

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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PAGE 4-A— THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1989

## Proud To Call Holden Beach Home

The past few weeks have been difficult ones on Holden Beach.

The process of recovering from Hurricane Hugo has been a slow one. Each day the island looks a little bit better than it did the day before.

But the truth is, Holden Beach will never be exactly the same. It will remain a family beach for years to come. There's no question about that. But the hurricane has changed the face of that island forever.

Looking back on the evacuation and everything that followed, I can't help but feel proud to call Holden Beach home. The town employees and town board members worked their you-know-whats off.

When I think of Hurricane Hugo, I picture Henry Thompson digging through four feet of sand to locate a water meter, Gary Dancy manning the roadblock at the foot of the bridge in the pouring rain, or one homeowner helping another retrieve a set of steps washed away in the storm surge.

Though some of the board members experienced substantial personal loss during the hurricane, they all kept level heads throughout the emergency. They deserve a lot of credit for the way they handled themselves and the business of the town. It all goes back to Mayor John Tandy.

A former football coach, Tandy rallied his team and orchestrated what sports fans might someday call one of the greatest comebacks in history.

Often in times of crisis, officials react as if they are running a two-minute offense. But under Tandy, Holden Beach stuck to a solid game plan in starting the island on its way to recovery.

Granted, there were a few fumbles and dropped passes along the way. As the mayor himself often says, "I don't care how good a job you do. You can always do better."

There should have been better communication with the property owners huddled on the mainland side of the bridge the morning after the hurricane. And some of the peo-

Doug Rutter



ple who were allowed on the island that morning really had no business being there.

But in general, the town handled the emergency remarkably well. I was on the island by 10:30 on the morning after. And I believe the town board acted very responsibly in keeping the property owners off the beach until later that afternoon. Ocean Boulevard was in no shape to handle the traffic.

Mayor Tandy described the island as a "World War II battle zone." From what I saw and can recall from watching old war footage, it was an appropriate analogy.

The law enforcement personnel also have to be commended, starting with the town's own police force. Often criticized in the past, the department did an outstanding job handling this emergency.

Whenever I pulled up to the foot of the bridge—no matter what time of day or night—I was always greeted with courtesy and respect. More than that, though, officers did the job they were charged with and turned people away if they had no right to be on the island.

Of course, the help supplied by the Highway Patrol, Division of Motor Vehicles and National Guard didn't hurt. I've never felt safer on that island than I did during the two weeks following Hurricane Hugo. I don't own any property on Holden Beach other than my personal belongings. But if I did, I would have felt very good about the presence of law enforcement.

The island has a long way to go before it returns to normalcy. But if town officials and employees stick to the work ethic they established in the wake of Hugo, people will always be proud to say they have a home at Holden Beach.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### Calabash Area Answered Call For Help After Hugo

To the editor:  
 In the days following Hurricane Hugo, several people approached me with concern for the victims of this disaster. With this in mind, an emergency meeting was called Sept. 25 at the Calabash Fire Department to discuss the organization of a relief program.

This meeting was attended by several people representing various organizations, churches and communities in and around the Calabash area. Some of these included the VFW, Elk's, Fire Department, Rescue Squad, Carolina Shores officials and Calabash business associations.

It was decided that a relief drive would take place from Tuesday, Sept. 26 through Friday, Sept. 29, with Friday being the delivery date. The Calabash Fire Department was chosen as the collection point.

On Tuesday, local radio and TV stations began broadcasting our message to the community. The call for donations of money, clothing, canned goods, bottled water, baby supplies, blankets, linens, towels and other items was answered immediately. Within 24 hours we had enough supplies to fill a large covered truck that was donated by Roland Athan.

This load was transported to Mc-

Clellanville, S. C., Wednesday by Bob Crocker, Bill Oxford and Andy Revella, all members of the Calabash Volunteer Fire Dept. The United Way in Georgetown, S. C., was the controlling agency for the McClellanville area. Our efforts were more than appreciated.

Back in Calabash, supplies and donations were still pouring in; by late Thursday afternoon we had another full truckload of food and clothing. On Friday this truck load was taken to the small town of Summerton, S. C. The supplies were received by the Summerton Relief Center and the Red Cross personnel in charge were very thankful and wished to express their gratitude to the people of the Calabash area.

To date, the relief program has delivered two large truck loads to two separate disaster-stricken areas and has collected over \$3,000 for the victims.

I would like to thank all the wonderful people who worked to make this relief program such a success. The overwhelming response by the generous people of Calabash and surrounding communities should be commended. When the call for help is made, Calabash is here to answer.

R. Douglas Simmons, Mayor  
 Town of 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 2558, Shallotte, N. C. 28459.

## What A Wonderful World It Can Be—With Glasses

It finally happened. I had been told that if I kept it up, I'd go blind. As it was, I only did it until I needed glasses.

What I was doing was abusing my eyes—those two baby blues that used to be so sharp that I didn't have to use binoculars to girl-watch on the beach. A pair of mirrored sunglasses was all I needed to spot an attractive birthmark at 50 paces.

Now—without the help of these old glasses I got a couple of weeks ago—I have a difficult time even telling the difference between the bathing beauties and their boy-friends who I'm sure will soon be kicking sand in my bespectacled face.

Yes, I'm kind of embarrassed about my new glasses—possibly because my wife now refers to me as her "speckled" husband. The only joke worse than that is the one about the optometrist who fell into his lens grinder and made a spectacle of himself. Yuck, yuck, yuck.

My bewilderment is somewhat ironic, because I spent most of my childhood wishing I'd catch the same disease that caused my older brother to need glasses. I wanted to look cool just like him and have to wear one of those neat elastic glasses straps when I played ball.

After kindergarten class one day, I even went to the eye-doctor with my brother and prompted him as he read the eye chart—which possibly explains why he left the optometrist's office wearing the bottoms of two

Rahn Adams



Coke bottles.

I guess that was what I was really afraid of—that the doctor would check me out, then just shake his head sadly and ask if my landlord would allow me to keep a seeing-eye dog in the house.

That fear almost came true a few weeks ago when I had my eye exam. The optometrist's assistant told me that perfect vision is 20/20 and that mine was 20/100. I misunderstood and thought she said 2,100.

She probably thought I was crazy when I asked how far I had to go before I was legally blind. I figured I'd at least try to get an extra income tax deduction out of the deal.

Over the years, I've worked hard at ruining my eyesight. I read in the dark. I lie on the living room floor in front of the television set to watch it. And, the clincher, I have a job that requires me to spend hours on end staring into a computer display terminal.

The doc said my eyes got used to focusing on the computer screen for long periods and became so "muscle-bound" that they don't refocus

on distant objects. You've heard of Bette Davis eyes? I've got Arnold Schwarzenegger eyes. Try to write a song about that.

I've known for some time that I needed glasses. My first clue was when I started having trouble driving home at night and began turning into my neighbor's driveway more often than I did my own. On long trips, my wife had to act as navigator since I couldn't decipher most road signs until I was almost even with the turnoffs.

And then there was the trouble I had with traffic signals on Restaurant Row in Myrtle Beach, S. C. To a near-sighted person who doesn't wear glasses, recognizing stoplights on that neon-infested stretch of road is like playing a life or death version of one of those "How Many Presidents Can You Find In This Picture?" puzzles.

"Didn't you see that the light back there was red?!" my wife screamed at me once after I zipped through a busy intersection without so much as slowing down. I pondered her question for a few moments and then came up with the brilliant reply, "What light?"

As if that incident wasn't enough to send me crawling to the optometrist, the final realization that I would soon be inducted into the Four-Eyes Hall of Fame came during a murder trial I covered recently. I knew I needed glasses when I watched the defendant for his reaction to the jury's guilty verdict and

couldn't even see his face across the courtroom.

All in all, the folks who have noticed my new specs have been kind to me with comments like, "Your glasses are very becoming" and "They make you look intellectual." I take those types of remarks as compliments, even though I can't help but wonder if people are indirectly implying that I looked ugly and stupid before.

I could end this column by gushing about how great the world looks to me now and how I'm deeply indebted to my eye-doctor for teaching me how to spell new words like "EKUFABIROV."

Instead, I'll just close by saying, I'll be seeing you...as long as I'm wearing my glasses.

## LETTER

### Former Principal Dusts Off Paper After 11 Years

To the editor:

Recently the President, for the second time in history, called a summit of all 50 state governors. This time it was to emphasize the mess that is out of control in so many of our public school systems in the United States.

During October, 1978, I was asked, as a school principal, to write a paper for a state principals' organization and to present the paper at one of our state meetings.

I offer it again 11 years later. The paper was entitled: *The Decline (Of Educational Standards) And The Rise (Of The Welfare State)...A Paper On The Degenerating Standards in Public Schools...To Earn Is To Own—Independent...To Take The Dole Is To Be Owned—Dependent...*

I want to preface this paper with a very important statement in order that the context will not be misunderstood: public or social assistance, i.e., welfare of some type is an absolute necessity in all societies, states and nations. The initial implementation of welfare in the U. S., was to assist the unemployed, aged, infirmed and children. The intent was to use the measure wisely to assist people in maintaining a sense of security and dignity.

It all began with the Social Security Act of 1935. The act was conceived in good faith, but as in many other cases, worthy programs enacted with good intent have since been used and abused politically.

This paper pertains to the misuse and abuse of government programs and the consequences as reflected in the public school systems of the nation.

During the early and middle 1960s the New Frontier of JFK and The Great Society of LBJ ushered in a binge of spending and intrusion by the federal government into the lives of the American people unprecedented in the history of our country. The traditional American values were attacked by the social scientists of the well-heeled Eastern establishment liberals in the myopic belief that no longer was production of wealth a problem: all that remained was how and to whom to distribute the abundance of America.

The belief was contrary to the work ethic and sound economic principles of free enterprise that had built America into the greatest country in the recorded history of man.

What these misguided, and perhaps politically motivated professors were saying is, "Yes Virginia, there is a Free Lunch;" the feds can provide everything for everyone.

During the construction of the Welfare State, very few were asking: where is all this to come from? When asked, the stock answer was: from the increased productivity of the American worker. These social crusaders, with all their intellectual expertise, were blatantly ignorant of the one most important facet of every social endeavor: human nature.

People can be motivated to help members of the community who are really in need, but when they stand in line at the supermarket and watch able-bodied people purchase more expensive cuts of meat with food stamps they they, the hard working, taxpaying workers can afford, there is going to be resentment or even hostility toward the welfare recipient. Eventually the workers will rebel or give in and join the "smart" welfare group.

So, this whole "something-for-nothing" mentality altered the American society and, naturally, found its way into the public school system of the country. Why should the educational standards remain high when motivation for a better way of life through learning and hard work was no longer necessary; (Continued On Following Page)



PERHAPS WE'LL LEARN from our recent storm some better ways of dealing with nature. STAFF PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

## Dealing With Nature

BY BILL FAVER

If any good thing ever comes out of a storm such as we experienced, perhaps it is that it forces us to deal with nature. We so easily isolate ourselves, enjoying the beauty and the good things, and not really dealing with how we relate. We ignore how our actions interfere with natural rhythms until we are forced to acknowledge the results after much devastation.

Will we now have a better understanding of the dynamics of the seashore environment, or will we scoff at those who are "against development?" Will we be more willing to acknowledge the needs for setbacks and restricted zones or will we continue to insist on our rights to use our land any way we want? These and many other similar questions will be dealt with for many months. No doubt we'll end up about where we are, with maybe a bit more awareness because of the closeness of this storm.

We are making progress, though! Since the late sixties and early seventies when Earth Day and re-

lated events gave a boost to environmental concerns, we have begun to realize resources are not unlimited. We now see the need to recycle, to do something about our vast piles of waste, and to preserve land as wilderness and habitat for endangered species. Our local governments are beginning to seek alternatives for landfills and some are requiring recycling of bureaucratic paper!

And, though Exxon gets the blame for the Alaskan oil spill, we know in our hearts we all share the blame. Our lifestyles call for oil and the very existence of demand, supertankers, fragile environment, and profits for shareholders made the oil spill inevitable at some time and place. And we fool ourselves to the point of thinking Exxon or anyone else can clean it up. That it happened when it did, where it did, and under the circumstances only gives us excuses not to face the truth.

We deal with nature almost every day, if usually only remotely. We are often removed from direct contact and seldom see the consequences of our actions. Storms such as Hurricane Hugo bring us face to face with reality. Perhaps we'll learn and be better off for it!

## Fall's Not The Season It Used To Be

Fall is festival and fish season in the South Brunswick Islands. There's no doubt about it.

Never mind September and the King Classic. Just look at October. It's brimming over with activity. Somewhere in the back of my mind I have a vision of what the coastal country should be like after the summer season. In this vision the entire community falls deeply into a restorative stupor, with a sign that reads, "Do Not Disturb Until Easter."

Mind, I'm not complaining. As a teen-ager growing up in Brunswick County, I was just like the rest, mouthing, "But there's nothing to do in this burg."

Ha. These days I keep hunting for what I seemed to have too much of back then—large blocks, well, even short blocks—of peace and quiet at home. No wonder mothers don't understand teens. They work at cross-purposes.

Now the leaves may be turning to

Susan Usher



shades of crimson, bronze and gold, but we're not going into hibernation. No sirree. This month alone we have the Oyster Festival, the Festival By The Sea, the Dixon Chapel Oyster Roast, the U.S. Open and the Arthur Smith King Mackerel Tournament.

Add to that (this goes beyond festivals and fish) a production by the Brunswick Players, a dedication at Brunswick Community College, several art shows and concerts, Friday night ballgames and all the rest of the stuff going on, and you have

one busy place.

Anyone these days that tells me they have nothing to do is asking for trouble, because I won't hesitate to tell them what some of the choices might be. You don't have to be a "joiner" to find plenty to get involved in.

While I wouldn't mind a little more rest, it's great that there is always so much to do without having to slip off to Wilmington or Myrtle Beach.

With only a limited amount of time for pursuing fun, these days I have a new but pleasant problem: Choosing between several events on the same day and time.

If you'd asked me 20 years ago, the answer would have been a quick, sarcastic snort and an "You'll never see that day, not here."

Well, that day is here. Enjoy the diversity of entertainment and opportunities of fun that abound here. We can rest later.