

Leland Under the Lights Car Show Coming in August

Leland Under the Lights Car Show will be on Saturday, August 20 from 3 p.m. until 8 p.m. in the Lowes Food parking lot at the Brunswick Forest entrance.

The Chamber is sponsoring this event to benefit the Chamber and the NBCC Education and Scholarship funds. These funds provide scholarships and other financial aid for North Brunswick High School students to help them continue their education.

A goodie bag, dash plaque and t-shirt, printed especially for this event, will be given to the pre-registered participants. Please support our local students and the North Brunswick Chamber of Commerce and promote your business at the same time by taking advantage of one or more of these unique opportunities!

(Reprinted from NB Chamber of Commerce)



Folks I've Met Along the Way

Paul Paolicelli, Leland



It was the early 80s and I was an Executive News Producer for KRON-TV, San Francisco's NBC affiliate. Part of my responsibilities included oversight of our 4 p.m. broadcast, which kicked off a three-

hour news block. That first hour was more of a magazine than a hard newscast. It was the broadcast where we did long interviews or long-form reports in a more laid-back fashion than the traditional television news show. And in San Francisco, those interviews were often with a never-ending stream of authors, political figures, local and state officials, entertainers, and actors. Every Hollywood type loved San Francisco and would spend time there, which was great for our 4 p.m. magazine. (San Francisco is the "Sara Lee" of cities; nobody does it like San Francisco.)

Part of my job as the EP was to stop by the green room on a daily basis and welcome our guests and thank them for stopping by. This brought me into contact with so many giants in American mosaic and was a genuine thrill to be meeting folks I'd seen on TV growing up or whose books I'd read or campaigns I'd followed and even reported on.

One of the most memorable of those meetings was with Red Skelton, who was in town for some reason I've long forgotten. I said hello and confessed to being a lifelong fan. He responded

with a smile and a warm handshake. We talked about the changing nature of television programming and how a show like the one he'd done in the 50s would have been so out of place in the emerging era of cop shows and hyper-produced sitcoms. I told him that our entire family watched his shows and that I doubted families did that any longer and lamented the loss.

"You know," he volunteered, "I couldn't do that show today because it would be too tame by contemporary standards. I had to play to a higher bar, I couldn't use profanity, and my jokes had to work through innuendo and clean language. I'm not sure today's comedians could conform to those rules. And believe me, that's a harder road to travel."

I believed him.

He added that he'd seen a lot of acts in Vegas over the years, had performed there often, and was saddened to see how profane and foul-mouthed the acts had become. He added that he would not cave into the modern trend and was happy to be at the end of a long career in film and TV rather than starting out.

I remembered a film he'd done when I was eleven or twelve, "The Clown." I'd gone to the Saturday matinee at our neighborhood theater in the Pittsburgh suburb of Mt. Lebanon with Patty Miller,

the girl who lived across the street. The movie ended with Skelton, the clown, dying of a heart attack as an inconsolable Tim Considine, his movie son, was taken away. The movie was over, the lights came up, and Patty was in tears. I



joked about her crying in order to hold back my own tears. I wanted to ask him about that film when it became obvious I was holding up the producer and have often regretted not having had that particular conversation.

Red Skelton gave me lots to think about. Then and now. Ever since that long-ago conversation, I reflected at how we were then at the beginning of the coarsening of television entertainment, the increasing crudeness, and vulgarities that became commonplace in the medium. Gritty cop shows replaced the predictable "Dragnet." Sit-coms that were sexually plot-based, Female actors playing cops were more vulgar than their male counterparts. Skelton was the epitome of a by-gone long-gone era, and at least I was able to spend a few moments of my life with one of the giants of the golden age of television. He gave all of us of a certain age some very happy memories.

Cape Fear Voices Staff

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Check out our website at cvts.org

Dan Neizmik, *Hearthstone*



Save the Real World

She stands on the front porch of an old country shack,
She has been to the city, but swears she'll never go back,
She couldn't believe all the things that she saw,
How could it be the Real World she'd heard so much about?
She saw cheating and lying and crime in the streets,
She saw little children begging for something to eat,
And people living in cardboard boxes, searching for heat.
While others lived in their big houses all safe and neat.
No one got along, or cared about right or wrong,
And so many people felt, like they didn't belong,
She saw veterans, young and old, with nothing of their own,
How could the land of the free, leave the brave with no home?
She was told that the Real World was all caught up in war,
And someone said "peace" was what they're fighting for,
She said can anybody, anywhere, explain that please?
Because it just doesn't make sense to me...
And how could this be the Real World she'd heard so much about,
Nobody could tell her, what had gone wrong,
We need someone to tell us our part, and show us where to start,
To "Save The Real World."
Now as she stands on the front porch, of that old wooden shack,
She thinks about the city and knows she'll never go back,
But, she stares at the stars way up in the sky,
And prays the same prayer every night:
"God if you're up there, why can't you hear us cry?
Too many people suffering, too many people die,
Won't you send down your angels to take us by the hand,
And help us understand,
If this is all part of your plan,
Please tell us each our part and show us where to start,
To "Save The Real World."

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 and received by the 15th of each, month for publication in the following month's issue.

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A 4th of July Walk

Gerald Decker, Magnolia Greens



Several months ago, I discovered that Magnolia Greens would not host their July 4th Parade. I was really looking forward to it. We haven't had a good parade in this community since 2018. In 2020, my neighbors, Jim and Sallie Buell, joined me in a walk down Grandiflora to celebrate July 4th. In 2021, I walked it alone.

But this year was different! After a few messages on social media, the crowd showed up—all 20 of us. Except for the fire trucks, motorcycles, and bystanders, it was like a real parade.

Fun was had by all, and all sorts of muscle creams were used the next day.

Many thanks to all who participated. And thanks for all the nice comments on social media about what we were trying to say by walking.



Leland Fire/Rescue Launches Volunteer Firefighter Recruit/Sponsorship Program

Reprinted with permission from the Town of Leland website

Leland Fire/Rescue has launched a new Volunteer Firefighter Recruit/Sponsorship Program as part of ongoing efforts to better serve the community and attract the best candidates to the growing department.

Through this program, the department will sponsor people to go through the Fire Academy at Cape Fear Community College. The academy runs twice a year, and Leland Fire/Rescue will sponsor two individuals during each session.

The idea for the program came about due to the changing environment of volunteer firefighting. Departments nationwide, including Leland, have been dealing with a declining number of volunteers.

"The number of hours needed to become certified at the basic level is hard for a lot of people to meet. Trying to balance the training, career, and home life was a struggle that we have seen many times over," said Fire Apparatus Engineer Matt Murphy. "We talked a lot about this program and how we could make the biggest difference for our citizens and prospective new firefighters. It was more evident than ever that a sponsorship program would give us that opportunity."

The Fire Academy at CFCC is a comprehensive program that provides all basic certifications to set candidates up for a long career within the fire service. It includes Firefighting I & II, Haz-Mat, Basic EMT, Emergency Vehicle Driving, Mayday/Safety and Survival Skills, and other vital information.

"We are transitioning from a volunteer to a career organization, and this is a great way to still provide opportunities for people to get the necessary certifications," said Fire Apparatus Engineer Christopher Barrett. "Leland isn't big enough yet to have its own academy for new hires, but with this, we are able to pick the right people and train them to do the job."

Candidates will be selected after a process that includes an online application, panel interview, background and reference check, drug test, and candidate physical agility test. After successful completion of the fire academy, candidates will be required to volunteer with Leland Fire/Rescue for six months, working alongside career firefighters to gain valuable experience. Anyone interested in applying for the program should contact (910) 371-2727.



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Summertime in the Sunshine

Margie Steve, Shallote



During the summer and throughout this past school year I have gone and seen my two siblings play all kinds of sports. After watching them, their teammates play together and the relationship between them and the coaches, I knew I had to write an article about this. Many people ranging from kids to adults had a blast playing all kinds of sports and activities. Not only do they get to have fun, but they also get to build new friendships with coaches, peers, and learn from each other. So, what is this and who is behind this? It's called Special Olympics and Alyssa Coln is the local coordinator and she is the reason why we have this, but it takes more to make it a success.

Alyssa Coln is in charge of organizing and setting up any Special Olympics Brunswick County events. In order to offer new sports all year long, she seeks to find athletes, coaches, and volunteers. Additionally, she had organized a Spring Games Tournament in which approximately 400 athletes from Brunswick County generally compete. While planning all the events and activities, she is also in charge of getting teams ready for competitions, and fostering goodwill among various organizations.

You may be wondering what is Special Olympics and who is eligible to participate? Special Olympics are for kids and adults with intellectual disabilities. Special Olympics works to provide year-round sport instruction and physical competition in a number of sports. Athletes in Special Olympics competitions must be at least eight years old; they also offer Young Athletes programs for kids between the ages of 2 and 7. To be qualified to compete, athletes must submit paperwork that includes a sport physical every three years. The cost of the athlete taking part in Special Olympics is nothing. Sounds like a win win for everyone, so why not sign up someone who is eligible or volunteer and say "game on!"

A few people were interviewed and were asked what makes Special Olympics special? Alyssa Coln said "the way the athletes encourage each other at practices and competition is unlike anything I have witnessed before. The athletes really take the time to lift each other up, win or lose." Tina, one of the

parents of an athlete, said her son has been a part of Special Olympics for 8 years now and throughout those years he has grown from his independence, social skills, and teamwork skills. Tina also says she enjoys the coaches because they are very considerate, kind, and patient. Special Olympics allows people who wouldn't be able to participate in sports, be able to and learn new skills said Tina as well and agreed by many others. Freddy, a volunteer coach for Special Olympics, said you get a sense of being needed and appreciated, Special Olympics is an inclusion of all sports.

As Brunswick County continues to



be one of the fastest growing counties in NC stated by Alyssa, one of her goals is to see the program grow as well.

Special Olympics would love to recruit more head coaches so that we can offer even more sport options to the athletes in Brunswick County. Alyssa also stated that it would be significant if more school-aged kids participate in Special Olympics Brunswick County activities outside of the classroom.

It has been a pleasure to be able to watch and participate in Special Olympics throughout the summer and see such great positivity going on. As a teen myself, I realized the importance of volunteering with not just the community, but also getting to know the people in the community. There are so many great programs and organizations here in Brunswick County and I hope to see more teens, volunteers, and athletes participate in this program.

Take a sneak peek at some of the sports offered, note: some sports just take place in the fall or spring (not year-round): Equestrian, Bocce, Soccer, Bowling, Softball, Volleyball, Basketball, Tennis, and Pickleball. For more information on Special Olympics, volunteering, or becoming an athlete, you can contact Alyssa Coln at 910-253-2679 or one of the following emails: Brunswick@sonc.net or Alyssa.coln@brunswickcountync.gov. Make sure to like and follow them on Facebook to keep up with these awesome athletes, coaches, and events at Special Olympics Brunswick County.

Spring Here

Bill Holt, Plantation Villiage

Joy life smells and swells
Neat, sweet and OK life live
Feel air, listen to birds and leaves
Stay, look, feel, laugh
Love, be a rabbit, be a squirrel
Appreciate the lovely girl
Spring is here and Summer
Laughs right in
We will never
See the same sky again
Four greens blend to light
Grass, joy is everywhere
Break through, shrug the shoulders
Push the rocks and break the boulders
Not even granite can
Keep a good mind down
Paint a joy, write a joke, flex the muscles
Let grand feelings float
Grow a thought laugh, laugh, laugh
Love a laugh, forget forgive
Tell someone you love them
Love yourself, give us a kiss

This month in history...

August 2, 1865 - Lewis Carroll publishes Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

August 3, 1492 - Christopher Columbus sets sail on his first voyage to the "Indies" with three ships.

August 6, 1890 - Murderer John Hart is the first person to be executed in an electric chair.

August 9, 1974 - Richard M. Nixon becomes the first and only president to resign while in office.

August 12, 1908 - Henry Ford builds the first Model T.

August 16, 1977 - Elvis Presley dies of a heart attack.

August 21, 1911 - The Mona Lisa is stolen from the Louvre in Paris, France by Vincenzo Peruggia.

August 25, 1932 - Amelia Earhart completes her trans-continental flight.

August 28, 1963 - Martin Luther King Jr. makes his "I Have a Dream" speech.

August 31, 1997 - Princess Diana, Princess of Wales, dies in a car accident.

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Leland Chamber of Commerce Holds Awards Dinner

Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe



The North Brunswick Chamber of Commerce held their 2022 Annual Awards Dinner on June 29, at the Leland Cultural Arts Center.

Categories for recognition included:

- Business of the Year
- New Chamber Member Business of the Year
- Non-Profit of the Year
- Woman of the Year
- Entrepreneur of the Year
- Young Professional of the Year
- Rising Star Youth Award

The highlight of the event for Teen Scene, Inc., was our own, **Margie Steve** being selected as one of the Rising Stars,

in the "Rising Star Youth Award" category. Margie's nomination detailed her many accomplishments such as being a member of the National Honor Society and being ranked in the top 10% of her class. She was invited to be a member of the Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society and has been selected as the recipient of the Acolyte Award, the Principal Award and the Presidential Award by the State of North Carolina for her community service, leadership and academic excellence.

Margie is a Senior at Early College High School and hopes to go into the medical field. In her spare time, Margie participated in Peer Court as the attorney, prosecutor and jury. She is a volunteer for the Food Pantry, Crop Walk, Soup Kitchen, Relay for Life and Rise Against Hun-

ger. She currently works at Walmart and as a Freelance writer for the Teen Scene.



Margie Steve

The Woman of the Year award went to Deb Pickett from Edward Jones. Deb is a strong Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene supporter.

Gerald Decker was nominated for the "Entrepreneur of the Year" Award.

Waking Nightmare

Charles Bins, Brunswick Forest

Jeremy Fischer tried the backdoor to the farmhouse. To our surprise, it opened. My younger brother, Will, and I were new in town, and we looked up to Jeremy. At 17, he was three years older than me. Jeremy was adopted, an only child, imaginative and intense. Plus, he always knew things we didn't. We weren't sure why Jeremy liked us, but we liked his style and followed his cordovan boots into adventure.

We were glad to move out of the sun, but the dim kitchen trapped the heat. The lights didn't work. Our eyes were drawn to particles dancing in a shaft of sunlight. (Funny how you don't notice the dust surrounding you.) As our eyes adjusted, floorboards peaked through the linoleum. Gazing up, cobwebs came to life; a black widow watched and waited.

We opened all the cabinets, finding ceramic plates and glasses; in the refrigerator, nothing but foggy jars and black yogurt. On the door hung a bank calendar, August 1961--exactly 7 years ago. It entranced Jeremy. Eyes wide, he told us about a runaway teen named Jimmy Rhodes who disappeared in May of '61. "Some say he became a drifter. Others say he must've stopped somewhere or was kidnapped."

Will and I shuddered, then quickly shuffled into the den. Jeremy patted the frayed couch which gave off a cloud of dust and a lingering odor. In the bedroom, a mattress sagged inside a broken frame. As we tiptoed upstairs, a diving pigeon brushed my cheek.

The master bedroom featured a hole in the ceiling, a cracked mirror and a white-spattered quilt across the bed at the desk, a typewriter beckoned. Jeremy pulled the sheet and read aloud:

Dear Sylvia,

Why did you leave? Or is that the question you want me to answer? Bad farms make bad marriages. But did we always have to argue until somebody bled? Seven

bad years wasn't my fault--just one too many for you. You could never forget or forgive when we was short. Did you forget we both wanted a son? I never blamed you, so why couldn't you accept when our fortune arrived?

Jeremy noticed it wasn't signed. He paused to ponder. "The husband must've given up when the banks foreclosed. But what was their fortune that Sylvia couldn't accept? Did he rob a bank, or did an unfortunate teen step into a hurricane here?"

In the basement, dust layered everything; mildew hung in the air. Jeremy wondered if Jimmy Rhodes' spirit might also be hanging there. We were drawn to a workbench with old tools. Next to it stood a tarnished table saw with rough-cut blade. Jeremy thought he noticed dark red on the teeth. Will and I leaned in and confirmed the smears.

We scrambled upstairs and out the back. When Will and I started to run, Jeremy called, "Stop." We didn't want to attract attention, so we walked in silence. After a while, Jeremy said we really didn't know what happened there. If we called the police, we'd get in trouble for trespassing, or worse. He made us swear never to tell another soul.

The thought of that whirring sawblade plagued our sleep for years. Was there re-



We followed his cordovan boots into adventure.

ally a Jimmy Rhodes? Turns out that was true. As for the rest, we got shined. Jeremy Fischer got a full scholarship and became a professor of literature at UNC. Last year, he published a mystery novel, *Waking Nightmare*.

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Laughing in the Golden Years

Never Being Poor

Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



The other morning driving to an appointment, I followed a car with so many bumper stickers on the back of the trunk that I imagined that if someone were to remove all of them, the back end of the car would collapse. Since we were moving very slowly and stopping at a number of red-lights, I had time to peruse the different sayings. Among them was a message that really caught my attention. Displayed front and center was a sticker with a plain background and the words in black which said: "Poverty is NOT a Family Value." I was drawn up short as I thought about those words.

At the end of WWII, people breathed a sigh of relief and began to think of ways to make their lives easier and more profitable. One of the consequences of that thinking was that my dad lost most of his business selling coal. People moved on to an easier way of heating their homes with oil, or gas or later electricity. It was a time of less and less money for my parents to support two girls in college and two youngsters in elementary school. When I think back on that time, I realize that we went from a very comfortable living, financially, to being poor. Even so, I never heard my parents ever say that we were poor.

My mother was a very strong woman who always faced adversity with a calm plan. We had had a victory garden throughout the war, but as money became tighter and tighter, she increased the size of the garden and spent more and more time canning the vegetables she grew. She encouraged my dad to trim the fruit trees that grew on our property and to harvest the pears, apples, cherries and black walnuts that were the produce from those trees. I especially remember the sweet bread and butter pickles she made from our own cucumbers. Nothing was a better treat for me than two slices of her home-made bread covered in butter and filled with those freshly canned bread and butter pickles.

More and more, my dad repaired automobiles and sometimes stored them for people who were going on vacation or wanted their cars put up for the winter. I remember him coming home at dinner time and saying, "Well it's time to check Mildred's rear-end," meaning of-course the brakes, etc. on her car. While my brother and I practically rolled on the floor laughing, my mother would give dad one of her "stop that" looks and shake her head at him. Mom understood that Mildred would be paying my father in hard-cold cash. So, she did not protest my father's joke about Mildred in any way greater than a head-shake.



As the years rolled on and the coal business grew less and less, my father looked for other ways to bring in money, and mom took a job in the local post-office as a postal clerk for four hours a day. In the evenings, checking over our homework, she repeated again and again her directive that we needed to get good grades so that we could earn a scholarship to college. Never once did I hear her say that we were poor, but rather that we were "short of money."

When both of my older sisters graduated from college and it came time for my brother and I to attend higher education, we both knew that along with scholarships, we would need to get decent paying jobs. My brother worked at a meat-packing company all through his college years. I became a nanny for a year, then worked in the history department of the university for the rest of my undergraduate time. However, there was never enough cash to purchase the extra items we wanted for our college experience, and occasionally I would call on my mother for a little extra money.

Once I wrote a note which said: "Dear Mom, I need 10 dollars." Almost immediately I received a reply: "Dear Maryann, so do I."

Poverty was definitely not a value in our family, but humor and laughter were always part of our values despite the lack of money.

Radio Song...

Dan Neizmik, Hearthstone



She sits by her radio,
searching her cellphone,
For the name of that song
she just heard,
She'd like to hear it again
from beginning to end,
She says that she can relate
to the words,
It stopped her in her tracks
and it took her back,

To a time when she was still young,
About a girl from a small town who wanted
to go out,

And see the world on her own.
She was young and so pretty and was
bound for the city,

Everyone said that she'd be a star,
But, being one in a million had a much
different meaning,

And her dreams only took her so far,
And the nights were so cold and the days
were so long,

And her life was like a "Radio Song",
And she lived every word and she finally
learned,

That small town was where she belonged.
Now, she still has dreams and her heart
still bleeds,

When she thinks about what might have
been,

But, her heart's in that small town and
there's no place like home,

And she's one in a million again,
When it's your turn to dance, I hope that
you'll take the chance,

Even stars move around in the sky,
See the world on your own and search for
where you belong,

But don't ever let your dreams die.
Next time you sit by your radio searching
YouTube and Google,

For a song that you think is about you,
Just know the choices you make, whether
good or mistake,

Is the only way you find out the truth,
No two stories are the same we must all
stake our claim,

As we search for our way in this world,
And the road that you choose is all up to
you,

In your song, you write the words.
So, may we all find our way in this world,
Choose a life filled with kindness and
good,

May you have all you need and hold on to
your dreams,

May your faith ~ always be strong,
Sometimes life is like a "Radio Song"

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Leland, NC

North Carolina Rice Festival

TeCora Galloway, Shallote



The North Carolina Rice Festival stands as a cultural beacon to teach people about the culture of The Carolinas and of Gullah Geechee heritage, but it also gives the opportunity to trace your DNA back to specific ethnic groups/tribes and allows people to learn more about their specific African culture through African Ancestry.

Growing up African American, I often felt left out in having a culture because I did not have a non-English native language, I couldn't relate to the colorful patterns and clothing associated with certain African countries, and I did not count the soul food dishes in my family as cultural foods specific to my ethnicity. The Rice Festival as a whole has widened my view of African American culture, and I have enjoyed learning about my heritage, but truly being able to put the finger on the country that my family is most closely related to would broaden my horizons even more.

I have tried DNA tests before, and though the genetic breakdown by regions was interesting, it gives multiple African countries instead of one main one, and there were no mentions of tribes.

African Ancestry's DNA test would provide insight into the proximity of your DNA to the African Rice Coast, which, as told in the name, is the section of the continent best known for growing rice. This includes countries like Senegal, Sierra Leone, and Liberia.

In addition to learning if you are from the rice coast, it also gives the opportunity to dig deeper into your ancestry and begin to embrace the culture of your tribe or country. This is particularly powerful, knowing that science has allowed us to "get back" the culture that seemingly disappeared during the slave trade. Having the opportunity to dress, sing and cook as my ancestors would have is something I dream of and is

being made possible through The Rice Festival.



During the last Rice Festival in March 2022, around 50 people signed up for the DNA test. I encourage anyone curious to contact the North Carolina Rice Festival via their website northcarolinaricefestival.org/.

The next Rice Festival issue will go into more detail about the rice culture in plantations along The Carolinas and will include a few rice recipes to try during the harvest season. The Rice Festival for 2023 will be on March 3rd and 4th, 2023. During the last Rice Festival in March 2022, around 50 people signed up for the DNA test. I encourage anyone interested to email Barbara Akinwale at bsa6565@me.com.

Teen Scene
JOURNALISM CLUB

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Leadership Brunswick County is now accepting applications!

Leadership Brunswick County is a program sponsored by Brunswick Community College and the Southport-Oak Island Area, North Brunswick and Brunswick County Chambers of Commerce to develop corps of informed, committed and qualified individuals capable of providing dynamic leadership for Brunswick County. It is designed to identify highly-motivated, emerging leaders and educate them about the needs of our community, as well as the dynamics of social and economic changes.

Selection for participants in the program requires the applicants to already demonstrate a sincere commitment to serve Brunswick County through community involvement. Applicants should currently hold, be retired from, or have the potential to advance to a management leadership position. Applicants must reside and/or work in Brunswick County and desire to participate in a nine-month program that promises to challenge and enrich them.

A limited number of leaders/emerging leaders will be selected to participate in Leadership Brunswick County. They will meet one day each month beginning September 2022 through May 2023 with existing leaders from business, government, and education, to explore the needs of Brunswick County and better understand the individuals and services responsible for meeting those needs. Programs will include: the history and culture of Brunswick County, local and state government systems, justice and law enforcement, education, environment, health and human services, and economic development.

Applications must be received from all interested persons and reviewed by the Selection Committee. The committee strives to ensure broad demographic participation with an emphasis on representation from the geographic areas and professional categories in the county. Tuition is \$350.00 for Chamber members and \$375.00 for non-Chamber members and is due with the completed application by 4 pm Monday, August 29, 2022. Participants will be notified of selection no later than September 7, 2022.



Angela Vega
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Shelia's Revival, Part 5

Brendon Connelly, Wilmington



Gail then gave them the same homework assignment, but this time it was to do a Random Act of Kindness in the classroom or around the school.

The next day Gail asked them to share what they did.

Billy said, "when I got off the bus this morning, I saw a student, Will, walking on crutches. I walked up in front of him, opened the door for him, and assisted him to his classroom."

Michael said, "this morning, I saw a teacher, Bill Harrison, carrying a couple heavy boxes of books from his car. I went over to him, took one of the boxes, helped take them to his classroom and then helped open the boxes and sort them out."

Kelly said, "this morning I saw a student, Emily, who must have been new because she looked lost. I asked her

what class she was looking for. I helped guide her to her classroom."

Grace said, "this morning, a student on our bus, Dave, needed some extra money to buy lunch. I lent him a \$5 bill.

Gail said, "these are all great important things to do. I encourage everyone to do a random act of kindness every day and it will truly make you a better person.

There are so many people in this world who are do not have enough food to eat, don't have enough water, clothing, money or a home to survive.

I would love for us to help them out.

I propose we start collecting nonperishable food, water, unwanted clothing, books, money and toys that we can send to our troops and to the poor."

Gail then stepped up and told the class about another great idea she had: "to make a period each week to play educational games such as Scrabble, Jeopardy,

Wheel Of Fortune & Who Wants To Be A Millionaire, which would be fun and at the same time challenge our minds and help us all learn, and we have the perfect person here to help lead us in these games."

Shelia and the rest of the class loved the idea. Shelia got emotional cause it made her think about her grandmother who always loved watching Jeopardy and Wheel of Fortune with her.

Shelia went home that night and heard the song "Reach Out and Touch Somebody's Hand," by Diana Ross, and she immediately became enlightened by the lyrics and its message.

The next day Shelia went into class and told Gail and her classmates that she has an important idea to share with them.

Shelia played the song and started to explain it gives several valuable life lessons.

Sharp Edges, Invisible Scars

Janet Stiegler



Preparing dinner one night, I cut the top of my thumb with a serrated knife. The incision didn't register until droplets of blood suddenly appeared on the cutting board, giving the minced onions a pinkish hue. Not again!

After rinsing my hand under the kitchen faucet and securing a Band-Aid, I resumed the meal prep. Given the cut's vulnerable location, it took over a week to heal, leaving another small scar on my long-abused hands.

My ineptness with sharp objects is laughable, given that I come from a long line of German cutlers. In 1869, my mother's great grandfather, Gottlob Eisele, founded a small cutlery shop—Messerschmied Eisele—in Waiblingen, just outside Stuttgart. (Eisele is a common name in that region and designates people who originally worked with iron.) Besides knives, they'd sharpen and repair scissors, swords, gardening tools, and sewing equipment. His second-oldest son inherited and subsequently expanded the business over forty years. The family-owned shop passed through two more generations of sons until the family shop could no longer compete with today's market of mass-produced goods. It finally closed in 2018 after 149 years.

My grandfather—Erich Eisele—was also a lifelong grinder, but it wasn't the whetstone that left him most scathed. His mother died in childbirth when he was four, and his first stepmother passed

away when he was 10. Various anecdotes suggest that he grew up fast, often protecting his younger brother from their parent's cruelty.

The post-WWI economic crisis forced my grandfather to leave Waiblingen in search of work. Despite falling in love with a girl from Bavaria, he could not marry her without a steady job. In early 1929, a friend sponsored his emigration to the United States, where he found work at a cutlery shop in New York City. Despite the Stock Market crash, tailors, butchers, and furriers still needed sharp tools. Erich worked fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, to save money and send for his finance.

My grandfather and his wife had only one child—my mother—before his wife was diagnosed with tuberculosis. After spending several years in two sanatoriums, she finally succumbed to the disease. Erich never remarried. Years later, after a second heart attack, he moved in with us on Long Island. He was in his early 60s and still fairly spry, always finding something to fix, something that would keep his hands busy. Then one Saturday morning, Erich collapsed from a third heart attack on our kitchen

floor. He was only 65. A lifetime of loss and longing, of repeated emotional cuts, had finally scarred his heart beyond repair.

Fearful I will one day slice off a finger, my husband buys me a 12" Mezzaluna—a half-moon blade that I operate by holding the two end knobs and rocking the edge back and forth in a seesaw motion. I can now mince onions, garlic, and herbs lickety-split. It's safe, almost risk-free, but I can't help thinking I'm cheating, that I've not paid my dues. Yes, I've been under the knife for various breast surgeries, but the scars have faded and are now a part of my identity. Three years ago, Mohr's surgery to remove a small squamous cell near my nose left a five-inch scar along the inside of my cheek. The lesion is still visible, the small blood vessels turning red with the cold. I'm not happy about it but how can I complain? These are relatively small nicks on an otherwise sweet life.

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I Am A Child of the Low Country

Karen Phillips Smith, Wilmington



My husband spent his childhood along the Chesapeake Bay and I grew up in the low country of Georgia and South Carolina. Lands rich with wet, rich soil that oozes through your toes as you walked along the many

meandering paths beside the rivers and wide estuaries that were filled with elegant egrets and turtles napping on fallen tree limbs. Springtime brought the sweet smell of jasmine that climbed and stretched to cover the sides of the white clapboard and masonry houses that lined the streets.

The tall, stately magnolia trees were heavy laden with fragrance filled flowers, where butterflies and yellow jackets were all competing to sip their honey. The streets were lined with delicate

dogwood trees laden with blossoms that flowed gently in the breeze and the ground was covered with blankets of daffodils, their bright yellow blossoms stretching as far as the eye could see. I thought when we moved to North Carolina that we would be leaving these sights and sounds of our cherished spring times behind us. Instead, we discovered that along with the many wonderful change of climates during the seasons of the year and varying elevations that we found in our new home, we could still enjoy many of my favorite spectacles that are part of the numerous sights and wonders of Wilmington, North Carolina.

The streets of downtown Wilmington are lined with row after row of large stately homes with gardens filled with a kaleidoscope of azaleas, roses, hydrangeas and magnificent, multicolored

camellias and stately trees. The waterways are filled with sailboats, fishing rigs, large cargo ships and the tour boats that run along the Cape Fear. The birds, oh those marvelous birds, coming in all sizes, shapes and colors from the stately herons to the families of snow geese showing off their newborn chicks as they parade down the sidewalk.

The people of this area are a welcoming folk and are always at the ready to share a story or legend about their hometown. We have been welcomed by our neighbors, our church and have become part of a most eclectic group that gathers at a local coffee shop regularly. We are feeling blessed to have found a place in a short time that provides a space that represents and reflects all people with respect and dignity, and fills our senses with the sights and spirit of our beloved home towns.

Sunflowers

Patricia Dischino



'Six months since Carl died. Twenty years plus since our parents left this world. I am the only keeper of the flame. When I go, and that will be sooner than later, with my heart problems, it is as if we never existed.

Dear Carl and I never were able to have children and I could care less about Brenda and Lyle, my dear long gone sister's children'.

These were musings spending time in Daniela's thoughts as she took her usual walk through familiar paths to pick up a few items from the town's one store that was a throwback from the past, a true variety shop.

As she passed an old stone house where flowers abounded in a small area at the side of the building, a memory from her childhood emerged, poignant, powerful and yet intensely sad. Tall sunflowers stroked recollections of her mother's garden in a far off land.

Her mother called them guardians. They protected the tiny flowers that surround them.

That country no longer grew flowers. A cruel and terrorizing neighboring government leveled their land. The yellow color reminded Daniela of that country's tattered flag. The small village that she called home had a population originally from that far off shattered country.

'I'm going to buy sunflower seeds and plant them in my garden'. She entered the store with an inspired mission, Jane Courter, the owner, was handling the cash register as Daniela approached. The two had been friends for years.

the sunflowers in their old homeland. I am going to plant seeds in honor of our ancestors' troubled country. It's just a small gesture"

"Wait one minute. Danny. I'll be back in a minute." Jane returned with two boxes filled with packets of sunflower seeds.

"Take these. Use what you want and give them to anyone who would like them. They grow so fast but the time to plant them is nearly over. I will have my son, Jim, drop them off at your house. Share what you can't use. It was a tiring task for a woman of her age but in late summer this small village radiated with a stunning shade of yellow, allowing tiny flowers and lovely grasses to thrive.

The village went viral, as social media dubbed the town, 'Sunflower Village'. The word was out that sunflowers grew even in a hostile environment. Daniela was

inspired when she realized how such a simple idea brought joy to so many. Her present homeland was a yellow glow of hope.

'Why not plant these seeds next summer in my parents' homeland where abandonment has left a damaged 'no man's land'. Why leave it at that. Why not share sunflowers for all nations.'

Daniela sent a package of seeds everywhere, for government leaders to sow as a symbol of hope. Nations carried this simple act to the highest level. Countries with hostile climates built greenhouses with the help of more affluent societies. From space, the earth that summer was not seen as a blue marble but as a yellow 'Protector' of the earth.

Daniela never lived to see her legacy change darkness into light.

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"Jane, my grandmother talked about

Military News



Veterans, Claim Your Benefits

Gary Crowden

It has been said only 35% of the military veterans within the boundaries of North Carolina have claimed financial benefits they have earned as a result of their military service.

Currently, the Department of Veteran Affairs provide ratings to veterans who have service-connected injuries or diseases from 0 to 100%. These ratings translate to tax free benefits ranging from \$152 to \$3,952 per month or \$1,824 to \$47,424 annually. If you are a veteran, it behooves you to seek out a veteran service officer to assist in filing a claim.

Many veteran organizations such as the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Vietnam Veterans of America have service officers who can provide assistance in filing claims or can provide information as to where to seek help.

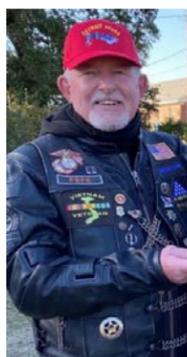
Patriot Guard Riders

Karleigh Quinn



Bob Page, aka "Pops" Page, originally heard about the Patriot Guard Riders when he lived in another state, but when he moved into NC, people in the community told him about it again. Due to his past service in the Marine Corps, his time as a civil servant, and the many other ways he has supported his community through his work, it was time to join.

The Patriot Guard Riders is defined as "an organization based in the United States whose members attend the funerals of members of the U.S. military and first responders at the invitation of a decedent's family." They ride their motorcycles in a procession in order to show respect for fallen service members in their community. Being able to join a group dedicated to "respecting service members on their final mission" helped him bring closure to his own retirement. With eleven counties, one of seven North Carolina Districts, and two hundred people locally, Bob views the Patriot Guard Riders as a great way to support a close-knit community.



When I asked him if there were people who have impacted his life that he otherwise wouldn't have met, his answer was yes, without hesitation. He begins to describe how many people he has been able to meet through the Patriot Guard, especially through his years riding and position of leadership as a ride captain. He also describes how he is impacted by the

There are some counties within North Carolina that have certified service officers who can review your records and file a claim in your behalf. This is a free service!

Within Brunswick County there is an office which provides Brunswick County veterans with the help they need to file a claim. Call and make an appointment. The number is (910) 253-2233. Make sure you bring your medical records and DD



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people they ride for and their families. When a family in need reaches out to receive their service, the Patriot Guard tries to do research on the deceased and have a briefing with their team before the ride. Such planning aims to maintain respect for the family and the deceased and try to bring closure wherever possible.

When I asked Bob about the main intent of the Patriot Guard, he stated that if someone was only told one thing about them. It would be that respect was their main mission. He also stated that it was important not only to hold respect for the deceased that they were riding for but to respect the time and dignity of their families.



The Patriot Guard Riders have very few limits on who can volunteer to better their community. You can ride a motorcycle, car, or truck to be involved with the procession, you do not have to be a current or former service member, and you do not have to meet regularly or donate to their cause. "The only thing required is respect," reads their website. In order to request support from the Patriot Guard Riders, just go to their website, patriotguard.org, and click on the "Request the PGR" button.

Leland VFW Post 12196 Is "All American"

Leland VFW Post 12196 was named an "All American" Post for 2021-2022 by Matthew M. "Fritz" Mihelcic, the VFW National Commander. Each year the National VFW sets goals for each Post to achieve. When all of those goals are met, the Post is awarded the distinction of All American. It is the highest national recognition a Post can receive. The Leland Post was Chartered on January 19, 2020. "Before the Post was able to conduct a second meeting, the nation was locked down due to Covid. It was very difficult getting things going in those early days," says Past Post Commander Jason Gaver. Even while dealing with the fall out of the pandemic that year, this Post was

active in the community and was recognized by Leland Mayor Brenda Bozeman as the "Mayor's Citizen of the Year" for 2020. It was the first time that an organization had received such recognition instead of an individual.

Commander Gaver led the Post during this award-winning year by building membership and hosting major community events such as the September Day of Remembrance, Korean War Era Veteran, and Vietnam War Era Veteran Commemorations. "I believe this Post is just getting started in the things we can do for the community," says Gaver. "Our focus, for now, is to con-

tinue building a quality foundation for our organization. I have confidence that the new Commander, Gerald Decker, and his team of officers will continue on the course we have set."

Congratulations to all VFW Post 12196 on another milestone.



Two roads diverged...and I chose the Navy!

August 27, 1967 a date that will live in infamy, at least for me.

Gerald Decker, Magnolia Greens



It may be too cliché to quote Dickens and say, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season

of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair." But it really was!

The "Summer of Love" was coming to an end. The nation was on fire with protest. One of the top songs of the day was Scott McKenzie's, "San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair)" as kind of an anthem for the "free love, drug culture that was America on that day. Peace, love, dove, man. Grab your bell bottoms and beads and let's protest something.

Young men were lining up for National Guard, College, or the Canadian border. Some of us were so naïve, we had not planned on any of those options. The

draft loomed large for those who had not planned or who lacked privileged family genes.

So here I was...no job, no money and very few options. Two roads of my life diverged; one did not hold out much hope for the future I had envisioned for my life. The other was one of the most defining moments of my life-volunteer for a \$98 a month adventure and flirt with the possibility that I may soon be in a combat zone. The latter option would definitely be an exciting option but it would also include leaving behind the love of my life. That was the hard part of the decision, not the possibility of war, which was the furthest thing from my mind that morning.

That morning, August 27, 1967, was an unseasonably cool day in the mid 70's. There was a bright sun. I had slept late that morning and was awakened by my girlfriend who had come to see me off that day. The family had gathered around as well to say their goodbyes or good riddance. I was never sure which.

The bus ride from Anniston to Montgomery, Alabama was uneventful. We arrived early enough in the afternoon to be butt naked and grabbing our ankles for inspection before dinner. There were several hundred of us there and we were poked, prodded, lab tested and sworn in by noon the next day. We boarded a prop plane to Atlanta and arrived at Navy Training Center in San Diego at midnight. By the time we were processed in it was nearly 2 am. At 3:30 am, trash can lids went off (that's what they use for alarm clocks in bootcamp) to say it was time to get up.

At that point, I knew the irreversible choice had been made. I had reached a cross roads. I took a road that, without question, "...has made all the difference."



The goodbye kiss of a boyfriend and a boy.

Duke Energy Professional Profile - Pam Hardy

Pam Hardy is a government and community relations manager for Duke Energy serving New Hanover, Brunswick, Pender, Columbus, Bladen and Sampson counties. In this role, she has the responsibility as part of the Government and Community Relations team to build, cultivate and manage relationships with local government, business and community leaders, elected officials, stakeholders and allies to enhance Duke Energy's corporate, community objectives and reputation. In addition, she will develop and lead plans to manage high profile, sensitive and complex issues through collaboration and community engagement.

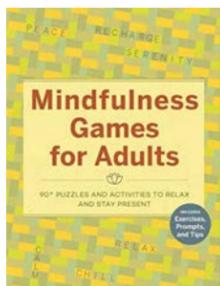
A seasoned utility professional, Hardy has more than 25 years of diverse experience in the energy sector contributing

in the areas of Customer Services, Consumer Affairs, Claims, Transmission Engagement, formerly Market Solutions and Innovation and Corporate Communications. Each role has allowed her to support customers in various business segments.

A native of Chicago, Illinois, Hardy earned a Bachelor of Arts in Mass Communications from Shaw University and a Master of Organizational Leadership degree from Waldorf University. Hardy is a member of Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority, Inc where she serves on the Community Service committee working with chapter leadership to create memorable and value-added experiences to support her local community, a member of the North Carolina Chapter of the American Association of Blacks in Energy (AABE)

where she formerly chaired the Legislative Committee and is involved in leading and participating in a number of extracurricular activities in her personal and professional endeavors.

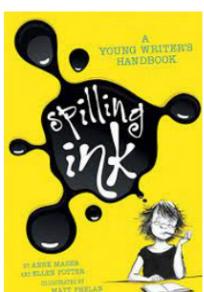
In her spare time, she enjoys supporting her community through performing service projects, mentoring, reading all genres of books and spending time with her husband, Henry and their two daughters, Hillory and Hilsyn.



Mindfulness Games for Adults

Unwind and stay present with simple puzzles and games

This book of fun activities soothes your mood and engages your brain with crosswords, word searches, memory games, and more! Each puzzle is a new opportunity to feel calm and entertained as you play.



Spilling Ink: A Young Writer's Handbook

After receiving letters from fans asking for writing advice, accomplished authors Anne Mazer and Ellen Potter joined together to create this guidebook. The authors mix inspirational anecdotes with practical guidance on how to find a voice, develop characters and plot, make revisions, and overcome writer's block.

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Around Town

EVENT SPEAKER

Nancy Freyberg, a Leland resident, has started a Foundation in memory of her dog, Buddy Gene. She has also written a book entitled, "Messages From Buddy Gene." Nancy took Buddy in to her home after she witnessed him being thrown out of a moving vehicle onto the highway just because he was old.

The mission of Buddy's Foundation is, "To make a difference in the lives of senior animals who have been surrendered, discarded, neglected or mistreated and to educate the public with opportunities available to help in this regard."

Nancy has a moving story and an important mission. She collaborates with an area "no kill" dog rescue shelter by providing food and helping to find volunteers. If you would be interested in fostering an older dog, adopting or just spending an hour taking a dog for a walk in the park, please contact Nancy at nfreyberg47@gmail.com.

Nancy is available to share her story of how Buddy changed her life and left a legacy of help, so if you are having an event and need a powerful speaker, please consider Nancy. To find out more about the Buddy Gene Foundation, go to www.buddygenefoundation.org and find out how you can help. A list of her upcoming local engagements will be published in this section.

MAYFAIR

A new Total Wine store opened in Wilmington in July. Located at 943 Military Cutoff Road, you can download a \$10.00 off total purchase coupon by going to www.totalwine.com. You can also reach their Customer Service group by phoning 1 855 328 9463.

LCAC OPEN HOUSE

The Leland Cultural Arts Center will hold it's annual Open House on Saturday, August 27 from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Get to know the instructors and participate in a number of family-friendly activities. If you attend the Open House, you will receive a special registration discount that day.

CONCERTS



Five for Fighting

Sun, Aug 7, 7 – 11 PM

In 27 Days

Greenfield Lake Amphitheater

1941 Amphitheatre Dr, Wilmington, NC



Amy Grant in Concert

Sun, Aug 21, 3 – 6 PM

Wilson Center at Cape Fear Community College

703 N 3rd St, Wilmington, NC



Mary Chapin Carpenter

Sun, Aug 21, 6:30 – 10:30 PM

Greenfield Lake Amphitheater

1941 Amphitheatre Dr, Wilmington, NC

Birthday's & Anniversaries

August 4 - Sue Clovis

August 7 - Julie Decker

Jim Zelenski

August 8 - Lily Rae Bradley

Gabriel Taylor

August 11 - Bob Czaplinski

August 13 - Viola Brown

August 13 - Donna Czaplinski

August 16 - Arabella Ong

August 17 - Jacob Lolley

August 24 - Michael Decker

August 20 - Jan Morgan-Swegle

August 25 - Jennie Decker

Lariyah Dansbury

August 26 - Kassie Simmons

August 27 - Gaby Pintos

August 28 - Kris Allen



Are you looking for a job?

Brunswick County Career Opportunity -
governmentjobs.com/careers/brunswicknc

Mechanic Technician

• Bolivia, NC

• Full Time - \$21.38 - \$23.52 Hourly

• Category: Maintenance

• Department: Operation Services

Utility Plant Maintenance Mechanic I-IV

• 250 Grey Water Rd. Supply, NC

• Full Time - \$17.59 - \$27.49 Hourly

• Category: Utilities

• Department: West Regional Wastewater

Social Worker III - CPS/In-Home Services

• Bolivia, NC

• Full Time - \$28.65 - \$38.68 Hourly

• Category: Social Services

• Department: DSS Administration

Field Services Manager

• 250 Grey Water Rd. Supply, NC

• Full Time - \$79,860.00 - \$107,810.00 Annually

• Category: Utilities

• Department: Water- Administration

Utilities Crew Supervisor

• 250 Grey Water Rd. Supply, NC

• Full Time - \$23.57 - \$31.82 Hourly

• Category: Utilities

• Department: Utilities Construction

Public Utilities Inspector

• 250 Grey Water Rd. Supply, NC

• Full Time - \$25.99 - \$35.08 Hourly

• Category: Utilities

• Department: Water- Administration

Senior Accounting Clerk

• Bolivia, NC

• Full Time - \$17.59 - \$23.74 Hourly

• Category: Health Services

• Department: Family Health

Veterans Service Officer

• Bolivia, NC

• Full Time - \$23.57 - \$31.82 Hourly

• Category: Veteran Services

• Department: Veterans Services