

# THE BRUNSWICK BEACON

Edward M. Sweatt and Carolyn H. Sweatt.....Publishers  
 Edward M. Sweatt.....Editor  
 Lynn S. Carlson.....Managing Editor  
 Susan Usher.....News Editor  
 Doug Rutter.....Sports Editor  
 Marjorie Megivern.....Associate Editor  
 Eric Carlson.....Staff Writer  
 Peggy Earwood.....Office Manager  
 Carolyn H. Sweatt.....Advertising Director  
 Timberley Adams, Cecelia Gore  
 and Linda Cheers.....Advertising Representatives  
 Dorothy Brennan and Brenda Clemmons Moore.....Graphic Artists  
 William Manning.....Pressman  
 Lonnie Sprinkle.....Assistant Pressman  
 Phoebe Clemmons and Frances Sweatt.....Circulation

PAGE 4-A, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1992

# Vacation Tips You Really Need

When you're ready for that big, wonderful two weeks of fun and travel known as the summer vacation, there is no end to the advice you get.

To begin with, commercial promotions are on every corner, describing the most appealing tourist traps, the most amazing historic sites, etc. Also, your friends, family and even strangers will say, when they learn of your destination, "Oh, we went there last year! Be sure to eat at Joe's Beanyery and don't fail to see the turtle races and the pansy gardens!" Stuff like that is easy come by, suggestions as to how you can spend your time and money on those golden vacation days.

What nobody ever tells you is what to do when it rains. Some of the world's greatest depressions, perhaps even violence, have resulted from vacation plans that failed because of the weather.

If you haven't experienced this dismal scene, you can imagine it: a

Marjorie Megivern



family of six cooped up in a bleak motel room in West Omaha, hostage to a persistent downpour that scales down only to a drizzle for four straight days. The four children, including an infant and two teenagers, lose every redeeming quality they ever had; Mom and Dad wonder what they ever saw in each other, and tension hangs thick in the stale motel air.

Don't despair. I have solutions. As your basic humanitarian, I have researched the problem of rained-out vacations and have come up with suggestions for indoor group fun

that will save your sanity, your marriage, perhaps your very life. None of it involves a television set.

The next time you're stuck in a \$50 room, surrounded by a rain-storm, with no relief in sight, try the following activities, in no particular order. Let me know if you applaud them as heartily as did our control group (now recuperating at Betty Ford's).

■ Gather the family in a circle and let each person tell something they like about every other person. (This should provide a good hour of silence.)

■ Organize a hat-making competition, using only discarded newspapers from the trip.

■ Sing the corniest songs you know, with a prize for anyone who knows all the words to "On Top of Old Smoky."

■ Rig a hoop dangling from the ceiling light fixture and improvise a basketball game, using bars of soap

(or the baby, if you have one).

■ Run up and down your wing of the motel, knocking on doors and getting acquainted. Think of the new friends you can make! (One of them may be a police officer.)

■ Find out who your real friends are: Call collect everyone you know and see who accepts the charges.

■ Turn the radio to a rock and roll station and hold a dance contest. The baby can be the judge...who can make her scream the loudest?

By the way, a baby is a valuable commodity in these situations, because it provides the perfect answer to prizes for any of the above competitions. Losers change diapers for the rest of the trip. A suggested teenage penalty: take a family photo in the midst of this fun and games and show an enlarged print to all their friends at school.

Enjoy your summer travel, regardless of the weather, and don't call me if nothing works.

## The Time Is Right To Upgrade Libraries

There was a time not too many years ago when an allocation of \$1.5 million in the Brunswick County budget for libraries would have seemed almost obscenely extravagant. Thank goodness, times have changed.

The county commissioners are to be commended for seizing the opportunity to make funds available for building new library branches at Leland and Oak Island, computerizing filing systems and buying \$200,000 in new books—without increasing taxes in the process. Although there will undoubtedly be criticism from some citizens and county employees who will point to other pressing needs, the time is overdue in Brunswick County's development for an upgrade of its library system.

A county's libraries are among its most precious resources, indicative of its commitment to literacy, education and the edification of its citizens. Governmental planning for libraries requires both foresight and fortitude. Libraries don't make money, aren't big vote-getters and are never used by a great enough percentage of the population. And as well-intentioned as they may be, grassroots efforts to raise funds for libraries frequently fall short of their goals, particularly in those communities with the most desperate needs and the least wealth. A public-private partnership, led by a strong and dedicated library board which accurately represents the citizens it serves, is the only viable means of developing and fostering a system which works and works well.

It's too easy in rapidly growing resort communities like ours for amenities such as libraries to get shoved aside. There are always more pragmatic concerns, such as the never-quite-fulfilled need to provide water and sewer service, police protection and and garbage collection to a burgeoning population of vacationers and newcomers. But this approach short-changes the rights and needs of the permanent, full-time residents who are the primary users of public libraries.

What better means could there be than libraries to let them share in their community's prosperity?

## The Fishing's Good; Bring Your Own Pole

For a day or two there it was hard to tell what was wrong; there was just this sense of being somehow out of kilter.

It wasn't from lack of sleep, or from not having plenty to do. 't was something else, but I just couldn't put my finger on it.

Sorting through the closet in the morning was getting to be a little irritating. But then, it's hard to find a pair of shoes to wear when they're lined up by the back door, drying. A slow process without sunshine.

And the hose. That drawer's getting a little more colorful these days. You have to be careful in the half-light of morning to match nylons with the correct footwear. Dye fade. Bad case.

And then there's the house. There's a pervasive musty kind of odor, kind of like when you open a mayonnaise-jar terrarium for the first time in months. And stuff is starting to grow in the joints of the wooden furniture. It looks a little like mushrooms. Where's Milton Coleman when you need him?

Bath time's kind of fun, too, these days. You never know what will be staring out from the bathroom, or the shower itself. We're convinced the insects are using the plumbing as a tramway. Tuesday must have been a special fare day for spiders.

Then Wednesday, while pulling back the shower curtain, there was movement just inside my peripheral vision. Suddenly a clammy feeling ran up my back and a chill traveled up my arms in slow-motion. A sticky-toed green tree frog was clinging tight, almost as scared as you-know-who. Together we tiptoed to the back door, where the visitor was dumped without ceremony.

While all that was going on, of course, the back door was open. Just for a minute. But that was long enough for both J.R. and Nosey to slip in without getting caught. Nothing like the smell of wet fur, unless it's the almost-invisible gray fur ball on Don's favorite chair—until he sat down.

Sweetpea, who is allowed in the house, doesn't even bother shaking first anymore. She just runs inside anytime the door opens and then furiously begins to roll on the carpet, back and forth, up and down. She hasn't been thoroughly dry, it seems, in several weeks. You can imagine.

Looking out the window it's easy to see why Sweetpea doesn't bother shaking. It's Drowned Rat Syndrome, and there's plenty of it going around.

But Don and I, we're not about to let the weather get us down. We believe in making the most of any opportunity. And they're out there; you just have to be alert, ready.

As we listened to the steady splash of rain on the decks, Don and I realized why we'd been kind of ragged around the edges these last sunless days. It wasn't jungle brain rot or the rat syndrome, as we'd first feared, but opportunity, knocking.

So we have been making big plans this last day or two. We're not going to let any more water flow over the dam.

Tomorrow's the big day. "Don's Fishing Hole" will be open for business. We've got all the crickets anyone could want for bait, and now we've got the water.

It's not too hard a place to get too for fishing this good. You can rent a john boat up at the store, cheap. Drop in soon.

Susan Usher



## 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.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

# Can't Tolerate More Of Quayle

To the editor:

I'm not one to write a letter to the editor every time I get aggravated over this or that circumstance or condition. However, I frankly can't take it anymore!

Last night I watched with more than disgust as the vice president of our United States of America was shown on the evening news going after the "cultural elite" of our nation in a speech to the Southern Baptist Convention. I sat quietly by, as others did, when he lambasted attorneys in a speech before the American Bar Association (I am a member of that sometimes derided profession.) Who does Mr. Quayle think he is? Mr. Quayle is an attorney and a member of the upper crust in our society. How else could he possibly occupy the exalted position he now holds as our vice president?

Hopefully, others like me see Mr. Quayle for what he really is and for what he really stands. Hopefully, we the people can see our way clear to voting him out of office in November. I simply cannot tolerate another four years of this individual.

It appears that Mr. Quayle would have us believe he has some type of monopoly on moral values and he would foist these values on our society. He comes out, in a major address, against the morals of the "Murphy Brown" television show. He would have us live ideal family lives (I presume family lives which I have only seen portrayed on television shows which are now off the air such as "Father Knows Best.")

Given, if everyone had the financial resources and home life Mr. Quayle grew up with, we probably wouldn't have as much crime and broken families. However, we all know that this would be impossible, and I frankly don't think that Mr. Quayle would want this. As for Mr. Quayle going on and on about the importance of a father in the home, if he really cared about his family he would not have chosen a political career.

Why then does Mr. Quayle go on and on, putting down citizens in our United States of America who don't meet his moral requirements? I

would submit to you that, regardless of his political party affiliation, Mr. Quayle is everyone's vice president until and unless he is turned out of office. He should act like everyone's vice president. But he can't and won't.

I would submit to you that Mr. Quayle has been subtly playing up on the racial and class biases in our society. He is asking individuals who oppose that racial segment or class of our society who account for the majority of unwed mothers to give him and President Bush their votes. He is asking that segment of society who have had problems with attorneys or other authorities (even the government itself) to give him and President Bush their votes.

I do not dislike politicians when they have programs that are well thought through, even when I disagree with their programs. How-

ever, I cannot tolerate politicians who place themselves on a pedestal and ask for votes because they are opposed to some segment in our society. If our elected officials serving in high office cannot serve proudly all of the citizens of our United States of America, we the people ought to either vote them out of office or never vote them in.

Mark A. Lewis  
Shallotte

## Calabash Board's Priorities Misplaced?

To the editor:

Relative to the Calabash Board of Commissioners last meeting as reported in *The Brunswick Beacon*, a number of our elected commissioners were apparently distressed over a certain beach towel hanging in the

window of the Wings establishment in Calabash. One of the commissioners received a complaint regarding this beach towel depicting three females wearing "thong" style bathing attire.

Next we will discover that our commissioners have passed an ordinance requiring all visitors to pass a T-shirt pictorial and inscription test before entering our community. Come on, guys. Get real!

There must be many more important town issues to discuss. For example, holding firm on the 1992-93 town budget rather than raising taxes to 13.5 cents per \$100 as you have proposed, to give yourselves 25 bucks for each meeting attended, and hiring a 40-hour-a-week security guard.

John Norton  
Carolina Shores  
(More Letters, Following Page)

## A Divisible-By-Five Birthday

My sister turned 35 last week, and we both took it pretty hard, she because it was one of those divisible-by-five birthdays and I, because it was the first in several years that we haven't spent together.

If I'd been around, she would never have gotten away with turning off her phone and going to bed, missing my three progressively more plaintive attempts to reach her.

I'd have made her favorite meal—shrimp steamed in Old Bay, with corn on the cob and cole slaw. We'd have eaten it off paper plates on a newspaper tablecloth, with a roll of paper towels for napkins so we could throw everything away instead of washing dishes.

I would have gotten her a Barbie birthday card, a silly between-us joke that gets repeated each year. We'd have made fun of our ex-husbands and laughed until we cried.

Sister and I have lived within 20 minutes of each other for the past seven years until a few weeks ago when I moved back to Holden Beach. A lot happened during that time. She gave me a shoulder to lean

Lynn Carlson



on during a business failure and some other tough times, and I gave her one during a chronic illness and a divorce.

When I had a restaurant and wine shop, she came there every Saturday and ate lunch and bought stuff, even when not enough other people did. She did my taxes (she's a CPA), kept my books and balanced my checkbook. When she went out of town, I fed her cat. She had a standing invitation to supper at my house every Sunday, or any other day for that matter. She knew I'd cook whatever she requested. I knew she'd rave about it as if it were the best meal she'd ever had.

It was time for me to come back

to the coast and to the newspaper, but it never would have been the right time to leave Sister. Our winding up in the same area for a few years had been something of a coincidence. Or it could have been providence. At any rate, we both knew all along that jobs or relationships or other opportunities would cause one or both of us to move on eventually. And we knew all along that it would leave a void in both our lives. In the abstract, that didn't sound so difficult. The reality is a bear, especially spending birthdays apart.

Instead of a cake with candles, I'd have made her a black bottom pie. If you've never had it, black bottom pie is a shamefully rich and elaborate-to-prepare three-tiered dessert with a layers of vanilla, rum and chocolate custard in a ginger snap crust. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings wrote that, on her deathbed, she would want to be propped up and fed black bottom pie, knowing that when she tasted it she would find life just too good to relinquish.

You'd only make a black bottom pie for someone you really love.