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# AUTUMN WITH TOPSAIL

# October 20th, 21st & 22nd, 2023

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Kiwanis Pancake Breakfast  
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- Vicinity of beach access O-10. Corner of Anderson and Crews
- Vicinity of beach access O-11. Corner of Anderson and Hines
- Vicinity of beach access O-12. Corner of Anderson and Scott (Emma Anderson Memorial Chapel)



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**Print Dates 2023**

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Dec 1st

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TIMES  
NEWSPAPER**



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# Fashion Statements

By Becky Borneman

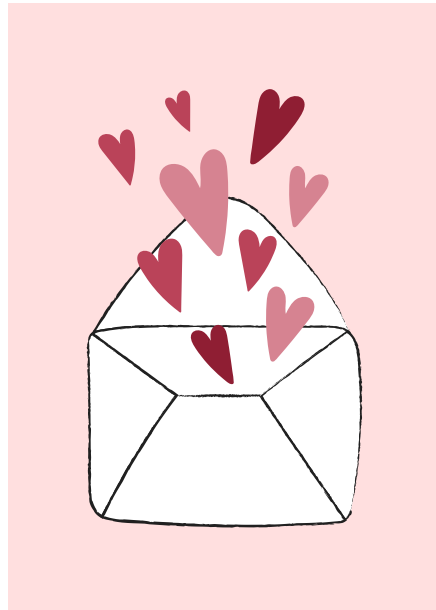
I love receiving a gift just as much as the next person, but to me, the card is the best part.

Greeting cards, for whatever reason, are so meaningful. I have 2 boxes of items from my childhood that I go through from time to time. Each time I go through them I get rid of one or two more items in the boxes. Old report cards, old concert ticket stubs, My most prized possessions that have, and always will, make the cut are letters from when my dad was in Iraq with the Seabees, the letter my mama wrote me when I graduated high school and greeting cards from numerous occasions throughout my life. I love looking back and reading over the cards.

To read the funny cards or sweet cards and even the sympathy cards... they all bring back memories. Seeing the birthday cards my grandparents sent me over the years with their handwriting is priceless to me. Reading over cards from my 1st Communion from my great-grandmother and remembering that day.

Each and every card still means so much to.

Sending cards seems to be a thing of the past in a way. Not entirely but it's not like it used to be. So I challenge you to send a greeting card a month to someone, anyone for any occasion or just to say hello. It'll mean a lot to them ♥



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# Watch Your Fingers, They Could Cost You!

By Dorothy Royal

President Trump wants to buy a firearm with his name on it (wouldn't you if your name was engraved on it?). While visiting a gun shop in South Carolina, President Trump was shown an engraved firearm that was manufactured during his presidency. Not being a resident, President Trump certainly couldn't buy the handgun in South Carolina and leave with it, but he could have it shipped to an FFL in his home state of Florida. Except, he is currently under felony indictment, which prohibits the transfer of the firearm, but wasn't that overturned in 2022 by the Supreme Court's new standards for gun restrictions? Why, yes it was, but now it sits with a federal court of appeals who has to decide if the original restriction was unconstitutional (since a charge is not a conviction and in America, we are considered innocent until proven guilty).

In case you are wondering, several gun versions were offered as "Trump" Engraved firearms including Glock, Auto Ordinance, Anderson Manufacturing, Magnum Research Desert Eagle, and Colt.

Standard Manufacturing has added a new feature to their "Switch Gun". A small pocket revolver designed for concealed carry, the switch gets its name by the action performed when the user pushes a button and the firearm slides open from a compact position, like a

switch knife. The original Switch came with a 5 shot .22 magnum cylinder. The new version comes with interchangeable cylinders in both .22 magnum and .22 long rifle. The biggest difference between the 2 types of ammo is noise and kick. The .22 magnum is a more powerful round and much louder than the .22 long rifle. Priced at under \$500 this is a great option for the person who wants to carry without a holster but wants a full-size grip for a small self defense gun.

The NFL fined player Deshaun Watson, Quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, for making a gesture that some might believe resembled shooting a gun. I must admit I had to watch the tape several times before I saw what they were referring to. The gesture took only a second and was of Mr. Watson holding one hand behind the other, at hip height, and raising both hands up and down quickly. I find this to be a bit of an overreach. Now, if you told me that he was fined \$13,659 for shoving the referee during the game I would understand, but he wasn't.

The NC State Budget that was just approved included some interesting things, like the "Parent's Bill of Rights – Senate Bill 49".

A parent now has the right to prohibit the creation, sharing or storage of biometric scan of his or her child without written consent.

A parent now has the right to prohibit the creation, sharing or storage of his or her child's blood or DNA without a parent's written consent.

A parent now has the right to prohibit the creation by the State of a video or voice recording of his or her child without the parent's prior written consent. (of course there are a list of exceptions to this rule like Photo ID cards and surveillance cameras).

If I had a child in grade school, I would take a few minutes and read through this Bill and know your rights and your child's rights. Our students need to get back on track with reading, writing and arithmetic like the rest of the world.

Remember knowledge is power, in America we are considered innocent until proven guilty and a finger gesture should be considered nonsense.



Switch .22 multi (above)  
"Trump" engraved Magnum Research Desert Eagle (below)



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**Wednesday October 18th**

7:30am to 9:30am at City Café Restaurant

**Wednesday October 25th**

4pm to 6pm at Paradise Axe and Arcade

*Coffee Provided by The Ridge Coffee House*

**Holly Ridge Candidate Forum,  
October 26th 6-8pm**

Located at Holly Ridge Community  
Center on Sound Road

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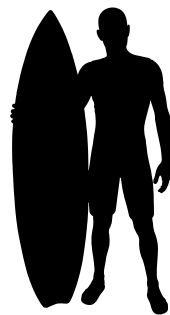
# Surfer Bill

By Jeanne Mangus

Anyone who has ever walked down the ramp at Access #5 to the beach has seen Mr. Bill Makey, known as Surfer Bill, sitting under his umbrella intently watching the exquisite blue ocean. He parks his truck in the public parking lot, and it is always loaded with two surfboards. He has a deep passion for this sport. Because of this passion, he has been teaching people of all ages the "ins and outs" of the art of surfing for years... out of the goodness of his heart. Bill often tells people his joy comes from instilling a surfing passion in others. Bill also tells of his surfing trips he has taken all around the world. He is quite an interesting story teller of these adventures as he mixes the tales with both facts and humor.

Bill is truly one of a kind. He is so generous with his time. He shares his wisdom and stories, and he shares his full

knowledge of the sea, its currents and nuances. Come meet him sometime. Learn how to catch that wave. He just wants you to enjoy and learn the art of surfing. I saw Bill working with a 5 year old child and my niece, who is 50, this summer. They both were able to catch a wave or two during his instruction. He gets them up no matter what their age. We thank you Surfer Bill. You are the best. You are one of those people that make Surf City a special place.



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- D. R. Royal



## A Halloween Tale - Serenade Of The Cattails: Part 1

By Carol Ann Ross

Excerpt. Late 1960s.

"Oh, lovely, lovely. My lovely child, poor dead child, rest in heaven's arms. Forgive her sins... my sins. Forgive my bad thoughts of revenge. I know that is yours, oh Lord... ummm, ummm." Mary's fingers stroked the hard, bumpy surface of the brooch pinned inside her pocket as she rocked and hummed. Her eyes fluttering open for a moment as she listened to her husband Norwood moving about in the house. Her lips smiled softly as she thought of him and how he loved making Sunday dinner.

He'd been doing it since they first married, so it was a tradition. Every Sunday after church, when they came home, Norwood pecked her on the cheek and scooted her out the front door or back door, whichever she'd indicated she preferred. And then he would set to making chicken and pastry or fried chicken, boiled shrimp or fried fish, vegetables from their garden and either fresh baked biscuits or hushpuppies.

Through the years there had been experiments with Oriental food, Italian, Indian, Mexican, but after the children went off on their own, the menu relaxed back to the traditional home staples.

Closing her eyes to his sounds, Mary continued her chant, "rest in peace, rest. Oh child, lost and gone, rest." Still rubbing the stones of the brooch in her pocket, her mind wandered to a smaller brooch, the one she had given Naomi. She added to her chant, "and help the dark haired girl and her baby. Keep the snake away from she and her new baby."

The pin she'd given Naomi, Mary considered to be the sister brooch to the one in her pocket, not twins, but sisters almost, since one was larger than the other. And though they were both deep purple, and both turned lavender in the sunlight, Mary knew hers, the one that caught the light just so, was the stronger of the two.

Both were replica pins of wisteria and both, Mary believed, were not just touchstones for faith and healing, but actually held powers of their own.

Rocking and humming Mary endeavored to return her thoughts to the dead girl, the one from California, the one Amos Burger had killed. It riled her to no end that he had gotten off with merely a slap on the wrist and that he seemed to have no remorse. She never could stand him, "damn money grubbing... old Towler's behind all this. I bet you two dimes to a dollar he has something to do with it, with Amos, with getting that old bag of worms off," she snorted angrily. "They're both just... just," Mary's mouth pursed tightly, "just money grubbing bags of pizzle."

Closing her eyes tightly again, she grunted a no, blaming the two men for causing the anger within her while she was trying to pray. "Oh sorry, sorry, Lord... ooh..."

Frustrated, Mary opened her eyes to the marsh and rocked slowly, still thinking of Towler. She'd known him and his family her whole life. They'd been coming to the island since she was a kid. That's where she'd met the Towler family, seine fishing on the island with her father and brother. That was before World War II, when there was no bridge and you walked over at low tide.

Running a finger across her top lip, she half smiled as she thought of her youth. Her eyes moved to a stand of cattails at the point that jutted out into the marsh. Cranes often stood their waiting for frogs or fish. None were there now, but she watched one from memory as it stabbed a fish with its sharp beak.

Seeing herself as a girl (she'd never stopped doing that) Mary licked her lips to the memory of salt air and of sunshine glaring off the stands of cattails that, though they made no noise, even in the breeze, had always conjured the music of life in the marsh, where life began.

Then, turning briefly to the muffled sound of a car door slam, Mary scowled, thinking that in a few minutes her husband would come bounding to the back door to announce the presence of a visitor. *Or maybe not*, she thought. *Sometimes, it's just somebody who wants to see him.* She waited a moment then shrugged as her thoughts returned to Towler.

"Uppity Yankees, he and that biddy of a wife," She snapped her fingers, "damn, that's right, they ain't Yankees, but they sure do act like it, the both of them. Full of blue sky and greedy as all get out." Inhaling deeply, Mary shook her head and raised her hand, the palm flat against the sky, "Nope, keep thee away Satan. Keep these nasty thoughts out of my head, oh Lord." She squinched her eyes tighter to quit thinking about Al Towler and to keep the bad thoughts out, "Oh, forgive me for calling them bad names."

It was a constant battle and sometimes she actually did feel like there was a little devil on one shoulder and an angel on the other pulling her this way and that. Shaking her head again, Mary endeavored to concentrate on only good wishes for the California girl. She succeeded for only a few moments before ending those thoughts quickly with, "Give her peace, oh Lord...and forgive the Towlers, amen."

Her eyes flew open as she ended the prayer. "Oh, I forgot that Naomi girl, she needs my praying now."

She rubbed the brooch inside her pocket again, her fingers softly feeling the amethyst stones dripping down into clusters. "I like this one better", she cooed softly to herself.

Nobody ever got to hold the larger brooch. It had been given to her by her mother, and thinking of her she looked again to the marsh and the cattails swaying so slightly in the breeze, their silence made her mother's image clearer, so that Mary could hear the voice, ever so sweet and calm, humming. And she felt the warmth of her mother's smile as her eyes scanned the wire grass and cattails. Together, the two had spent hours there, crabbing and throwing cast nets for shrimp and fish.

Lifting her nose to the aroma of frying fish, the image of she and her mother fading, she watched as a red-winged black bird settled on the bend of a cattail. Mary noticed how it twitched it's little body this way and that, as it cocked it's head, its throat quivering to release the trill she loved so much to hear.

*Life is good*, Mary leaned back, commencing the rocking of her chair and the rubbing of the purple brooch. Thinking of Roy and Naomi, of their new baby and the snake called Elmo who deserved to be erased from the lives of the little family she had known for all of their lives. "The world is full of snakes," she said sadly, *Don't pet the snake, remember that. Don't pet the snake no matter how pretty it is*, her mother's voice sounded. Mary nodded in agreement, her hands holding to the arms of the rocker, she giggled then turned her head to the sound of Norwood's voice announcing that company was at the door.

"Who is it?" she called back as she rose from the rocking chair. Her fingers still rubbing the stones of the brooch. "Oh, for a bit I thought you were here just to see Norwood," she smiled and held her hand out to the police officer standing just inside the doorway.

"We talked a bit." The officer offered.

"Please have a seat," Mary directed the young policeman to a small round chair and seated herself in a soft full one just across.

"Ma'am, Mrs. Bolton, I just need to ask you a question or two."

"That's fine Officer...?" Mary turned an ear toward the young man.

He grinned, "Scaggins, Officer Scaggins."

"The name, I know it." Mary tittered, tapping the side of her head gently. "You're from around the beach area, aren't you? I remember your kinfolk. Farmers weren't you?"

"Yes ma'am. Farmers and fishermen, but I joined the police force, I'm in the Ferry now."

Nodding, Mary studied the young man. "And you're here to see me. What's the matter honey? What do you want to ask me?"

"Do you know the Curtain family?"

"I told him we didn't know them," Norwood groaned.

Frowning, Mary shook her head back and forth, "No, not really. I've heard the name, heard little bits and pieces, but no, can't say that I do."

"How about *Elmo* Curtain?"

Again she shook her head, "Officer Scaggins I just said I don't know any Curtain people... but... Elmo? Could that be the boy? The one I hear went off to California and got mixed up in drugs and came back." Tilting her head just a bit, Mary asked, "has something bad happened to him?"

Officer Scaggins did not answer her question, but waited for the older woman to continue.

"Did you check with his aunt?" Mary finally asked.

"With his aunt? I thought you didn't know anything about the Curtain family."

Mary tittered softly, "honey, just because we don't know somebody, doesn't mean we can't gossip about them."

Scaggins grinned. The old lady was right. Around these parts gossip was a form of entertainment, making it quite possible for someone to know all about another person without even having met them. "Well, Mrs. Bolton, his aunt said she hadn't seen him in a few days and was worried. She said he sometimes came over this way. We've been investigating, just talking to folks, you know. And I was just wondering. That's why I'm here, Mrs. Bolton."

Mary leaned back in her chair, brow furrowing as she anticipated the words Officer Scaggins was about to say. She knew they would not be good. Crossing her arms across her chest she uttered sternly, "Is that why you're here? You don't have something else to tell me?"

"We found his body," the officer blurted.

"I knew you were going to say that. I knew the minute you mentioned his name." Peering curiously at the policeman for a moment, Mary added, "You should have told me that he was dead in the beginning."

Officer Scaggins drew a pencil and pad from his pocket, opening it to begin writing. "Mrs. Bolton..."

"Please call me Mary or Miss Mary," she smiled.

"Miss Mary, how did you know I was going to say that?"

"Say what?"

"That Elmo Curtain was dead."

"I certainly did not know you were going to say that, Officer Scaggins."



I just speculated that since Mr. Curtain took drugs that he could be dead. Isn't that what happens to people who do too many drugs?"

"Oh," Scaggins replied.

"I guess too, I suspected that you had bad news to tell because of the look on your face, son. The worry in your voice. The way you're sitting there, like you were sitting on a cactus plant.

Norwood propped his elbow against the doorway, "I suspected too that there was something bad going on when you asked me about the Curtains. They've always been... odd. And I told you I didn't know anything. Told you my wife wouldn't know anything either. But I'm curious. Have you spoken with anyone else in this neighborhood besides us?"

"The deceased was holding a brooch pin. Looked like a cluster of grapes. On the back was etched the initials MB." "Got to be thousands of people in the country with MB for initials. What made you come here, specifically?"

"The body was found this morning, Mr. Bolton, just down the road, drowned in the marsh, by the stand of cattails on the point."

"We must have been at church." He nodded to Mary. "Who found it?" Norwood asked the officer as he lifted his nose to the aroma of food cooking in the kitchen. "Excuse me, be back in a jiffy."

Mary listened to her husband's voice and the sound of pot lids being slammed about in the kitchen.

"He's making dinner. Would you like to stay for dinner, young man... Officer Scaggins? We could talk further if you like. And you need to relax a bit, quit acting like you're on the Lindbergh case."

His head lowered now, Scaggins repeated his decline to stay for dinner. "But it sure does smell good, Miss Mary. "Fried Virginia Mullet?"

"And cole slaw, green beans straight from the garden, boiled potatoes with butter and parsley and hush puppies. Norwood makes outstanding hushpuppies."

She could see the hesitation in his eyes, the unwillingness to continue with the questioning. "Oh, come on, just a bite or two and then we can all talk at the table. It'll be more comfortable." Her brows lifting, lips parting to expose her still white teeth, Mary nodded, "Okay?"

"It does smell good, Miss Mary."

"Who did find Elmo Curtain?" Asked Norwood curiously as he refilled Officer Scaggins' glass of sweet tea.

"Ben, call me Ben."

Norwood smiled broadly, "Okay."

"It was a local man, out crabbing."

Norwood nodded. "How long do you think he'd been there?"

"Hard to say, we think it's been at least forty-eight hours."

"Ooh, that must have been nasty,"

Mary's lips contorted, "um, um, just horrible...I guess the crabs got to him, and the minnows and I'm surprised a gator didn't start gnawing..." Mary lifted her bright eyes to meet Ben's, "now why

don't you have some more green beans," she ladled two helpings onto Ben's plate. "They're good aren't they, I season them with just a little bacon drippings, not too much... you know.

"Oh yes, you mentioned that little wisteria brooch," Mary added as she dabbed at the corners of her mouth, "Did it look like this one?" Pulling the sister brooch from her pocket, she held her hand open and stretched it towards Officer Scaggins.

Nodding, he dabbed his lips too with the cloth napkin. "Yes ma'am. That looks almost just like it, except this one here is bigger. You say this is wisteria? I thought it was grapes."

Mary tittered, "grapes are bigger." she held the brooch to her nose. "They don't smell as pretty either."

Chewing on a hushpuppy, Scaggins half smiled, wiped his lips again, and asked, "the initials on the back?"

"Oh, yes. This is my brooch and I'm sure the one you found with Elmo is too if it has my initials." Standing, Mary moved to the other side of the table and turned her smock pocket inside out. "You see, honey, see the two little holes, well, there's more than two, but you do see the holes?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Things are always falling out of my dress pockets. I like pockets and I carry all kinds of things in them. But for special things, like brooches, and money or little doo dads, I use a little safety pin, the itsy bitsy ones.

But sometimes the pin breaks or opens up. Don't ask me why or how, but it does and I had that little wisteria brooch, the sister to this one here, well, I had it pinned and I think I must have lost it out by the marsh.

Officer Ben Scaggins nodded, sipped from his tea and taking his time, enjoyed the fried mullet, savored the fresh beans and sweet tea. He joked with the Bolton's about how everybody gossiped about everybody and how everybody knew everybody's business. He told a bit more about the Scaggins family and how long they had been in the Topsail area.

Norwood talked about the old days when he seine fished at the island and knew Scaggins people. "Good People, drank a little bit, but who didn't back then. Things were different."

"Some of them still drink too much," chuckled Ben as he reached for his cap. "Well, Miss Mary, Mr. Norwood, I truly enjoyed dinner. Thank you, it hit the spot."

"You come back now, Mary cooed. Norwood nodded as he opened the door."

"I'll be back," Officer Scaggins winked.

"That's fine, honey. If there's anything me or Norwood can help you with, well, you just come on back and we'll do all we can to help you."

Waving to Ben as he stepped into the patrol car, she threaded her arm through Norwood's, and watched him back from their drive.

*To be continued...*

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# Paddle 4 Troops

**By Carol Ann Ross**

Love the Vets, the ones who give their lives to our country. They are the best and I keep finding people who feel the same way I do. This time, my hat is off to Dwight Torres. He and his son are the ones who founded PADDLE 4 TROOPS. That was twelve years ago. According to Dwight, his son Joshua, who was then a student at Topsail High, initiated a project - paddle board races down the Intracoastal.

"I didn't know if I would ever see my father again," Josh explained about the years during his father's deployment overseas. "Surfing, it was therapeutic, it helped me cope with not knowing," he went on to explain how those years helped him realize the healing powers of the water. From that sprang the idea for P4T.

Together, Josh and his father found sponsors for this new endeavor, and before you know it, they created Paddles for Troops. That first year they raised over \$2,000 for local veterans. This wildly popular event has grown

exponentially every year since and has, as of now, raised over \$160,000.

Paddle 4 Troops is a non profit organization. They work with local veterans, supporting them in all kinds of ways. You may ask, isn't the federal government supposed to be doing this? Well, I'm sure, as many of you can attest, waiting on the government to do something is like pulling teeth. Dwight Torres and his band of Paddle 4 Troopers, makes things happen quicker. They sort of fill in the gaps. Dwight knows how to cut through the red tape and make things happen. After all, Dwight is a 20 year veteran of the Marine Corps, and takes his obligation to helping veterans very seriously. Example: the time to supply a support dog to one particular veteran would have taken nearly a year, Dwight made it happen in two weeks.

To help you understand even more clearly how P4T helps vets-the government pays for only immediate family to attend a funeral, Paddle 4 Troops helps extended families attend. They also help vets rebuild after

hurricanes, they supply Christmas gifts to families in need, they offer emotional support, financial support and so much more. They also offer a scholarship program for dependent children of vets.

P4T have a long list of sponsors including Sears Landing, Backyard Tavern, Realtor Jenna Morton, Matt Bowlin, Island Breeze, Good Shepherd of Wilmington, Salty Turtle, Loggerhead Inn, Shuckin' Shack, Unique Media and Design and many more local Topsail businesses. A big shout out to Scallywags for supporting our veterans with their Stars and Stripes Shootout.

On Saturday, September 16th, Paddle 4 Troops held its annual 12th paddle board race, held at Sears Landing Grill and Boat Docks in Surf City. Over \$100,000 has been raised in the past two years, with the proceeds going towards the organization's mission to help veterans.

Susan Griffin, the treasurer for P4T, and long time friend of the Torres family, explained that when someone expresses a need for help, the board (Susan, Lori Chaney and Joshua Torres) gets together

and discusses the need. "The needs are met for local vets and their families," Susan added. "That's the safest way to get funds to people in need."

Secretary, Lori Chaney, has known Dwight and his family for 20 years and says he is an honorable man who is passionate about P4T, and possesses a strong willingness to make a difference. "The mission for Paddles 4 Troops is converting challenges into support." Lori says, "and it is an honor to help fulfill Dwight's dream to help veterans."

It is always a delight to meet caring and giving people, people who do things for their communities, who take time out of their lives to give. What I have seen is that once they start giving, it becomes a passion and that passion becomes their lives, their purpose. All of this gives me hope for humanity. God Bless the givers and the doers. Thank you, Mr. Torres and Josh Torres for conceiving this wonderful idea. I will end this little piece with Joshua's words, "I hope I can be half the man my father is."




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# Sea Turtle Hospital News



## By Star Sota

We love every turtle that comes to us for care and hopefully a second chance. But right now a sizable adult loggerhead lady has stolen our hearts.

"Titanite" was rescued from a research pound net on July 15th and it was immediately apparent that she had been the victim of a brutal shark attack, and a fairly recent one at that. She was missing a portion of her right front flipper, had large bite marks in her neck and it looked like she had lost one of her "toes." Her carapace was bitten through, but luckily it was near the edge and the bite did not penetrate the coelomic wall where the organs are located. And her eye looked like it had a possible laceration. She was a tragic sight.

After being settled in a shallow tank in Sick Bay Titanite began what looked to be a long period of recovery with intensive and frequent hands-on care by our staff. Obviously she was in pain, especially around her neck, and would give us the side-eye when we approached that area. She was kept as comfortable as possible with pain medication and her wounds were treated with a variety of topical and injectable meds to prevent infection and facilitate healing.

Titanite was not able to go on to our recirculating water system in Turtle Bay until she had gone through quarantine, so for her first six weeks her water had to be changed up to five times a day. She received treatment for three of those water changes, including flushing with saline and betadine, a honey soak on the

wounds and application of SSD. And we still had a problem where her flipper was bitten off – there was a portion of the bone sticking out that needed to be surgically addressed – but not until she was stabilized.

Thankfully she was a good eater, and thankfully not a picky one like our Kemp's tend to be. She was happy with whole mackerel until apparently word had gotten to her that if there was something about the breakfast preparation not to her liking we would be happy to accommodate her. She started biting off the heads and spitting them out on the bottom of her tank. Now her 3,000 grams of mackerel arrives sans heads. It doesn't take long for them to train us.

Several weeks ago, Dr. Harms and his class of 4th year vet students arrived and Titanite was scheduled for her surgery. The protruding bone was carefully trimmed back and the wound was stitched and then bandaged with a compression bandage to minimize bleeding. Her other wounds were debrided and were showing signs of healthy tissue repair. She was placed back in her tank and back on meds for pain and infection. It wasn't long before she was swimming around probably wondering what that thing was on her flipper. She was eating and back to her new normal of hands-on treatments the next day. Her progress has been astounding.

Titanite has relocated to Sea Turtle Bay in a large tank with recirculating water to facilitate her healing and minimize handling by our staff. And our

water guru, Tina has installed a "waterfall" that she can rest under for a quick nap or carapace massage. Titanite is currently being treated once a day and still insisting on headless mackerel. You can see her from a distance from our observation ramp when you come to visit us.

We've now on our fall tour days and hours, and we still have patients waiting for your visit. There are major renovations scheduled for late fall, so be sure to buy your tickets soon on our website: [www.seaturtlehospital.org](http://www.seaturtlehospital.org) before we close. Our hospital matriarch "Snooki" is eagerly anticipating the arrival and installation of her new fifteen-foot tank, complete with a window!

Please keep an eye out for any sea turtle activity on the beaches or in the water. As the nests continue to hatch it's possible you'll find a hatchling that's gone astray. Carefully pick it up and put it in a small container with some sand and a very small amount of water - barely cover the flippers. It's important that the little critter does not bake in the sun, or sit exposed to the elements/predators when we get these unexpected night temperature drops into the 50's. Then call our Director of Beach Operations, Terry Meyer at: 910-470-2880. Calls to her number after hours will automatically be forwarded to her for action. You may also 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.

Terry is also the contact for any sick, injured or pier-hooked turtle. The State of NC turtle hotline for strandings picks up 24/7 at 252-241-7367. Remember that interfering with or harassing federally protected sea turtles in any way makes you subject to steep fines and possible imprisonment. Our work with sea turtles, at the hospital and on the beach, is authorized by the NC Wildlife Resources Commission, ES Permit 23ST05.

## Titanite in her new digs enjoying her waterfall



## Greetings from Titanite



## Titanite shows the amazing healing of her wounds





# April S. Carroza Obituary

**By Paul Carroza**

April (Blevins) Carroza, 64, of Middlebury, passed away unexpectedly on September 2 while on vacation in Topsail Island, North Carolina. She was the wife of Paul Carroza for 39 years.

April was born in Hartford, CT on April 16, 1959. She was a kind-hearted, loving and giving person her entire life. There was nothing in the world more important to her than her family. April was educated in the Enfield, Connecticut school system. She was a 1977 graduate of Enrico Fermi High School, and a 1981 graduate of Eastern Connecticut State University, where she earned a Bachelor's degree in Sociology. She was retired from the State of Connecticut Department of Corrections, where she spent the majority of her career as a Correctional Counselor. Additional jobs "post-retirement" were as an Addiction Counselor with Help, Inc. of Waterbury and most recently, as a Cashier with Stop & Shop in Watertown.

April had many talents, but none greater than her ability to provide every

family gathering with the best deviled eggs anyone ever tasted. Along with her passing goes the "secret recipe", which she refused to divulge to anyone. She was also a voracious reader. It was not uncommon for her to read four or five novels in a week. She was a fan of the books of John Grisham, James Patterson, David Baldacci, and Nora Roberts. April was also a huge sports fan. She loved watching the New York Yankees, the PGA Tour, Figure Skating, and Pro Tennis. Her final hours were spent watching the U.S. Open. She especially loved the New York Giants and NFL Football.

Left to cherish her memory are her husband Paul, and their daughters, Stephanie Johnson (husband Nick) of Southington, and Christie Carroza (fiancee' Jeff Perrine) of Hume, VA. Her grandchildren, Evelyn and Colette Johnson of Southington. Her sisters, Carrie Donahue (husband Bob) of Cornwall, VT and Lynn Housekeeper (husband Jim) of Mendon, MA. Her brothers-in-law, Mark Carroza (wife Julie) of Essex, CT and Peter Carroza (wife Carolyn) of Oakville, CT. Nephews, Matthew Donahue (wife Heather) of

Kennebunk, ME, Michael Donahue of Denver, CO, Mark Donahue of Medford, MA, and Michael Carroza of Plainfield, CT. Nieces, Becky Floeter (husband Joe) of Leominster, MA, Sarah Leacu (husband David) of Bolton, MA, Meaghan Donahue of Summerville, SC, Julia Carroza of Boston, MA, and Jill Carroza of Oakville, CT. April was pre-deceased by her father George, her mother Marjorie, and her brother Jim.

April will be terribly missed by all. She will be particularly missed by her granddog River, and her two cats, Russell Westbrook and LeBron. There are no calling hours. Burial is private at the convenience of the family. Please forward any memorial contributions to your favorite charity or any animal shelter.

April's family would like to recognize and thank the first responders of North Topsail Beach, NC. The North Topsail Beach Fire Department and EMT's, and the North Topsail Beach Police Department. In particular, Officer Angela Thompson, Officer Ryan Whanger, and Firefighter James Hunter, whose kindness and compassion will not

be forgotten. Additionally, the family would like to recognize and thank Katie Tiller of Coastal Cremations in Jacksonville, NC for her kindness and compassion, and sensitivity.



## "Room 8" ( 1947-1968 )

**By Penn Paranormal**

Room 8 was a neighborhood cat who wandered into a classroom in 1952 at Elysian Heights Elementary School in Echo Park, California. He lived in the school during the school year and then disappeared for the summer, returning when classes started again. This pattern continued without interruption until the mid-1960s.

News cameras would arrive at the school at the beginning of the year waiting for the cat's return; he became famous and would receive up to 100 letters a day addressed to him at the school. Eventually, he was featured in a documentary called Big Cat, Little Cat and a children's book, A Cat Called Room 8. Look magazine ran a three-page Room 8 feature by photographer Richard Hewett in November 1962, titled "Room 8: The School Cat". Leo Kottke wrote an instrumental called "Room 8" that was included in his 1971 album, Mudlark.

As he got older, Room 8 was injured in a cat fight and suffered from feline pneumonia, so a family near the school volunteered to take him in. The school's janitor would find him at the end of the school day and carry him across the street.

His obituary in the Los Angeles Times rivaled that of major political figures, running three columns with a photograph. The cat was so famous that his obituary ran in papers as far away as Hartford, Connecticut. The students raised the funds for his gravestone. He is buried at the Los Angeles Pet Memorial Park in Calabasas, California.





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# The Distinctive Geography Of North Carolina's Tidewater Region

By Tyler Andrews

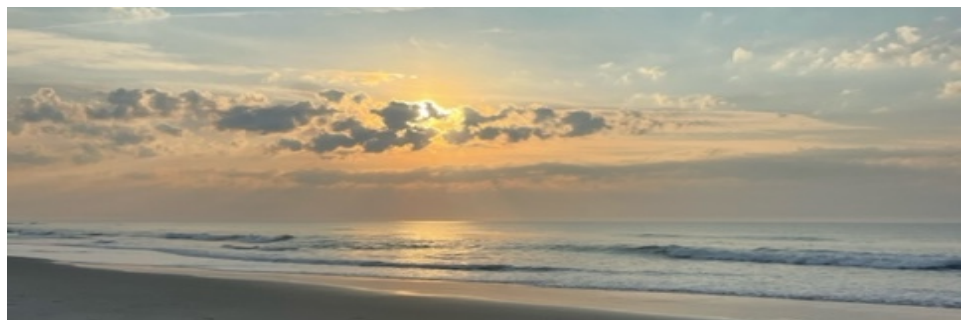
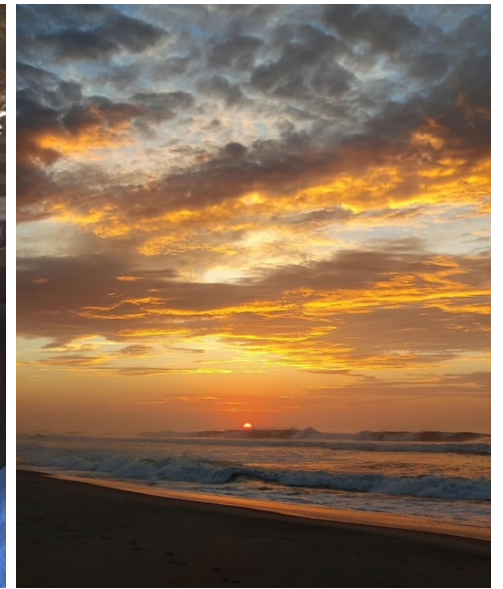
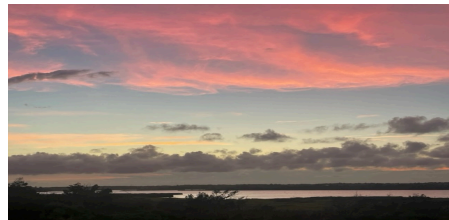
The Tidewater region of North Carolina is a captivating landscape defined by its unique and distinctive geographic features. Located on the eastern coast of the state, this area's geography plays a central role in shaping its character and significance.

One of the most prominent features of the Tidewater region is its low-lying terrain that gently slopes towards the Atlantic Ocean. This gradual descent creates expansive salt marshes and wetlands, providing vital habitats for a diverse array of wildlife. It's not uncommon to spot graceful shorelines and sounds that reach far inland from the coast.

The proximity to the Atlantic Ocean grants the Tidewater region access to miles of pristine sandy beaches. These beaches are not only a natural wonder but also a source of recreation and relaxation for residents and tourists alike. The combination of gentle slopes, salt marshes, and sandy shores makes this region a true coastal paradise.

Additionally, the Tidewater region is renowned for its intricate system of estuaries and inlets. These bodies of water serve as nurseries for various marine species, playing a crucial role in the local ecosystem. The estuaries also offer excellent opportunities for fishing and boating, further enhancing the region's appeal to outdoor enthusiasts.

In conclusion, the Tidewater region's geography is a defining aspect of its identity. The low-lying terrain, salt marshes, sandy beaches, and intricate estuaries create a picturesque and ecologically diverse landscape that both residents and visitors can appreciate. This unique geography has contributed significantly to the region's cultural and environmental richness, making it a special part of North Carolina's coastal heritage.



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# Coastal Common Sense

By Kim McGahey

The complicit liberal media is full of daily cover-ups maintaining that there is no evidence that the Biden crime family ran an international pay to play influence peddling racket out of the White House. The mountain of evidence to the contrary gathered by the House of Representatives is summarily ignored by the mainstream media as they continue to serve as the propaganda wing of the Democrat National Committee (DNC) and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Where are Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward types when you need hard hitting investigative journalists more than ever? They relentlessly and impartially pursued President Nixon's participation in the Watergate affair to the point where their journalistic exposure resulted in an historic presidential resignation.

The fact that we no longer have an impartial media makes it virtually impossible for we the people to ascertain the truth in any given situation. And without accurate information, it becomes even more difficult for voters to separate fact from fiction.

Half of the American population is getting their information exclusively from overtly liberal progressive sources like the New York Times, the Washington Post, CNN and MSNBC. They only receive the left's emotional slant du jour and are never given all sides of the story. They

then deny that facts to the contrary even exist. See the Hunter Biden laptop story.

What's worse, the flow of accurate information is restricted by the government press secretaries who only disburse the party line that promotes their political narrative. This was one of Saul Alinsky's favorite Rules For Radicals used by Marxists to control and manipulate the masses. If you can spoon feed the herd selective opinions, the lie you tell them once is still a lie, but the lie you tell them a hundred times becomes the truth.

James Madison and Thomas Jefferson cherished the First Amendment freedom of speech that guaranteed free and open debate from all viewpoints in the public square. Freedom of the press in that same Amendment hoped that objective journalists would act as government watch dogs and expose the truth resulting from that public debate. The Founding Fathers would roll over in their graves if they were to witness the way information is controlled today by political parties in order to simply retain power.

Journalists can no longer be relied on to inform the public. They are now political activists who are more concerned with vilifying their political opponents, and thereby hoping uninformed citizens don't question their slanted propaganda. The nepotism between government officials and media executives is a frightening display of just how easy it is for those two powerful

entities to control information and extend political power.

Even if some rogue impartial investigative journalists did expose the Biden crime family, it would be swept under the carpet by the partisan Attorney General and the other palace guards who get their marching orders and give their loyalty directly to the dictator in the White House.

So, we have to wait for the ballot box to change the power players in order to discover the truth. Unfortunately, the

adversarial impeachment process has now supplanted the media responsibility in exposing the objective facts of the current administration.

You MUST always VOTE early because your vote in a free and fair election is the only thing that prevents us from becoming a one-party majority-rules dictatorship. Benjamin Franklin wisely said, "We have given you a republic, if you can keep it!" He did not mean a banana republic.

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# Bird Hunting With Dogs In NC

**By Dotty Harding**

**President & CEO**

**Onslow County Partners for Animal Welfare**

The air is crisp and cool and the leaves crunch underfoot as you and your dog who remains close by your side move into position. The dog sits unmoving, muscles twitching, ready to explode with a burst of speed at your signal. The sounds of rifles ring into the air as the birds fly high into the sky from their cover and then fall back to the earth in different locations. The dog watches intently as one, two, or three birds fall, noting their locations. The hunter then gives the signal, and the retrieving dog enthusiastically runs to the first spot, gently picks up the bird to return to the hunter takes off into the field or water to retrieve the second bird, and then heads out for the third.

## Your neighbors and their dog bumpers

I watched this amazing demonstration on Mary Williams property known as High Tide Kennels in Holly Ridge where several folks gather every Monday to train their young dogs and strengthen the talent of their more experienced dogs. On this day there was (going left to right) Lauren Daniels, Diane Galliger, Mary Williams, and Brad Fields. The equipment that is used in this training is hidden in various locations, quite a distance apart on the farm. As the dog stands close by the hunter's side, you hear the sound of a duck honking and the crack of a rifle, and then the BUMPER, representing the bird, is fired out of an automatic launching device as the dog intently watches where it falls from the sky. The dog cannot cry or bark and must wait for the command to retrieve it before racing out to the fallen bumper. The dog must bring back the bumper to the hunter without dropping it and complete the retrieve before heading out to the second or third bumper. In this training exercise, the owner blows a whistle to get the dog's attention, where the dog immediately sits and looks back to its owner for guidance, usually given with hand signals to direct the dog on course if they are not picking up the scent or heading in the correct direction.

## Brad's dogs

Brad had Toby, a Boykin Spaniel Retriever with him, who is a 3-year-old who placed 3rd in 2022 in competition with about 90 other dogs. He has his Seasoned Hunting Retriever Club title (next to the highest) and is working on FINISHED (highest). Toby also has his JUNIOR AKC title and is working on his SENIOR this year. Riley, now 14 and retired, won the Novice class in Boykin

Spaniel National Field Trials in 2013 competing against 85 other dogs. And Intermediate Boykin Spaniel Retriever and together they do lots of bird hunting for doves, ducks, and quail.

Brad shared a few of his hunting stories with me about how when there is some ice forming on the ponds and lakes care needs to be taken when the chest and front legs of the retriever break the ice to get to the fallen bird and the precautions the hunter takes so the dog remains safe.

## Mary's letter

In 1981 I married a duck hunter, Sidney Williams, who introduced me to hunting with a dog. We became active members in the Tar Heel Retriever Club and when AKC introduced their Hunting Test for Retrievers we immediately participated with our Chessies and Labs. It was not long before I chose dog training over school teaching, and we built High Tide Kennels.

The AKC Hunt Test Program became such a success that a national event was established in 1991. It is the Master National Retriever Club and its test is conducted around the country once a year. Dogs must qualify to participate and that takes months of testing. All our dogs have earned their Master Hunting Title. It is work, but very rewarding. This year over a thousand dogs have qualified to attend the MN in Thomasville Georgia this October.

Accomplishments have been humbling as well as rewarding. Sidney and I are both AKC 8-point judges. In 2007 I was President of the Master National Retriever Club. In 2010 I judged the Master National in California. In 2005 Sidney judged the Master National in Texas and again in 2012 in Alabama.

This sport gave us the opportunity to see most of the United States, and in doing so we have made many friends. It has been a great ride., but we both have had to "hang up our whistles". We have wonderful memories, and we thank the Good Lord for it all.

Today we share our property with new dog training folks. We get to sit back in our chairs, watch the dogs work, and tell the new folks, "What it was like in the Good Ole Days!"

The dogs show amazing discipline, training, strength, and stamina being the working dogs that they are. They absolutely love doing this with their owners who spend many hours training their dogs to compete in hunting trials locally, around the state, and the country. The event in Kinston would be a great day to attend with your family to enjoy and watch this highly disciplined competition.

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# Mary Ann Lane Obituary

**By Rachel Lane**

Mary Ann Lane (née Creech), age 83, went to be with her Lord on September 23, 2023. She passed away unexpectedly at Novant Hospital in Wilmington, N.C. She was a beloved mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great grandmother. She was also an organist and pianist, cook, homemaker extraordinaire, teacher, church volunteer, gardener, encourager, confidant, and seamstress. She imparted pieces of herself to help others grow spiritually, academically, and emotionally. She enjoyed helping others and watching them succeed.

Mary Ann was born on September 16, 1940, near Stancil's Chapel in Kenly, N.C., to James Creech and Grace Inez Creech (née Garner). She gave her heart to Jesus as a young child. After graduating from Micro High School in 1958, she attended WUNC (now known as University of North Carolina Greensboro) studying business and graduating in 1962. She worked as a secretary for a number of years while also raising her children, Nina, Ken, and Cristal. She moved to Surf City, N.C., in 1995 where she raised Cole and worked as a teacher until she retired in 2005.

*"The best job I ever had was being a mother to my children.*

*So thankful God blessed me with that position. It was through my faith and trust in Him that I survived the trials, heartaches, along with all the happiness, pleasures, and joy."*

Mary Ann poured herself out in service to her family and community. For over 25 years, she played organ and piano at The Gathering (formerly Surf City Baptist Church), where she also volunteered with the women's group, served on the pastoral nominating committee, and taught Sunday School. She was a member of Women on Mission, at one point serving as the leader.

*"Mother would read or tell me various stories, but the one I liked to hear over and over was the birth of Jesus. It amazed me that He was a King but born with the cows. I just could not believe someone would be born that way."*

Mary Ann grew vegetables every year and enjoyed sewing and crocheting. She loved hosting family and friends at her home where one could always expect an excellent meal with an abundance of food. Family favorites included banana pudding, chicken and rice casserole, pancakes, Watergate salad, congealed salad, broccoli casserole, and the family famous shrimp ball. She was fond of children and was well-loved in the community, serving as a bonus grandmother for many.

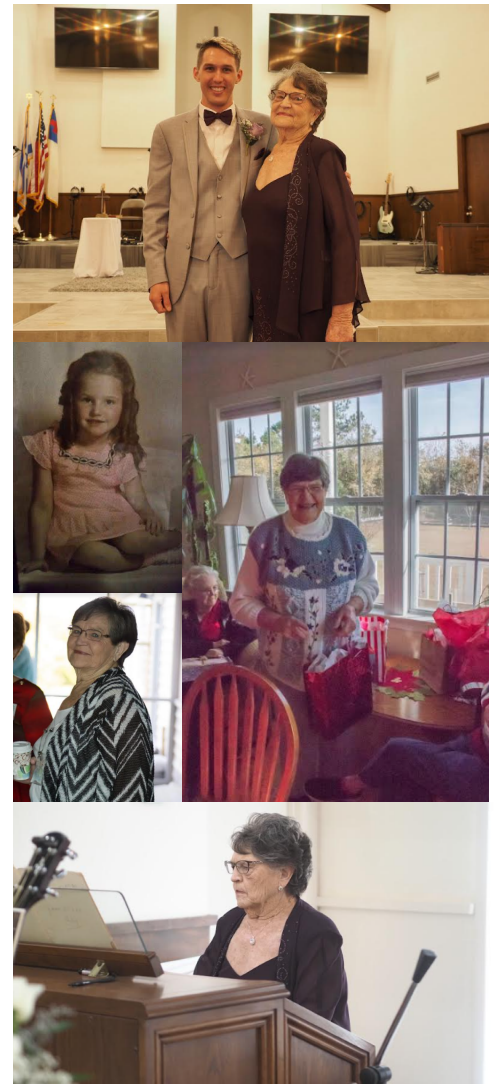
She was always on the go and never wanted to sit still for long. She loved playing the piano and singing hymns.

*"Being a Christian is the best possession I could ever have. The promise of eternal life by our Savior the Lord Jesus Christ is beyond belief and the greatest possession."*

She was preceded in death by her parents, James and Grace Creech, her husband, Kenneth "Byrd" Council Lane, and her son-in-law, David Smith.

She is survived by her children, Nina Smith of Kenly, N.C.; Ken Lane of Stella, N.C.; Cristal Lane of Princeton, N.C.; and Cole Lane (Rachel) of Holly Ridge, N.C.; grandchildren, Michelle (Jeff), Sam (Joe), Tamara (Matt), Ariel (Ashley), Casey (Eric), and Corey; great-grandchildren, Christina, Tiffany (Donta), Dustin, Joe, Gracie Ann, and Khaleesi; and great-great grandchildren, De'Anthony and Ky'ree.

A visitation was held on Saturday, September 30, at Parrish Funeral Home followed by a service honoring her life at Parrish's chapel officiated by Rev. Bobby Owings and Rev. Danny McLamb (Surf City). Burial followed at Bethany Missionary Baptist Church of Kenly. A celebration of life service will be held at The Gathering of Surf City, on Saturday, October 7 at 3:30 p.m.



## City Cafe



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*Closed Sunday and Monday  
Open Tuesday through Saturday  
5:30pm - 2:30pm*

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# Community Updates

## Ghost Walk Tickets On Sale Now

BURGAW – Tickets are on sale now for the award-winning Ghost Walk, Ghost Walk of Pender’s Past, a haunting tour around Burgaw’s historic cemetery. Tickets may be purchased online at <https://ghostwalkofpenderspast.ticketleap.com/2023ghostwalkofpenderspast/>.

Tickets may also be ordered via phone with a credit card by calling 910-259-1278. Tickets are \$15 per adult; admission for students ages 5-17 is \$10 each. Children aged four and under are admitted free with a paid adult.

The Ghost Walk of Pender’s Past returns Oct. 28, for one night only. Tours start at 5:30 p.m.

Each year, the Ghost Walk is a sell-out event. Tickets are limited.

“We encourage visitors to purchase tickets in advance,” said Pender County tourism director Tammy Proctor. “We hate to turn people away.”

The Ghost Walk encourages all parents with children aged five and under to sign up for the earlier tickets.

“We have found that young children get tired, cry, and disturb attendees in the group,”

said Proctor. “We ask that all families respect others and sign up for the earlier Ghost Walk time slots.”

“We love sharing Pender County’s supernatural history,” said Stephanie Key, art director of the ghost walk. “You never know what haunts you’ll discover.”

This year, after dark, there will be a few more spooky ghostly sightings along the path.

The Ghost Walk of Pender’s Past is a collaborative effort of volunteers from the Pender County Historical Society, Historical Society of Topsail Island, Pender Arts Council, Moores Creek

National Battlefield, the Town of Burgaw, Burgaw Tourism Authority, Pender County Parks and Recreation, the Pender County Library, Pender County Schools, and Pender County Tourism.

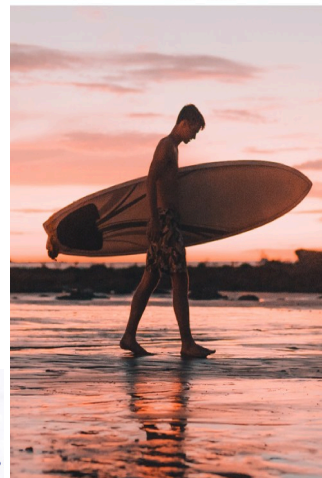
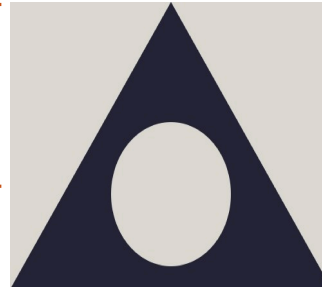
“Ghost Walk is the recipient of two national awards from the National Association of Counties and Southeastern Travel Society,” said Key. “We have wonderful volunteers who make this annual event possible.”

For more information, contact the Pender County Tourism Office at 910-259-1278.

## Beach Access Permits Will NOT Be Available This Year In Topsail Beach

TOPSAIL BEACH – Due to a Beach Renourishment project set to begin this Fall, the Town of Topsail Beach has decided to forgo the sale of Beach Access Permits for vehicles and horses this year. Normally the town would open access to the South End of the island at the Drum Avenue Access between October 1st and January 15th for vehicles and between October 1st and March 30th for horses each year. However, due to the impending project, Commissioners determined that in the best interest of the project, horses and

vehicles will not be permitted on the beach this year. The Town fully expects to make Beach Access Permits available next year during the 2024-2025 season. For more information call the Topsail Beach Town Hall at 910-328-5841.



**New Alateen Meeting**  
*"Let It Begin With Me"*  
**BEGINNING OCTOBER 24TH, 2023**

**PENDER SHERIFF'S CHARITABLE FOUNDATION, INC.**

**SAVE THE DATE**  
*Christmas in Pender*  
**FESTIVAL OF TREES**  
**NOVEMBER 18 & 19TH**  
**1:00 - 5:00 PM**  
**VOLUNTEERS NEEDED**

**LOCATION: FAMILY LIFE CENTER GYMNASIUM  
HAMPSTEAD UNITED METHODIST CHURCH  
15395 US-17  
HAMPSTEAD, NC 28443**

**CONTACT INFO:  
JENNIFER ERPELDING @ 623.910.1099  
CYNTHIA TART @ 910.970.6965**

**When: Tuesday Nights  
7:00 - 8:00pm**

**NOTE: AL-ANON MEETING IN THE SAME BUILDING AT THIS TIME**

**Meeting Location:  
Hampstead United Methodist Church**

**15395 US-17, HAMPSTEAD, NC 28445**

**GYMNASIUM  
IN THE FAMILY LIFE CENTER BUILDING BEHIND THE CHURCH**



# The HUMC Pumpkin Patch Is Back

Clear off the hearth, sweep the stoop, and sharpen the carving knives: the annual "Pumpkin Patch" at Hampstead United Methodist Church (HUMC) is returning soon. Festivities will kick off with a "Pumpkin Toss" on Saturday September 30 at 9 am– volunteers in the community are needed, assembly-line style, to help unload the semi-truck that holds thousands of pumpkins. A second truck will be dropping off another load of pumpkins on Saturday, October 14 at 9 am, so there will be two chances to participate in the Pumpkin Toss.

The Pumpkin Patch will be open through October 31, welcoming patrons Mon through Thurs, 10 to 7pm, Fri and Sat from 10 to 8pm, and Sundays from 11am to 7pm.

Located off of Highway 17 in central Hampstead beside the Dunkin Donuts, the Pumpkin Patch is set up on HUMC's sprawling front lawn, under the beautiful live Southern Oak trees that form a canopy over the patch. Lights in the trees and fun things for kids to do ensure a magical Fall adventure for all. There are plenty of places for selfies and photo ops for the entire family, not to mention picnic tables to socialize and enjoy the atmosphere, and each year brings new enhancements and creative adornments.

Pulling together HUMC's annual Pumpkin Patch requires a small army of nationwide contributors. The process starts with pumpkins harvested directly from the fields of the Navajo Nation in New Mexico, which helps with their 48% unemployment rate.

The pumpkins are quickly trucked across the country in a 40-foot semi-truck to the church parking lot, where the Pumpkin Toss volunteers take over.

Each Pumpkin Toss involves over a hundred volunteers off-loading, sizing, and positioning the entire truckload of over 3,000 pumpkins for sale. It takes about 3 hours. These volunteers are not all HUMC members, as with every year, the "all are welcome" community event attracts community members, students from the Topsail High School, baseball and football teams, scouting organizations, and Marine volunteers from Camp Lejeune. The Church is honored by and welcomes all the volunteers.

Your pumpkin purchase money is well spent. All the net proceeds from the Pumpkin Patch sale goes to the youth group at HUMC. The youth group will first tithe 10% to the church, then 10% to a charity determined by the youth group (such as United Methodist Home for Children and Habitat for Humanity), and the balance is kept by the youth group. The funds enable each youth to be able to go on conference events, mission trips and special occasions, and youth members who work the patch accumulate "pumpkin bucks" as an additional means of providing funds to the group. It is the largest fundraiser of the year for the youth group.

There cannot be a more complete and memorable fundraiser than this Pumpkin Patch partnership with the Navajo Indian Reservation, HUMC, and the Hampstead

community. So many people benefit from and enjoy the event with the sale of each pumpkin. Besides the second Pumpkin Toss taking place on October 14, there will be a Party at the Patch family night scheduled for October 28 which will include cider, games, live music and more fun as we honor the hard work being done to nurture growth in our young people. Stay tuned to our social media for the event time in the coming weeks.

The Pumpkin Patch has a Facebook page, "HUMC Pumpkin Patch" which posts pictures and announcements. Also find information on <https://www.facebook.com/HampsteadUMC/>



The  
**PATCH IS BACK!**

Hampstead United Methodist Church's  
**Pumpkin Patch**

Sep 30 – Pumpkin Toss (9am); patch opens!  
Oct 14 – Second Pumpkin Toss (9am)  
Oct 28 – Party at the Patch/Family Night  
Oct 31 – Halloween/Last Day

Hours of Operation:  
Mon-Thu 10am – 7pm, Fri-Sat 10am-8pm, Sundays 11am-7pm

HUMC is located at 15395 US Hwy 17 N,  
Hampstead, NC 28443

Check [facebook.com/HampsteadUMC/](https://www.facebook.com/HampsteadUMC/) for updates and to keep in touch

For more information, call the church at (910) 270-4648

CASH OR  
CHECKS  
ONLY!

# Legal

## Death Notices

Aubrey "Brey" Mason, 38, of Jacksonville, died September 1, 2023.

Meiko Clang, 73, of Cedar Point, died September 15, 2023.

Ronda H. Walker, 80, of Sneads Ferry, died September 23, 2023.

Don C. Chapman, 72, of Beulaville, died September 21, 2023.

For a full obituary, please visit [www.coastalcremationsnc.com](http://www.coastalcremationsnc.com). Coastal Cremations and Funeral Care of Jacksonville is serving the aforementioned families.



## ONE DAY CONCEAL CARRY CLASS

Next date is  
**October 21st**  
Seats are filling fast!

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**Surf City Guns & Ammo**



# Greater Topsail Area Chamber News



Godwins Market in North Topsail Beach Ribbon Cutting



Oceans RV Resort in Holly Ridge Ribbon Cutting



Holtzman Propane in Holly Ridge Ribbon Cutting

# Save The Date!

Are you a working artist or photographer? Or maybe you're an ASPIRING artist or photographer? Do you own a gallery or working studio? Do you offer classes in art? Do you offer a creative service in the arts? Perhaps joining the Greater Topsail Art Association would be a great way for you to network and market your art or services.

Please consider coming to a GTAA meeting at Pender County's premier teaching gallery - ArtExposure, at 22527 Hwy 17, in Hampstead on Tuesday evening, October 17, 2023 at 7PM.

And we are extremely honored to have Noah White as guest speaker. Noah is Executive Director of the Jacksonville/Onslow Council for the Arts since June of 2017 and will be speaking to us about his experiences curating art, establishing a thriving art community at JaxArts, as well as the many

opportunities available to artists here in our beautiful corner of North Carolina. There will be time for questions afterwards.

**PLEASE MARK YOUR CALENDAR**  
The Greater Topsail Art Association will be meeting at ArtExposure on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 2023 at 7PM.

- Refreshments will be served  
Please join us and feel free to bring your "Arty" Friends or Students!  
HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!



# Flotilla and Christmas Market



THE GREATER TOPSAIL AREA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

DECEMBER 9 12 P.M. - 6 P.M.

FREE ADMISSION

FREE PARKING

FREE REGISTRATION TO THE FIRST 10 BOAT ENTRIES

BRING YOUR CAMERA FOR PHOTOS WITH

*Santa & Mrs. Claus*  
3-6 P.M.

SOUNDSIDE PARK, SURF CITY

FOR VENDOR REGISTRATION INFORMATION

WWW.TOPSAILCHAMBER.ORG  
910-329-4446

THE FLOTILLA WILL ARRIVE AROUND 6 P.M.

FLOTILLA SPONSORED BY



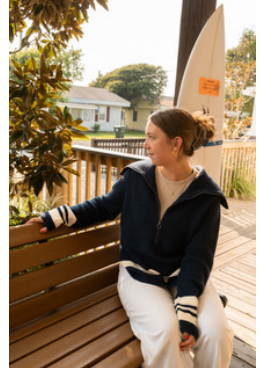
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**9am-7pm**



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**#Beanies #beanies4days** ❤️



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6 ft. & 4 ft. Saddle seat bar stools with or without  
backs. Bottle opener included.**



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start at \$1299**

**HUGE**

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with over 50 venders!**

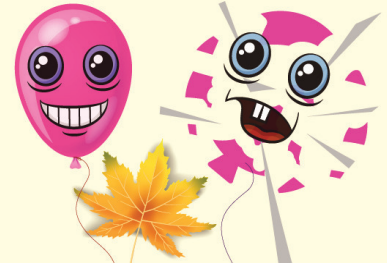
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Permentment Pop-up!**



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