

THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

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Here's Why Those Green Monsters Can Be Dumped

Big, green, trash bins in rural areas where people can dump garbage are dinosaurs that have outlived their time. We can now afford to send the green monsters to the dump. Here's why.

Greenboxes, as they are called, are becoming rarer in North Carolina as counties must step up their recycling programs. Brunswick County is no exception.

The county's 50 or more greenbox sites will dwindle to just 13 under a new solid waste contract with Waste Industries Inc. of Raleigh this year. But never fear. That number had planned to drop drastically anyway, even if trash hauling had remained under county employee control.

Some residents have grown accustomed to the convenience of having those eyesores located so close to home. However, persons are missing the point when they complain about having the greenboxes removed. It's no conspiracy aimed at cutting services to residents.

Hounded by state laws and public demand for recycling, counties are replacing the bins with newer and staffed collection centers where trash is sorted for recycling. The county will have at least 10 convenience centers and three solid waste transfer stations with recycling bins.

All homes will be located within five miles of a convenience station when the construction is complete. When someone gets out of their car to dump trash, bins will be there to hold recyclable materials—such as glass, newspaper, aluminum cans and plastic—that do not belong in the landfill.

Despite educational efforts, a lot of recyclable material is still winding up in the greenboxes and is trucked away to the landfill. Unmanned sites today also end up filled with discarded furniture, tree limbs and appliances.

Counties have been pushed into action by a 1989 state law aimed at reducing the amount of waste going to landfills by 25 percent by 1993 and 40 percent by 2001. To meet that goal will be tough. Counties will need to offer more than just bins at trash disposal stations.

County Engineer Robert Tucker has been the person under fire recently. It's his long-range plan that has Brunswick County Commissioners looking to the future and trying to deal with the solid waste crisis.

Before Tucker was hired in 1990, the county did not have a long-range garbage plan. His proposal came under attack at a commissioners' meeting last week.

Residents were quick to criticize the removal of greenboxes without stopping to ask why.

The county must reduce the number of places where recyclable material can be dumped in with the household trash. The fewer the sites, the easier it will be to keep an eye on things and to meet next year's goal.

So say goodbye to those ugly greenboxes. It's something that must be done.

It's Another Love-Hate Relationship

I have a love-hate relationship with government, as do most people, I think.

At times it seems that there are things that should not be left up to individuals to decide or handle, that for the good of the whole, government ought to do it.

Then there are days when I'm convinced it wouldn't hurt a bit to do away with all government and its creations—or at least specific portions thereof.

You have days like that as well, I'm sure. Some of you more than others.

Here's a minor case in point. In fact, on one level it isn't worth being bothered with. But, as you've said yourself at one time or another: It's the principle of the thing.

We own a home in a subdivision just outside the town limits. Our house is almost exactly two miles from the town fire department and about four or five miles from the next closest fire department.

Susan Usher



We're in the town's fire service district, though we've been assured that both departments would respond to any fire in our neighborhood.

When we bought insurance, the agent indicated that if we had a fire hydrant nearby we could qualify for a discount on our premium.

Last year our subdivision got county water; there's a fire hydrant right at the corner of the lot.

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Well, the insurance community doesn't think our improved situation gives us any lower risk of fire loss.

While we live very near the town VFD, because we happen to live outside the town limits we were told last year by two companies that we do not qualify for a reduction in our fire insurance rates because we don't live within the town.

Never you mind that we live much closer to the fire department than many of the town's actual residents; never mind that there's a hydrant at the corner; never mind that there's a second department in hollering distance.

That doesn't matter, say the powers that be.

It's not the fire department's fault, or even the town's fault.

From what we understand, it has to do with fire department ratings and comes from the state Department of Insurance.

The town VFD was chartered by the town. It receives its space, overhead costs and a lot of other support from the town and its taxpayers.

However, what the insurance people don't figure in their rules is that the department is supported by county tax dollars as well and serves a district that extends beyond the town limits.

But to qualify for the discount, we must not only be within a certain number of miles of the department and have a hydrant nearby, but also live inside the town limits. Silly, huh?

The few dollars we might have saved don't really matter; again, it was the principle of the thing.

Our subdivision just became part of the town's extraterritorial jurisdiction. A dime says that doesn't make a lick of difference either.

But maybe next year or the year after we'll be annexed. Then maybe we'll not only qualify for a few dollars off on our insurance premium, but also get to pay town taxes for a service already available to us as county taxpayers.

C'est la vie.



Are Fashion Magazines Outfitting Bradshaw?

I don't watch a lot of football. Admittedly, when the Atlanta Falcons actually made the playoffs and looked like they had a longshot at the Super Bowl, I sat up and took notice.

A little home-town favoritism never hurt anyone.

Also, being married to a sports fan has had an influence on the amount of football I've had to watch.

So, I'm sitting in the living room on the occasional Sunday when my husband has possession of the remote control, and I'm watching football.

And I'm wondering why Pat O'Brien and Terry Bradshaw are dressed like models from those men's fashion magazines.

That's not how real men dress. How many of you out there believe that Terry Bradshaw has a

Dori Cosgrove Gurganus



bunch of olive- or teal-colored, double-breasted linen suits in his closet at home?

And how many of you believe that Terry picked out those colorful, painted-on flowery silk ties?

I can hear it now: "Oh yes, I'll wear that salmon and jade one."

I think he'd probably rather be wearing a sweatshirt.

Pat O'Brien is the worst, however.

There he stands out on the side-

lines, talking to the coaches and players in the mud and rain.

He's wearing a khaki, news reporter's trenchcoat and a dark brown, or is it sandstone-colored tailored suit, and one of those flowered ties.

How realistic is this?

I don't claim to be anyone's fashion advisor, but I do have a few ideas.

Let Mr. O'Brien wear an official network sweatshirt, complete with embroidered logo, when he's out on the field. Maybe a polo shirt underneath.

And some tennis shoes instead of those shiny loafers!

Let Mr. Bradshaw wear a sweater with the network logo on it, and a turtleneck underneath.

It's casual and comfortable, and most of all, it's the look more sports fans can relate to, I believe.

I mean, why should sports anchors and reporters feel pressured to dress like news reporters?

And while we're on the subject, even news reporters get to wear sweaters or leave off their ties when they're on physically-active assignments. Like following President Bush up to Kennebunkport, or covering events in the Middle East.

I don't think that sports fashions have ever been as strict as other fashion rules, so why shouldn't sports reporters wear sports fashions?

If I were a dedicated sports fan sitting at home in blue jeans and sweatshirt watching these guys, I might be able to relate to them a little easier.

And without giggling at my husband, "Look at how they're dressed!" all through the games.

A Cartoon Would Paint A Thousand Words

I wish I had the artistic talent to be an editorial cartoonist. There would be plenty of subjects to keep me busy here in Brunswick County.

If I could draw beyond stick figures, I'd have fun characterizing those in the public eye. As I write this now, I'm waiting to see how the cartoonists picture President George Bush's trip to Japan.

Can they draw his bout with the flu tactfully and still touch on the humorous side of our leader? If Bush thinks he had a problem battling a wimp image during the 1988 election, wait until the cartoonists get a shot at his passing out and throwing up at the emperor's dinner table, during an election year at that.

Closer to home, I'd put the pen to work on our own notorious leaders, heroes and bad guys. The saying goes, a picture paints a thousand words. You can say so much in a cartoon that you wouldn't want to express in a column; that's where your picture is located and you are so open to attack. As a cartoonist, you could scribble your last name, if you wanted to, in some inconspicuous corner and leave it at that.

I'd have fun displaying our notorious drug dealers from the past and present. Brunswick County has quite a few. They range from Operation

Terry Pope



Gateway in 1983, where marijuana shipments came in on loaded shrimp trawlers, to Operation RIP in 1991, where drug dogs are used to sniff out contraband from vehicles stopped at road blocks.

I think the nastiness of comments exchanged between the Brunswick County Commissioners and Register of Deeds Robert J. Robinson last week at an open board meeting would merit a cartoon. That may be what got me thinking about this column topic in the first place, for sitting there in the commissioners' chambers I expected to get hit in the eyes with sand. Yes, with sand.

The battle to abolish Robinson's advisory board last week would paint a mean picture of children fighting over plastic toy soldiers in a sandbox. These are our county Democratic and Republican leaders. Right.

The animal rights activist who called to complain about my story on beaver trapping last week would probably end up caught in a trap, if I could only draw. Trapping animals is a two-sided and controversial issue.

The article dealt with the beaver problem in Brunswick County and one way to help work on that problem, not with the issue of whether trapping is a good thing or whether it's torture to animals. That's another story. I am an animal lover with three dogs, too many cats, a bird and fish.

County commissioners are also open game to cartoonists. The thing about drawing the five board members is that you have to focus on something that does a good job of characterizing each one. For instance, when drawing Sheriff John Carr Davis you would have to include the pipe he smokes.

For commissioners, it may be the following: Jerry Jones' half-lensed glasses, Kelly Holden's stature or height, Gene Pinkerton's bluntness, Frankie Rabon's down to earth analogies, and Donald Shaw's politeness. I think I could do it, but no one would recognize the stick figures I draw.

I've thought of signing up for that correspondence arts course advertised on television, the one where there are just a few spots left but only if you call before midnight. If it could take me beyond stick figures, I'd be up there with Jeff MacNelly and the other big guys.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Why Was Weclome Center Built Instead Of Overpass?

To the editor:

On Nov. 1, 1991, there was an accident on the new Highway 17 bypass in Shallotte. Two innocent people were killed, one of which was my first cousin, Steve Allen Smith.

Both victims had family and friends who loved and cared for them very much. But the sad thing about the whole situation is that the state of North Carolina feels that these two lives are not important enough to have an overpass built to prevent any future accidents. The state of North Carolina feels that at least five more people have to be killed before they ever consider building an overpass.

It has been two months and seven days since the accident occurred. I was at work the morning of the accident. Imagine the shock and pain I felt when I heard the news. And, just think, I was Steve's first cousin. Imagine how his wife and two children felt, not to mention 16-year-old Misty Carmichael's family.

I know building an overpass isn't going to bring Steve and Misty back, but it could prevent a lot of families from going through what our family is going through today and will go through for the rest of our lives. Just think of how you would feel it if were your family!

I know I sound as if you have

never lost a family member in an accident. I'm sure you may have or, then again, you may not have. But if you have I know you must know how it feels. It is not a good feeling.

So what good is a welcome center going to do for the town of Shallotte or the state of North Carolina when people are afraid to even go through the intersection where the center stands, knowing that their family was killed or could be killed because the state decided to build the center to welcome people to our town instead of an overpass that could save the lives of our families and friends.

Gina Caison
Calabash

Bigger, Better Is Hope For Future

To the editor:

To all those who assisted in the Christmas tree lighting for 1991, sincere thanks for your cooperation. We hope future years will bring a bigger and better celebration as the event becomes recognized as an annual welcome to Christmas in the town of Shallotte.

Alex Mearns, Coordinator
South Brunswick Islands
Rotary Club

(More Letters Following Page)

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