



Cape Fear

# VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

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A Veteran-Owned Small Business

FREE

October 2021

## Cape Fear Voices Staff

### Teen Scene Inc. President

Gerald Decker

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Eric Mens

### Lead Layout Designer

Giancarlo D'Alessandro

### This Month's Writers

Brendan Connelly  
Gerald Decker  
Patricia Dischino  
Ana Johnson  
Sheryl Keiper  
Eric Mens  
Janet Meuwissen  
Vivien Monnie  
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Jerry Rogers  
Janet M. Stiegler  
Alan Sturrock  
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Marianne Ziegler

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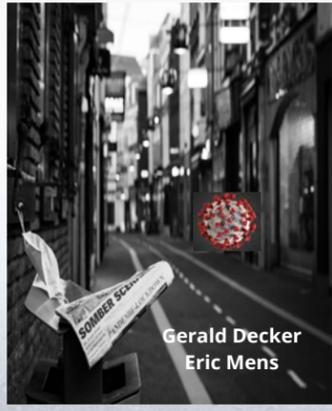
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[www.instagram.com/capefear-](https://www.instagram.com/capefear-)

## Cape Fear Voices Announces Publication of its New Book!

### The Great Lockdown of 2020 An Anthology



Leland Vietnam veterans Gerald Decker and Eric Mens recently published an anthology of personal stories from around the world and the Cape Fear Region. The book provides insights into the personal struggles of both young and old during the COVID-19 pandemic and its harmful effects on our health, professions, and education. *The Great Lockdown of 2020 - An Anthology* chronicles people's lives, including local area students, against a backdrop of well-written introductions by Leland resident Mahlon Anderson and published authors Keith Landry and Bev Haedrich.

Decker and Mens previously published a short biography on local WW II veteran Alex Moskowitz and publish the free monthly papers *Cape Fear Voices* and *The Teen Scene*. Both papers provide an opportunity for Cape Fear residents and students to share their creative talents with the community. *The Great Lockdown of 2020 - An Anthology* is available from Amazon.

The authors will be available for book sales and signing at the Belville Riverwalk Fall Festival on Saturday, October 2 (10 am-3 pm) and at Blossoms Restaurant on October 17 (2-5 pm). Belville Park is located at 580 River Road SE, Leland, NC. Blossoms is located at 1800 Tommy Jacobs Drive in Magnolia Greens. Additional book signings will be scheduled at local venues in the near future. For more information, email [editorcfv@gmail.com](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com) or call (910) 338-6261. In addition to the soft-copies of *The Great Lockdown of 2020 - An Anthology*

that is available on Amazon, the book is now available as a Kindle eBook for \$8.95. A list of local talents contributing to the book follows on page 3 of this issue of *Cape Fear Voices*.

## Writers Award 2022

### Nominate your favorite stories of 2021!

Our next Writers Award Banquet will be on March 12, 2022. The event will be held at the Leland Arts Center in Magnolia Greens. Please save the date and make plans to join us for another fun-filled evening.

We will recognize *Cape Fear Voices* writers in three main categories of writing:

**Memories/History**  
**Creative Writing**  
**Poetry**

We will also be recognizing the top writers for *The Teen Scene*. Teen writers will be recognized for their consistent participation, quality of writing, and effort. Some scholarship monies will be a part of the recognition for the teen writers.

If you are interested in being a sponsor for the evening, please contact us at [editorteenscene@gmail.com](mailto:editorteenscene@gmail.com) for more information. Nominations for your favorite *Cape Fear Voices* stories in the three categories should be sent to [editorcfv@gmail.com](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com).

## A Cache of Scattered Memories

by Patricia Dischino, Brunswick Forest



One's excursion through life is filled with episodes comparable to a book, beginning with page one, adding more and more sheets until the words, 'The End,'

emerge.

We often don't pick the memory on which to dwell. Significant incidents are engraved forever. The lesser ones surface unexpectedly, similar to a cloud formation that catches the eye before changing shape, before disappearing. Whenever I hear Leroy Anderson's *Trumpeter's Lullaby*, it brings a remembrance of standing by a high school gym, when the notes played by a young trumpeter filled my ears with euphoria, enduring a lifetime. This was nothing dramatic or momentous, just pleasant to remember.

\*\*\*

Long ago, my mother and our oldest son, four years of age at the time, caused a bit of droll humor as well as irony. My father purchased a substantially sized semi-nude painting of a rather voluptuous female. He hung it in the middle of the living room wall, much to my mother's objection.

"Harold, we have young grandchildren. That painting is totally inappropriate."

Even more of a concern to my mother was her four-year-old grandson's obsession with staring at the undraped topless model with every visit. Mother would repeat her objection to my father, who

would return her criticism with a sly smirk. Finally, she just had to get to the bottom of it all. The next time she witnessed her grandson gazing at the well-equipped lady, she questioned.

"Kirk, why do you stare at that painting so much?"

"Grandma, that artist never went once out of the lines."

Kirk never went out of the lines with his coloring books. The painting stayed where my mother laughed as she repeated the tale.

Maybe my great, great, great-grandchildren might read the following with enjoyment. That would be nice.

\*\*\*

It was a bitterly cold February morning, during the late '70s, before the Internet gave us information instantly. I was the teacher of the gifted. One of the programs offered was called *The Stock Market Competition*. Many schools competed, challenging students to pick productive stocks. It was necessary to purchase ten copies of *The New York Times* on Monday to check each student's stock progress. I picked up the papers from a kiosk, a freestanding booth on the curb containing newspapers. I would pay for two or three and take out ten - not very honest but economical.

It was so cold that I left my car running in front of a delicatessen with a kiosk, put some change in the proper slot and took out ten papers. I admit I short-changed the stall, but that has little to do

with what happened.

The papers were bulky, but, with freezing fingers, I managed to open the door and shove the newspapers on the passenger side. Off I sailed, heading for a busy school day. About two miles on the road, I took note of my surroundings. A totally unrecognizable item hung from the front mirror swinging back and forth, as if to say, 'You idiot, this is not your car!'

I turned around, aiming for the delicatessen, hoping police searching for a stolen vehicle wouldn't greet me. Luck was with me as my car was right where I left it. The owner must still have been in the deli, probably munching on a loaded bagel with cream cheese, sipping steaming hot coffee, utterly unaware of his car's predicament. I parked, grabbed the newspapers, and took off.

Two miles away, I noticed a paper bag on top of the papers. 'Oh no, I took their lunch.'

One last time I changed direction, hoping the driver was a slow eater. I parked, threw the lunch in the car, humbly noting that the owner was never the wiser. The story followed me for years, as I could not resist telling the account when I arrived late for school.

I will never forget where I was when Kennedy was shot or the horror of 9/11, but I just love when amusing bits pop up to remind me life has served me a plateful of humorous recollections.

**Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices****Contact Information:**For *Cape Fear Voices*

editorcfv@gmail.com

For *Teen Scene*

editorteenscene@gmail.com

**Who Are We?**

*The Teen Scene Inc.* is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba (doing business as) *Cape Fear Voices. The Teen Scene, Inc.* is a non-profit organization that produces a monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers. *Teen Scene's* mission is to promote writing skills among area teens. *Teen Scene* also strives to develop the business skills of teens who take an active role in running the publication and managing its activities. As a nonprofit organization, we plan to offer scholarships to teens who wish to pursue a career in journalism. *Teen Scene* is a monthly, free to the public, publication created by and dedicated to teenagers in the Cape Fear Region. *Cape Fear Voices (CFV)* is also a monthly free publication that showcases the creative works of adults living in the region. CFV will provide an outlet to publicize other regional nonprofit organizations that work to improve the lives of children and families in the area. In each instance, we intend to provide a quality outlet to publicize the region's literary and other creative talents.

**Our Philosophy:**

We will work to publish the highest quality product. For *Teen Scene*, we will accomplish this by recruiting dedicated teens who are willing to put in the time and effort to develop their skills. Our role in either *Teen Scene* or *Cape Fear Voices* is solely to promote and showcase individuals' creative talents in the Cape Fear Region. As such, we will not publish any religious or political work that may otherwise be submitted for publication.

**Our Status as a Tax-Exempt Organization:**

*The Teen Scene, Inc.* is a tax-exempt organization under the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) Code 501(c)(3). Our Employer Identification Number (EIN) is 45-0539098. Donors can deduct contributions they make under IRS Code Section 170. *Teen Scene* is qualified to receive tax-deductible bequests, devises, transfers, or gifts under Section 2055, 2106, or 2522. We will acknowledge all donations in our monthly publications unless otherwise requested by any donor who wishes to remain anonymous.

**Our Funding Sources:**

We need public support to allow both *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices* to achieve our stated missions and, especially, to make a difference in the lives of students.

**Donations may be sent to:***The Teen Scene, Inc.*

Post Office Box 495

Leland, NC 28451

**Governance**

An appointed Board of Directors governs *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices*. The Board serves in an advisory capacity to ensure that both publications are operated and published in an ethical and accountable manner.

Board members will represent a broad spectrum of current and retired professionals with extensive experience in working with teens, publication, marketing, and leadership. Directors volunteer their time in an advisory role to ensure that our programs most adequately address the proper standards and ethics for fulfilling our mission.

Gerald Decker, President

Eric Mens, Vice President

Dan Bruneau, Director of Teen Scene Writing Academy

**Board of Directors**

Claire Boon

Debbie Channell

Terri Delfino

Jim Nys

Jenny Stedham

**Advisory Board**

Howard Cohen

Beverly Haedrich

Elizabeth Wassum

Mike Stedham

**Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements**

**Cape Fear Voices** intends to showcase the works of the area's many talented local writers, poets, and craftspeople as well as the work of local non-profit organizations.

- We are looking for contributors to submit their poems, stories, pictures, or articles for publication.

- We will not publish any political or religious material and will censor profanity, no matter how good the work submitted might otherwise be.

- All submissions must be in Times New Roman 12, single spaced, and include the title and author's name. Please limit your submissions to 500-600 words.

- We will print excessively larger works in serial form, but it is the author's responsibility to determine proper cutoff for each piece, keeping in mind the 500-600 word limitation per each submission.

- Any photos intended to accompany a submission must be sent as JPG files.

- All written works must be sent to [editorcfv@gmail.com](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com) and received by the 15th of each month for publication in the following month's issue.

**How to Subscribe**

Individual subscriptions to *Cape Fear Voices* are available on an annual basis at a cost of \$25, including the cost of postage. If you want to make sure that you never miss a copy of *Cape Fear Voices*, please send a check payable to:

*Cape Fear Voices Subscription*

P.O. Box 495

Leland, NC 28451

**Job Listing: Looking for a Sales Rep**

*Teen Scene, Inc* of Leland is looking for an enthusiastic Sales Rep to sell advertising space for our monthly newsletter to businesses and individuals. Reps are needed in the Wilmington, Leland and Shallotte areas. As an independent contractor you would set your own hours. We offer an excellent commission and no previous sales skills are needed. Good P/R and communication skills are required and you must be able to provide your own transportation. A perfect opportunity for a teacher, college student or retiree who needs a little extra income.

**New Ad Rates Effective****Oct. 1, 2021**

	3-Editions	6-Editions	12-Editions
Full Page	\$300	\$550	\$1,000
Half Page	\$175	\$225	\$530
Quarter Page	\$ 90	\$165	\$275
Business Card	\$45	\$ 80	\$145

To place an ad contact us at [editorteenscene@gmail.com](mailto:editorteenscene@gmail.com)

*Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices* started publication in North Carolina in June 2020. Readership has grown from 600 in June 2020 to 5,600 in Sept. 2021. That does not include our email list of nearly 3,000 per month or readership from our website. Although we have subscribers and followers in other states, our readers are predominantly in the greater Cape Fear region. Visit us at [cfvts.org](http://cfvts.org).

**Meet Our Writers**

**Bob Wieland** - I was born in Manhattan in 1941 to immigrant German parents who came to America in 1926 escaping the hardships there after WWI. When I was a year old, they purchased a home in Queens. We grew up in the 50's, the best of times in America. Great music, terrific public schools, low crime, and Elvis. Our parents insisted that betterment was thru education; my sister became an RN while I worked in sales. They had little education but were rewarded through hard work which was imparted to us. NYC had three baseball teams when there were 16 major league teams. I was a fanatical Brooklyn Dodger fan and attended 14 games at Ebbets Field from 1954 until 1957. I saw Joe Adcock hit four home runs and a double. When they left for LA it was like someone close had died. I lost interest in baseball until the Mets returned National League Baseball to Queens in 1962. I attended the game when they clinched the pennant on September 24, 1969, the year of the "Miracle Mets." I attended a Technical HS and then entered CCNY school of Engineering. After two years I joined the U.S. Marine Corps Reserves. I resumed my education attending night school while working days and graduated with a Bachelor of Business Administration degree in 1967. I met my wonderful woman in 1961 and married her in 1964. We have two children, six grandchildren, and one "new" great granddaughter. We miss them, our small but close family. In 1985 we purchased a condo in Surf City. We got acquainted with the area and that simplified the decision to relocate to Magnolia Greens in Leland, NC, in 2003.



**Stan Washington** - In my early years, my family moved many times. I have lived in the Permian Basin, Texas Panhandle, and eastern Oklahoma oil fields. I am the oldest of four and attended several colleges (no degrees). My career has been in IT as a computer operator, application programmer, system programmer, system engineer, and sales technical support. After 31 years with IBM, I retired. My wife and I moved from the Philadelphia suburbs to Leland, NC, in 2017. After moving to Leland, I began taking acting lessons at the Leland Cultural Arts Center. Each class puts on plays for local folks free of charge. It is challenging and fun. COVID has shut down the classes, so now we meet by Zoom to continue reading plays and practicing our acting skills. We hope for a return to the stage this fall. I also participate in a writing club - the Coastal Carolina Writers. The club uses timed writings to build writing skills in short sessions. Some members are working on longer pieces, including short stories, memoirs, possibly a novel. We started using the Amherst method and have expanded our focus to allow different writing formats. I enjoy trying multiple genres - science fiction, drama, eerie tales, and comedy. Writing frees my imagination. I look around for a subject that interests me and then work on an outline of the characters without creating an ending. When the club meets, prompts and inspiration are supplied. Each member can use one of the prompts or use their own ideas. We time ourselves to 20 minutes (we allow for work from outside the meeting). Once done, each can read their piece to the group for feedback. Sometimes it is funny and revealing, but mostly fun. My wife and I belong to a local bowling league. My wife has greatly improved her skills with a 201 in league play. I can only mention a much lower scoring range.

**Dan Bruneau - New Director of Teen Scene Writing Academy**

*Teen Scene, Inc.* is happy to announce that Dan Bruneau has joined our distinguished group of volunteers to head up our Writing Academy. He brings a 35-year career of experience in communications and writing, including 14 years as a newspaper reporter and editor. Dan is the managing director of Bruneau & Associates, a consulting firm in communications and professional development. He holds undergraduate and law degrees from the University of Wisconsin and certificates in mediation from the University of California Santa Barbara, leadership from the Federal Executive Institute, and project management from UNCW. Dan serves on the Community Advisory Board for WHQR Public Media and the Board of Directors for Brunswick Senior Resources, Inc. He is also a member of the Leadership Council of the National Small Business Association. Dan's years of experience in communications for the federal government and news media have taught him first-hand how writing and study skills offer benefits personally and professionally. "I believe that writing ability and study habits serve

teens well in school and in any careers they pursue. The Writing Academy will help students succeed in these areas, enriching their experience in school, building their confidence, and preparing them for brighter futures," says Dan. "Our classes will meet in small groups to ensure our dedicated tutors can provide students with individual attention." The Basic Writing class will concentrate on establishing competence in written communication and building self-esteem. It gives students the opportunity to publish their work in *The Teen Scene*, a free monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers. The experience also allows students to develop the business skills needed to run *The Teen Scene*. Our Study Skills class will enhance students' organizational capability, note-taking aptitude, and test-taking strategies. In conjunction with the writing class, it helps students think clearly and present their thoughts and other information coherently.

For more information on how your school, student, or company can participate in this program, please contact us at [editorteenscene@gmail.com](mailto:editorteenscene@gmail.com).

## Local Contributing Writers & Artists

### The Great Lockdown of 2020 – An Anthology

Mahlon Anderson (Leland, NC)  
 Jennifer Argo (Teen Writer, West Brunswick HS)  
 Amy Atwell (Proprietor - The Painted Mermaid, Southport)  
 Ayla Austermiller (Teen Writer, Town Creek Middle School)  
 Carlin Baer (Teen Writer, Town Creek Middle School)  
 William Beecher (Journalist and Author, Wilmington, NC)  
 Brenda Bozeman (Mayor, Leland, NC)  
 Faye Burkhalter (Leland, NC)  
 Samuel Cahenzli, (Teen Writer, West Brunswick HS)  
 Deja Chambers (Teen Writer, Leland Middle School)  
 Sabrina Cherry (Assistant Professor of Public Health, UNC-Wilmington, NC)  
 Howard Cohen (Leland, NC)  
 Brendan Connelly (Leland, NC)  
 Sharon Copland (Wilmington, NC)

Sally Dabovich (Wilmington, NC)  
 Gerald Decker (Leland, NC)  
 Pam DeGeorge (Leland, NC)  
 Patricia Dischino (Leland, NC)  
 Anthony Fallone (Teen Artist, West Brunswick High School)  
 Ken Formalarie (Leland, NC)  
 Suzanne Foster (Proprietor - La Polona Bed and Breakfast, Southport, NC)  
 Lorraine Gilmore (Leland, NC)  
 Beverly Haedrich (Author, Wilmington, NC)  
 Rev. Jim Hanisian (Leland, NC)  
 Sarah Harrell (Wilmington, NC)  
 Brittany and Dewayne Hedrick (Proprietors – Southport Tap and Cellar, Southport, NC)  
 Wes Hickman (Proprietor - Hickman's Pharmacy, Leland, NC)  
 Shanley Hunt (Teen Writer, Leland Middle School)  
 Ana Johnson (Wilmington, NC)  
 Z'Kyra Johnson (Teen Writer, Town

Creek Middle School)  
 L.T. Johnston (Leland, NC)  
 Sheryl Keiper (Leland, NC)  
 Jane Lang (Leland, NC)  
 Leland Cultural Arts Center  
 Leland Parks and Recreation Department  
 Giovanni Leone (Leland, NC)  
 Maritime Museum at Southport  
 Lee Norman Mehler (Leland, NC)  
 Eric Mens (Leland, NC)  
 Janet Meuwissen (Leland, NC)  
 Teena Miller (Leland, NC)  
 Jan Morgan-Swegle (Leland, NC)  
 Maryann Nunnally (Wilmington, NC)  
 Missy Ronquilo (Artist, Southport, NC)  
 Randy, Sadewater (Musician, Southport, NC)  
 Pam Sexton (Proprietor -The Cattail Cottage, Southport, NC)  
 John Stickney (Leland, NC)  
 Janet Stiegler (Leland, NC)

Jeffrey Stites (Writer and Publisher, Oak Island, NC)  
 Catherine Strickland (Wilmington, NC)  
 Suzy Tenenbaum (Leland, NC)  
 Ruth Thompson (CIS Success Coach, Leland Middle School, Leland, NC)  
 Matt Thorne (Proprietor – The Saucy Southerner, Southport, NC)  
 Bryce Thorpe (Teen Writer, Leland Middle School, Leland, NC)  
 Brian Tully (Proprietor – Better Together Fitness, Leland, NC)  
 Stan Washington (Leland, NC)  
 Jane Webster (Leland, NC)  
 Ronnie Weinstein (Musician, Southport, NC)  
 Wilmington Symphony Orchestra  
 Susan and Doug Zucker (Proprietors – Bridgewater Wines Leland)

## Next Chapter Book Club

by **Brendan Connelly**, Brunswick Forest



The Next Chapter Book Club franchise was founded by Dr. Thomas Fish in 2002, when he was the Director of Social Work at the Ohio State University's Nisonger Center for Excellence in Disabilities. His goal was to create and help a number of clubs in the Central Ohio area that provided a fun unique way for people with special needs to participate in their communities. With the growth of social media, the Next Chapter program expanded well beyond just Central Ohio and would start hundreds of clubs all around the globe. The Next Chapter franchise offers different community-based reading programs which assists young adults with various special needs such as: Down Syndrome, Autism, Cerebral Palsy and so many more.

Our participants love books just like most people do, even though some have trouble reading or cannot read on their own. They love traveling to different locations where they meet unique creatures and learn about wonderful new things. Doing that journey with friends makes it so much more exciting.

"Next Chapter Book Club nurtures an enjoyment of books coupled with the chance to socialize in a public setting for a population that is often excluded from such opportunities."- Michelle Willis

The Next Chapter Book Club mission statement is to offer lasting opportunities for lifelong educating, social interactions, and different community inclusion for people with special needs each week which include participants of different reading levels.

An expanding number of programs such as public libraries, social service agencies and parent groups are coming together and starting Next Chapter Book Clubs in their own communities. They understand its simple message and

want to help spread awareness in their own communities.

The Next Chapter Book Club is a global program with groups meeting all over the world such as North America, Australia, Africa, and Europe.

After Dr. Thomas Fish moved from Ohio to Leland, North Carolina, he started a book club in Brunswick Forest in April 2019. I saw an advertisement about the book club and decided to join the club. It was love at first sight.

Our club consists of seven participants: Brendan Connelly (myself), Robert Lang, William Flynn, Shannon Baker, Jill DeGeorge, Shari DeGeorge & Emily Jahn, and six facilitators: Dr. Thomas Fish, Gail Reardon, Gail Ritter, Marilyn Fewkes, Nancy D'Abrosca, and Teena Miller.

I love seeing the connection and friendship between the group members. Each week everyone comes in with a smile on their face and is eager to engage in the reading and communicate with one other.

Going forward, I would love to see the Next Chapter program continue to grow across America and across the world.

This is an important program to continue to spread around the world - helping people with special needs to read, socialize, and make friends makes them smarter, wiser, and better individuals. It gives them a light in their lives. It also helps spread awareness as it is living proof that people with special needs can achieve greatness in their lives.

## Parliament is in Session

by **Janet Meuwissen**, Brunswick Forest



"Order, order I say," hooted Boris the Barred Owl as he called for the Parliament of Owls meeting to begin.

"We are here today to discuss ways to unite all 256 species of owls for improving our quality of life and that of all the creatures on Earth. Climate change, economic decline, and civil unrest are shifting all of us in negative directions. We must find solutions that will stop or at least slow down the impending demise of our Earth," Boris implored as he slammed his wing on the table, which didn't have the effect he intended.

"The truth is that human beings, who view themselves as the Masters of our Earth, started revering us because of our intelligence as the Owl-of-Athena in Greek mythology. An owl was depicted sitting on the blind side of the goddess of wisdom, Athena, so that she could see the whole truth."



"Humans continued to exalt us by creating the Owl Spirit Animal. This bird represents the deep connection that we share with wisdom, good judgment, and knowledge. We owls are known for our sharp vision and keen observation due to our binocular wide-eyed, seemingly watchful, thoughtful gaze and our ability to see at night. Although we are generally active at

night, during the day, we seem to take on human traits such as preening, stretching, yawning, and combing our heads with our "nails" or claws. We need humans, the creatures who have noticed our powers and who now seem to rule our world, to once again look to us for guidance in saving our Earth. It is as simple as using our appearance and habits to do so."

"Historically, the Wise Old Owl has told many a fairy tale or fable or story, all with lessons for the reader. Remember when Woodsy Owl led the "Give a Hoot, Don't Pollute!" campaign? Another Wise Old Owl answers 1-2-3 to the question:" How many licks does it take to finish a Tootsie Pop? We continue to show humans how to be wise--through social media in online ads today."

"WE CAN DO THIS!" Boris hooted loudly. "We've got our own Woodsy Owl to lead us on climate change while our many Wise Old Owls assist in putting our economies back on a positive trajectory.

"Most important is the part that we all must take in calming the civil unrest around the world. As I said before, we will do this by demonstrating our habits and appearances to the humans who so desperately need our help.

"Although genetically we belong to the order Strigiformes, Birds of Prey, and the genus Strix, owls--and there are over 250 species of us--we DO NOT PREY on one another. The world's core problem here is that humans belong to the order Primates, the genus Homo, and there is only ONE SPECIES OF HUMANS--HOMO SAPIENS. Why can't they all just get along?" Boris concluded. "If humans want to continue ruling the world, they must return to their reverence toward us owls and our ways. We could use an ad campaign of our own to reteach humans what they had already discovered about following the ways of the owl."

"We will remind humans how to live peacefully with one another, just as we do. Although we each have our territories, we respect one another and one another's dominions. To spearhead this marketing blitz, we'll take an attention-getting photo and add a motto. Do I have a motion to accept this proposal?"

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## Laughing in the Golden Years Monkey Business

by Maryann K. Nunnally, Porters Neck



One year before WWII began, my dad invited me to the city to pick up some car parts to repair our old Ford, which he had purchased used. Dad said that if I were quiet and well-behaved while he shopped, he would take me to see something really special. He explained it is something that most likely will not be around when you are grown.

Once in the city, dad parked and taking me by the hand, went into Genesee Supply - yesterday's answer to Advance Auto. I sat on a stool at the counter while dad "chewed the fat" with the men who waited on him. One of the clerks gave me a lollipop, and I sat quietly listening. I was probably about four years old, but I learned early to be still and quiet when grownups talked.

I learned a lot of fascinating things by looking as though I wasn't interested. At any rate, I heard dad say that he was taking me to see a monkey. Since there was no zoo at that time in the city, I wondered where there would be a monkey. I could hardly wait to get going, but I knew better than to interrupt because my dad was strict about me getting in the way of his conversations. After a while, he finished and lifting me down from where I was sitting. We went out to the car and drove to what was then the theater district. Dad parked the car on a side street with no parking meters because he hated to pay for parking no matter how important it was.

Taking me by the hand, he led me up the street and around the corner. Before long, I began to hear music, kind of jazzy but slightly tinny. Then I saw it - a man with a box on a strap over his shoulder turning a handle which was making music. Dad said the man was called an organ grinder. To my delight, he had a leash with a tiny monkey at the end of it dancing in rhythm to the music. Once I saw the monkey, I didn't notice anything else. I remember that the organ grinder had a very long mustache that hung below his chin. After that, I only had eyes for the monkey. He was wearing a little red jacket with gold trim and a tiny box hat on his

head. Dad gave me a nickel, and when the monkey stopped dancing, dad said to put the nickel in the cup, which the monkey was waving around. When I dropped the money in the tin cup, the monkey snatched it out and put it in a pocket on his jacket.

Immediately the organ grinder said, "No, no! Give me the nickel." The monkey looked at him and shook his head no. "What will I do to you if you don't give me that nickel?" the organ grinder asked. Immediately the monkey turned his back to us and, lifting his tiny behind upward, spanked himself. I laughed and then asked my father if we could buy the monkey.

My dad shook his head and said, "The organ grinder needs him, and besides, your mom would have a fit if we brought a monkey home." I knew that was for sure, so I didn't ask again. But I surely believed that the little monkey was as smart as any monkey could ever be.

About two years later, my first-grade teacher was getting us ready to read a story about a monkey and asked, "Can monkeys talk?" The kids in my class said, "No!" but I said, "Yes, monkeys can talk." Miss Walsh, my teacher, said, "No, Maryann, monkeys cannot talk." I stood my ground and said again, "Yes, they can so talk!"

She just shook her head at me, but that wasn't the end of it. As soon as I got home that afternoon, my mom greeted me with, "What on earth makes you think a monkey can talk?" I knew then that Miss Walsh had called my mom. When I explained about the organ grinder's monkey, mom said, "That monkey could follow directions just like our dog does, but neither one of them can speak words."

I knew better than to argue with my mom; I continued to believe that the organ grinder's monkey could talk, but I sure didn't say that to my mother as her word was law. It was a long time before I learned about passive language, and I understood the monkey's actions. I have always kind of believed that the smart little monkey could talk. After all, wasn't shaking his head at the organ grinder a way of speaking?

## Traveling, Man...

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



"A good traveler  
leaves no tracks..." Tao  
Te Ching

A traveler often travels to exotic places. Glasgow. Dublin. Lisdoonvarna. Farthings Ordinary. Geographical places with interesting names. Exotic names like Fort Augustus, Buchlyvie, and Pittenweem dot my interior landscape, as tarmacadam ribbons, here, there, and every which way, simulate the life of one of the *traveling people*. Painted cloudscapes stream by... and by--some breathtaking, others quite quite ordinary. But always, there is the joy of discovering someplace new and different.

My travels afford me the luxury of spending time with *me, myself, and I* in many different ways:

(1) Time is often spent thinking about the upcoming term, mulling the plans over in my mind, changing this, altering that, in an attempt to find the optimal flow. The guiding principle is always to arrange the teaching (and learning) so that the learner discovers most (if not all) of it for him/herself. Not an easy task that. Done well, it is a seamless set of experiences; done poorly, it stinks of 'over-thinking.' A delicate balance this, the grail of teaching and learning.

(2) Time is also spent in reverie, sometimes unfettered, sometimes focused. It always reminds me of the time I visited a Tibetan ashram in the borders of a great wee nation and was immediately plunged into a three-hour meditation session. After working through the initial discomfort, I began to watch my thoughts. And still more thoughts.

"I" thoughts.

"Me" thoughts.

And so it is with reverie. What's truly amazing is the amount of inconsequential clutter that dwells in the mind. So...part of the time is spent mind-scrubbing; part of the time following convoluted trails of the imagination; still other parts of the time substituting the clutter

for a simple mantra, to *be* recited over and over again. That centering process helps me be in the moment rather than *becoming* the moment.

(3) Music is a great traveling companion--not only for soothing the soul but also for when the twin highway demons of accidents and road construction slow the traveler down to a virtual standstill. And the endless playlists that I have inherited from family and friends measure my traveled miles in untold listening pleasure. Some days are spent with one artist. Other days are given over to special playlists. Still other days on 'shuffle.' Sometimes, I wish I could put my life on 'shuffle'--the wish being the father to the thought! Ah, the choices, and the musical places you can go....

(4) There's a line in the film *Snatch* when Bullet Tooth Tony says that we "should never underestimate the predictability of stupidity." On my travels, I generally find myself ruminating on those stupidities that I own (and those I wouldn't like to own). So self-talk helps immeasurably in the process of getting myself sussed out. I learned about that from a certain Viscount Lochee on our road trip some time ago in Arizona.

(5) Perhaps the most gratifying aspect of spending time with yourself is to practice the Einstein principle.

Specifically, what he posited was this:

*"...the intellect has little to do on the road to discovery...there comes a leap in consciousness--call it intuition or what you will--and the solution comes to you, and you don't know how or why..."*

Moments like these contain all the magic and mystery of koans. I do some of my best thinking on my travels. And it presents endless opportunities *"to prefer the genius of and to the tyranny of or."* In other words, to synthesize the oft competing worlds of intellect and intuition into something different.

Something better.

Something that leaves no tracks....

## Judy's Angelic Foods

by Stan Washington, Brunswick Forest, Coastal Carolina Writers Club



Woke up two mornings ago and did my morning things. I moved to in front of the bathroom mirror. I grabbed the toothbrush and added toothpaste. I inserted the brush in my mouth and started daydreaming while brushing. I turned toward the mirror and noticed my image was not there.

Whoa! I must have a defective mirror. I rushed to my bureau, and lo and behold, no image. I was invisible. Now that is strange. I wondered was it the booze I had the night before? I go to the front door, and I see my neighbor walking. Went outside and waved at him. No

response. I picked up the newspaper and threw it at him. It startled him, and he began to look around. I was standing on the sidewalk and waved at him as he was looking straight at me. He could not see me!

I had always wanted to be invisible and play pranks. Over time, I was able to make myself visible again by my thoughts. I had it under control and was contemplating what I could do with this new ability.

I know what I could do. I loved Judy's Angelic foods. I love the cakes and buns I picked up at their shops. I had heard they did something special to make them so desirable.

I found out where their bakery was and planned an invisible visit. There were rumors about how they baked the goods. The internet had rumors they baked in the nude with only aprons to guard against hot items. Of course, this had to be nonsense. I can see the job description, "Bakers needed must be able to perform in the buff."

I made myself invisible outside Judy's bakery. I moved into the building, following someone through the doors. I made my way through the building and found the door into the actual bakery. I opened the door a crack and moved into the room, staying out of the path of large racks of baked goods

being moved around the shop floor.

One man pushing a cart had on a large blue apron and nothing else. It is true they were working in the buff. The whole crew was dressed (well, with an apron). I can see all the workers, women and men were dedicated to making Angelic foods. They passed me by, not able to see me.

The extraordinary thing was they not only were naked, but they all also had wings like angels. Their wings continually fanned the air. The smells were amazing. I must have lost focus; I was visible and naked. A passing baker saw me and smiled. She turned and said I must wear an apron, safety first!



# THE TEEN SCENE

*Tomorrow's Voices Today*

## Local School Journalism Clubs in the News

**Leland Middle School** - On Friday, September 3, Teen Scene, Inc. principals Gerald Decker and Eric Mens, attended the first meeting of the Leland Middle School (LMS) newly formed Journalism Club. Ruth Thompson, Success Coach, Communities in Schools (CIS), facilitated the meeting. We will guide and mentor the students weekly as they work to develop appropriate material for publication in what will become LMS' dedicated school paper within The Teen Scene. Doing so will allow the students to improve their writing skills. At some future point, they will begin to learn the necessary business skills to effectively manage their own school paper within The Teen Scene. We thank Dr. McDuffie and Mrs. Thompson for their efforts in helping bring this club to fruition. We particularly thank the following students who are currently participating in this program: De'Andre Jones (Grade 6), Tanecia Howard (Grade 6), Andrew Aydell (Grade 7), Addison Martin

(Grade 7), Kaylee Allred (Grade 8), Keiran Daniels (Grade 8).

**Early College High School** - Dan Breneau, Director of the Writing Academy (see related story in this issue), joined Gerald Decker at the first meeting of the Early College High School (ECHS) Journalism Club. Following the footprint of the club in LMS, students will work to develop their own school paper within The Teen Scene. Teacher Laura Askue will serve as faculty advisor to the club. We want to thank Principal Ms. Absher and Ms. Askue for their support in making this possible. Journalism Club members to date include: Jazmine Garcia (Grade 11), Christopher King (Grade 9), Kavleigh Quinn (Grade 10), Anna Adams, Milton Brown, Arwen Collins, and Samantha Becker



### Teen Scene Staff

#### Editor

Gerald Decker

#### Lead Layout Designer

Giancarlo D'Alessandro

### This Month's Contributors

#### Leland Middle School

Dr. Kimberly McDuffie,  
Principal  
De'Aundre Jones

#### Early College High School

Samantha Becker  
Jasmine Garcia  
Christopher King  
Kayleigh Quinn

#### West Brunswick High School

Grace DiBenedetto  
Angelica Giaquinto  
Asley Norfleet

Teen Scene, Inc. is a non-profit organization that produces a monthly literary publication written by and for teenagers. The mission of The Teen Scene is to promote writing skills among teens. Additionally, The Teen Scene strives to develop the business skills of those teens willing to take an active role in running the publication and its activities. The Teen Scene Inc. is not affiliated with any other newspaper or organization. We are registered in the State of North Carolina dba Cape Fear Voices. We are a nonprofit 501(c)(3), funded by advertisements, contributions, and grants. We can be contacted at [editorteenscene@gmail.com](mailto:editorteenscene@gmail.com) or [editorcfv@gmail.com](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com) All rights to the contents of this paper are reserved to Teen Scene, Inc., Cape Fear Voices, and the writers of each piece.

## Leland Middle School

### Call of Duty: Vanguard to Release November 5!

by De'Aundre Jones, Leland Middle School, 6th Grade



COD fans, the next game, Call of Duty: Vanguard is to be released on November 5th! As of now, the Beta version is available on PlayStation 4 and 5 if you preorder. There have been some minor and major leaks on the new Zombies mode lead by Treyarch Studios. To kick things off, first we have a picture of the logo, which will be important in a moment.



There have been some markings found in intel from *Call of Duty: Black Ops: Cold War* that may show where map locations could be. If you look closely, you will notice this marking found in Mexico in the picture shown.

There is another marking, found in Egypt this time, but I don't have an image for it as of now. For now, that's all of the

major leaks I have on Vanguard Zombies! As for Multiplayer, the game so far is obviously unpolished and looks as such. But for a Beta, the movement is smooth, the guns work well, and the



WWII feeling is there with the old types of weapons, and even the BAR from World at War. Make

sure to stay tuned for next month for the next leaks and more reviews! Credit to Youtube channel *BlackOpsAmazing* for images. (above and right) Hidden markings for an unknown future location



## Don't Lose Sight

### A Focus on "Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs"

by Kimberly S. McDuffie, Ed.D, Principal, Leland Middle School

Over the summer, I reflected on the many changes and challenges that we have encountered as a nation, community, and as a family. We are focused on providing for our family, ensuring that our children are clothed, fed, and safe. Many of us ensure that other peoples' children's needs are met. We are parents, grandparents, foster parents, aunts, uncles, cousins taking care of the needs of people.

We work daily in one form or another to ensure that our family's needs are met: working at our places of employment, serving as stay-at-home parents, attending classes to ensure that everyone's needs are met. But have you thought about yourself lately? In our walk of life, in the hustle and bustle of trying to adhere to time constraints and requirements, turning in reports, being available to others..., have you thought about the fact that you are a human with human needs?

The first and second tiers of Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs focus on our physiological and safety needs. This is what we focus on each day when we rush out of the door to work, drop the children off at daycare, babysitters, and school; making arrangements for a sick child, but still fulfill duties as the Physiological & Safety Needs Designee in the home. This is our focal point when we clock in at work, check those emails, answer voicemails, and greet those who work with and for us.

Our physiological and safety needs are what drives us. These two needs can keep us up at night-brainstorming about how we are going to fix this or that, how we are going to pay this or that, where we are going to get this or that to do this and that. Many thoughts race through our brains each day to ensure that these two needs are met. Why? Because we must have those needs met before we can graduate to the top of the needs chart. The higher up we go, the more it becomes about our needs in addition to the needs of others. Let's face it - if these needs are

not met, we find ourselves undergoing unsurmountable stress. Therefore, not being productive to those who depend on us, need us, and love us.

In the third tier, Maslow discusses love and having a sense of belonging. Without this, it is nearly impossible to move toward self-actualization. This is why it is important to "not lose sight of you." It is also important to remember "people." At the end of the day, when you clock out, meet deadlines, and manage the hustle and bustle of life, get through the day; you are someone's child, wife, husband, friend, mother, father, uncle, aunt, etc. You are not your degree. You are not your career. You are not whatever title you hold. You are you! "Do Not Lose Sight!"

Being recognized, supported, and respected makes the first three tiers worth the pushing! This is the level of esteem. Have we thought about this level and how the previous tiers contribute or support this tier? How often do you feel accomplished or appreciated? How often do we show appreciation to others? It is important not to lose "sight" of people. I have reflected on this- "losing sight of people means losing sight of yourself."

At the end of the day, if you can look back to see what you have accomplished for yourself and others-equates to self-actualization. This is just my opinion and reflection. Having time to think about this invoked me to think about how all of this (Maslow's) helps me help others as I help myself. It is a building block.

My philosophy is to treat people like I want to be treated. Treat students the way that I want my children treated. Lastly, not to lose sight of people and their needs, especially during these times.

Parents, my LMS family, and Community- "I see you. I have not lost sight. And I encourage you not to "lose sight" of how important you are to your family, community, and the world.

# Early College High School



## The ECHS Difference

by Kayleigh Quinn, 10th Grade



Many schools in the Brunswick County School district are heavily involved with competition-based sports. With options such as football, cheerleading, soccer, and basketball, who wouldn't be able to find a sense of community?

BCECHS is a small innovative high school on the Brunswick Community College campus that allows students to simultaneously take high school and college classes so they can graduate with both a high school diploma and an Associate's degree in 4 or 5 years. The school is primarily art and science based.

While they do have a sports club, it is not competition-based like many of the school sports in other high school environments. Instead, it is based on what sport the majority of the club wants to play at the time. "Our school does not funnel resources into sport and competition-based opportunities, instead we are pushed to explore opportunities based on our interests. We do not have to worry about our access to the material we would be using because it is provided by the school/outside sponsors. We are also

not deferred based on our abilities because everyone here has equal opportunity to learn and improve," says Sam, member of Art club, BETA, journalism.

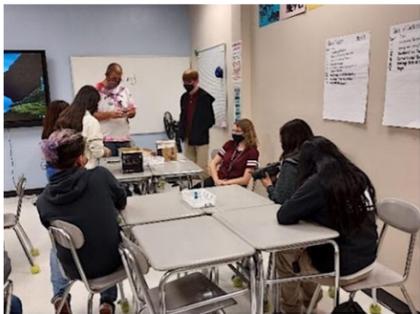
These differences have led to greater diversity in students and more opportunities for self-expression and school-sanctioned programs to support the students' interests. "We are given more opportunities to explore our interests, and more say in the activities that our school has access to. Other schools do not care about their student base as much as BCECHS. We are treated as equals," says sophomore Katie Cooper, member of the theater club.

Most of these programs are clubs, which take place every other Friday and give students the opportunity to explore many of their passions for school credit. This also gives them an opportunity to win competitions, display their hard work, and find community in the things they enjoy.

Examples of these clubs include, Botany, Tea Club, Musicians Club, Theater, Film, and Culinary. Most clubs offered will also have an opportunity to further their education through scholarship opportunities, in-house programs, and traveling.

## Brunswick County Early College High School Student Clubs Hard at Work

Photos by Samantha Becker



Photography Club



Creative Writing Club



Music Club



Art Club

## Super Smash Brothers - A Review

by Christopher King, BC Early College High School, 9th Grade



I think Super Smash Brothers is an awesome game with many character options and fits any playstyle. The player first chooses a character such as Mario or Link and then, if they play against the ai, they can select the ai's character or make it random. The game is very fast-paced, and it can be very competitive. There are tournaments worldwide where competitors can make money, learn from their mistakes, and meet other players.

I play Lucario the most because it is one of the most complicated characters to learn, and I don't think I'm half bad. "It is a very enjoyable game, and it gets more action-packed the more players you add," says Blake Laitinen. They update every so often, so there are new characters added

consistently. The new characters can be from a variety of games. I'm going to give a review about Lucario because he is the character that I play the most.

Lucario is altogether decently fast, but his attacks that K.O. is slow. If you play it, you most likely will want to play draw-out and trap techniques. It isn't an up-close character but more of a mid-range character. His special moves are aura sphere, force palm, double team, and extreme speed. Aura sphere is a projectile that varies in damage. Force palm is a grab and then a punch. Double team is a counter where your opponent hits

## Review of *The House of The Scorpion*

by Jasmine Garcia, 11th Grade, BCECHS

Nancy Farmer's *The House of the Scorpion* is one of my absolute favorite novels. It is a beautifully written story following Matteo Alacrán, or Matt, a young clone in the futuristic environment of Opium, the country separating the United States and Aztlán, which has replaced Mexico.

A wonderful book for sci-fi lovers, *The House of The Scorpion*, provides an interesting conflict and a moral dilemma in both the protagonist and the reader. Is it wrong to create clones of yourself just to use them for your own survival? Is it wrong to give them life just to steal it from them when you need it?

These are real modern problems, and Matteo seems to think he has the answers. There is serious corruption going on in the Alacrán household, and Matteo might just be the change they need.

But this isn't your everyday happy ending story. Matteo is going to face corruption, cruelty, bullying, death, and discrimination throughout this book. It makes you ask yourself questions about immigration, drug policy, and even bioethics. Farmer's unique take on the classic 'evil clone' trope is fresh and exciting. I especially enjoyed how realistic it all felt. Commercialized immortality truly

does feel like a future possibility after reading this book. I loved the interpersonal relationships of all the characters. Everyone is family, everyone is connected, and no one is happy about it. Of course, there are the negatives as well. The book is very interesting and has many twists and turns and shocking moments, but in between each key event, the content becomes a bit bleak and slow-paced. The language can also be a bit advanced at times for a novel targeted towards youths. There are also some moments that would prevent me from recommending this book to the faint of heart.

Overall, I believe that this book is very good - especially for those interested in sci-fi or political writing. It is a good introduction for those interested in more profound political literature. There is mild romance, many moral and ethical issues, and

violence as well as drinking, drug addiction, and smoking. I would recommend this book to a more mature audience, like the Early College crowd. For those who enjoy this book, I would also recommend *The Notorious Benedict Arnold: A True Story of Adventure, Heroism & Treachery* by Steve Sheinkin. My final decision? 8/10! Would recommend it. Would read again.



a copy of yourself, and you come from behind and attack. Extreme speed is a ridiculously good recovery that does 1-2 damage to an opponent. Its aerials are pretty good, and his back aerial is one of the best in the game because it can K.O. early in the game. Aura is a function Lucario has that the more damage you take, the more damage you deal.

I give this character a 7/10 for speed, 10/10 for power at the full aura, and 4/10 for defense because it is really light. I give him an 8/10 on special moves and a 6/10 on his final smash because it doesn't kill at low percents as most other characters do.



# West Brunswick High School

## West Brunswick Librarian's Upcoming Retirement

by Angelica Giaquinto, West Brunswick High School, 10th Grade



### Mrs. Desmond's farewell to West Brunswick

Out of shock Mrs. Desmond, the school librarian, is retiring in a couple months. She has been working at West for 26 years and has been a librarian for 36 years. For 10 of those years, she was a librarian in New York. Mrs. Desmond has known that she wanted to be a librarian ever since the fourth grade.

"The thing that inspired me to become a librarian was my teacher," said Mrs. Desmond. "I like to organize things and help kids find a passion for reading."

Ever since Mrs. Desmond has become the school librarian, she has improved the library by doubling

the size and space. As she was working with the architects, Mrs. Desmond gave them her input, and told them how she wanted the layout. She also helped choose the carpet in the library that is still here to this day.

"I feel the carpet makes the room brighter and more welcoming," said Mrs. Desmond. "I feel the color of the carpet matches the library."

Once Mrs. Desmond retires, she plans to travel the world with her husband and two dogs. She plans to travel to Pennsylvania since she has a great grand baby on



the way. Mrs. Desmond wants to travel all around the United States to sight-see. For her retirement, she wants to go to Disney and then continue traveling from there.

"In my opinion, Disney is America's playground. It's not just for kids but adults too," said Mrs. Desmond. "Ever since I was a young age, I have loved all things Disney!"

## How To Express Yourself Artistically

### A few different ways to express yourself through art.

by Grace DiBenedetto, West Brunswick High School, 10th Grade



There are all kinds of different ways to express yourself artistically. Everyone has different personalities and different ways of expressing themselves through art.

#### Start Exploring

By finding new things you love to do. By just sitting around waiting for it to come to you, you won't achieve new things in life. Start creating new things by simply doodling or writing in a journal.

#### Find Inspiration

Inspiration is one thing that will get you started and a great way to express yourself whether it be acting or comedy. There will always be that moment of "ah-ha" when you find what inspires you.

#### Dancing

Try just turning on some music and just dance to

feel the music. Dancing is an amazing way to express yourself by the way you feel just by doing some simple moves.

#### Paint

Painting is great for people who love art and use visuality to express themselves. The painting also helps show others who you are by just free-handing an amazing painting.

#### Music

The kind of music you listen to and the artist you listen to really can show a person who you are. You can even make your music and that is also an amazing way to express your feelings and who you are as a person.



Those are only just a few ways to express yourself through art. Getting out there and showing people what you love to do is an amazing way to express yourself and show your confidence.

### Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Noah.

Noah who?

Noah any good October jokes?



## Donda vs. CLB

by Ashley Norfleet, West Brunswick High School, 10th Grade



Kanye West and Drake have been pretty popular artists for a couple of years now and recently the two released their new albums: Donda and Certified Lover Boy "CLB". Both albums have different beats and tones/meanings but both albums include verses that tell the story of the Artists lives. Donda by Kanye West involves all of his eras in the music industry: Rap, Funk Pop, and Secular Gospel. Drake stays with his rap genre but bases his lyrics on toxic masculinity and accepting the truth.

"Donda is good because it is about his mom, he talks about religion and that's cool," said Tyler Rodriguez. "I did not like CLB because I thought it was boring and he did the same 27 songs in a row, I was asleep 8 songs in, Way 2 Sexy with Future goes hard though."

Kanye West makes sure that everyone will find something to enjoy about his new album. "Hurricane" is one of the most listened to songs on the album with around 29 million streams and has reached number 6 on Billboard. Sophomore, Trey Stegall responded with a more negative outlook to West's new album "Donda".

"I mean, there are a couple of songs on there that are alright, but the rest are trash," said Stegall. "No.... not at all.... trash.... two out of ten."

Certified Lover Boy was released on September 3, 2021, at midnight, and believe me when I say it was worth staying up for. CLB by Drake is a rap album with different styles. "Yebba's Heartbreak" is a softer tone of a song and is noted as a "slow meaningful sad song". "Way 2 Sexy" is the most

streamed song in the album with around 31 million streams. The whole album reached number 1 on Billboard on the day it was released with about 700 million streams.

"It was more of an experience than just an album to me, all of the songs had a nice flow," said sophomore, Derek Panzer "They were meaningful, the only negative is that the outros were too long,"



Web Site Design, build and hosting

Daniel Dodge  
Owner  
info@allforyou.biz

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It's safe to say that both albums have their ups and downs. Two out of the five students I interviewed liked Donda better, and three out of five students liked Certified Lover Boy better. Both albums are very different and maybe if you take a listen you will end up liking both. Go stream both albums on Spotify and Apple Music!

## Herbal Remedies and the Sea Islands with Faith Mitchell (Part 2 of 2)

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer



*Editor's Note: Part 2 continues an interview with Faith Mitchell, Ph.D., medical anthropologist and author, and Fellow at the Urban Institute in Washington, DC, where she works with the Center on Nonprofits and Philanthropy and the Health Policy Center.*

"I've always been interested in plants and nature and wanted to conduct some research of my own." Mitchell stated. "In the 1970s, there were no clinics near us, and there was no public transportation. So, you know instinctively that people are going to be using their own resources. If they had these storytelling traditions, language traditions, and cuisine traditions, they probably had medical traditions as well." From there, Mitchell started asking older residents about what they used when experiencing colds, coughs, cuts, etc. She found that many of the natural materials that grew in the Lowcountry were gathered in the yards and deep woods of Gullah/Geechee communities. "They were very forthcoming, and that was the genesis of my book."



After collecting and investigating a great deal on medicinal traditions from the Sea Islands, Mitchell wrote *Hoodoo Medicine: Gullah Herbal Remedies*, which was published in 1978. The book is a unique record of African-American folk culture. It documents herbal medicines used for centuries, from the 1600s until recent decades, by the slaves and later their freed descendants, in the South Carolina Sea Islands. It also captures the folk practices that lasted longer in the Sea Islands than elsewhere but were once widespread throughout the African-American communities of the South.

Mitchell mentions that *Hoodoo Medicine* is all about "good roots." According to Mitchell, "good roots" is the application of herbs and organic materials that contain strong healing powers. "Almost everyone knew something. It was gener-

al knowledge. However, some people were more specialists." These roots were used for common problems that we experience today, like headaches, coughs, colds, cuts, etc.

One of the comparisons that Mitchell was curious about were the herbs that were used widely versus those unique to South Carolina. "Some of the herbs, like Mint, you could locate very widely and was used by various groups of people. It was commonly used for stomach problems. While other herbs, like Mistletoe, were more specific to the Sea Islands. The Gullah people said that they would use it to rinse their hair."

The Gullah/Geechee people developed methods, whether through a tea, ointment, or the bare ingredient, to treat individuals. "With the Sweet Gum Tree in South Carolina, the Gullah people were using it for sores. I found out that in other parts of the South, African-Americans were making tea from the fruit that the tree had." Mitchell stated. Some other herbs and roots used for medicinal purposes in the Sea Islands include the Sassafras Root (used for backaches), Life Everlasting (used as a decongestant), Dogfennel (used for a fever), and Galax (used for high blood pressure).

Recently, Mitchell released a fictional supernatural thriller, *The Book of Secrets, Part One*, based on Gullah/Geechee history and customs. "I wanted to incorporate some essential elements of the heritage while also using my own imagination to go beyond." Mitchell stated. She is currently working on part two for the near future. "I'm really thrilled by the explosion of interest in recent years on the Gullah/Geechee heritage. And, it is great to have discussions with people who are interested in this topic."

For more information about Faith Mitchell and her book *Hoodoo Medicine: Gullah Herbal Remedies*, visit: <https://www.hoodoomedicine.com/>

## North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project Gains Support from National Park Service

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer

The Gullah Geechee Heritage Trail project now has yet another eager contributor - the National Park Service - Rivers, Trails, and Conservation Assistance Program. This project is one of the 14 new communities and partners across the South Atlantic-Gulf Region that will receive expert consultation from the National Park Service to encourage local recreation, conservation, and economic development opportunities. "I immediately thought this would be a great opportunity to have their technical assistance, as it would push our vision in the right direction." Willis stated.

Bill Lane is a landscape architect for the National Park Service - Rivers, Trails, and Conservation Assistance Program. He mentioned that this grassroots project was selected for its solid recreational, environmental, and historical foundation. "The whole theme of this project was exciting. Their application stood out among the others due to the background work that Brayton had already put forth." Lane further stated, "We felt the history of the Gullah culture needed to be told. Not only do we want to share those stories, but also provide a recreational opportunity for the local community and tourists."

"The Park Service is extremely excited to be recognizing this area of the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor and leading them (the NAACP) through the planning process and getting some accomplishments on the ground." Lane stated. Although his program will not be offering direct funding, they will be primarily responsible for designing, grouping, and planning the overall process. "Our team is

brought in as consultants, planners, and for technical assistance."

This project also depends on the collaboration of Brunswick County citizens. Both Willis and Lane want to ensure that the public's constructive thoughts are made clear with representatives. "We are making sure that the community is the focus of this effort, from the very beginning until the end. Our public input phase will be in full force starting this fall. We will be hosting several public meetings to understand where people want to see this trail system. Also, we plan to seek input by sending out public surveys throughout all these locations. During this season, Bill, his team, and I will get together to begin the details for a workplan and timeline, which is of great importance to the project." Willis stated.

"This is about our citizens and visitors of all generations. We build projects like these for a lifetime plus of protecting, preserving, and celebrating the Gullah/Geechee culture and making sure that we promote efforts that have a basis for a healthy lifestyle. We've been able to put this seed in the ground to get something to continue growing. And we are making sure that the fingerprints of our citizens are on that vision. That's what this is all about." Willis stated.

*Donation information for the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail: Brunswick County Branch NAACP, C/O Carl L. Parker, President, 1034 Parkwood Drive NE, Leland, NC 28451.*

## The Navassa Heritage Trail Is Celebrating and Maintaining Stability for the Gullah/Geechee Culture

by Ana Johnson, Staff Writer

Within our communities, there has been a conscious effort to promote the progression of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project. By broadening the documentation of African-American culture within Brunswick County, residents can comprehend the importance of historic preservation, ecotourism, and the value that grassroots projects can offer. Many locations are participating in this effective plan, including the towns of Leland, Belville, Navassa, and Southport. Moving forward, each place is proposing its ideas to celebrate the Gullah/Geechee people creatively.

The history of the Gullah/Geechee culture within the Lower Cape Fear Region is not as recognized as other areas in the Carolinas. However, the upcoming Navassa Heritage Trail is looking to change that notion by highlighting, sustaining, and restoring a multitude of cultural infrastructures that reside in Navassa, North Carolina. Throughout this project, Gullah/Geechee history will be passed on effectively by showcasing economic vibrancy. And, it allows tight-knit communities from Brunswick County to actively participate in the future of this expansive plan of action.

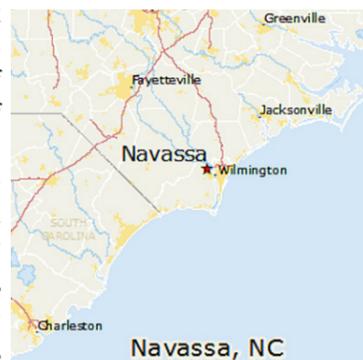
The 10-mile Greenway/Blueway trail will run from Mount Misery Road to Old Mill Road, offering visitors environmental resources, historical features, and recreational activities. This project can become a prominent space for local ecotourism to flourish by commemorating the identity, perseverance, and independence of the Gullah/Geechee residents. People of all generations will experience constructed surfaces such as boardwalks, natural paths, bridges, a converted rail to trail, etc., to explore historical sites. These include seven rice plantations (Cobham, Hall, Mears, Moze, Mulberry, Prospect, and Shawfield), five cemeteries (Hall, Mears, Mt. Calvary, Prospect/Cedar Hill, and Reaves Chapel), two churches (Mt. Calvary and Reaves Chapel), and anywhere

from 10 to 15 parks.

In addition, the Town of Navassa is forming the Moze Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Center and multi-use park. The space will allow visitors an extensive view into the affluent customs, practices, and beliefs of the Gullah/Geechee people in Brunswick County. With additional assistance and support from local organizations, foundations, and other participants, such as the North Carolina Coastal Land Trust and the Navassa Trustee Council, the project plans to be completed in FY 2026. It will be located on a 28-acre former superfund site assigned by the Multistate Environmental Response Trust.

Another engaging effort woven into the Navassa Heritage Trail is the developing Cedar Hill African-American Heritage Park, headed by the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation. The Park will involve restored sites, such as Reaves Chapel Church, one of the Cape Fear Region's most historically significant African-American structures. Along with Cedar Hill Cemetery, a burial ground for the enslaved Africans and their families. It was located near the former Prospect/Cedar Hill Plantation and was last used around the year 1960. Lastly, the park will showcase the reconstructed Phoenix Colored School, a former Rosenwald Type 3 school. The institution was built around 1927/1928 on Cedar Hill Road and educated students from grades 1st through 8th until around 1956/1957. After operations ended, the school was torn down around the year 1965. The town

plans to create this historic structure through the diligent collaboration of local and regional partners. When finalized, it will house the Reaves Chapel Church Visitor's Center, the Rosenwald Schools Museum, and the African-American History Museum.



## New Game Show in Town

by Vivien Monnie, Brunswick Forest



There is a very popular game show on TV that people actually work their schedules around so as not to miss it. There are three contestants competing against each other in answering questions to win money. The categories seem okay - history, literature, etc. Questions such as - in 1324 B.C., a mathematician developed the Quantis theory - what was his first cousin's sister's name?

And, of course, all three contestants practically get carpal tunnel by pushing their buttons before the others can. Usually, the first person to push actually gets the answer correct! What kind of brain cells are stirred, who knew that information in the first place, never mind retaining it? Many times, I feel

the answer creeping through the grey matter, but somehow it doesn't reach my vocal cords. I usually don't stutter, but when I watch this show for 30 minutes, the correct words just can't come out.

Therefore, there should be an equivalent show for "seniors," perhaps sponsored by AARP or all those companies that produce products for, say, constipation. The show could be called "What's Your Name" and would need to air after nap time but before cocktail hour.

Yes, there would be similarities such as categories and questions but geared to a certain age group. For instance, history would remain a segment. The questions would go for money, the easiest being the cheapest and the more difficult ones for more money.

## JAKE (Part 2 of 2)

by Jerry Rogers, Brunswick Forest



Jake was a graduate of beginner and intermediate training schools, but we (read 'me') never kept up the daily sessions in order to make him a true field dog, following hand commands, voice commands, whistles etc. Nevertheless, he was obedient; he walked well in the heel position and usually came when called.

Around the house Jake was usually pretty laid back, except when the UPS truck went by, or worse yet, made a delivery to our house, he would run throughout the house barking and jumping until the sound of the UPS truck was no longer to be heard. We have a plaid LL Bean dog bed that Jake loved to lay on at night whenever we were in the family room watching television. However, Jake never laid on the dog bed at night, or when he was the only one in the room. When he was alone, he would jump on the sofa or loveseat for his morning, afternoon, or evening naps.



Jake loved cheese. If we were having a glass of wine and some cheese and crackers, Jake had to have his little pieces of cheese, and he also liked popped corn. He would stand there and stare at you (while drooling) until you gave him a little piece.

After his evening walk, my wife would put on her nightclothes and Jake would get his evening treats, a large milk bone followed by a pig ear. Jake was so gentle; you could take the pig ear out of his mouth and all he would do is look at you with those big eyes as if to say, "please give it back."

Unlike a lot of Labs and other dogs, Jake was a self-feeder. He always had a bowl of food available to him. His

eating habits were strange; sometimes he ate in the morning, sometimes at 10 o'clock in the evening. He often skipped eating every third or fourth day or so. He maintained his weight at about 62 lbs. from the time he was about one to two years old.

We missed Jake while he was in the hospital. He was a true friend, always greeted you at the door when you came home, wagging his tail as if to say, "I am glad to see you." Jake was a good listener; he liked to curl up with you on the sofa or on the bed. Jake was MY GOOD FRIEND.

Today, September 9, 2005, was a very sad day. Today we said our last goodbyes to Jake. Ever since he was sick last year, he has never been close to his previous active self. During the past several weeks we noticed that Jake was losing weight, had difficulty both going up and down stairs, and in the past week or so, he was losing his appetite.

During our morning walk this morning Jake stumbled and fell. He spent

the majority of the day just lying down with his eyes open. We took him to the vet around 6:15 pm; his weight was down to 55 lbs (from 66). The vet advised that Jake had neurological problems, which affected his ability to go up and down stairs and to exercise. In addition, he probably had organ problems. If continued, he would most likely suffer a seizure since he was losing his muscle mass.

Betty and I decided that it was only fair to Jake to let him die dignified and not to suffer. Jake was put to sleep by the vet this evening, September 9, 2005. He was 14 Years, 6 months, and 2 days of age. HE was our best friend; we will miss him forever.

Now I know y'all are burning to find out what kind of questions would be on "What's Your Name." Okay, here we go - First Category (our categories would go one at a time, so as NOT to confuse contestants) - History.

First question please - what is your name? (Worth \$250)

#2 - What did you have for dinner last night? (Worth \$550)

#3 What was the phone number for your last landline, complete with area code, please? (Worth \$700)?

#4 What is your anniversary date, if married; what was your divorce date, if single; what is YOUR birthday, if none of the above? (Worth \$1500). And lastly:

#5 Which white SUV is yours in the parking lot? Your garage is not a fair answer. (Worth \$2,000)

Category Two - Miscellaneous. First question - What is your best friend's street address? No location descrip-

tions allowed (e.g., two streets away in the green house, next to the blue house, across from the fire hydrant). (Worth \$100)

#2 How many people have moved on your street and why? (Worth \$300)

#3 How many events have you planned to attend after 6:00 pm but decided, "Aw heck, I'm too tired?" (Worth \$500)

#4 What purchases have you made in the last month from the "big box" stores? Buying toilet paper and paper towels don't count (Worth \$1500). And lastly - the Big One:

#5 How many times have you misplaced your cell phone in the last week? (Worth \$2500!)

I think you see the gist of the show. There would be plenty of sponsors because the home audience would appreciate the longer breaks for bathroom usage and refills of drinks and snacks....

## The Long Road Home

by Eric Mens, Waterford



He couldn't remember how long he had been driving. The house had been quiet when he crept away like a thief in the night.

It had rained hard all night. Speeding down the mountain road despite the still slick surface, he saw the sun slowly pushing aside the low-hanging clouds. It would be a magnificent sunrise, but its promise did little to lift the weight from his chest.

The Suburban's wheels *swished* softly as they struggled to cling to the smooth, wet macadam. Reaching the valley, he sped along the highway, not sure where he was going. Here and there, he saw a barn leaning precipitously, fighting desperately to cling to what surely had been a once glorious life.

Occasionally, he passed a stone farmhouse, still splendid against the ravages of past winters. He wondered about its inhabitants. *What stories could these houses tell?* Cows grazed peacefully in pastures, now brilliantly green and sparkling under the early morning sun. Up one hill, down the next, the truck wound its way through the countryside.

He wanted to scream - a deep guttural scream that only he would hear. He had left his kids with her and her parents. The thought clouded his vision. He wondered if anyone would miss him. He anguished over the thought of his kids waking and finding him gone. Still, he couldn't stand the fighting and arguments that had become increasingly mean-spirited and painful.

Anger stirred in his belly as he clenched his teeth, knuckles white gripping the steering wheel. *I'll call her later.*

Heading eastward, he knew he would eventually reach the interstate. Once there, he intuitively headed south. At noon, he wheeled off the highway, stopped for gas, and bought a 12-pack of beer and cigarettes. At his kids' urging, he had stopped smoking years ago. Now, he knew the cigarettes would calm him. He had no appetite.

Back on the interstate, he drove

more carefully, not wanting to attract anyone's attention. At the first rest stop, he relieved himself. Clambering back into the truck, he gazed at the empty beer cans littering the floor. The seats normally would have been occupied with noisy, bickering kids. He sighed deeply. *Might as well head home.*

Hours later, the sun began to set. No one had called. The absence of contact stung. He reminded himself that this was the way *she* was. Always wanting me to apologize first. *Always my fault.* He swigged the last beer, belched, and threw the can onto the floor. Reaching the bustling city still many miles north of his home, he stopped to relieve himself along the busy road.

Climbing behind the wheel again, he slowly pulled the truck onto the highway, wincing at the sound of the fast-moving vehicles blaring their horns. He drove well within the speed limit.

As darkness fell, he sought out his familiar haunt. Parking at the edge of the steep slope, he sat quietly, watching the surging river flow past, white caps caught in the headlight's beams.

*How many times have I thought how easy it would be to drive into the river?* Each time the thought of his kids had called him back from the precipice. He knew the time had come. He knew what to do.

Pulling into the home's driveway, he gazed at the dark, silent house. She hated living here from the day they had moved in. Never an opportunity passed for her to voice how miserable she was. He turned the engine off and dialed her number.

When she picked up, he said simply, "Hey."

"Where are you?" came the flat response.

"Home. I just got home."

"You left me here with my kids, my parents and *your* kids! What is wrong with you?!"

"You have no idea, do you?" he said calmly. "I'm tired of living this way. Tired of our spiteful arguments. I'm done. Done."

"Fine." The line went dead.

## Partners in Wine and Crime

by Janet M. Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



Twenty-five years ago, my best friend and I were almost arrested in West Virginia. That's right—two respectable, married women with kids almost thrown in the slammer. But I'm getting ahead of myself. First, I need to explain why we were in West Virginia.

Jackie and I have known each other since graduate school at SUNY Albany (40 years!), where we met studying Russian linguistics. My husband was also part of a Russian school cohort that relocated to Washington D.C. during the Cold War, married, and raised families together. Since Jackie's children were about the same age as ours, we often vacationed together—Disney World, Bald Head Island, and one year—the Canaan Valley of West Virginia.

I had made a timeshare exchange to the area because it offered wholesome outdoor activities like horseback riding, swimming, and hiking. The cabin we shared was rustic but roomy. As Jackie and I inventoried the kitchen, we noticed one flaw—the unit had no wine glasses. Sipping a cabernet by a roaring fire lacks a certain "je ne sais quoi" when served in a thick, unbreakable water tumbler. But (sigh) this was a mountain vacation, and we had to "buck up" for the kids.

Driving the following day to one of the valley's trailheads, we

rounded a curve and almost hit a large van parked at the side of the road. A woman was unloading goods onto several tables, creating a roadside flea market. "Turn around," I shouted to my husband. I think I saw wine glasses!" It was not a mirage—not only did they have wine glasses but genuine crystal whose large, delicate bowls were etched with leaves and flowers. I bought six, and Jackie purchased four. We were in heaven! Somehow the universe had heard our lament, recognized the injustice, and filled the void.

A pop-up crystal market on the back roads of West Virginia? You are probably thinking "stolen goods" and that this is the part where we get arrested. But no, that day, we took off with our newly purchased loot without a hitch. But there's more.

Towards the end of our week, Jackie and I left our husbands in charge of the kids so we could check out the local gift shops. We spent well over an hour browsing the eclectic selection in one quaint store and chatting up the quirky owner. At one point, we told her we were visiting from Virginia and worked at the CIA. The proprietor was ready to close by five, so we quickly queued up to make our purchases. Unfortunately, the owner's machine was old and didn't function properly. After 15 minutes, she said she would take

the machine home, where her connectivity was better, and enter the numbers there.

Although we had planned to leave early the next morning, I had left my jacket in the shop's small, makeshift dressing area when I tried on a blouse.

Jackie and I drove back at its scheduled opening time. Ten o'clock came and passed, but nobody showed. We waited another 20 minutes and were prepared to give up when a car pulled up in the gravel lot. The owner got out cautiously, then approached us with a mixture of surprise, indignation, and anxiety. "So, you're here!" she said

accusingly.

I explained about my jacket. The owner, in turn, huffed that the credit cards we proffered did not work, and she had called the police that very night. She was convinced that we were scam artists pretending to be CIA officers and continued to rant about our supplying fake credit cards and pseudonyms. "I thought it was fishy that both your names started with 'J,'" she said, giving us the squinty eye. "But the police said there was nothing they could do, that people like you move through town quickly."

Luckily, Jackie was able to call the credit union from the shop and get the issue resolved. The woman got her money, I retrieved my jacket, and partners in crime, "Jackie and Janet," left with a most memorable vacation!



## An Overnight Surprise

by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest, Coastal Carolina Writers



She walked into the building with her black winter pea coat on. She wandered upstairs fascinated by the cast of characters that she observed. She studied David Bowie and his orange hair and the star motif behind him and thought of one of her favorite tunes that started with the lyrics "Ziggy played guitar." She glanced at her watch as she decided to use the nearby Ladies Room.

When she exited the stalls and went into the room, she noticed that it was unusually quiet. She did not see one, single live person.

She took the elevator downstairs and realized that all the exits leading out into the street were closed.

There she was trapped inside the building as darkness fell.

She needed to think positive and not panic. It was cold outside; she knew she wouldn't get heat stroke. She knew a generator was on because a few emergency lights were still on. She would not be afraid of nocturnal creepy crawlers.

She settled into her new environment. She went back upstairs into the music room.

There stood John Lennon. She spoke aloud.

"Hi John. I loved your music. Your death was so tragic. I'm so sorry you were only 40," she said.

"Thank you, my dear fan, but it was my time to move beyond this world. I had just finished recording a new album and Yoko and I were so in love. No worries. I'm in a better place," the figure said.

"Wow" she replied. "I'm so fortunate to speak with you. Thank you for the closure I needed."

"You're welcome," the figure said. "And remember, give peace a chance," he added.

She moved silently to the next box of figures. Her eyes were focused on the American singers collection.

"Hi Elvis," she said. "I'm so sorry you died so young. I wanted to hear more of your music."

"Ah, I was a hunk of burning love" Elvis came alive and smiled that dazzling dimple smile at her.

"I really didn't take good care of myself - all those peanut butter and banana sandwiches, I guess, caught up with me. But, hey, Graceland is still there and I'm grateful that all my fans still remember and love me after all these years. My recordings are eternal; future generations will always have them. It's OK. I'm in a better place and I am still writing songs," Elvis responded.

She smiled and thanked him for this happy information.

She yawned and walked forward.

"Hey, Charlie" she said. "You're a newbie here. You have your own special place. Why aren't you with the other Rolling Stones?"

"Those silly boys," Charlie responded. Keith and Mick and Ronnie are still rocking around and touring. My time was done. I had a blast and I was tired of touring. I went peacefully with my wife Shirley and my daughter Seraphina and one of my rescued greyhounds, Goosebumps, surrounding me. I'm still pounding those drums here and I can actually play more jazz which was my first love, anyway," he concluded.

"I'll miss you" she said. "You were the solid mountain behind the band for decades. I so enjoyed your music."

"Thanks," Charlie said. "I'm going to rest a bit now. This recent journey was a bit tiring."

She curled up and fell asleep.

When she awoke, she heard a jangle of keys and some weird, buzzing sounds.

She quickly put her coat back on and ducked into the Ladies Room.

When she exited, she ran down the stairwell and left the building.

She jumped onto a red double decker bus and settled into her seat.

Not one of her friends, she reflected, would believe her night trapped in Madame Tussaud's London Wax Museum.

When she returned home, she would settle in and tell Alexa to play some Beatles and Stones tunes. And she would especially request an Elvis tune, probably the one with the lyrics, "I can't go on, because I love you too much, baby."

## The Tunnel

by Marianne Ziegler, Harrington Village, Leland



The day dawning over the city was dark and gloomy. The sky appeared leaden, with ominous clouds billowing on the horizon beyond, which gave the distant skyline a surreal look. The vista reminded her of the Goya painting "View of Toledo."

She sighed...traffic into the tunnel that connected the suburbs to the city on the other side of the river was building up. In the distance, she could see the western highway, the major artery into the city. It was a long-familiar sight. As the road climbed up the embankment, it rounded the southern edge of the city and disappeared from view. Strange, she mused, it seemed odd somehow that traffic should be so heavy going into the tunnel, and yet there were no cars coming up the road on the other side.

But she was particularly preoccupied that morning. An important meeting with an important client...she was hoping the weather did not portend an omen for the day. The mouth of the tunnel lay straight ahead now, and she eased into one of the lanes for cars equipped with transponders. The years of tokens and passes as ID were long gone.

Heading into the tunnel, she was suddenly aware of a strange rushing sound in the distance, growing ever louder. She turned off the radio and tried to open the window but quickly closed it. It occurred to her that there might be a problem again with the giant ventilators that carried all the carbon monoxide build-up from the tunnel to the outside. It had happened before. The tunnel had its quirks. Oddly enough, there was a sharp bend in the middle between the two sides, and the curvature did not permit a view ahead.

The noise was deafening, and the traffic seemed to be taking on a strange stop-and-go pattern. She was almost at mid-point now, and then suddenly, there was nothing but darkness as the car plunged abruptly into the abyss.

The toll gate attendant on the city side of the tunnel was deeply engrossed in his daily newspaper. A particularly fascinating headline that day. They were dredging the river upstream for a body that could not be found. He looked up and suddenly realized that almost no cars seemed to have emerged from the tunnel for some time...he had lost track. He idly wondered why, after all, this was the height of the morning rush hour.

It was then that he first heard the deafening noise coming from the mouth of the tunnel. He felt a strange sensation...It seemed almost like the description in the paper, people standing at the edge of the river upstream, watching, with the water lapping at their feet. He looked down and saw the dark muddy waters quickly rising around his ankles...

(to be continued)

# Your Community



## Military News



### VFW Post 12196 Celebrates Patriot Day a National Day of Remembrance

by Gerald Decker, Senior Vice Commander, VFW Post 12196, Leland, NC

Just like 20 years ago, it was a beautiful day with mild temperatures and a mostly clear sky. All around the area people were taking pause to remember the events of that special day. VFW Post Commander Jason Gaver stated in his opening comments:

“The memories of the infamous events of that day, however, are just as clear today as they were 20 years ago. And although the years may pass, the memories of 9/11 will stay with us forever. None of us will forget where we were and what we were doing during those terrible moments in history.

And because we remember, we will continue to honor the memory of the men, women, and children who perished, by continuing on with the same determination and sense of spirit exhibited by so many of our fellow citizens that day including heroic acts...moments of valor and courage beyond words shown by firefighters, police, emergency personnel, and patriotic citizens.”

Many thanks to the citizens of North Brun-

swick County for volunteering to join us in this celebration of remembrance. Pictured below are VFW Post 12196 Commander Jason Gaver; Belville Mayor Mike Allen; Belville Mayor Pro Tem Chuck Bost; Brunswick County Councilman Frank Williams; Leland Councilwoman and VFW Member Veronica Carter; and from the Fire/Rescue Department, Christopher Barrett, Brayton Willis, Dan Bruneau and Molly Nece also volunteered to step to the podium and read the names of those lost on that day 2001. VFW Members included John Koslosky; Chris Hardy; James and Beverly Toto; Yoni and Melinda Baum; and Eric Terishima.



### Blue Star Mothers of America, Inc. (BSMA) Announces Chartering of New Chapter Cape Fear Blue Star Mothers of America Chapter NC16

This new BSMA Chapter will serve the Cape Fear Region, including Brunswick, New Hanover & Pender counties.

Blue Star Mothers of America was founded in 1942 in Flint, Michigan. The organization’s mission is to provide support for active-duty military personnel, Veterans and Gold Star families, promote patriotism, assist Veterans organizations and to assist in homeland volunteer efforts to help our country remain strong. Blue Star Mothers of America is a 501(c)3 charity organization that is overseen by Congress.

Blue Star Mothers of America members are mothers, stepmothers, grandmothers, foster mothers and female legal guardians who have children serving in the military, Guard or Reserves, or children who are Veterans. These mothers support each other and their children while focusing on their mission every single day and will never forsake our troops, our Veterans or the families of our Fallen Heroes. We also welcome associate members which can be anyone that would like to help us fulfill our mission. Currently, there are over 6,000 members from over 200 Chapters throughout the nation.

### Blue Star Mothers of America, Inc.

The new chapter will be meeting monthly at 7:30pm at:

Premier Fitness Studio  
8164 River Rd Southport  
Sept 23, Oct 27, and Nov 17

Cape Fear Blue Star Mothers of America is off to a strong start with many events already scheduled in the coming months. They will be co-hosting a free seminar titled “Post Traumatic Winning” on Oct. 2nd at the VFW on OKI. They will also be hosting a benefit concert on Dec 17th at the St. James Community Center, 4136 Southport-Supply Rd SE, St James, NC 28461.

Kim Dionisio, President of the newly formed chapter stated, “We received our charter July 26, 2021. Our membership is growing rapidly, and we already have over 40 wonderful members that have jumped right in to help us get our programs off the ground. This new chapter opens up opportunities to offer more support to Military families throughout North Carolina. We are excited to accomplish a lot in the coming years.”

For information contact:  
President Kim Dionisio  
cfbsmoa@gmail.com  
(973) 886-1277

### 80th Anniversary of Fort Fisher’s World War II Experience

by Gerald Decker

On Saturday, September 4, 2021, Fort Fisher State Historic Site recognized the Fort’s history as an anti-aircraft training base during WWII. Civilian and military reenactors were on hand to talk about the life of the World War II soldier and the roles women played in the march towards victory.

It was a beautiful day and a fun time. I so appreciate living in an area of such rich history and people who enjoy bringing it to life.



(above and right) Troop 964, Olde Hickory Council of Winston Salem, participate in the Toy Soldier Workshop.

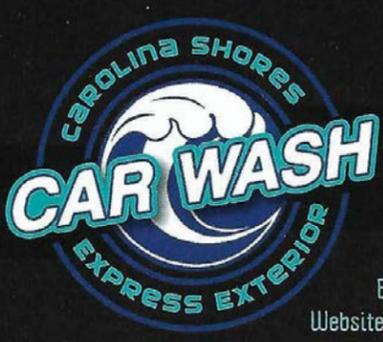
### NC Patriot Guard Honors WW II Veteran

On Monday, September 6, the North Carolina Patriot Guard Riders (PGR) honored WW II veteran John Henry Sloan, with a drive-by parade. A resident of Winnabow, Mr. Sloan celebrated 100 years of life on that date. He served on the frontlines with the U.S. Army in Italy during the war. A man of great faith, he and his wife raised, supported, and guided eleven children - six from his first marriage, four from his second, and one of their own. Together they have 48 adult grandchildren, 54 great-grandchildren, and eight great great grandchildren. Along with the PGR, members of the American Legion, Vietnam Veterans of America, Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 12196, Brunswick High School ROTC, and friends of Mr. Sloan, were led by Brunswick County Sheriff’s Office and the Winnabow Fire Department, to thank him for his service and wish him a happy birthday.



### VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

Leland VFW Post 12196 meets on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at Blossom’s in Magnolia Greens. Dinner at 5:30, Meeting starts at 7pm. For more information, contact us at [vfwpost12196@gmail.com](mailto:vfwpost12196@gmail.com) or call at 910-408-1934



**Jimmy Politis**  
Director Of Operations  
Carolina Shores Car Wash  
2040 Olde Regent Way  
Leland, NC 28451  
Main: (910)-769-0796  
Email: [jimmy@cscarwash.com](mailto:jimmy@cscarwash.com)  
Website: [carolinashorescarwash.com](http://carolinashorescarwash.com)



## Birthdays!!!

- Veronica Carter** 2nd
- Paula Allen** 11th
- Amy Haggard** 13th
- Nancy Celli** 14th
- Bettina Ginna** 25nd
- Jeffery Stites** 31st (*very scary Jeffery!*)

## Important Events of October

**October 1, 1979** - After 70 years of American control, the Panama Canal Zone was formally handed over to Panama.

**October 8, 1871** - The Great Fire of Chicago erupted. According to legend, it started when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern in her barn on DeKoven Street. Over 300 persons were killed and 90,000 were left homeless as the fire leveled 3.5 square miles, destroying 17,450 buildings. Financial losses totaled over \$200 million.

**October 14, 1066** - The Norman Conquest began with the Battle of Hastings in which King Harold II of England, the last of the Saxon kings, was defeated and killed by William of Normandy's troops.

**October 19, 1781** - As their band played The World Turned Upside Down, the British Army marched out in formation and surrendered to the Americans at Yorktown. The final peace treaty was signed in Paris on September 3, 1783.

**October 19-28, 1960** - Cuban Missile Crisis

**October 19, 1987** - "Black Monday" occurred on Wall Street.

**October 20, 1973** - The 'Saturday Night Massacre' occurred during the Watergate scandal.

**October 24, 1929** - "Black Thursday" occurred in the New York Stock Exchange as nearly 13 million shares were sold in panic selling. Five days later "Black Tuesday" saw 16 million shares sold. The Great Depression followed in America, lasting until the outbreak of World War II.

**October 26, 1881** - The shoot-out at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona, occurred between the feuding Clanton and Earp families. Wyatt Earp, two of his brothers and "Doc" Holliday gunned down two Clantons and two others.

**Birthdays** - Dr. Jonas Salk (1914-1995) was born in New York City. In 1952, he developed a vaccine for the dreaded childhood disease Polio. His vaccine reduced deaths from Polio in the U.S. by 95%. (And everyone took the shot and Polio was eradicated.)



**BRUNSWICK ARTS COUNCIL**  
*Celebrate, Cultivate, Community Outreach*

**The Mission of the Brunswick Arts Council is to support, sustain, enhance and cultivate the arts in Brunswick County by making cultural events, arts education and appreciation the arts available to the diverse range of county residents.**

We are a community nonprofit working in partnership with NC Arts Council, Brunswick County, Park & Recreation and other businesses and artists to help provide funding for programming, plays, concerts, shows, workshops, festivals, school events and other art activities. Operating "without walls", we hold our own activities in different spaces through the county.



Come Network with us - artists, businesses, galleries, teachers, arts-supporters, community, and tourism groups and more are welcome! The Brunswick Arts Council, in conjunction with Teen Scene, Inc., will be hosting their second Spark the Arts Roundtable on November 5, from 11 am-1 pm. at the LAC. All members of the community are invited.

Spark the Arts is an awareness campaign designed to inspire public participation in the arts across North Carolina by highlighting the unique way the arts

lift spirits, bring people together, and heal.

Our goal is to ignite the resurgence of North Carolina's arts sector from the pandemic by connecting residents and visitors to arts experiences and arts stories across our state.

Come get together with your fellow arts community and businesses at Leland Cultural Arts Center 1212 Magnolia Village Way, Leland, NC 28451. Let's begin to find out how we are each Sparking the arts in the ebb and flow of the Pandemic. All materials and lunch will be provided, \$25 registration fee. Veterans are free.

Questions or to register, contact Mary Beth Livers at [execdir.brunswick-artsCouncil@gmail.com](mailto:execdir.brunswick-artsCouncil@gmail.com).

### Auditions Opening Soon for Miracle on South Division Street!

Synopsis: Meet the Nowaks of Buffalo, NY. Clara and her three grown kids have always known they were special, ever since the miraculous Christmas Eve in 1942 when the Blessed Mother appeared to Grandpa in his barbershop! Daughter Ruth unveils her plan to write and star in a one-woman Christmas show about the family miracle so the whole world will know! However, as her plans for theatrical immortality unfold, the entire family's faith is shaken to the very core when a deathbed confession causes

the family legend to unravel. The results are heartfelt and hilarious.

**Audition Dates:**  
 Sunday, October 3 from 11:00 am – 1:00 pm  
 Monday, October 4 from 7:00 – 9:00 pm  
 Call back if necessary: Wednesday, October 6 from 7:00 – 9:00 pm

**Location:**  
 Brunswick Little Theater, 8068 River Rd SE, Southport, North Carolina, 28461 - Classroom 1A  
 Director: John D'Amato ([john\\_damato@hotmail.com](mailto:john_damato@hotmail.com) or 410-916-4102)  
 Co-Director: Maria-Luisa Winslow: [jwins65626@aol.com](mailto:jwins65626@aol.com)



### Things You Learn From Genealogy

FDR was related to 11 previous presidents: Washington, John and John Q. Adams, Madison, Van Buren, Wm and Ben Harrison, Taylor, Grant, T. Roosevelt, and Taft.

