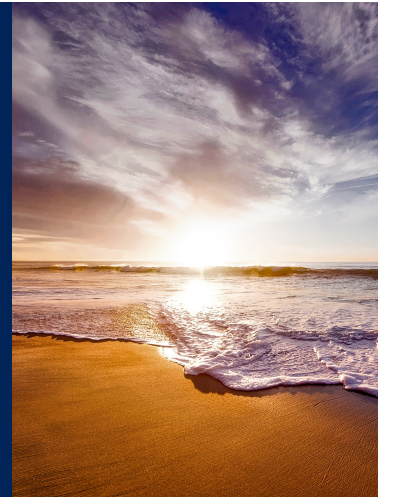




TOPSAIL TIMES

TOPSAIL ISLAND, HOLLY RIDGE, HAMPSTEAD AND SNEADS FERRY



● 23rd September, 2022 ● American-Owned. Free Press. ● Volume II, Issue 20 **FREE!**

Remembering Hurricanes Bertha And Fran 1996

26 years ago in the summer of 1996, Topsail Island met the fury of visitors that went by the names of Bertha and Fran. Their cousins Bonnie (1998) and Floyd (1999) followed a few years later.

With a Hurricane season that was ramped and ready to go, Hurricane Bertha paid her visit 12 days after forming off the coast of Africa. Hitting the island as a Category 2 storm on July 12th, Bertha damaged area piers, including Barnacle Bills in Surf City and Ocean City Pier at North Topsail. While churning the seas, she removed a large span of New River Inlet Road in North Topsail Beach, making travel nearly impossible.

Upon her departure, 4 feet of sand covered Hwy 210 from Surf City to North Topsail. 40 homes in Surf City were destroyed and hundreds damaged. North Topsail Beach reported that 25% of the homes had roof damage and several homes were severely damaged. Topsail Beach had 50 homes severely damaged. Power was out for the entire island.

Emergency personnel informed those that decided to remain after being ordered to evacuate, that once conditions deteriorated, no emergency assistance could be provided. People were asked to sign release forms, providing contact information should anything happen to them.

While still trying to pick up the pieces and debris from Bertha, Hurricane Fran decided to pay Topsail a visit on September 5, 1996. With a temper worse than her sister, Fran covered the island in Category 3 winds as high as 120 mph. Numerous tornadoes were reported and many evident after the storm. Entire stretches of ocean front homes were swallowed up by the sea between Surf City and Topsail Beach. North Topsail was cut into 3 distinct sections as water raced across the newly repaired roadway and into the intercoastal. Boats were found 20 feet up in the trees and

complete homes were seen floating down the intracoastal waterway.

The National Guard set up water stations including portable showers at the Surf City Town Hall (then located on the island). Curfews remained in place for days while property owners did what they could to secure their properties. Busted water lines formed mini fountains and large sections of pilings, most from the piers, covered the beaches. Giant chunks of concrete were uncovered by the storm in Surf City on the beach. Most, if not all, of the beach walkovers were lost to storm surge and floating debris. Septic tanks floated above ground in Topsail Beach. Nails and sharp debris filled the sand for months.

Hurricane Bertha did \$335 million worth of damage while Fran did \$5 billion worth.

The two hurricanes were responsible for 38 deaths.

What have we learned from previous hurricanes:

1. Do not worry about the Category. Every hurricane can be devastating.
2. Get 2 weeks worth of prescriptions, food and water for each family member and pets. It is possible that if you evacuate you may not be returning right away.
3. Take valuables, photos, firearms, jewelry and cash with you. If power is out then so are credit card machines.
4. Fill up all vehicles with fuel and if you have a generator, make sure it is in good working order and has the fuel needed for 2 weeks.
5. Secure windows with wood or any material that will prevent the window from breaking and will keep intruders out.
6. Cover door knobs with plastic bags and secure them with rubber bands. Sand blowing at 90 mph will fill up your keyhole.
7. Get as much off the floor as possible

in case of flooding. Secure all outdoor items like furniture and trash cans. Flying debris does a huge amount of damage during a storm.

8. Write down phone numbers and addresses and give each member of your family a copy. Have a plan to meet somewhere if you become separated.

9. Empty your freezer and refrigerator of easily spoiled foods or take them with you in coolers. Do NOT fill up the trash can by your house the day before the storm and then leave. Fill up your clothes washer with ice as a backup cooler.

10. Make sure you have plenty of clean and dry socks, underwear, towels, pillows and blankets. Bathing suits and Sleeping bags are a great option.

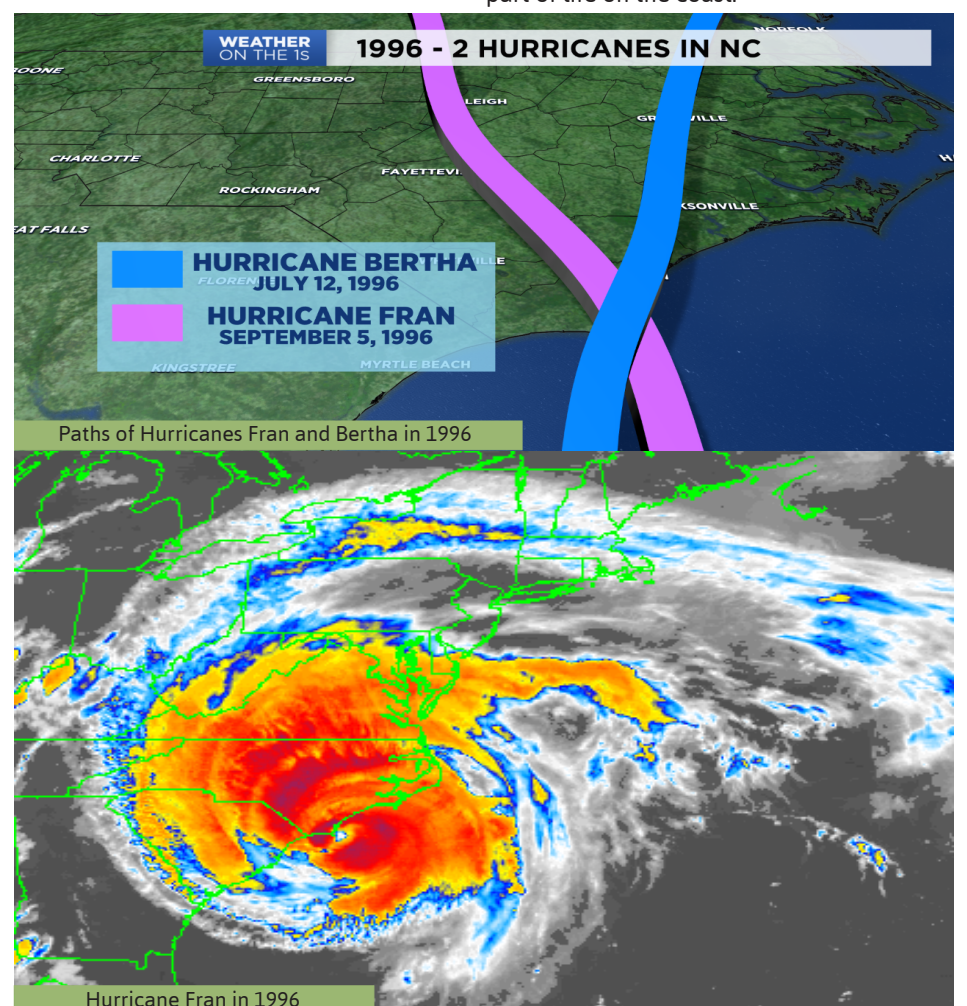
11. Make sure you have emergency food and bug spray and a good first aid kit. Beef jerky helps replace salt and is easy to carry.

12. Check on your neighbors. Not everyone has a way out of harm's way. Get updated phone numbers and email addresses to share information.

13. Get a pass if you need one to return to your home or business.

14. Unplug sensitive electronics that can be damaged by power surges (TVs, Game systems, computers). Take a video of your home and contents and email it to yourself for your insurance.

15. Remember that everyone is stressed. Be kind to each other and first responders. Hurricanes will always be a part of life on the coast.





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Topsail Times

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**TOPSAIL
TIMES
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Contributing Writers

Dorothy Royal
Becky Borneman
Carol Ann Ross
Marian Taylor
Karen Sota
Dotty Ann Harding

Contributing Photographers

Dorothy Royal
Becky Borneman
Marian Taylor
Karen Sota
Dotty Ann Harding
Spectrum Local News
Wikipedia

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www.TopsailTimes.net

Topsail Gun Gal

By Dorothy Royal

Has the world gone crazy? What is going on with all the stabbings? From Canada, where a killing spree of two men took the lives of 10 or more and injured dozens, to our local Hemp store, to now a local high school where gang violence may be the cause.

It is so easy to point the finger of blame when a tragedy happens, but what could be some of the real causes?

Here are just a few of my thoughts regarding the world gone crazy.

1. Sleep. Most people are sleep deprived, thanks to stress and electronics

2. Choices. We have way too many choices when trying to pick something. Why do we need 400 types of beer and what is an IPA anyway?

3. Lack of eye contact. Thanks to carrying a computer you never have to see into the eyes of another human.

4. Lack of social skills. Hello, goodbye, thank you and please. Where did these simple words go?

5. Not my problem. No one wants to get involved. It is so much easier to ignore a problem than to confront it.

6. Blaming teachers. If you would tell your child no and teach respect, your child's teacher wouldn't be losing their mind. When my parents were called in for a parent conference it wasn't to blame the teacher, it was to ensure at home and at school I was behaving and doing my best.

7. Excuses. I don't care what your childhood was like, you have no right to harm someone else or innocent animals. No one had a perfect childhood. Suck it up and grow up.

8. Law Enforcement. The police are not the bad guys. Who in their right mind wants to work endless hours for minimal pay and put their lives on the line every day? How about a "Thank you".

9. Overscheduling. We don't always do it on purpose, but if we make a list of 10 things to get done by the end of the day only 2 get done and 25 more items are added. This is not conducive to a healthy lifestyle.

10. Food. Our chemically modified food is made for cartoon characters, not humans.

11. Water. Until recently I never heard the term, "Forever chemicals" but thanks to a local manufacturing plant we have it in our water, our rain and our soil. Think a concrete wall inserted 60 feet down into the side of the Cape Fear River is going to stop anything? Not to mention the damage that wall construction will cause.

12. Drugs. You cannot watch 30 minutes of television without being sold on 3 or 4 types of drugs. Do we really need all this garbage? Absolutely not. Prescriptions should not be the norm when visiting a doctor. We need to change our way of thinking. A pill doesn't fix everything.

13. HOAs. Giving unlimited power to a group of "Karens and Kyles" is never a good idea. Recently the NC Supreme Court ruled that HOAs cannot prevent a property owner from installing solar panels. The problem? The HOA still has a say in where they are placed. Good luck with that.

14. Schools. In a recent NC state report card, it was determined that 13 of the 39 schools in New Hanover County were "low performing". Covid shutdowns have damaged the learning process, but what else can be done? How about schools start after Labor Day and end around Memorial Day. How about more classes include outdoor time? Computers are not the only teaching tool. I learned so much just sitting under a tree and reading a book. When was the last time you saw a student do that?

15. Daylight Savings Time. Ok, for all of you complaining that your kids will be waiting for the bus in the dark and we need "Standard time", what about the 10,000 vehicles on the road every morning dropping kids off at school? Who is left at the bus stop? In all fairness of keeping Daylight Savings time year-round (this is known as the "Sunshine Protection Act") let me make a simple statement. We live with "DST" for 8 months of the year and fall back to "Standard" for four months of the year. How can Standard Time be considered the norm?

Remember knowledge is power, we have choices to make each day on how we want to live and making things simple might be the recipe for a happier life.



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Topsail Times
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If The Shoe Fits ... BUY IT

By Becky Borneman

I've had a shoe obsession for too many years to count. And I own too many pairs to say. Shoes are always a fun purchase for me. They always fit, they add a little style to your outfit and everyone loves fun shoes. You could be wearing a paper sack with adorable red heels and many will say "...but the shoes were on point." The problem is I love ALL shoes. Sneakers...yes. Heels...yes. Flats..YES YES! What is it about shoes that we love?

I believe I fixated on shoes at a young age because I grew up in grade school through middle school wearing a uniform. We had a choice of a plaid skirt or a navy blue skirt and a white or a baby blue button down Oxford shirt. When it was cold we could wear khaki pants and a green sweater.

Not just any plaid skirt or khaki pants... uniform approved. We bought these uniforms every summer at the local mom and pop uniform store. We all looked alike. So, shoes were important.

It started with penny loafers. I'd have a new pair of penny loafers and my mom or dad would put a bright shiny penny, heads up of course, in the slit across the top of the shoe. Then I loved the black and white saddle oxfords. And by the end of middle school it was all about the Eastlands! Am I bringing back fond memories for you too?

In the summer it was Keds all day long. I remember being at a birthday pool party for a friend with about 15 girls there. There was a huge pile of white Keds at the back door. It was a nightmare when we all went to leave and had to find our shoes.

They all looked the same!

High school brought many different shoe trends. Sandals... I could finally wear sandals to school. Birkenstocks made a come-back too. Then Doc Martins. I never wore those. I liked more of a preppy look. Sticking true to my uniform days the loafers were a go-to, even heeled loafers. Don't worry, I'm hanging my head in shame even admitting to that one. And of course, the beloved Sam & Libby flats. Oh the colors they came in!

My love of shoes continues. I get the eye roll every time I bring another pair home. But that doesn't stop me. After all, a new pair of shoes can change your life. Just ask Cinderella!

Stop by Coral Cottage and take a look at the Fall shoes we have in stock!



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Al-Anon Meetings

Hampstead Meeting Spots:

TUESDAY 7:00 PM

Hampstead United Methodist Church
15395 US-17, Hampstead, NC, 28443

THURSDAY 7:00PM

at Barlow Vista and every second
Thursday is a Newcomer meeting

<https://wilmingtonncal-anon.org>



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Sea Turtle Hospital News



By Karen Sota

Nesting season officially ended on August 31st. But even though your chances of seeing a mama nesting are pretty much gone there is another component of the circle of life that's just as interesting and done early in the evening – a nest analysis.

A minimum of seventy-two hours after the main hatch Topsail Turtle Project volunteers gently begin excavating the nest and removing the contents. So, what's likely to be in there after the main hatch? Shells of turtles that have successfully hatched; unhatched eggs; live hatchlings (the ones that didn't hear the alarm and slept through the main hatch or had difficulty making their way out on their own) and sadly, deceased turtles.

Contents are carefully separated and the process of collecting and recording data for the NC Wildlife Resources Commission begins. They count the number of hatched shells, which is different from the emerged number. A hatched shell does not necessarily mean the baby made it out alive. That can happen for several reasons: over-washing or compacting from a heavy rain or high tides or predatory activity by an opportunistic crab. The unhatched shells are examined and candled to see if they might still be viable. If it's determined that there is a possibility of it

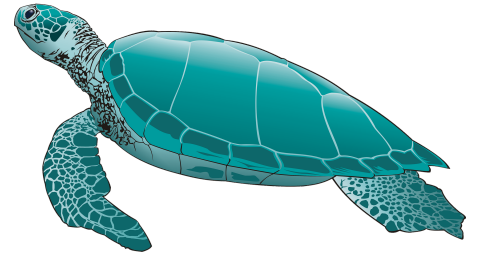
hatching successfully it's carefully set aside for safe reburial. All remaining contents are returned to the egg chamber and buried.

An analysis is a terrific opportunity for visitors to learn more about our sea turtles and to ask questions in a more relaxed atmosphere and you're welcome to join the group.

Please continue to be our additional eyes for any very late nesting mamas, hatchlings or turtles in distress of any kind. With nests hatching all over the island it would be easy to miss one of the little guys who didn't hear the alarm clock and leave the nest with his siblings. If you find a hatchling on the beach carefully pick it up and put it in a small container with some sand and a small amount of water - barely cover the flippers. With this continuing heat it's important that the little critter not bake in the sun for hours. Then call our Director of Beach Operations, Terry Meyer at: 910-470-2880. If she is not available, you may call the hospital during operating hours: 910-329-0222. We will take the information and one of our area coordinators will meet you to retrieve the hatchling and refer it to us for follow-up. The State of NC hotline for stranded, sick and injured turtles is 252-241-7367. The state number picks up 24/7. Please note that all our work with sea turtles, at the hospital and on the beach, is authorized by the NC Wildlife

Resources Commission, ES Permit 22ST05.

Hospital fall tour schedule. Through October 15th we will be open Thursday through Saturday from 11 AM – 2 PM. You must schedule and purchase your tickets in advance for a specific day and time through our website, www.seaturtlehospital.org. Visit us soon, because we will be closed for most of 2022 for extensive facility maintenance in our Sea Turtle Bay area. And many of our patients are completing their rehab and are just waiting for Dr. Harms to issue their release papers.



Hatchlings found during a nest excavation are released during the evening



Fresh Seafood & Local Produce

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Turtle Project volunteers carefully excavate a nest

Community Updates

Did You Know?

Surf City Police Department

Like golf carts, LSV (Low Speed Vehicles) drivers must be 16 years of age, with a valid driver license.

In order to legally operate a LSV on the streets of North Carolina, the vehicle must be equipped with the following: Headlamps, Tail lamps, Horn, Windshield, Stop lamps, Mirrors, Seat belts, Parking brake, Front and rear turn signals, Reflectors and Vehicle identification number (VIN). Just like with a golf cart, drivers must refrain from operating an LSV while under the influence of alcohol and open containers must not be found inside one of these vehicles.

LSV must also be registered using a driver license, proof of liability insurance, bill of sale, an inspection and a VIN.

LSVs must be equipped with the following safety equipment:



HOLLY RIDGE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S K9 RAZMUS HAS RECEIVED DONATION OF BODY ARMOR

Holly Ridge, NC – On September 8th, Holly Ridge Police Department's K9 Razmus has received a bullet and stab protective vest thanks to a charitable donation from non-profit organization

Vested Interest in K9s, Inc. K9 Razmus' vest was embroidered with the sentiment "This gift of protection provided by Vested Interest in K9s, Inc."

Vested Interest in K9s, Inc., established in 2009, is a 501(c)(3) charity whose mission is to provide bullet and stab protective vests and other assistance to dogs of law enforcement and related agencies throughout the United States. This potentially lifesaving body armor for four-legged K9 officers is U.S. made, custom fitted, and NIJ certified. Since its inception, Vested Interest in K9s, Inc. has provided over 4,740 vests to K9s in all 50 states at a value of \$6.9 million, made possible by both private and corporate donations.

The program is open to U.S. dogs that are at least 20 months old and actively employed and certified with law enforcement or related agencies.

K9s with expired vests are also eligible to participate. There are an estimated 30,000 law enforcement K9s throughout the United States.

Vested Interest in K9s, Inc. accepts tax-deductible contributions in any amount, while a single donation of \$960 will sponsor one vest. Each vest has a value of \$1,744-\$2,283, weighs an average of 4-5 lb., and comes with a five-year warranty. For more information, or to learn about volunteer opportunities, please call 508-824-6978. Vested Interest in K9s, Inc. provides information, lists events, and accepts donations at www.vik9s.org, or you may mail your contribution to P.O. Box 9, East Taunton, MA 02718.

For more information, please visit: <https://hollyridgenc.org/233/Police/Department>



F.U.R.R

FELINE URGENT RESCUE AND REHAB

Adopt. Donate. Volunteer.



Preppie

I was living under a prep school and was too scared to come out much. Finally, I was rescued by FURR and have been meowing with joy ever since. I am the sweetest little 9-month-old girl

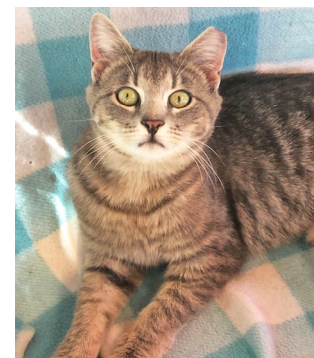
with very unique soft fur. I am black with a silver undercoat! I love being with people and I never knew it could be so great to be loved, fed regularly and safe. You will fall in love with me at the first meeting. I'm fully vetted, spayed, microchipped and ready to go.



Jhett

I'm the cutest one in the family, but my siblings don't agree. Any way you look at it, all three of us kittens are adorable, striped Tabbies with lots of white. We are ready to go and have had all of our vet work done. We are healthy, happy, bouncy and fun! At least come play with us because we love visitors. We

live in south Burgaw with our foster mom. My sister and brother are named Brie and Ash. We were living in the woods at a fast food place until we were rescued by FURR and our foster mom!



Jax

I am so lucky that a good Samaritan saved me with FURR's help. I was living outside in the woods at a Bojangles. I am Jax, a very sweet silver Tabby boy who is 6-months-old. I am already litter-trained, vaccinated, neutered and good with

other cats. I went through a lot on my own in the woods as a little kitten. Now, it's time for me to find my forever family. Come meet me and fall in love!



Max

I had been living outside in the woods near a Bojangles. Luckily, a good Samaritan saved me and got me to FURR. My name is Max and I'm an

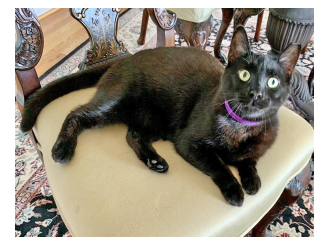
adorable black girl who is just 6-months-old. I had a horribly injured tail that had to be amputated, but I'm doing great and look quite cute with my stub. I'm litter-trained, spayed, vaccinated and good with other cats. I hope you'll come visit me soon so we can start loving each other.



Perch

I can't believe I'm still homeless! I am a Russian Blue mix with a white spot on my chest. Although I am a little shy with new folks, I warm up quickly to

someone giving me love and attention. My fur is so soft and I hardly shed at all. I'd prefer a quiet household where I can curl up on the couch and watch TV. I am such a gentle and docile 9-month-old kitty. If you love the look and softness of a Russian Blue, please come visit me. I know you will want to take me home!



Carbon

I am literally a once-in-a-lifetime cat. I am 3-years young and my owners are leaving the country. They really loved me a lot, but they couldn't take me

with them so I had to come back to FURR. I am the most gentle, laid-back kitty ever! I would love a family to dote over me. My fur is silky smooth and soft and I love to be petted, rubbed and brushed! I will greet you at the door and I'm not timid at all. In fact, I love to talk and tell you all about my thoughts. I hope to be adopted really soon, so hurry up and come meet me!

CHECK OUR WEBSITE TO SEE CATS AVAILABLE FOR ADOPTION

www.catfurr.org

Terry Schultz, Founder & President



864-483-2444
PO Box 1430 · Hampstead NC 28443

REEL HOUSEWIVES

of Topsail Island

SAT, OCT 1, 2022



Surf City Soundside Park | Event begins at 8am

The Reel Housewives of Topsail Island's annual bike ride will be held on Saturday, October 1, 2022. It will start and finish at the Surf City Soundside Park. The event begins at 8:00AM... this will include opening ceremony and you can also register during this time if you have not already done so. The actual bike ride will begin at 9:00am. We will leave from the park and head North.



fight
CANCER

faith
HOPE
love FIGHT
Warrior



The Reel Housewives of Topsail Island has a Board of Directors that consist of seven women (as pictured above): Nealie Williams, Annette Erny, Susan Billet, Stacie Justice, Debbie Pekofsky, Desi McAlister and Renee Rhodes. These women graciously donate their time and knowledge to this cause. This event wouldn't be possible without the help of this community continuously giving and donating.

www.reelhousewivesoftopsailisland.com

2022 RHOTI EVENTS

Please join us at the following local events where you can register for the RHOTI Bike Ride while enjoying good company and some live music!

All registration events are held between 12:00-3:00pm.

*\$35 registration fee includes entry to the bike ride, our annual RHOTI t-shirt, and a sponsored lunch at the Surf City Line immediately following the ride.

*To be noted: eBikes can be used for the ride but should not be motorized until riders have reached N. New River Drive, allowing distancing between riders.

REGISTRATIONS

Saturday,
September 17, 2022



At

The Trailer Bar

1701 North New River Drive

Surf City, NC 28445

(910) 541-0777

The Celebration
(starts around 1:00pm)



At

Surf City Line

2112 North New River Drive

Surf City, NC 28445

(910) 541-0777



Surf City Line
Of Topsail Island
HIV/AIDS
Ribbon

The Blue Run II

By Carol Ann Ross

The Second Installment of a Short Story

As Ira watched the dynamic of his family—their struggles as Henry Hopkin became less able to work outside in the fields or to ready the boats for fishing, the desire to leave school grew inside of him. Ira knew he could make things better if he could only work full time with his father. Often he wanted to blurt out,—Oh, how much better things could be if I left school and could help the family. Ira thought this often. But he never said anything aloud. Scenarios danced in his head as he yearned to contribute to the family well-being. Then he would be free on the ocean to catch mullet and blues or to gig flounder and gather shellfish in the sound. It made a lot more sense than sitting at a desk in a stuffy school house.

Then his father would not feel so burdened by not being able to provide for his family as he once had. And though the elder Hopkin had never mentioned this—never spoken those words—Ira knew that it must have been the way his father felt. He read it in his eyes, in his slouched appearance. As the weeks went by, his father's pain was undeniable. It was evident that Henry was getting worse.

The hurt in his father's eyes was palpable. They had always communicated silently—the wonder of being on the sea, the appreciation for the yield, being part of it all. What could be more grand? But now what emanated from the older man's eyes was the loss of those things. And Ira noticed as they rocked in the boat among the swells, the frequency of his father's gazing toward the horizon. The acknowledgment of his father's diminishing abilities ached Ira's being. One night as he watched his father move the bits of food around on his dinner plate, Ira blurted out, "I am not going to finish school and I do not want to go to college." More words fell non-stop from his mouth. "I hate school, it's boring. I've learned all I need to learn. Please let me quit and help out more." Both Henry and Mae shook their heads. It was an impossible suggestion. "You must finish school," they said in unison.

But each day Ira proclaimed his desire. Each day he added reasons and more reasons. He listed names of people he knew who were successful without a diploma and added, "I can't stand the teacher, I'm not learning anything, the kids are so childish," as another cause to quit. The list of grievances grew as the days multiplied. Finally after enough weeks of complaining, his parents reluctantly consented to his dropping out.

Dreams of a college educated boy in the family flitted away like wispy clouds on a hot summer evening.

His mother cried. His father, worn and debilitated by effects of the disease that had slowly been ravaging his body, was not as hard to convince. He flashed a perceptive look, and then bowed his head.

Henry had been depending more and more on the boy for the last several months yet, hoping his increasing infirmities would not deter his son from bettering himself. But in the end, it seemed they had after all.

Henry Hopkin doubted he was much longer for this world and he knew the family needed food on the table and money to live. He knew that more than likely he would be selling at least five of the seven acres of land his family lived on to pay the bills that had been accruing. And seeing how Ira loved the sea so much, he figured that was where the boy would chose his livelihood. The land could be sold, the ocean never would be.

Already he was talking with a few of the local folk about the purchase of his land. He knew there would be a buyer.

Having not told even his wife about the impending sales, Henry concentrated on teaching his young son the surreptitious behaviors of sea life, the tricks of the trade, things he was sure he'd already instilled in the boy—but things he felt determined to reinforce. It brought him both joy and sorrow as he observed how much a part of it all his son already was.

He saw it in the sweat of Ira's brow and the deep breaths his son took on humid days after a heavy rain, breathing in the salt and expanse before him, in the exhaustion the two experienced after hauling in a catch, wet with the sea, sweat and heavy salt air.

Nearly a year had passed and Henry was no longer able to join his son in oyster gathering. The previous four months of the shellfish season, he had found himself growing weaker and weaker and now the season was nearing a close. He had hoped he would be able to at least make it until April when the blue fish ran. They filled the water, roiling with their angry activity as they chased smaller fish. He had always loved going out in the dory with his son and either trolling or using the net to catch the blues. His favorite was trolling, the yield was perhaps not as robust as with a net, but so much more exciting.

The thrill of the fight, Henry always loved a good fight and was never one to give up easily. Blue fish always gave a good fight.

Resting in the overstuffed lounge, Henry pictured tying the lures with mono-filament, attaching a header with a flat silver spoon, then setting the poles in their slots. Those on the transom he let out about seventy-five feet. The angled poles at either side of

the boat, he let out about one hundred feet.

As he thought, his eyes gathered in deep wrinkles at the corners, the corners of his lips curled upward. He felt the rock and sway of the little nineteen foot dory beneath his feet; his mind wandered. It was a sunny day with a mild cooling breeze.

His mind wandered once again, and then there was his daughter's graduation. Olivia was the first of the Hopkin family to graduate from high school and the first to attend college.

Henry's heart swelled with pride as he closed his eyes and felt the breeze off the sea sweep through his thick graying hair. A smile settled on his lips as his last breath escaped them.

"The blue run in the spring and fall." Ira stepped down into the dory from the narrow wooden dock, then smiled up to his sister, Gale.

"But why? How do they run?" A puzzled looked crossed her brow.

"They swim, okay? They swim, we call it run." Ira scrunched his nose and jerked gently on one of his sister's braids.

"Where are they swimming?" she asked. "This time of year, in the fall, they are heading back to Florida. Back where it is warm."

"Oh." The little girl bit her bottom lip, narrowed her eyes and spoke. "I want to go too." She twisted her brown pigtail and picked at the rubber band at the end of the strand.

"To Florida?" Ira teased.

"No, with you."

"Ha, the fish would pull you in—they're near about as big as you."

Squinting her eyes against the morning sun, Gale pursed her lips. "Daddy takes me with him sometimes."

Cocking his head to the side, Ira studied his sister's face. The innocence there was overwhelming. Her innocence and curiosity had always tugged at his heart strings.

"Daddy *used* to take you," he corrected. "And Daddy's not here now. Besides, I'm going out in the ocean. Daddy only took you in the sound, never the ocean."

Gale's eyes dropped to search her feet. "He's in heaven." The girl caught her brother's eyes and drew her lips into a line, "Daddy would take me with him. I'm older now. I'm in school now. If Daddy was here now, I know he'd take me—s'not fair."

"S'not?" her brother snickered and winked, "snot?" He mimicked her again then wiped a make believe bugger from his nose.

"Ewww!" Gale curled her lips, then giggled loudly.

There was no doubt that his little sister had her father's smile.

Ira lingered a bit as he watched her laugh. "I'll bring you back a big ol' blue." He called loudly.

"Well, hop to it, then." Gale placed her hands on her hips, the smile and laughter having disappeared.

She sure does look like Dad. Ira caught himself staring at her again.

"Brother?" the little girl questioned.

Ira shook his head and laughed. "Go on back to the house now. I know Momma's wondering where you're at."

Gale turned around and around, twirling her homemade dress. "Bring me back a seashell—a big one!" She ran toward the tire swing near her home.

Turning his attention toward the sound, Ira pulled sharply on the pull start cord and moved the tiller of the outboard to propel him toward the open water.

The laughter left his eyes immediately as he faced the breeze blowing in from the north. He could feel the familiar emptiness. It had been with him since his father's passing.

He'd missed the spring run so this would be the first time he'd ever been fishing for blues without his father. He knew he would miss the man even more as he went through the inlet into the Atlantic.

If Henry had been with him, they would have thrown the net—used that to catch the blues. Two men were needed for the net. He glanced at the long poles lying on the deck. A gull passed overhead. Squawking loudly, it circled again.

Was that the old man telling him to ready the rods, to set the lures—or was it just another noisy bird flapping its wings in the wind?

Before, when he and his father had trolled, they had split the poles, each working two. It was fun, especially when they were trolling right through the middle of a school. Wham, wham, wham, wham. One after the other struck the lines. Then, whirl, whirl of the reels as they wound the mono back onto it. Sometimes he could feel the heat from the reel as it wound so tightly and fast.

A smile curled his lips for a second as he turned the boat into the choppy inlet.

Today was not too bad. Motoring through the inlet rolled the boat around a bit, but that was normal. There was always a bit of tease to the inlet.

Reaching beyond the last wave, Ira looked to the right, starboard, where Henry had always perched along the gunwale. He gulped emptiness as he moved out beyond the breakers. There were no swells on the horizon, it would be a calm day.

What did he expect today? He'd brought six crates for fish. He hoped to fill them all.

Most of the catch would be salted down and taken to market. He'd keep a few for dinner, though he'd never really liked eating blues. To Ira they were too bloody a fish, too strong. He preferred mullet, grouper or snapper.

He shrugged his shoulders, "Maybe I'll get lucky today and catch a couple of those."

Continued From Page 10

As the dory glided past Lea Island, Ira waved to the few fisherman on the shore casting their lines. They waved back as he passed. Turning the tiller, Ira headed south and farther out.

He figured a half mile would do just fine and he slowly guided the craft through the still water. Barely a ripple stood on the glass like surface; it twinkled various hues of gray and silver, green and blue. Turning the motor off, he heard the slapping of the water against the hull.

In a moment it would stop as the wake from the dory settled into the vast expanse. Gazing at the poles once again, Ira stared for a moment before realizing the time had slipped by with nothing to show for it.

"Hop to it, boy," he said aloud, recalling his sister's words from earlier. Those were the words his father had used on occasion when he had found him daydreaming. The image of Gale's face and the hands on hips stance she had posed earlier, came to mind again.

He had throttled down to a slow one or two knots and baited the poles, set them in the holders and watched as he let the lines out. He followed their lines as they cut into the water. Stepping back to study them, watching the thin trace of line through the still ocean waters, he positioned himself in front of the outboard and adjusted the throttle to increase the speed a few knots more.

The boat cut a gentle path through the water, allowing the lines to follow behind. Ira leaned back against the gunwale and relaxed into looking at the colors and swaths of clouds above him. The placid slap, slap of the ocean lulled him into a drowsy consciousness. "Boy!" It was his father's voice.

Ira lifted his face to meet the man's eyes. Their steely gaze focused on one pole. It bent as the line whirled. Ira jumped to his feet and pulled the pole from the holder. Quickly he wound in the line. Just then two more of the poles bowed. And just as the fourth pole arched, Ira reached to push the throttle down, slowing the boat.

He reeled in the lines as quickly as he

could, released the hooks from each fish's mouth and reset the lines.

Pushing the throttle back to a slow troll he perched himself once more against the gunwale, but this time he sat alert—prepared now for more strikes—more blues.

And they came, one right after the other. Sometimes all at once. There was no stopping for respite, just continuous unhooking, re-baiting, and the thunk, thunk of slamming the poles back into their holders.

Between breaths, it seemed, he threw fish into the crate boxes. He searched for a rhythm to move through the work but was unused to working alone and many fish fell to the deck. He was aware that many of the catch had been lost, simply because he could not get to a pole in time. Oh, how he wished his father was there to help.

Before, with his father, he'd always had time to think about things. To work into a rhythm with his father—reel, unhook, throw, re-bait. Reel, unhook, throw, re-bait. There was time then. There were two then.

Now he had no time for rhythm—or time to build one—and certainly very little time to avoid the sharp teeth of the blues. They were notorious for gouging fingers and wrists.

In the midst of all the rushing, while setting a line, he did notice blood running down his arm toward the elbow. But there was no time for tending to that, the line needed set, the spoon pulled from the fish's mouth. And it would be repeated again and again.

Oh how he wished he had someone to help him, someone who knew how to work a net. He ached for his father.

Then it was still again, all at once. No strikes, no hurrying to toss fish into boxes. He took this time to move the crates around and pick up fish still flopping in the bottom of the boat. He breathed a sigh as he tossed the last one in a box. The sea was still calm. Usually after noon, a breeze would kick up and there would be a little more swell to the water, but not today. Ira drew his lips in tight and searched the horizon, letting his eyes wander to the land only a few hundred yards away.

OCPAW: Will You Make the Difference?

By Dotty Ann Harding

President and CEO of Onslow County Partners for Animal Welfare | www.oc-paw.com

Awareness

Before OCPAW, I worked hard to start a business and raise and enjoy my family. I was not aware of things not brought to my attention, so I will never forget the moment when visiting New York City, where I was staying on the 9th floor of a hotel, sipping coffee and enjoying the skyline. Suddenly, a large tractor trailer passed below my window, pulling a large container with no roof or cover. It caught my eye as my brain initially could not understand what it was seeing. It was filled with something with beautiful colors, standing out against the gray of the city. People were on the streets below, going about their business, unaware of what was passing them and that they were walking beside the vehicle, but at their level, they could not see what I was seeing. It was a container filled with dead dogs, the hairs of their vibrant coats still blowing softly in the breeze that carried their bodies to the landfill. So if you don't see it, does that make it not exist? But then, if you do, then what? Now that you are aware, are you going to do something about it?

Oreo

The start of the direction of my journey.

In 2009 I received a call from some neighbors who found an abandoned puppy who was hiding in a concrete storm drain. Unfortunately, no one could

reach him, so animal control was called the following day to help. They sent me a photo of the pup, and I immediately started posting the situation for help. We found an adopter immediately and contacted the Shelter, but at that time, there was a five-day hold on lost animals. When making arrangements after the hold time, we were told the puppy was no longer available, with no explanation. Later speaking with a manager, I was told the puppy had died of Parvo. I knew little about Parvo then and how life-threatening it was; even so, no immunizations were given to incoming animals, but that is a story for another day. What is important now is that many changes have been made by folks who care to make a difference. I still use his photo on our business cards to remind me that people can make a difference when awareness is met with action.

Change

At first, I was trying to help find homes for the many dogs scheduled weekly to be euthanized at the animal shelter. It was hectic, with rescues coming every Thursday to try and pull dogs that had a large black x on their cages. Lin Lively spent many hours organizing the shelter statistical information to help me produce the documentation necessary to bring information before the Onslow Board of Commissioners. This voluminous documentation showed the Shelter's lack of compliance with NC state

ordinances, which caused thousands of animals to be killed yearly, with the cats having the worst statistical outcome. Then Commissioner Bill Keller helped OCPAW by believing that change was necessary after he reviewed our documents.

After a presentation to the Board of Commissioners, they took control and started implementing change for the animals brought into the Shelter. I recently visited the Shelter and was genuinely amazed at all the changes that have occurred since 2010 and the management of the current Director, Stephanie Switzer.

Involvement

I never knew what a feral cat was, but it seems we have many of them here in NC. And throughout the southern states. Perhaps you see them in the background as just a nuisance, turn your head and keep walking. Others believe mass euthanasia is the answer; however, the successful one is the TNR programs (Trap Neuter Release) that have statistically proven to help control the feral population. OCPAW is currently assisting these folks in lending drop traps to them and making feral spay/neuter vouchers available for only a fee of \$15.00 per cat.

Solution

Everyone should have their companion animals spayed/neutered to prevent unwanted suffering and euthanasia, so we provide vouchers for Onslow residents; see our website

www.oc-paw.com for details. Also needed is an aggressive County TNR program for ferals., currently OCPAW also has feral vouchers available.

Achieving this goal will require those who are now aware of making a choice and be involved in making a difference.

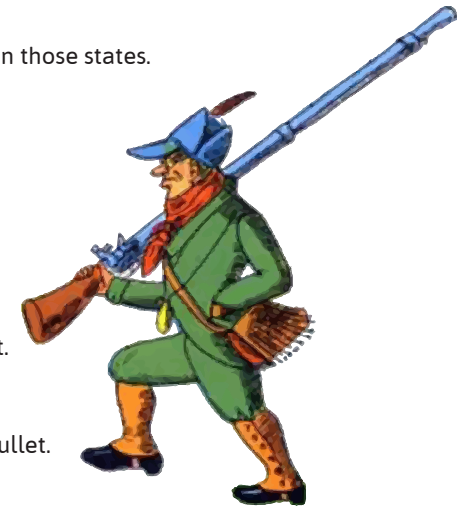


Know NC Gun Laws And Rules

1. A person must be 18 years of age to purchase a long gun that includes rifles and shotguns. A photo ID and a background check is required by any NC gun shop before transferring this weapon to a buyer. If a person is 21 or older, and has a NC Conceal & Carry permit, then no additional background check is required.
2. A person must be 21 years of age or older to purchase a handgun. In order to purchase a handgun, the NC resident must have a photo ID and a NC Purchase Permit or NC Conceal Carry permit.
3. A person who holds a Conceal & Carry permit from another state may legally carry concealed in NC but cannot purchase and leave with the handgun in NC.
4. A person who is 18 through 20 years of age may obtain a purchase permit from their sheriff's office to purchase or receive a handgun from a private person such as a family member. These permits are not valid to purchase from a licensed FFL gun dealer.
5. A person on vacation may purchase a handgun and it will be shipped to a gun dealer in their state for pickup.
6. Any person may ship a firearm as long as a copy of their photo ID is included in the box and it MUST be received by an FFL. It is against the law in all states to ship firearms to a private person.
7. Both a NC purchase permit and conceal carry permit are good for 5 years. A conceal carry permit is renewed every 5 years for a fee. If the conceal carry has not expired, no additional classes are required.
8. A NC purchase permit can not exceed 5 dollars in cost and there is no limit to the number of permits a person can get.
9. Before travelling out of state with a firearm, make sure you know every state's laws that you will travel through. Call local gun shops in those states.
10. Firearms must be locked and out of reach of children and any one who is not allowed to access them.
11. 99% of all firearms are semi-automatic which means one pull of a trigger per bullet.
12. Full auto weapons require extensive paperwork, fees and background checks. Full auto weapons are very expensive.
13. It is legal to hunt in Pender County with a suppressed firearm.
14. A silencer or suppresser does not make the gun 100% quiet but does dampen the noise.
15. A person may not fire a firearm within city limits and should check with their local county for firearm regulations.

Ten Rules of Safe Gun Handling

1. Always keep the muzzle pointed in a safe direction and away from people. Never point your gun at anything you don't intend to shoot.
2. Firearms should be unloaded when not in use. Always make sure the magazine is out of the gun and no live round is in the chamber.
3. Don't rely on your gun's "safety". Always treat a gun as if it could fire at anytime.
4. Be sure of your target and what is beyond it. A pile of dirt or clay will not let a bullet travel through. A wooden target will not stop a bullet.
5. Use correct ammunition. Avoid reloaded ammo unless you personally know where it came from and trust that person.
6. If your gun fails to fire when the trigger is pulled, handle with great care! Keep gun pointed at a safe direction and unload firearm.
7. Always wear eye and ear protection when shooting.
8. Be sure the barrel is clear of obstructions before shooting.
9. Clean your gun and inspect it regularly.
10. Learn all you can about the functions of your firearm and check for manufacturer recalls.



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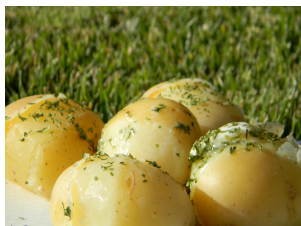
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OCT 8TH

Simply Homemade Recipes

Lengenberg's Boiled Potatoes



2-1/4 pounds medium yellow-flesh potatoes (such as Yukon gold), scrubbed, eyes removed
1 pinch salt
1/3 cup chopped fresh parsley

Place potatoes in a large pot and cover with salted water; bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium-low and simmer until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain. Sprinkle on parsley and serve hot.



3 (10.5 ounce) cans chicken broth
2 cups water
1/2 cup wild rice
1/2 cup chopped green onions
1/2 cup butter
3/4 cup all-purpose flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
2 cups heavy cream
2 cups cubed, cooked chicken meat
1 (4 ounce) jar sliced pimento peppers, drained

Combine the broth, water, and rice in a large soup pot, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat, and cover. Simmer for 35 to 40 minutes, until rice is tender. Saute onions in butter or margarine in a medium saucepan, over low heat. Stir in flour, salt, poultry seasoning, and pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is bubbly and thick. Stir in cream. Cook for 6 minutes, or until mixture thickens slightly, stirring constantly. Stir into broth. Add cubed chicken and pimientos. Heat through.

Photos and recipes courtesy of AllRecipes.com

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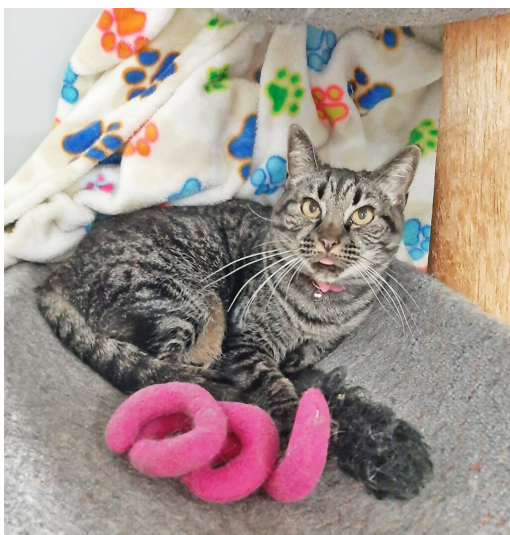
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