- "seas"?

Finished. Now all I've got to do is send this text over to the printer, line it up on the page, paste it down and I'm out of here.



ONCE AGAIN, HIS TONGUE HOPELESSLY PLASTERED TO THE ROOF OF HIS MOUTH - FREDDIE T. LUBERMAN CURSES THE MANUFACTURER FOR NOT POSTING A WARNING LABEL.

How can we help you?

Emergency Numbers

Southport
Fire, Police, Rescue 457-7911

Oak Island
Long Beach Police, Fire 278-5595
Yaupon Beach Police 278-5024
Yaupon Beach Fire 278-5595
Caswell Beach Police & Fire 278-5595
All Oak Island Rescue 278-5595

Boiling Spring Lakes
Fire 845-2800, Police 845-2247
Rescue 845-2611

Government

Congressman Charles G. Rose, III
2230 Rayburn House Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20515
(202) 225-2731

Rep. E. David Redwine
Rm. 632 Legislative Building
General Assembly
Raleigh, N.C. 27611
(919) 733-5787

Sen. R.C. Soles
Rm. 2009 Legislative Building
General Assembly
Raleigh, N.C. 27611
(919) 733-5963

Southport-Fort Fisher Toll-Ferry Schedule

WINTER SCHEDULE
(Currently in Effect)

Southport	Fort Fisher
8:00 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
9:40 a.m.	10:30 a.m.
11:20 a.m.	12:10 p.m.
1:00 p.m.	1:50 p.m.
2:40 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
4:20 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
6:00 p.m.	6:50 p.m.

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Total \$10.87	Total \$16.47	
Senior Citizens . . . \$8.77	Senior Citizens . . . \$14.47	Senior Citizens . . . \$17.00

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