

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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It's Time To Play!

It's the fall of the year and here in the South Brunswick Islands, that means one thing: Festival time!

For locals and visitors alike, the season's mild weather lends itself to the simpler pleasures—long walks on the beach, joining friends or family for a friendly game of volleyball or a competitive run, chowing down on your favorite seafood—or carnival food, creating a giant sand sculpture on the shore, relaxing to a sociable tune or a lively story. All are especially welcome after the hustle and bustle, crowds and heat of a busy summer season.

You'll find all these pleasures and more in abundance at the N.C. Oyster Festival this weekend, the N.C. Festival By The Sea at Holden Beach Oct. 26-28; and the Dixon Chapel Oyster Roast at Varnamtown Nov. 3.

Don't use that old excuse that you're "just too busy" to get away.

You've worked hard and now it's time to play. You owe it to yourself.

Don't forget to pack your oyster knife, camera and fishing rod (You can always pretend.).

And while you're at it, borrow the kids' sand buckets, shovels and kites. You'll need them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Build Welcome Center At State's Beginning

(The following letter, written to Gov James G. Martin, is printed here at the request of the writer. Editor's note.)

I am writing to object to the building of a welcome center at the intersection of Route 130 and the new Route 17 bypass in Shallotte.

This site is 13 miles into our state and bypasses almost 300 businesses and professionals which should be afforded the opportunity to service any north bound traffic.

These businesses are comprised of:

- Fourteen golf courses which are not only attracting thousands of visitors per year but are furnishing building sites for retirees and others from the north. One course alone, Carolina Shores, has become home for over 500 families in the last six or seven years. Others are rapidly accommodating new families and bringing prosperity to numerous contractors and other allied services.

- Two of the finest beaches in the world, Sunset Beach and Ocean Isle Beach, provide not only great family vacation facilities but also are attracting year 'round residents who add tremendously to the whole economy.

- There are at least 25 fine restaurants in this area which are open, with few exceptions, the year 'round, and for their fame for seafood attract many locals and tourists from all the surrounding area.

•Several marinas with charter and fishing boats operate almost year 'round and one, Marsh Harbor, is the closest large marina to the open Atlantic and is an investment of tens of millions of dollars and becoming widely known as the finest and largest on the North Carolina coast.

•Several hundred other businesses including 22 real estate offices, numerous motel accommodations, clothing, hardware, grocery and convenience stores, all of which could be of some need or interest to the traveler up Route 17.

I believe these enterprises do well over \$50 million a year in business and pay multiple millions to our state in taxes.

It is inconceivable that all these enterprises could be overlooked when plans for a visitors center were being formulated. I have talked to 40 to 50 fellow merchants who feel as I do and if necessary could get several hundred signatures in protest.

Let us postpone the present plans and then, when Route 17 at the lower end is four-laned, build a welcome center here that we can all be proud of and give the tourists a chance to enjoy all of the beaches and other great facilities all along the coast of our great state.

As in all other states that I know of, you welcome a guest at the front door, not after he has passed part way through your house.

Clark H. Callahan
Calabash

Hunting Laws Not Being Obeyed Here

To the editor:

This week begins the deer hunting season and over the state thousands of sportsmen will enjoy this great American sport.

Today, more than ever, we find a multitude of kill-joy groups seeking to outlaw hunting. For this reason, it is so essential that all hunters obey the laws as required by the state of North Carolina.

However, such is not the case in

our area of Brunswick County. Night after night we find illegal hunting, after sundown, breaking the law. This is particularly true on the golf courses.

North Carolina Wildlife urges you to report any such law-breaking to their local officer, Fred Taylor, 754-8011, or Wildlife Watch, 1-800-662-7137.

Dr. Arthur Templeton
Bonaparte Landing

Thanks For A Job Well Done

To the editor:

On behalf of Tina Pritchard (Brunswick County Parks and Recreation) and my wife Judy, and I, a great big thanks for a job well done to those wonderful and patient nest movers and adopters who guided 3,278 beautiful, flipper-flopping, and often anxious baby turtles to the sea in 1990.

We received great support from Holden Beach property owners, mainlanders, vacationers, the mayor, commissioners, police, employees and the Brunswick County Parks and Recreation Department for our turtle program.

A very special thanks to our tur-

tle patrol members: Marion and Buck Breese, John and Adeline Broadnax, Janet and Dwight Carroll, Flo and Dave Gibson, Crawford and Hap Hart, Doris King, A.J. and Mike McCollough, Oralee and Billy Rigby, Rose Smith, Sid and Norma Swarts, Margaret and Mandy Vasco, Beryl Walker, Julie and Rick Warwick and Tom and Lori Webb.

They devoted five months of their life during periods of excessive heat, thunderstorms, and clouds of bugs to help save our loggerhead babies.

Rick Bryan
Holden Beach Turtle Patrol
(Letters continue following page)

Who Wants What At The County Complex?

Remember when big brother or sis left home for college, or to get married or just to explore the world on his or her own and suddenly you were faced with a bedroom of your own, a room that you never knew was so huge until the corners were emptied and suddenly you had space coming out of your ears?

Then you can imagine why everyone's smiling these days at the Brunswick County Government Center in Bolivia. Actually, it's more like a smirk, the kind of "I've got a bigger cookie than you do" type grin that you loved to wear as a kid. But at the government complex it must mean one thing: more space is on the way as a result of new construction.

Watching department heads and county officials jockey into position to get a bigger piece of the pie is, well, complex.

The big sister leaving home is the social services department, but she's moving just beyond mother's doorstep, to a new building within hollering distance behind the existing department. The new \$1.4 million long-awaited building will add 20,000 square feet of space to the complex. But the question remains, who will get to move in with big sis into that brand new building with all of that space?

Terry Pope



There is another important decision. Who will get the old bedroom and how soon? The lollipop is dangling in front of their noses and at the risk of being seen as greedy, departments are filing reports with the county commissioners asking for the whole cake in hopes of getting at least a slice.

The health department has an advantage over outsiders in its struggle to keep the old social services building to itself. Commissioners have made it clear they want the health department to have first choice when the space is divided up since the area adjoins the present health center. So how much space do you need, Health Director Michael Rhodes?

Two-thirds. At least. "I understand that there are needs for space all over the county," he told the Board of Health recently. "It would seem most appropriate

that we should expand, since we are right here, into that space."

The environmental health department could use double the amount of space it presently has, he told commissioners, who during a recent workshop on the countywide recycling program paused in the middle of regular business to bring Rhodes in from his office to ask him cold turkey, "How much space do you need?"

Rhodes left smiling and with a promise to bring back some figures. No other department heads were called in and asked that same question. Nah, nah, nah. But the building has to be renovated before anyone moves in after social services vacates in April. That could take months, and you know how impatient kids can be when they're not allowed to open those toys until Christmas.

Emergency Management Coordinator Cecil Logan brought in blueprints and the whole works for the new emergency services building that will be built in front of the complex next to the agricultural extension's Christmas tree demonstration plot on U.S. 17.

The \$1.1 million facility will be the home of a central emergency response and training center and a 911 communications center (not in-

cluded in the \$1.1 million price tag) and will add an additional 16,000 square feet of space to the complex. Logan now has a small cubbyhole at the rear of the sheriff's department. You better believe he's happy to see 911 so close to becoming a reality.

When the dust settles, look for the public housing department and the building inspections department to end up in the old social services space. Interim County Manager David Clegg has a vision of one day providing residents with a one-stop shopping center for human services in the health department building, a place where people can go to get septic tank and building permits without having to search through two or three buildings at the complex.

The solid waste and engineering departments are feeling relief. An addition to the operations services building will give them an extra 2,800 square feet by December. The \$80,000 project is being built by county employees.

And for that matter, the prisoners may be smiling as well. An addition to the county jail will be finished any day.

As the county grows so does the government.



J.R. The Hunter—Foiled Again

J.R.'s done it again.

J.R. is one of our cats. The one that hunts.

In fact, she is a very good hunter. In past months she has proudly dragged home an occasional mouse or mole. And she has dragged in hundreds of birds—blue, yellow-green, gray, brown. Once she brought home a large quail.

With great dignity and a few rumbles from deep in her throat, J.R. brings these gifts to the back door and waits for our approval. Then she reclaims the prize and does what comes naturally.

Sometimes we're lucky. The little bird is still alive and with a little praise and cajoling on our part, J.R. will drop it on the door mat. Whoosh, off goes the bird.

J.R. will look around in kind of a daze, as though asking, "Where did my snack go? It was right here."

This time it wasn't a bird or a

Susan Usher



mouse or a mole she brought home.

It was Peter Cottontail himself, a bundle of warm brown and white fur, with a tiny heart pounding away at what seemed a thousand times a minute. It looked just like the baby rabbits my sisters and I used to catch while berry-picking and take home to raise in our pens at home. But it was larger, a juvenile.

Don had stepped out to put a letter in the mailbox when he saw J.R. across the street, dragging something almost as big as she was. He

went over and talked her out of her catch. (She falls for it every time.)

I was in the middle of cooking supper when he came to the door and said, "Look what J.R.'s brought home this time." And my sweet husband offered to bury it.

But Peter Cottontail wasn't dead, just stunned and in shock.

His pulse was pounding, his body warm, and an eyelid flickered. There wasn't much bleeding at all.

A quick call to coworker CeCe Gore. She's the only person I knew who had any past experience caring for wild, baby rabbits. She had good advice. Peroxide and antibiotic ointment for all the spots where her fur had been torn away. A good night's rest. Splinting with a popsicle stick and gauze, if needed. I couldn't tell.

Meanwhile, where was a wildlife rehabilitator? Couldn't find anyone

that night. Peter spent the night in a box in the bathroom.

Next day, Peter/Polly was looking better, but I still couldn't tell if the bunny was simply badly bruised or had a broken or out-of-joint shoulder.

Donetta Taylor soon put me on the right trail. She's the wife of Fred Taylor, a local wildlife enforcement officer, and knows about these things.

She sent me to Jill Caison, an employee of a local veterinarian's office. Jill takes "anything except snakes." Donetta promised, and works near-miracles with them. She has rehabilitated a deer with a severely injured jaw and raccoons that others might have left for dead.

Peter Cottontail's in the best of hands.

And J.R.? Well, that darned cat has been foiled once again.

Locker Rooms Should Be Off Limits

There's been a big stink recently about prohibiting female journalists from entering locker rooms following professional sporting events.

The big stink isn't over the smell emanating from these locker rooms, but the fact that certain sports reporters have been discriminated against just because they are women.

A female reporter was allegedly harassed in the New England Patriots locker room following a recent pro football game. Just one week later, the head coach of the Cincinnati Bengals prevented a woman reporter from entering his locker room following a tough loss.

Some professional football coaches and players apparently think women shouldn't be allowed in locker rooms because those rooms are filled with naked men.

I'll be the first one to agree with the millions of people who oppose sexual discrimination. Reporters

Doug Rutter



should not be kept from doing their job just because they are women. But I also think athletes have a right to privacy.

These guys are role models who get paid a lot of money. They should be willing to cooperate with the media. But at the same time, they should be safe when they go into the shower.

This might seem strange coming from a journalist, but I think locker rooms should be off limits to everyone except players, coaches and other team personnel.

You don't see reporters following

big political figures into restrooms. President Bush wasn't bombarded with questions while he was freshening up after his last summit meeting with Gorbys.

Sports reporters used to watch the games and tell people what happened. Now they depend too much on the coaches and players to do their job. They're always asking the coaches and players what they think happened. The reporters have to get back to doing the reporting.

Comments from players and coaches certainly add to any sports story. But those comments don't need to come from a naked man standing in a locker room. If you ask me, there's an easy solution to the whole thing.

Reporters can be allowed on the playing field after the game is over where they can interview anyone they can catch up with. They might have to leave the comfortable confines of the press box a little early, but it won't kill them.

Football players usually take their time getting to the locker rooms when the game ends. Many of them meet on the field to shake hands with opponents and chat.

If that isn't enough, reporters can always get their questions answered at a press conference. Reporters who face early deadlines and don't have time to sit in on the press conference can get by without it. I'll guarantee you, the outcome of the game won't change one bit.

Keeping reporters out of locker rooms would solve one other problem. Real sports fans wouldn't have to endure any more of those stupid championship celebration scenes.

Who really wants to watch a bunch of grown men spray champagne at each other while a reporter tries to juggle interviews with the coach, the star athlete and the team owner and listen in on a congratulatory telephone call from the president? Not this sports fan.