

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

Edward M. Sweatt and Carolyn H. Sweatt ..... Publishers  
 Edward M. Sweatt ..... Editor  
 Susan Usher ..... News Editor  
 Doug Rutter and Terry Pope ..... Staff Writers  
 Johnny Craig ..... Sports Editor  
 Peggy Earwood ..... Office Manager  
 Carolyn H. Sweatt ..... Advertising Director  
 Timberley Adams & Cecelia Gore ..... Advertising Representatives  
 Tammy Galloway & Dorothy Brennan ..... Typesetters  
 William Manning ..... Pressman  
 Brenda Clemmons ..... Photo Technician  
 Lonnie Sprinkle ..... Assistant Pressman  
 Phoebe Clemmons and Frances Sweatt ..... Circulation

PAGE 4-A, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1991

## After Prom Party Good Model For Communities

After Prom '91—the no-drugs, no-booze party after the prom for West Brunswick High School students—wouldn't have been possible without the support of the school itself, students, parents and the entire community.

The party should serve as an example, a model, for other schools in our county. It's an example to follow not just on prom night, but on that other night of celebration for seniors—graduation.

An idea for a countywide graduation party like the one held each year in New Hanover County has been promoted here, but it may not be practical idea in Brunswick County.

It's not a question of sectionalism, but rather the sheer physical size of our county and its lack of a single, large population center. Students from the three high schools mingle at specific events, such as athletic, academic or club competitions, but generally don't know each other very well.

Graduation night seems a bit late in their school careers to be making introductions.

Besides, prom night and graduation night aren't moments teen-agers typically want to share with people they don't know very well or a time for making new acquaintances.

Rather, these are times for creating special memories with the best friends, the classmates, with whom a student has shared good times and bad over the years. These are often moments for saying goodbye, before classmates scatter, their lives moving in different directions.

Making these special nights alcohol-free and drug-free—safer as well as fun—is a wonderful idea. It is one that each high school's community should pursue.

If such an after-the-big-event party results in the saving of even one life on a local highway, or shows even one young person that it doesn't take an artificially-created high to have a good time, then the expense and effort is well worth while.

Some adults have criticized what they consider the use of "bribery," such as cash and other prizes, to get students to come to such events.

Maybe the students would come without those lures, maybe not. What a chance to take that they might not. Who can put a price on the potential value of a teen-ager's life?

After Prom '91 is a good idea, one that should be continued and expanded upon at the community level.

## Walk Sunday For The Hungry

Take a hike Sunday. Or else pay someone else to hike for you. You'll be glad you did. You'll be helping stop hunger here at home as well as abroad.

The South Brunswick Islands Interchurch Council is sponsoring its service area's first CROP Walk for Hunger, starting at 2 p.m. at the Jones/Byrd Clubhouse at Sea Trail Plantation.

Walkers will follow a 10-kilometer route through the golf course/residential community—a sharp contrast to the living conditions of those who will benefit from money raised by participants.

Sponsors will pay walkers a pledged amount of money for each kilometer they walk. Ten kilometers is approximately six miles—more than a Sunday afternoon stroll for most people, but nothing strenuous if walked at an easy pace.

The Interchurch Council plans to send 75 percent of the money raised to CROP, the hunger-fighting arm of Church World Service, and keep 25 percent to support its own anti-hunger efforts in the local community. Walkers also have the option of designating their gifts for other hunger relief efforts, including the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board, Lutheran World Relief and Catholic Relief Services.

Church World Service works through a special network of Christian and secular partner agencies in more than 70 countries to do something about world hunger and poverty. CROP does more than provide food for hungry people. It also supports efforts to help struggling countries and communities to become more self-sufficient, to eradicate the basic causes of these problems.

It supports disaster and emergency relief, refugee services, public education, and most of all, self-help development efforts that include preventive health care, job training, reforestation, water resource development and food production. Its support makes a difference in places such as the Sudan to avert a famine that this year may kill more people than bombs killed in the Middle East War. The United Nations estimates the Sudan will require 1.2 million metric tons of foreign food to feed its people.

CWS's presence is also being felt in Iraq, where refugees have been dying from exposure and hunger at the rate of up to 1,000 per day as relief efforts gear up.

Last year, there were 1,744 CROP Walks, plus other CROP fund-raising and educational events.

In the small town of Wake Forest, N.C., Pastor Jack Radford carried his golf clubs the whole 10 kilometers because his church met his challenge to raise more than \$2,500.

This first South Brunswick Interchurch Council CROP Walk may not raise as much money as that one church did in Wake Forest, but it should help increase public awareness that hunger exists—and at least some of the reasons why.

A willingness to burn a little shoe leather may seem like only a small defense against a problem of such large proportions.

But for those beaten down by hunger and poverty, a can of soup or a cup of rice is no mean gesture. It offers not only compassion, but also hope for a better life.

Show you care. Help CROP stop hunger.

# Somebody Warned Us About Ocean Highway

About two hundred years ago, George Washington would have given his wooden teeth to have a road like our very own U.S. 17.

Poor, old Ocean Highway has such a terrible history. It stretches from one end of Brunswick County to the other and serves as a major artery of traffic for both residents and motorists passing through.

Today, workers are still busy trying to make it a four-lane road through Brunswick County with a bypass around Shallotte, and we're not satisfied—yet. Complaining about it is nothing new, so I've found out.

It has always been a dangerous nightmare for travelers.

Before there were modern bridges and asphalt, one traveler had the following to say: "The road from Charles Town to Wilmington is certainly the most tedious and disagreeable of any on the Continent of North America, it is through a poor, sandy, barren, gloomy country without accommodations for travelers."

In December 1774, Englishman Hugh Findlay recorded these thoughts in his journal while enroute from Charleston, S.C., to Wilmington. He had been hired by King George III's government to improve mail service in the colonies (sound familiar?).

Findlay took to the streets to find out why the colonies were having so much trouble delivering mail. He

Terry Pope



placed much of the blame on what would later become U.S. 17 and not on Wilmington postmaster William Hooper.

His journal tells of being halted by darkness a few miles south of the North Carolina border, an area where Myrtle Beach, S.C., is located today. It was there that his traveling group convinced an old man "by the promise of an exorbitant price to spare us some corn and corn blades for our horses."

There was no bread in the house and "nothing but bad water to drink," Findlay recalled. I'll bet they wanted a countywide water system back then, too. "He had no bed—I pass'd the night in a chair, often looking out for day."

From there Findlay's group traveled north, with their first site of North Carolina being the "Boundary House," called that because the state boundary ran through the middle of it. It is believed that half of the gathering hall was built in South Carolina and the other half in North

Carolina just south of Hickman's Crossroads.

The Boundary House had become like an oasis in the desert, for the following day their journey continued through a pine barren where stumps hidden in the tall grass made riding dangerous. This had to be in the vicinity of what is today Shallotte.

By nightfall, they had passed through most of what is now southern Brunswick County and landed at a log tavern on the Lockwood Folly River, where they spent the night.

The next day's ride was even more dangerous, Findlay reported, as he and his entourage traveled through a thick swamp in what is now northern Brunswick County. Town Creek residents know what he's talking about here. Imagine the sigh of relief when the travelers looked ahead and saw Wilmington.

But between the land of Brunswick and the town of Wilmington lay another adventure of sorts. They had to cross another swamp, a creek and the Cape Fear River on two ferries, the first described as a "small, leaky flat" by Findlay.

If there had been a department of transportation in 1774, their ears would still be burning from the scathing conclusion Findlay placed on the road that is today a major artery for cities and towns along the eastern Carolinas, a road that is still

years and years behind the times but decades ahead in traffic counts.

Wilmington was considered a thriving port, but the "public avenue to the most flourishing town in the Province will induce a stranger to believe that the people in this country have no laws," Findlay wrote.

He deserves an amen. His editorial comment is timeless. One could say the same things about our highway system today without changing a word.

It was the swamps and a road that would later become U.S. 17 that was responsible for such poor mail delivery between the provinces. Remember, the major reason for having a road then was to deliver mail. People had better sense than to try fighting over the stumps and mud.

From his tour, Findlay reported that it took 27 days for mail leaving Charleston, S.C., to reach Suffolk, Va. Sixteen of those days were wasted by delays due to conditions along North Carolina's roads, he noted.

He argued that the postal service could avoid such delays by running their routes west of the swamps and rivers in eastern North Carolina, but apparently somebody failed to listen.

Instead, they wanted an Ocean Highway and they got it. It is still a two-lane travesty some 200 years later.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Lottery Just Another Source Of Revenue For Bureaucrats

To the editor:

One of the reasons why throwing money at social problems doesn't work is because someone is always there to intercept it. Thomas Sowell, *Syndicated Column*, February 13, 1991.

Mr Sowell made a point that less than half the money spent in education makes it to school, and less than one third is spent on classroom instructions. More money does not change those statistics. Many are pushing for a state lottery, but a lottery just offers another source of revenue to be thrown at the problem.

At this time teachers are striking the school systems in Washington State for more pay, more classroom materials, etc. The Washington State Lottery is busy selling tickets.

Where does the money go? It is intercepted by bureaucrats, their assistants and cronies—by psychologists, counselors, facilitators, consultants, social workers, academic researchers, and any-

one else who finds a place around the education money honey pot. Have any of those individuals solved any problems by spending taxpayer money? No, they have created more problems to get more taxpayer money.

One of the great rip-offs in the school systems are the psychologists who convinced the public that shrinks can solve and cure any problem from losing a super bowl bet to the stress caused by winning the lottery. Maybe so, but they haven't solved the drop in academic performance. Test scores continue to drop from those of 30 years ago. Students today use a vocabulary which is less than half the words used by students in 1945.

Are the students healthier, happier from all this personal attention? Not unless the rising statistics of cheating, theft, vandalism, violent crime, venereal disease, and teenage suicide are indicators of healthier, happier students. Give

them a well paid, devoted, disciplinarian as a teacher, with classroom materials needed to teach, and they will become healthier and happier despite society.

Education is not the only social problem we try to solve by throwing money. President Lyndon Johnson declared war on poverty and 25 years later poverty is winning. It is estimated that less than one-fourth of federal dollars for poverty programs reach the people below the poverty line. Three out of four dollars are being intercepted by bureaucrats, consultants, social workers, academic researchers, and all others who gather around the poverty money honey pot.

Spending taxpayer money to makes things better normally makes things worse for those targeted. The black families of this nation survived slavery, discrimination, poverty, war and depression, but only started coming apart when  
 (See LOTTERY, Following Page)

## The Trees Have Kept Right On Growing

It was a quick trip, but it was worth it.

I hopped on Interstate 95 and coasted to Pennsylvania last weekend. One of my best friends on the planet got married.

I was an usher in the wedding, which means I had to wear a tuxedo, escort a few people into the church and get my picture taken about a billion times.

Even though I had to drive 1,250 miles, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Friends like Joe don't come along every day.

The wedding was a lot of fun, but the strangest part of the trip was a brief stop in the old neighborhood.

I made good time on the way north—didn't get pulled over once—and had an hour to kill before the wedding rehearsal.

So I pulled off the highway and found my way to Vineyard Lane. I grew up in a house on Painter Road,

Doug Rutter



but Vineyard Lane was where I spent most of my childhood years.

From my old house, Vineyard Lane was just a quick scamper across the neighbor's back yard and a dash through the woods.

My good buddy, Jimmy Breslin, lived on Vineyard Lane with his seven brothers and sisters. The Breslin house was home base for our games of manhunt and kick the can.

Jimmy's married now and lives about an hour from his old house. I didn't get to see him while I was

visiting, but I did get to see his little brother, Billy, and their mother.

The first thing I noticed about Billy was that he wasn't so little anymore. In fact, Billy had grown a lot since the last time I saw him. He turned into the type of guy you'd like to have with you in a dark alley.

Mrs. Breslin, on the other hand, hadn't changed at all. She looked the same as she did when I was nine years old, which I thought was pretty amazing for a woman who had raised eight kids.

I jumped across the street to see the Hughes family. Those folks always had the nicest lawn on the block, and we used to tear it up playing football in the front yard and baseball in the back yard.

You know how things always look bigger when you're a little kid. Most dogs, for instance, look like horses to little kids. Maybe that's why little kids try to ride dogs like

adults ride horses.

Anyway, that baseball field was huge when I was a little boy struggling to lift a wooden bat. It used to be next to impossible to hit one over the row of pine trees that made up the outfield wall.

I was amazed taking a fresh look at that baseball field last weekend. I don't think the old gang could fit on that field today. We sure couldn't play ball on it anymore.

Probably the strangest thing about the visit was how large the trees had grown. Pines trees that used to be no taller than little Billy Breslin towered over me like skyscrapers.

The old neighborhood has seen a lot of changes in the last 10 years. Boys and girls have graduated high school, gone to college, married and moved away. Despite all of the changes, the trees have kept right on growing.