

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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The Hatfields And McCoys All Over Again In Calabash

Something is rotten in the seafood capital of the world, and I'm not talking about the fish.

Calabash, a town long known for its seafood, may soon be known for its feuding. The 19th-century battle between the Hatfields and McCoys in the mountain regions of the southern United States is one of the most famous feuds in history.

Well, stop the presses if you're printing history text books. If things don't change soon, Calabash and Carolina Shores may join the ranks of those famous feuders.

The new "leadership" in the recently-enlarged Town of Calabash — comprised of five people from Carolina Shores and three from old Calabash—appears to be well on its way to a 10-rounder at Caesar's Palace.

I can almost hear the bell ringing now. "DING, DING, DING. Ladies and gentlemen, let's get ready to RUMBLE!!!"

Not counting Tuesday's session, there have been four meetings of the new board of commissioners in Calabash.

At the first meeting, things started off cordial enough. The mayor and new commissioners enjoyed hors d'oeuvres and took the oath of office. There was peace.

Then, the business meeting started.

To say the least, the five elected officials from Carolina Shores came to the meeting with definite plans. In about the time it takes Mayor Simmons to relate one of his hunting stories, the folks from Carolina Shores had set up four town commissions, appointed one of their own as mayor pro tem and decided the town board should meet twice as often as it used to meet.

Those first steps weren't so terrible. But since that initial gathering, there has been a growing sense of tension among board members over who will be appointed to these various commissions, and more importantly, how many people will be appointed from each district.

Amazingly, there hasn't been one split vote since the new commission took office in December. But then again, the board hasn't dealt with anything that would invite a split vote. That will come later, no doubt.

Nevertheless, the bottom line for many of the elected officials so far has been which district they represent. These people obviously don't subscribe to the Three Musketeers credo: "All for one and one for all."

Since the two commissioners from old Calabash are a minority, they have acted defensively about almost everything proposed by a member from Carolina Shores.

On the other side of the coin, several commissioners from Carolina Shores seem to be holding on to a spiteful attitude. They act as if they want to make the people of old Calabash pay for stepping in and effectively stopping the incorporation of Carolina Shores as a separate municipality.

It hasn't happened yet, but it probably won't be long before somebody asks for an ordinance that would require all Calabash residents to park their pickup trucks out of sight and prohibit clothes lines in back yards. For those who don't know, these rules are already in place in Carolina Shores.

Anyway, the end result of the whole mess is that the elected officials from Carolina Shores and those from Calabash don't trust one another.

If you ask me, they all need to go on a month-long retreat. I suggest a trip to the North Pole or Medicine Hat, Canada, or some other place where they could all live off the land and not be bothered with petty items such as who will serve on the planning commission.

They could all pitch tents, go fishing, cook hot dogs over an open fire and just have a plain old good time.

Once they got to know their fellow board members and learned to trust them, they'd probably realize that they can all work together for the betterment of the town and all its people.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Who's Responsible For Litter?

To the editor:

I am a North Carolinian and have owned property in Brunswick County for five years.

I have also picked up litter for five years and have kept a close watch on where the litter is coming from. Tourists? Some.

You may be surprised to find it coming from utility workers leaving their leftover materials, lunch papers and pop cans. Contractors also leave litter, or they lose it out of their trucks between jobs.

And, of course, local residents. That's right, people who live and work here are the litterers of this beautiful county.

If everyone would pick up litter in front of their own property, it would control a lot of the litter, with maybe ten minutes a day of their time. I had one man tell me he didn't put it there and he wasn't going to pick it up. Shame, shame.

Also, I am surprised I have not seen any Realtors sponsoring the litter program. If there are any, I apologize to you.

This probably won't help, but at least I, as a resident, would like to see God's beautiful creation taken care of and appreciated.

Ira Hill
Holden Beach Area

Recycling Ideas Needed

To the editor:

I would like to compliment Oakland Smith's thoughts on "Collecting Not Recycling" in a recent letter to the editor.



Doug Rutter

A Small Step: Remember The Three R's

For the past several years, one of the recurring themes of the Cape Fear Chapter, Sierra Club, newsletter that crosses my desk each month has been the three R's: Reduce, Re-use and Recycle.

You've probably guessed by now we're talking of waste, the kind of stuff that overflows from the kitchen trash can and into our local landfill. As just one example, think about the amount of waste that goes directly into the trash can after every trip to the grocery store as you repackage items for the freezer and crisper and toss out bags.

There are a lot of ways individuals can make a difference in the volume of waste that must be handled. Most require small changes of habit, not major inconvenience or discomfort. Some take a little more time and/or thought for members of an increasingly "throw-away" society. But if still in doubt as to their value, all one has to do is consider the consequences.

Don and I still have a long way to go, but we've started. We're more careful shoppers. We've become more diligent recyclers and composters. We examine labels on cleaning products more carefully and we're getting along without aerosol sprays. We aim to do better when it comes to use of chemicals

Susan Usher



in lawn, garden and household applications.

I hope that you will become converts also. If we don't change our ways, however slightly, the world we hand down to our children will be nothing but a burden. I'm convinced that, to quote *House Beautiful* editor JoAnn Barwick, "if each of us takes a few small steps toward rescuing our land, air and water, then we'll soon be making giant leaps together."

From the Sierra Club, here are a few tips on putting the three R's to work for you, with the assumption you're already recycling as much as possible:

Reduce Waste:

- 1) Shop carefully; don't buy foods that will be thrown away.
- 2) Do not use a bag if buying one item or if you'll be using the item as soon as you leave the store.
- 3) Buy non-perishable products in

large quantities to create less garbage.

4) Don't purchase "overpackaged" products.

5) Use a coffee mug at work rather than a foam-type cup.

6) Repair broken appliances rather than throwing them away and purchasing new ones. We're learning: My more handy sister and brother-in-law just salvaged my old mixer for her beach house; my blender's shelved, waiting for a new gasket from the plant at little Washington.

Reuse Materials:

1) Buy products that can be reused, such as glass jars, and use them.

2) Donate reusable items to thrift shops; try shopping at thrift shops.

3) Return refillable bottles.

4) Try to avoid using plastic bags when buying produce. If you do, reuse them.

5) Take your own bags to the grocery store.

6) Use rechargeable batteries.

7) Use old fabric and worn-out clothing as rags.

8) Use durable products rather than disposables: cloth napkins, mugs.

Shop Environmentally:

1) Buy products packaged in recyclable glass, aluminum or paper.

2) Choose products that are packaged in paper cartons rather than plastic or plastic foam. This applies to eggs, milk and laundry detergent. Avoid wax-covered paper.

3) Look for paperboard packages with gray interiors which are made from recycled or recyclable paper.

4) Look for the recycling symbol. It means you are buying a recycled or recyclable product. (By the way, *The Brunswick Beacon* is printed on recycled paper, and it can be recycled again.)

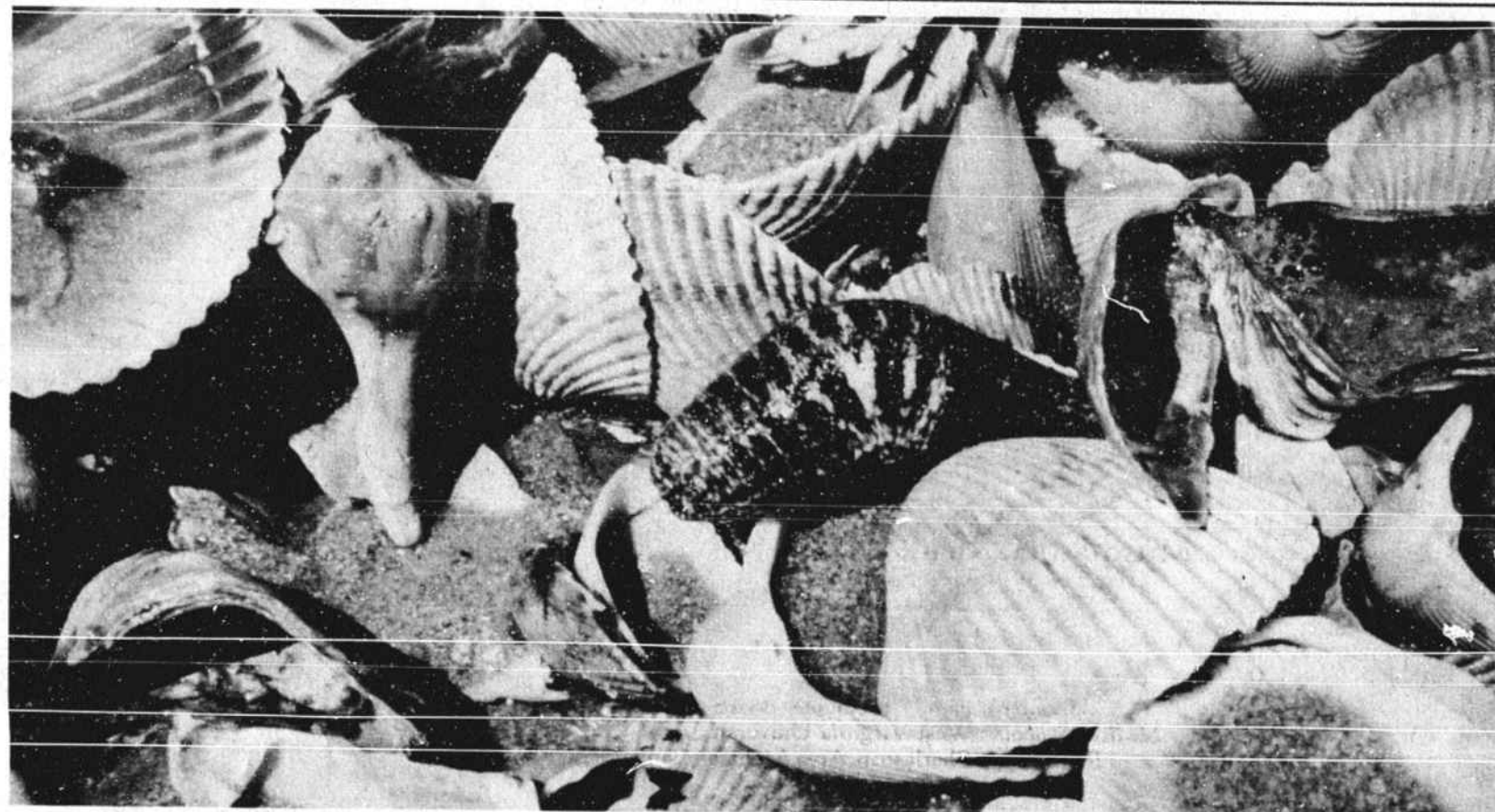
5) Go to fast-food establishments which use paper and cardboard, not foam, to wrap food.

6) Ask for paper bags at the grocery store, rather than plastic.

Think Before Throwing Away Junk Mail:

1) Reduce the amount of junk mail you receive. Contact the Mail Preference Service, Direct Marketing Association, 6 East 43rd St., N.Y. 10017. Ask that your name not be sold to most large mailing list companies. This could reduce your mail up to 75 percent and will not affect mail you receive from companies which already have your address. To reduce that mail, write the sender direct to get off their list.

2) Use the blank sides of junk mail as scratch paper.



SEA CUCUMBERS are sometimes found among the shells at the high tide line on the beach. PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

Learn To Appreciate Sea Cucumbers

BY BILL FAVER

Once in a while we find some strange worm-like creatures among the shells washing up in the high tide lines at the beach. These unique animals can be gray or rose colored and have five faint white stripes along their sides. They are called sea cucumbers and are related to the five-part invertebrates such as sand dollars and sea stars known as Echinoderms. They belong to the class called Holothurians.



FAVER

When out of the water, cucumbers draw themselves into football-shaped ovals often only two to four inches long. Their five tentacles are usually retracted into the

body when they are on the dry beach out of the water. If they are alive when found and returned to the water, sea cucumbers can elongate from six to eight inches and unfurl a crown of tentacles. In the sea, these animals burrow along the bottom slowly ingesting sand and mud and passing it through their bodies. Performing functions similar to earthworms on land, Holothurians in an area less than two miles square may redistribute as much as 1,000 tons of bottom substance.

In feeding, sea cucumbers pull back a tentacle and draw it across the mouth, scraping off the food much as a child would lick his fingers. Food is mostly microscopic plants and animals.

Sea cucumbers have few known enemies. In some Oriental countries they are cleaned and dried and eaten as food called "trepong." They

have an unusual method of defense related to their high sensitivity to touch. A gentle touch with your finger will cause it to contract and to spurt from its mouth or anal end. Rough handling will even cause it to explode as the animal expels its innards. Since it has the power to regenerate, this is seldom suicidal, and is believed to be a way of deceiving a predator. While the astonished predator is contemplating what has happened, the animal slips slowly away, leaving its organs behind.

Next time you are on the beach following a storm or rough sea, watch for the sea cucumbers. They may not appear very exciting lying there among the shells. But if you get them to the water and wait long enough you may witness the show of tentacles and learn to appreciate this strange creature along our shore.

Keep Those Cards, Letters And Junk Mail Coming

I finally got around to putting up my first honest-to-goodness rural mailbox last weekend. And it even works. I know it does, because my first junk mail arrived Monday.

Ever since I was old enough to walk out to the road by myself and tall enough to reach up and unclasp the mailbox door, I've yearned for my very own rural mailbox—you know, the kind that looks like an oversized, aluminum lunchbox with a big, red flag on one side.

Even though my wife and I have lived at our present Ocean Isle Beach address for nearly a year, we didn't bother putting up a box at home until now because we've always picked up our mail at the post office in Shallotte. We're going to keep the post office box so that I'll have somewhere to walk every day at lunch and get at least a little exercise.

Besides, my wife and I recently started recycling newsprint and other types of paper that we used to just throw away. Now, with two mailboxes, we'll be able to double our junk mail and do twice as good a job of keeping unsolicited sales circulars and sweepstakes material and pleas for donations from environmental groups from being dumped into the Brunswick County Landfill.

While I'm on the subject...I hate to pick on environmental organiza-

Rahn Adams



tions, since I quit throwing drink cans and candy wrappers out the car window a long time ago and I enjoy nature as much as the next guy. But, I swear, I didn't know the true meaning of junk mail until I somehow got on about two dozen environmental groups' mailing lists.

These organizations could do more to clean up the environment if they'd save their postage, take a lesson from certain proselytizing churches with which I've come into contact lately, and simply have a couple of environmentalists drop by my house at the most inopportune times to harass me in person every couple of weeks.

They might not leave with a cash donation, but I'll be glad to let them haul a load of recyclables to the Sunset Beach recycling station for me. The same goes for the church folks who forced me to answer the front door in my skivvies early one

Saturday morning recently. Right then, I wasn't in any mood to debate my beliefs or accept any of their literature either.

Sorry about going off on a tangent there. I was talking about my new mailbox. It's a real beauty, and I did a mighty fine job of putting it up out by the street, if I do say so myself. It was my Saturday afternoon "make like Ward Cleaver and do something useful around the house instead of just sitting there like a knot on a log in front of the TV" project.

Still, my wife laughed at the way I attached the mailbox to the four-by-four post I'd bought at the lumber company that morning. She said the mailbox was mounted off center and that the stand was set crooked in the ground and that it was too close to the street. She even snickered about the nails I bent while trying to attach the box to the post.

But then, she's a city girl who doesn't appreciate the advantages of having her very own rural mailbox. Where she grew up, the postman delivered mail right to the door. Her family's mailbox was one of those small black metal dooflotchies that aren't even big enough to hold a Sears-Roebuck catalog supplement or a folded-up *Sports Illustrated* annual swimsuit edition.

I've had mailboxes like that, and I'm agin 'em. Your magazine cov-

ers always get mangled from being crammed at odd angles through the top slot; the openings in front that let you see if you got any mail also let in rain, spiders and other varmints; and you have to attach outgoing letters to the outside of the box with a clothes pin and hope the postman arrives before your mail blows away.

A rural mailbox, on the other hand, has character. It protects your incoming and outgoing mail from the elements and can even be used to make a personal statement about yourself. Some folks on my street have painted the sides of their boxes with designs ranging from flowers and mushrooms to sea shells and seagulls. My really "uptown" neighbors have plastic mailboxes shaped like barns.

You can also tell a lot about a person by the kind of mailbox stand they choose. For example, there are the sturdy, cross-type, weather-treated, wooden posts; the fancy, store-bought, wrought-iron models; and the state-of-the-art stands that incorporate objects like wagon wheels or log chains or the bumper of a dearly-departed pickup truck.

My mailbox doesn't say anything in particular about me. It just kind of stands there next to the pink flamingos and keeps my junk mail from getting wet.

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.