Echoes of LBI

Magazine™

2010 Endless Summer Edition

Long Beach Island Arts and Lifestyle Magazine

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Thank you for picking up this issue of Echoes of LBI! Once again, I am in awe of the wonderful people I've met and the ones I've reconnected with through the magazine. I never cease to be amazed by the local history I continue to learn in putting together each issue.

In the last issue, we featured a section entitled While You Were Away, informing readers of what they may have missed here on the Island over the winter. In this issue, we've gone one step further. Now, we're saying "Don't Go!" and have re-titled the section Why You Should Stay. If you must leave, come back soon, there is so much to do! There are so many things not to miss this fall and winter on Long Beach Island. There are parades, the ChowderFest, and, of course, you must be here for Talk Like a Pirate Day. It just isn't the same, if you're not here at the beach.

If you came for the summer, consider staying for the fall. Why not grab a great cup of java and sit on the beach in the glorious autumn sunshine? Celebrate Oktoberfest with your own taste testing of great beers in our local drinking establishments. If sitting on a porch is top on your to do list, you have a treasure chest of personal stories in this issue that highlight just how wonderful LBI can be. If you look out the window and find it's raining, check out how special a rainy day at the beach can be. The best on LBI is yet to come! Let's make this year an endless summer!

Echoes of LBI is all about our locals and visitors and their experiences, past and present, on the Island. Please feel free to share your family's history on LBI and any historic pictures with us at EchoesofLBI@gmail.com. As always, we love to hear your stories!

Have a nice sunset!

Cheryl Kirby

Cheryl Kirby, Publisher

Marjorie Amon photo

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609-361-1668 • 406 Long Beach Blvd • Ship Bottom • Echoesoflbi.com for online magazine and media kit
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Email articles on history, nostalgia, poetry or art to: echoesoflbi@gmail.com
Cover photo: Marjorie Amon: See page 17 for shell descriptions

Echoes of LBI would not be possible without the support and contributions of Islanders, visitors, and summer friends who love this 18-mile barrier island, six miles out to sea. Thank you, to all who contributed their time, stories, memories, and photos. Echoes of LBI reflects the history of a community that cares and shares by our beloved Jersey Shore.

The Sea, biologists tell us, holds the key to the mysteries of life. In some unknown time and way a molecule of matter crossed an unknown line and became a living cell. Other scientists believe that the human mind has a dim awareness of long tenuous roots that stretch back into the sea. When we dream of being in water, they say, of diving into it or coming out of it, we are reliving the mysteries of our own birth. Our language reflects the uneasy awe we feel towards the unknown world which covers most of the planet. When something is beyond our understanding we say it's "too deep" or that "we just can't fathom it"!

— Lil Borgeson and Jack Spiers, *Skin Divers Handbook*, 1960

Lady Lifeguards Have Come a Long Way!

Page 9 story

Photo courtesy Ann Lutz

Message in a bottle

Few things bring me more pleasure than a walk on the beach in the off-season, when the crowds have gone and there is still some warmth radiating from the sun. It was mid-September when I set out to walk the beach at Barnegat Light. Dressed in a hoodie to protect me from the remnants of a recent Nor'easter, I walked along the jetty in solitude. An occasional wave crested over the rocks, spraying salt water in my face. It tasted good, confirming my presence at the shore. I walked about a mile and a half, collecting shells and lost fishing lures, before I spotted it. Just ahead, half buried in a pile of eel grass, lay a bottle. Just litter, I thought, as I reached to pick it up. But much to my surprise, inside the corked bottle was a folded up piece of paper. At that moment, imagination replaced reality, as I envisioned the classic scenario: someone was stranded on a deserted island and needed to be rescued!

My hands were shaking when I uncorked the bottle to see if, indeed, there was a message written on the paper. And, yes, there was. I handed my camera to the only other person on the beach and asked him to take a picture: me, the bottle, and Barnegat Lighthouse in the background, perfectly documenting the location. Together, we uncorked the bottle and read the message. The handwriting gave clues of foreign origin; European, we guessed. We continued to read the letter:

Message in a Bottle/Observation of Helplessness. Sunday night, lower East Side, "Living Room" bar, Ludlow Street. An unusual sight - the doorman at the entrance to the bar is reading a book, "One Hundred Years of Solitude" Marquez. This doorman wants to see my ID, then speaks to me in German. His German is virtually without any accent. I ask him how come, and he answers that he studied German and Philosophy. After that, he was a translator for a while. To prove his knowledge of German, he suddenly begins quoting from Goethe's "Faust." I go into the bar and he says, in German, it was nice killing time with me. He carries on reading his book. There are only five people in the bar.

The note was signed "Sven Johne, 18 September, 2008. Block Island, RI USA." On the other side of the note was a request to reply to the provided email address if the bottle was found.

I thanked the man for taking my picture and returned home with my newly found treasure. I was curious and anxious to learn more about the mysterious note in the bottle and wasted no time sending an email to let Sven Johne know that I had found his bottle.

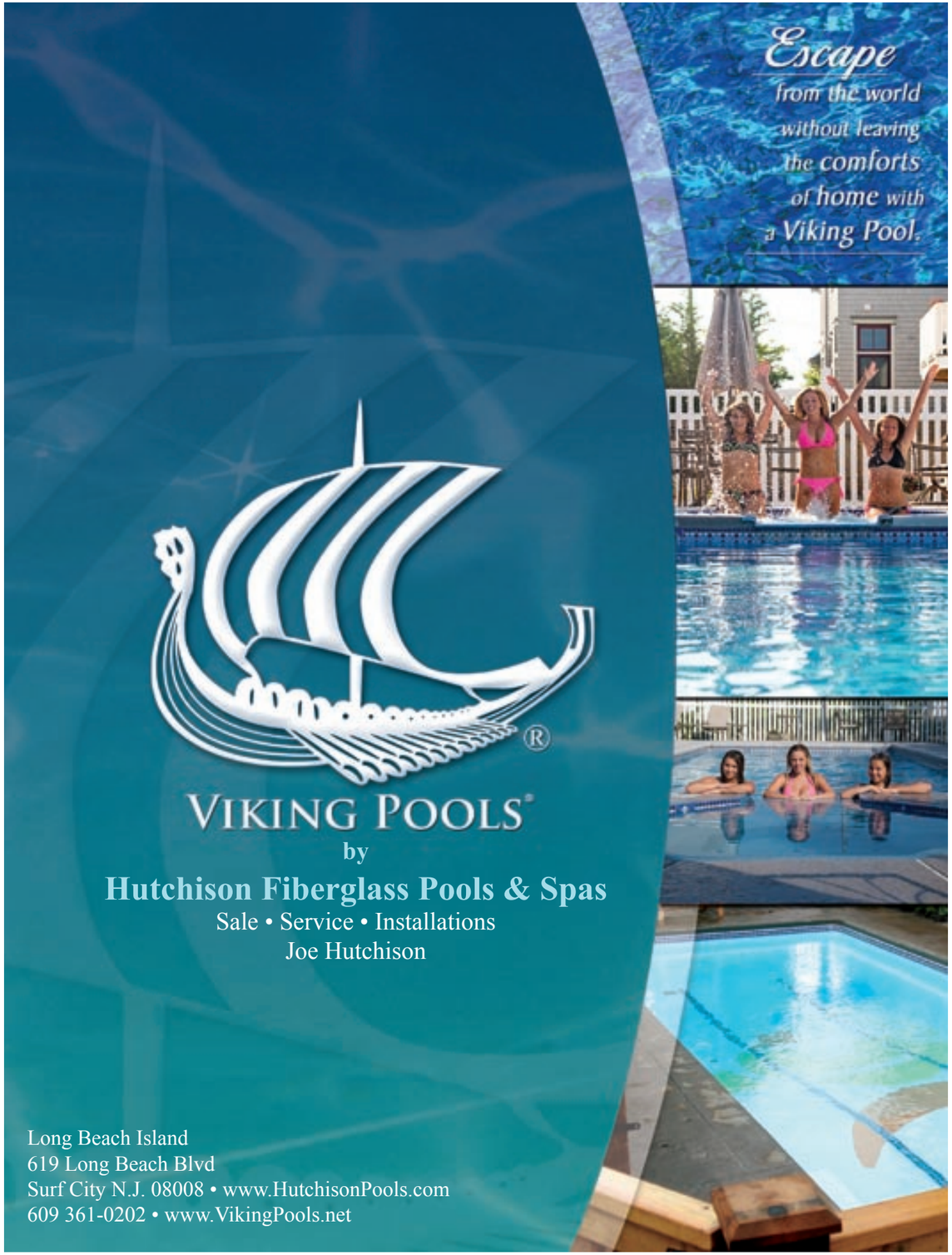
Several days passed before I heard from Sven, a 32-year old artist who lived in Berlin, Germany. He explained that, while visiting New York City, he observed the well- educated doorman working in a mediocre bar (The Living Room) and wondered why. Was it because he wanted to or was this the only job he could get? This vision of entrapment (or, "helplessness," as Sven saw it) caused Sven to do on behalf of the over-qualified doorman what you would do if you were helplessly ship-wrecked: send out a message in a bottle, the metaphor for a cry for help.

On September 18, Sven had tossed seven bottles into the sea at Block Island, Rhode Island. It took seven days for the bottle to travel south to Barnegat Light, crossing over two rock jetties, before safely landing on the beach for me to find. Out of the seven bottles he tossed, mine was the only one recovered so far.

Symbolically, the bottle says, if you ask for help, as long as someone finds your appeal, you have a chance of being rescued from your circumstances. But, if no one finds the bottle, you are helplessly stuck wherever you are. Unfortunately, my finding Sven's bottle did not help the doorman. If the doorman truly wants to be rescued, I guess he'll have to toss his own bottle into the sea or perhaps hire a recruiter specializing in German-speaking philosophers. In any event, life goes on at the Shore for those of us lucky enough to be beachcombers. You never know what exciting things you'll find when you walk on the beach - - at a minimum, there are still six more bottles out there!

The Message in the Bottle story is on exhibit in Sven's art gallery in Berlin, Germany.

— ***Carole Bradshaw*** • (*Carole has found many treasures while walking on the beaches of LBI. Her most significant find was the anchor from the 1910 shipwreck of the Fortuna.)*



Catch Forever

It was the summer of 1974. I was a young man who had just graduated from high school. It was then I discovered Long Beach Island.

I spent a full year in Harvey Cedars. There, I learned to enjoy a whole new realm of enrichment, natural beauty, and freedom. I lived alone in a one hundred year old beach cottage. I think it was named September's End. I know it had no electricity.

The Island was quite desolate back then, especially in the winter. I spent my days working on the fishing boats. More specifically, I worked for Tom Lynch of the Christie and then Rocky Vendetti of the Rock-Lo. In the evenings, I worked at the Harvey Cedars Tavern, as did many youths who were in the process of growing up. Sis and Hank treated me like family. This was one of the most impressionable years of my life, and I have continued to visit LBI, season after season, ever since.

Then, one day, I had a daughter. I named her Tamazine. For nearly twenty years, my family rented another classic LBI beach cottage, this time with electricity and directly facing the ocean. It was there my daughter and I had time to bond and learn about life in its purest and simplest forms - - the soothing sounds of the ocean, day and night, relaxing moments of reflection, small talk, and, oh yeah, the swing on the porch.

We did the usual fishing, crabbing, and eating lots of seafood and ice cream. On our morning walks, we'd buy donuts, and, of course, by the time we got back to the house, there would be powdered sugar and chocolate all over our faces - - something that always got a laugh out of Mom. We would sit on the lifeguard stand while the beaches were still deserted, where all I could see was my daughter, the sand, the ocean, and a horizon that seemed to reach out for eternity.

Suddenly, one day, my daughter grew up and had a daughter of her own. She named her Izabella. It was now their time. Although the little cottage of Tamazine's childhood no longer existed, we returned to the Island to find that pretty much everything else still did, all the familiar riches and the beauty that my daughter and I had enjoyed for so many years. I was hoping to take a photograph of my granddaughter and daughter on our familiar dune and hoping to see in them a spark of the love for Harvey Cedars my daughter and I had shared. With just one glimpse at the look on their faces, my soul was satisfied. The tremendous respect and gratitude for LBI that my daughter and I share will continue to be passed down and, hopefully, live on forever. It was one of those links in the chain of life that makes our time here so worthwhile. At that moment, I knew we were blessed. We will always remember the pure, simple moments we shared on LBI:

Catch a sunrise
Catch a fish
Catch a crab
Catch a dish
Catch a cruise, and
Catch a snooze.

A day in the life of LBI - - it's as simple as that and, oh, so sweet.

*— **Bob Troiano** •*

Lady Lifeguards Have Come a Long Way!

Ann Lutz discovered LBI as most of us did - - as a tourist. Also, as with most of us, the lure of the Island kept her coming back summer after summer. When she was 8, her parents bought a house in Harvey Cedars on West 76th Street in 1955. Before then, summers were spent with Aunt Carrie and Uncle Russ McMullen in Barnegat Light or Loveladies, or in various rental houses on the Island.

Ann recalls, "When my parents rented, they shared a place with the Willetts and their son, Steve. We were like brother and sister. Steve and I spent many hours on the Bay fishing and crabbing with our fathers. We dug the clams out with our feet and then dove down to retrieve them. Our feet ended up as black as coal when we were finished. Our fathers even took us swimming at midnight. We thought that was the coolest thing. Then, in the morning, they would wake us very early, 4 or 5 A.M., and we would watch the pound boats come in at the Surf City Fishery."

Ann Lutz also sailed dusters at the Brant Beach Yacht Club and became friends with Mary Louise ("Wez") Harnischfeger of Surf City. Her boat was named A Mess. But summers were not always just play for Ann. She waitressed at Coleman's in 1957, after having gained some experience the previous year at a resort in Eaglesmere, PA, which she describes as "a resort for newlyweds and nearly deads." Then, in 1958, Ann became a lifeguard, a career that lasted through two summers. As in so many fields of work, though, women lifeguards were not treated equally back then. Ann was not even given a lifeguard stand to sit on. Nevertheless, she did her job as well as the males did. Once, she even saved the life of a young child, who had been pulled into the deep water while trying to retrieve a ball. Fortunately, we've come a long way since those days, and female lifeguards now sit just as high on their lifeguard stands as the men. Progress!

Like most summer residents, Ann developed a circle of friends on LBI. Nancy Browne, now deceased, was a good friend she met at Coleman's. As a lifeguard, she met Pete Lyons, Frankie Bird, Phil Johnson, and John Griffinberg, a captain of the lifeguards. She still keeps contact with John and gets together with him and his wife Nancy (Stanffer) whenever they visit the Island.

When asked about her best memories, Ann talks about her partying days on LBI. "Although we were all under age, we went dancing at Han's (now Rick's) and Kubel's and Baldwin's Hotel. Along with Wez Harnischfeger, Barbara Hartman, Nancy Browne, Maisey Ingersoll Griff, Mike Thomas, Harry Marti, and Nancy Stanffer, we also went to the Acme Hotel, Fritz's, and Antler's. When we were not out on the town or trolling the Boulevard, we would be hanging out at my house or Barb's."

Ann's taste buds hold fond memories of the Island, as well. "I remember going to the Harvey Cedars Tavern and eating Marge Marti's clam fries. And also, those delicious broiled tomatoes from the Surf Villa in Surf City. Back then, there were neighborhood restaurants and bars where everyone knew each other. Now, they're all gone and, when you go into a place, the summer population has grown so much, you seldom know anyone." She especially remembers some great times at the Surf City Hotel, owned at that time by the Crane family.

One of Anne's funniest stories is how she met her husband, Bill Lutz. She had previously dated another Bill Lutz from Beach Haven for several years, including even some time after college, when she moved to San Francisco to work. In the summer of 1963, after they had moved on, Anne called Bill to see if they could arrange a get-together. It was then she discovered that he had gotten married in the interim. Ironically, though, he offered to fix her up with the man who would soon become her husband. His name was also Bill Lutz! They have been together since and have two adult children.

Now, when she and her husband leave their home in Ocean Pines, MD and arrive on LBI for their annual summer trip, Anne sees many changes. The house in Harvey Cedars on West 76th Street was torn down when her family sold it in 2000. The first house Anne and Bill purchased when they got married, however, is still there. Anne looks back on those years fondly, but realizes things have changed: "Years ago, there were not as many houses and a lot less traffic. We lived on the Bay and beach, swimming, waterskiing, fishing, etc. Life was simple. Today, there are lots of big houses and few of those residents clam or fish. Instead of Wida's, there's Daddy O, with its New York flare." Although, some of us old-timers may not welcome all the changes that LBI has seen over the years, the changes clearly remind us that life is a process of change and adaption. Despite the changes, though, there is one constant here on LBI: no matter when you were first enthralled by LBI, there is still as much to lure you back time and again, now, as there was back in 1955. — Rena DiNeno •

Kelly Travis art

Barnegat Light - Coast Guard - Biking - B&B - Ice Cream - Ferries - Atlantic City - Down the Shore - Loveladies

Ship Bottom - Dolphins - Beaches - The Dunes - Crabs - Garden State - Echoes of LBI - Fishing - Salt Water Taffy

Photography

Clockwise: Olivia by Marjorie Amon,
Speakeasy at The Shack,
Splash by Bruce Kerr

Bruce Kerr photographs available

Beach Rain

I wake up, full of Island energy, look out the window, and see a purple and dark navy sky. "Oh no," I think, "it's going to rain! No beach today." True to its colors, the sky soon opens up and the rain begins to fall. As the storm builds, I find myself mesmerized. For the first time, I pay attention to the sound of the rain, as it hits the roof and windows. It seems almost like nature's music, and I listen intently as the symphony unfolds. I settle back into the old, overstuffed couch and feel myself start to relax. All the things on my "to do" list are suddenly canceled. I now have forced, free time on my hands. An unexpected peace engulfs me.

I look around the room. The wild storm outside seems to underscore the coziness of my beach home. Original hard wood flooring creates a warm atmosphere. The knotty pine paneling is polished and seems to shine against the fieldstone of the fireplace. The old, nautical lamp lends a glow to the room, as only a lamp lit in gray daylight can do. It's comfy. I smile and turn my thoughts to rainy day musings, inexplicably feeling the urge to finally read the book on LBI history sitting on my coffee table. I start with the chapter on storms.

After a morning of snuggling, dozing, and reading, my lazy bones start to wake up, itching for a way to spend this gift of time. The rhythm of the storm beckons me. I throw on an old, yellow slicker over my shorts and tee, grab my knee high, red rubber boots, and head out into the music of the rain. The weather gods forbid me to take my cell phone. Like a child, I delight in the deep running river of water in the gutters and laugh at the waves on the boulevard. I actually skip in their wake, as warm rain mixes with the cold drain water from the bay, splashing over the top of my boots. What the heck, I think, I would be just as wet if I were swimming in the ocean. Throwing back my hood, I stick out my tongue to catch the rain drops. A car goes by, fast enough to produce another wave, and I smile as the driver gives me the thumbs up sign.

I walk the boulevard for longer than I do in sunshine, marveling at the grayness, the water, the sound of the wind and rain. The wet, salt air is thick with the smell of the ocean and it fills me with happiness. I stop in an open deli and shake off the water, like a retriever just out of a lake. The man behind the counter smiles and we share a laugh about the weather. I buy a cup of hazelnut coffee and sit by the window. The aroma is wonderful and the hot beverage soothes my spirit.

Soon, it's time to bathe again in Mother Nature's outdoor shower. My hood is still down, my hair is soaking wet, and I have not felt this good in years. The rubber of my boots makes squishing sounds as I wade back to my little cottage. Stepping into the house, I realize that these walls have weathered a hundred storms, many much worse than this one. I am astounded at the thought and feel safe and protected in my little cottage.

By early evening, the rain stops. I pour a glass of wine, dry off one of the chairs on my porch, and sit. In the quiet of twilight, I hear so many things that I often miss, usually too busy to notice the sounds of the day as it turns into evening. Birds chirp, one last roll of thunder echoes far off, and drops of rain plop intermittently onto the ground, like a soft drum beat. The damp night air carries the muffled sound of neighbors laughing. I sigh with contentment and take a sip of wine. The lights in the homes around me start to flicker on, one by one, like fireflies in the dark night. Life is good.

Today was better than a day at the beach. Today, the Island gave me a gift: time to experience the beauty of the rain. I survived the day, without my cell phone, email, or text messages. I feel cleansed, refreshed, invigorated. Beach rain is different, I realize. Beach rain is special, and I am grateful for this late August storm. — ***Maggie O'Neill*** •

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Salt Water Taffy

"Colleen! What did you put in this taffy?" "Oh me," Coleen groggily thought, "What did I do?" It being a Monday mornin' and she being a bit dizzy from dancing into the wee hours....she kept wondering, "What did I do?"

It was August of 1895, at the *Engleside Hotel* in Beach Haven. Colleen and many of her friends had read about summer jobs in the local Boston newspaper. Besides a small salary, room and board, and train fare to this breezy island, the young Irish women looked forward to a summer out of the oppressive city heat, with an opportunity to meet young swains. Mr. Engle knew these young girls would have the Irish "touch." Their lilt and laughter would benefit his family-centered hotel. For its day, the *Engleside* had many of the luxury accommodations of a seaside holiday retreat - - even piped-in salt and well water in many of the rooms.

"Which spigot did you use for the water," growled Mr. Sprague, the *Engleside's* cook. "Ah, begorrah," Coleen stammered in horror, "I think that one." The cook was incredulous: "That's salt water! We use it to flush sand from clams and oysters and for cleaning the cod and founder! You daft girlie."

After mixing a fresh kettle of candy for that afternoon's taffy pull, Sprague took the ruined, salty batch back to the servants' quarters. "Hmmm, taste this, Molly." Colleen offered a smidgeon of the sticky mix, stretching it like the cord that held up their bloomers, giggling all the while. Molly was rightfully impressed: "Yum! Let's have our own taffy pull. This is better than the usual mix the fancy folks have. I think we should tell Mr. Spackman to add salt water to his candy recipe!"

Is this a tall tale? Is this a local myth fabricated by yours truly? Yes! But, it is loosely based on the factual history of the *Engleside Hotel* and *Spackman's Seaside Pharmacy and Ice Cream Parlor* on Beach Avenue, once prosperous businesses serving well-heeled families from Philadelphia. Other similar stories about the creation of Salt Water Taffy survive along the Jersey Shore to this day.

One of the stories behind this tasty treat comes from Atlantic City. Legend has it that an ocean storm once flooded the Boardwalk taffy stand of David Bradley in 1883. As a joke, he told a young girl she could have the salty candy, which she, in turn, rated as better than the old candy. His joke became a good advertising gimmick and a money maker. Next, Joseph Fralinger began to box this new salt water taffy, while a competitor, Enoch James, refined the recipe. James made it less sticky, cut it into small bite-sized shapes, wrapped it in wax paper, with twisted ends, and sold it in boxes of six pieces for five cents. Both businesses are still selling the sweet treat on the Atlantic City Boardwalk.

Originally, the candy was cooked over a coal fire in large copper kettles (like those still used at *Copper Kettle* fudge in Beach Haven today). Ten to twenty-five pounds of the mix was then spread to cool on six foot long marble slab tables, and then it was folded back and forth on itself as it cooled. Chunks were then cut and hung on ceiling hooks to be pulled, again and again, to one half-inch diameter, and then it was cut into pieces for sale. Presently, tourists can watch the modern mechanized process unfold on the Ocean City Boardwalk.

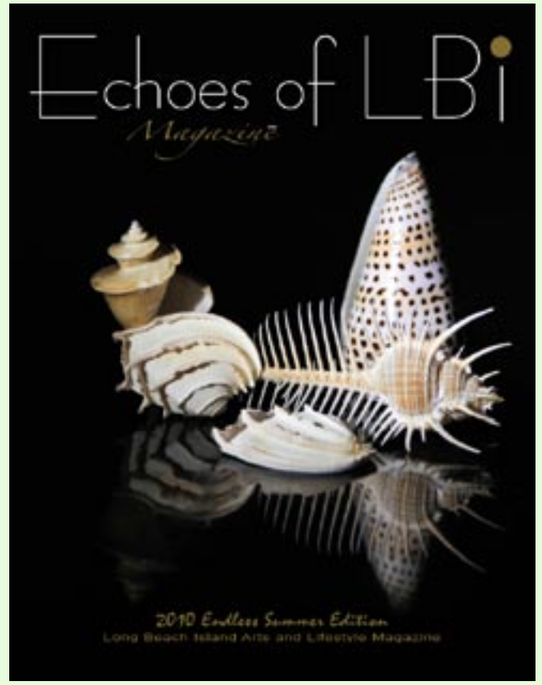
Taffy pulls were popular occasions at all levels of the social strata in early American history. Young courting couples could stealthily touch hands while pulling the taffy, even under the watchful glare of a protective mother. Children would pummel and jerk the mix by the fire on a winter night. Small towns set up taffy booths for carnival goers, along with ones for cotton candy and sassafras pops. There was little worry or concern in those days that the Board of Health would interfere with the fun - - hygienic or not!

Today, you can buy yummy, chewy salt water taffy at souvenir and candy shops the length of Long Beach Island. *Lucilles's* in Brant Beach greets all visitors with the tallest vanilla taffy stick on the Jersey Shore. Or, for an old fashioned party with your children, you can try this simple recipe one evening. Ban all electronic distractions (ipods, video games, phones) and enjoy the summer sounds and some time together. A taffy tug of war is always accompanied by much laughter. You don't really need ocean water, but thanks to Colleen, ahhh, begorrah, it sure is tasty! Here's the magic potion:

Salty Water Taffy

1 Cup sugar
3/4 Cup light corn syrup
1 Tablespoon butter
1 Tablespoon corn starch
1 Teaspoon salt
2/3 Cup of water
1 Tablespoon vanilla or other flavoring
1 Teaspoon food coloring *(optional)*

Combine all ingredients, except flavor and food coloring. Turn heat to medium and stir until sugar dissolves. Once dissolved, stop stirring. Let the mix boil to a hard ball stage (260 degrees on candy thermometer). You can test it by dropping a bit of syrup into cold water; if it forms a hard ball, it is done. Now turn off heat; slowly stir in flavoring and coloring. Pour into a well-buttered 8x8 pan. When cool enough to handle, begin to pull the taffy repeatedly back and forth (this is the fun part) until it is satiny and hard to pull. Pull the taffy into a long rope, cut into pieces with scissors, wrap in wax paper. Store in an air-tight container. Makes about 40 pieces. — ***Carol Freas*** •



Echoes of LBI Cover Shells

Cover Photo by Marjorie Amon

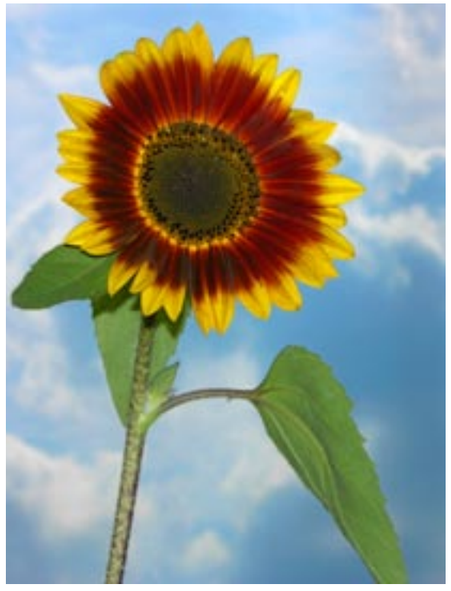
• **Japanese Wonder Shell**, (back row, left) (Thatcheria mirabilis) - Japan to Western Australia. The Turrids live in a wide range of habitats, including deep or shallow waters. Most Japanese Wonder Shells prefer sand or mud. This Thatcheria mirabilis is from very deep water. They are carnivorous killing their victim using a toxin, which quickly paralyzes the prey. The Japanese Wonder Shell was the inspiration for Frank Lloyd Wright's design of the Guggenheim Museum in New York City.

• **Birch Cone or Beech Cone**, (back row, right) (Conus betulinus) - Indo Pacific. Solid thick shell grows up to 5 inches. Can be found in shallow water sand flats. Feed on other mollusks and marine worms.
Colors range from medium orange to a light beige. Dark orange Birch cones are rare. The flat top has been used as a fishing weight because of its density. This cone shell has been used as a medium of exchange, like all genus Conus, live cone snails should be handled with extreme care, they can sting and a few of the tropical cones can be fatal to human beings.

• **Venus Comb Murex**, (front right) (Murex pecten) - Indo-West Pacific: from East Africa including Madagascar, north to Japan, south to Queensland and New Caledonia. Very sharp long thin spines, over one hundred, they look like a fish skeleton, lightweight. Spines protect them, preventing them from being swallowed by fish or crabs. Sizes range from two to six inches. Colors are white to dark beige. Long ago used as comb to hold up ladies hair. Common, but perfect specimens with no broken spines are rare and very collectable.

• **Wedding Cake Venus Clam** (center and left front) (Callanaitis disjecta) - South Australia. Venus clams make up the largest family of bivalves many found worldwide The Callanaitis disjecta's delicate, thin frills resemble a wedding cake. They vary in colors from off white to a light peach. They are found in sandy mounds or shallow mud flats. Although common a perfect specimen is seldom found and are treasured by collectors.

Edward Luterio artwork



Pete Milnes photos

Shells Are My Game.

Natural Nautical Design by Cheryl

Bring the beauty of the ocean into your home with Natural Nautical Design by Cheryl. Decorating your mantel, curio cabinets or room with natural gifts from the sea lends a special serenity to any home. Whether it's a small arrangement of shells or a large design for your living room or patio area, Cheryl will enhance any space to your specification. For 35years, Cheryl Kirby of "Things A-Drift" in Ship Bottom has been arranging nautical designs as well as selling precious treasures from the sea. Her expertise on design and knowledge of all things nautical has been sought by shore-loving homeowners both nationally and here on LBI. Things-a-Drift has the largest selection of high grade shells on the east coast, including a perfect specimen of a Queen Helmet and a 525 pound Tridacna. These rare and beautiful shells are a fitting addition for your spa or poolside area. Other popular design choices include table top corals up to thirty inches in size. Cheryl will visit your home personally, or consult with you via the internet. In fact, the wall pictured here is from a house in Florida. The home owners selected their shells from Things-a-Drift during a visit to the Island. Emailing her the dimensions and pictures of the room they were chosen for, Cheryl sent a layout of her design. Delighted with the plan, the owners had the shells shipped and the result was a beautiful, decorative display. Create your own feng shui with gifts from the sea and professional nautical design by Cheryl.

ThingsADrift.com • 406 Long Beach Blvd • Ship Bottom • 609-361-1668

Arousing the hero within

Little acts of kindness, like saving the last piece of chocolate for a friend, don't require any great sacrifice. Between good friends, one wouldn't give a second thought to helping the other carry in a carload of groceries . Altruism is, by definition, an act of self-sacrifice for the benefit of others. Some social psychologists believe that, in fact, the impetus for altruism is ultimately self-serving. In the case of chocolate, I for one have muttered, "I could do without the calories anyway"—a confession that the gesture's not as selfless as it might otherwise appear! In the case of groceries, you help carry groceries with the subconscious understanding that your friend would do the same for you. Reciprocation strengthens friendships. But, which of us will act for the benefit of a stranger without any apparent or immediate reward? The impetus must be stronger, or the stakes higher to be generous or to roll up our sleeves and pitch in. What inspires us to act in those situations?

Last week, my mother hesitated only a moment before she made her way to the aisle of our church to pick up a toddler who had fallen. Her mother, trapped inside the pew, was grateful, but the little girl hissed, "She touched me!" There is always the matter of boundaries, and the prospect of embarrassment at having crossed them; hence my mother's initial hesitation. Not too long ago, my aunt followed a woman through a department store and finally approached her because the child she held by the hand insisted she was not her mother. My aunt apologized vociferously when she was assured that the little girl was only acting out after having been scolded by her mother. Regardless of whether or not we have the means to intervene on behalf of a stranger, it's clear to me that children in need inspire a certain level of empathy in our culture. It would appear to be a biologic instinct rooted in our evolution, that a woman, particularly a mother, would reach out to the cries of a child.

But it's not just the helpless who invoke empathy. It is also biologically advantageous to be helpful to others who are of at least equal strength and power. After all, our hunter-gatherer ancestors stood a better chance of taking down a large animal if they hunted in a group. Today, such groups have morphed into organized sports, and the spirit of self-sacrifice is manifest in expressions like "taking one for the team." So, let's say that helping others is a natural inclination of social beings such as humans. Then what exactly holds us back?

The classic story of Kitty Genovese (NY Times, March 1964), whose murder was reportedly witnessed by 38 people in the neighborhood when the assailant returned not once, but twice, after Ms. Genovese yelled out that she had been stabbed, demonstrates what has come to be known as "Bystander Apathy." When interviewed, several witnesses had the impression that surely someone else must have already called the police. No one did until the woman was dead, according to the article. Some of the witnesses said they didn't want to interfere; thought it was a lover's quarrel; or were afraid. So there we have it: Fear. Fear of overstepping boundaries. Fear of the assailant. Fear of embarrassment. And all that fear gives way to bystander apathy, which, as the theory goes, essentially boils down to the rationalized diffusion of social responsibility. Paralyzed by our own fears, we let ourselves off the hook because of our sheer faith in the human nature of others. The facts of the Genovese case have since been disputed, but subsequent research has confirmed that the likelihood of being helped by a stranger diminishes when more people are around.

Incredulous in discussing the story, I said to a friend, "I mean, any fear the bystanders had pales in comparison to the stakes that woman was up against!" "Yes," he replied, "But in that moment when people are frozen, they can't do the math in their heads." Regrettably, too, we don't necessarily trust our instincts when something bad has happened, and sometimes look to others to confirm a dreadful feeling. As a result, what people say they would do and what they actually do in a given situation can be vastly different.

What seems obvious is that a sense of connectedness to a victim tips the balance in favor of the victim being helped. The connection itself need not be a blood relationship, a neighbor, or even a distant acquaintance. Connections occur among strangers too. The television reporting program, *Dateline NBC,* ran a series called, "What Would You Do?" Hidden cameras rolled while actors played out a public display of distress. As an example, a young drunken woman (actor) was being preyed upon by a male (actor) in a bar. A stranger kindly asked the woman to stay put, and told the would-be perpetrator to skedaddle when he tried to lure her out of the bar. When the cameras broke their cover, and the man was asked what moved him, he was driven to tears because the young woman was about the age of his daughter.

Connecting or identifying with strangers provides some context to ascertain a need. There is less ambiguity as to whether real danger or distress are present when they brush our own sleeves. If there are others around, we very often look to them for a cue as to how to respond. The first person to act for the benefit of another is essentially that cue who sets the scene in motion.

The longing for connectedness is, therefore, also biologically adaptive, and is instrumental in the evolution of humankind. Whether it be the parent of an unruly child in a checkout line searching for a knowing smile of another parent, a friendly nod to other passengers while boarding an airplane, or a greeting of "What a beautiful day" to a passerby strolling along the shore at dawn on Long Beach Island, we are setting the spectacular stage for altruism.

If we accept the premise that altruism is a basic human instinct, then all we need to do is find a way to overcome the fear. Take that instinct which glows beneath the surface of fear and self-doubt. A spark of courage ignites a hero. And the amazing thing is, when the hero emerges, others will follow.
— Danielle Coppola •

Shells of Solace

Everyone, from the age of two to ninety-two, walks the shore, looking down for shells washed up by the tides. Whether it is out of pure curiosity or to add to an already growing collection or as an act of meditation, we seem to be naturally drawn to the task. I have searched for the fancy scallop shell ever since first coming to LBI as a child. Curved and decorated with lines, they captured my eye long ago. Of course, the occasional odd-looking shell manages to find its way into my pocket, as well. I have learned and seen much, traveling the beach and watching my fellow shell seekers.

I love to see the young children who run back and forth with buckets full of all kinds of shells, emptying them in piles by sandy blankets, with hopes that Mom and Dad will let them take each and every one of them home. My heart is always lightened by the tiny toddler whose eyes sparkle as they turn over and over this or that little piece of wonder they have found. It always brings a smile to my face to see the couples, young and old, gathering memories, one bending to pick up a shell and then handing it off to the other to inspect. A shell can be the special reminder of a walk along the beach with a lover, partner, child, or friend.

It was like that for me one day as I walked along the beach with my boyfriend, my shell-seeking partner for the day. We enjoyed chatting with other and searching for places where shells had washed ashore. Coming our way was a woman with a large plastic bag filled almost to the top. As we got closer, I joked with her, saying, "I hope you have left some behind, looks like you have a pretty good bounty there." Her response broke my heart. She told us she was picking up the shells to decorate a garden stone for her friend's peace garden. Her friend had lost a child to a brain tumor. She was going to add the stone to the small garden the mother of the child had made. Having lost someone myself, and being the mother of two sons, the connection I felt for this unknown mom was overwhelming. As women often try to console each other with small tokens, I asked if I could add my shells to her bag. She graciously accepted and walked on. Never had the shells I have picked up so often meant so much to me. I will never see them again, yet I know they rest peacefully, giving solace to someone I never met. — Kim Bald •

Family, Friends & Music | A Common Bond

"I think music is universal, a common bond that brings people together," says local musician and karaoke maestro, Jamin'Janice, of her Karaoke Night on Tuesdays at the Bayberry Inn in Ship Bottom. Not since the days of LBI's legendary musicians, Jackie Vee and Paul Presto or Iggy Geneva and the Mummers, have Islanders enjoyed being part of such a fun and friendly group - - dancing, singing, laughing, and having a good old time. Janice's life centers on her love of music - - it's her hobby, her family heritage, and a big part of her life and identity. "I just love seeing people have fun. When I'm entertaining, I like to create the same atmosphere of fun, love, and laughter that I always had with my family growing up."

Janice and her family, originally from the Philly area, have loved coming to LBI since she was five - - the year she also inherited her grandfather's guitar. It was not long after that when her mom started carting Janice around the area for guitar lessons. She learned everything from classical to country to folk and more. Most, if not all, of their family gatherings have always, and still do, include music. Before her grandfather's passing, they were quite the duo. "My uncle recorded all of us singing. Many of my fondest memories are from those special times spent together. I guess we were all just hams at heart."

When Janice performs at the Bayberry Inn, the atmosphere is one of a big, happy family having a great time together - - ages eight to eighty (or older) - - and enjoying everything from swing, to Motown, to country. The entire atmosphere just makes you want to get up and express the diva within. Formerly of in-car and in-shower fame, only, I now enjoy embracing a microphone and belting out a few old tunes. And I'm not the only local leaving the day job behind to become a singing star at the night!

Janice has many dedicated fans and followers. Whenever she plays, you'll find Carl Gallagher and Arlene Astor in the audience. Janice usually has Carl finish off the evening with his rendition of *Good-night Sweetheart*. Love the music of the 50s and 60s? So does Arlene. She and Carl lead the line in a Fifties stroll on the dance floor. Diane Butvilla, another of Janice's fans, frequently joins Arlene in singing familiar tunes from The Duprees and The Ronetts. It's like "*whisper down the lane*," as the mic passes from Vern Henderson, to John and Audrey Fitzgerald, and then to Skip and Carol Schwager, who always get the crowd pumped up and ready to join in.

Shortly after Karaoke Night begins, the dancing does, too. If Marcy Burns can't get you on the dance floor, no one can. And that's especially true when Alice Norguard sings her scintillating rendition of *Mambo Italiano*. Everybody likes to get out and shake their *derriere*. Who wants to stay home and watch *Dancing with the Stars*, when you can watch Dave Rooney do a tap dance, while he sings the classic song, *On the Sunny Side of the Street*? Why pass time watching *American Idol*, when you can be a star yourself?

I was inspired to write about Janice because, when I see her perform - - singing with old friends in the audience and passing the mic around to new friends - - I feel like I'm with family. No one judges. Whether you sing like Barbara Streisand or Julie Andrews or can barely carry a tune in a bucket, it doesn't matter. Now, that's family! *-Rena DiNeno*

Here's to Beer!

I would like to take a moment to salute the Sumerians. I am grateful to these ancient people for discovering beer. In fact, today, I will raise a glass of my favorite brew and toast Ninkasi, the Sumerian goddess of brewing and beer. And while I'm at it, I should probably also give a nod to the Babylonians for their contribution to making this nectar of the gods what it is today.

There are four basic building blocks of beer - - water, malted barley, hops, and yeast. Beer is produced by brewing and fermenting starches from malted barley, but wheat, maize, and rice are also widely used, as well. Hops are used for flavor and as a preservative. There are three categories of beer generally available: lagers, ales, and specialty beers. The difference between lager and ale is the type of yeast used in their fermentation.

Ales are usually fuller in flavor, with a higher alcohol content. Ale yeast creates "top fermentation," due to its tendency to gather, or flocculate, at the surface of the brew during the first few days of fermentation, before settling to the bottom. This process must take place in warmer temperatures to allow the yeast to multiply. For this reason, ale will often be more complex in taste than other beers.

Lager yeast flocculates below the surface and then sinks to the bottom. This process is what is referred to as "bottom fermentation" and requires cool temperatures in order to morph the ingredients into a magical brew. Lagers will usually be lighter in color and carry a milder taste.

The third category of specialty beers consists of ales, lagers, and hybrids of both that include additional ingredients, thus excluding them from the pure lager or ale categories.Centuries ago, beer was the daily drink for most people. Plain water was often polluted, and beer had the additional advantage of nourishing ingredients. (I knew I was healthy for a reason!) In fact, monks were notorious for brewing, serving, and consuming this heavenly drink. Today, beer is reported to be the third most popular drink overall, after water and tea. Believe it or not, Americans do not drink the most beer per capita. That honor belongs to the citizens of the Czech Republic.

Beer's popularity may be due to its versatility. Winter or summer, you can find a beer brewed to fit your taste. It's a four-season drink and has gained great respectability lately, due mostly to a surge in the opening of brewpubs and microbreweries. Specialty brews, seasonal flavors, smart marketing, and trendy, local breweries have finally given beer its long overdue cachet. Beer drinkers now proudly debate which brew is best as adamantly as wine drinkers do about their favorite vino. For brew enthusiasts, BYOB means Bring Your Own Beer.

As this hot, hot summer, hopefully, heads into a cool fall, I thought I would research some of the brews served on the Island. (Feel free to envy me.) My first stop was a no-brainer - - the Dutchman's. Aside from the fantastic and all too rare waterfront location, this local establishment is a small bit of Europe right here on Barnegat Bay, serving an array of cold, German brews. As the French are to champagne, so, many feel, are the Germans to beer. I had a chance to talk to the bar manager, Rick. His grandfather was a German Brew Master; no wonder they know their beer so well. I first tried a draft Dab lager. It was smooth, golden colored, and light, dispelling my notion of German beer being too heavy. It was perfect for this hot night.

Since I had my designated driver in tow, I took this opportunity to experience another delight - - a German half and half. This was a combination of Hackor-Pschorr dark lager and Dab lager. Let me tell you, it was excellent! Up until then, I had only tried the Irish version of a half and half, and this was just as good. It was light, loaded with flavor, and gorgeous in color. I will certainly return to the Dutchman's for another round in the near future. Thumbs up for German beer.

The following night, I headed north to Barnegat Light. Nestled in this quaint part of LBI is another Island gem, Kubel's. Stepping into the cool, dark bar, one is transported back in time to the days of old whaling ships and ports of call - - the perfect place for my next beer. I asked the bartender, Nick, for a recommendation. I wanted to try something different. Yes, finding a beer I have not tried before was a tough request, but Nick came through. He poured me a Belgian Witbier named Belgian White from the Long Trail Brewery. Since I usually stick to light beer, this was a wonderful change. It is a seasonal brew, vibrant gold in color, and, despite its name, it is brewed in Vermont. Thank you, Nick, for an excellent recommendation.

For my follow up, I decided to stick with New England and ordered one of my favorite beers, Sam Adams' Summer Ale. I just love this beer. It is rich in flavor, not too carbonated, and has just the right amount of texture. Aside from being a patriot, 'ole Sam sure had the right idea for beer!

These are just two of the many fun spots on the Island that will serve up your favorite, or soon-to-be new favorite, beer. As summer ales make way for Oktoberfest brews, local bars will no doubt be changing up their choice of drafts. If you are lucky enough to be on LBI in the fall, why not seek out some other great brews and do a taste test of your own? Be sure to try brews by D. G. Yuengling and Sons, if you want to be part of American beer history. Yuengling is the oldest, active brewery in America and, even better, it's almost local. Yuengling has been brewed in Pottsville, Pennsylvania since 1829.

So, here's to beer! Whether you are at a late summer picnic or the first football tailgate party of the season, grab your favorite cold one and enjoy. It is, indeed, more than just a breakfast drink…. Cheers! — Maggie O'Neill •

Carol Freas prints available at Things A Drift

ChowderFest 2010

This family-fun festival features live music, activities and unlimited chowder tasting with the opportunity for each ticket holder to vote for their favorite red and white chowder. The event is nestled in Beach Haven surrounded by beautiful views of the bay and plenty of year-end discounted shopping. It has become a tradition for family and friends to gather together to say goodbye to summer and welcome in the fall. Always the weekend before Columbus Day Weekend, this year join us on Oct. 2 for the fabulous Merchant Mart where hundreds of vendors offer the best deals of the season and Sunday for the Chowder Cook Off. Surf on over to Chowderfest.com for times, prices, rain dates, etc.

Pete Milnes photo

"LIGHTHOUSE CHALLENGE OF NEW JERSEY"

The New Jersey Lighthouses and select affiliated museums will host a "Lighthouse Challenge of New Jersey" weekend on Oct. 16 & 17. Visitors will enjoy the opportunity to tour the state and visit each lighthouse over the weekend, and help raise funds for continued lighthouse preservation. Hours of operation for each lighthouse can be found on lighthouse and museum websites listed below, and at Lighthousechallengenj.org, Njlhs.org and Visitnj.org. Night climbs will be offered as well at Absecon, Cape May, Sandy Hook, Tinicum and Tuckerton Seaport. Whatever lighthouse you choose to begin your journey on the challenge, a tri-fold souvenir pamphlet will be available for purchase for $1. As you visit each lighthouse your souvenir will be stamped as proof of each visit. This will be your souvenir to commemorate your participation in the event. The lighthouses encourage the public to take advantage of this special weekend to financially support and preserve the maritime history of our state as we face the same economic challenges as other sectors of commerce. Included lighthouses: Absecon, Barnegat, Barnegat Light Historical Museum, Cape May, Cape May County Museum, East Point, Finns Point, Hereford Inlet, Ludlam's Beach, Navasink/Twin Lights, Sandy Hook, Sea Girt, Tatham Life Saving Station, Tinicum, and Tuckerton Seaport. Check out Njlhs.org for more info.

Karen Bagnard artwork

Borough of Ship Bottom
Merry Mermaid Christmas
31st Annual Christmas Parade
Dec. 4, Saturday

Irish Pirate Flag - Things A Drift

5th annual Irish Festival
10th St. and Shore Ave. on the Bayfront
www.lbiaoh.com
Sept. 11 & 12

Winter Wisdom from Shore Wanderings

In June 2008, I retired from 30 years of teaching and moved to Long Beach Island with my husband, a retired attorney. But my big move was not without apprehensions. I have often seen myself as an unlikely candidate for retirement. In the past, my role as mother, teacher, wife, sister, and daughter left little time for hobbies or reflection. Managing my life was my hobby. Moreover, I am not a joiner, knitter, card player, or churchgoer. So, my friends, family, and I wondered aloud about what I would do and how I would fare.

Well, I have learned a little more about this age-old challenge in my two years here at the Shore. You have to fashion your life to fit your time and your new chance at freedom. A conscious effort is required to self-fashion one's life. You can decide how and with whom you will spend your time. You can volunteer at dozens of places, join book groups and writer's groups, participate in local politics or not. It takes courage to live the life you want. Self-fashioning your life is not just a list of activities to engage in, but a set of goals. But remember, time is the currency of life.

I loved my second winter at the Shore. I explored the area, zipped into Philadelphia and New York City for the day, or headed south to Atlantic City for Vietnamese and Thai food on a wintery afternoon. I frequented the local establishments that cater to the year round residents. I found my niche for the winter, and I worked on the four promises I had made at the outset of my first winter at the Shore:

1. I will walk the beach everyday.
2. I will watch winter sunrises and sunsets.
3. I will take the time to observe, record, and reflect.
4. I will live in the present.

I kept my promises that first winter and in my second winter, as well. There is not a more spectacular sight than sunrise on a snow covered beach - - a kaleidoscope of colors. Nothing soothes the soul like a winter walk along the Shore. Living in the present sets you free. But the greatest change of all was the freedom to observe, record, and reflect. I have cherished every moment of time I have found to play with words, unpack and repackage the events of my life, and connect with the ocean.

This second season of winter I wandered. My winter wanderings gave me plenty of time to reflect. I had come to know the sea and myself quietly, more intimately. Like longtime lovers, this winter and I tussled, languished, endured, and moved on. I call my observations Winter Wisdom from Shore Wanderings:

- No matter how hard you try, your footsteps will eventually wash away.
- Never stop leaving your footprints. Every day is an opportunity to leave your print.
- Recognize and embrace intrusions, interruptions, and irritations. They are inevitable. Over time, they may become a unique, encapsulated, and memorable event, in and of themselves.
- Time and unrelenting motion wear smooth the jagged edges, making what was once so clear opaque. As many philosophers through the ages have concluded, reflection does not necessarily make the world certain or provide an answer to life's questions. The point is to keep thinking!
- Stay away from dangerous places and dangerous people. They can pull you down and rip you from your peace. Life's too short to give over your time to sowers of discord who seek to impose their madness on unsuspecting bystanders.
- Like the tides and shifting sands, change in life is inevitable and best experienced with abandon and barefooted!

When returning friends and neighbors cautiously ask what I did this winter, I reply, "I wandered."

I loved my second winter at the Shore. The winter storms wreaked havoc, the sea tossed and turned, but we survived - - winter and I.

— Christine E. Rooney •

Green LBI

Déjà Brew ...

How many times have you awakened, desperate for that first sip of coffee to make it from your mouth to your brain, for the caffeine to begin its daily animation of the senses, for it to initiate the morning ritual of stimulating and coaching your brain receptors into clearer thinking channels? On the other hand, how many times have you ended a day with a glass of wine - - white, red, blush, whatever the day's meal warranted - - in order to bring to rest all of that day's frenetic activity? If you are an avid coffee drinker, probably more days have begun with coffee than have ended with wine. Yet, how much do you know about your coffee as compared to your wine?

Until just a few years ago, coffee, that ubiquitous drink of the masses, could be found in only two varieties in most American coffee-serving venues: decaf and leaded. Perhaps this is why the art and science of coffee production is such a mystery in our country. Indeed, our educational deficit in the realm of coffee stands in stark contrast to the overload of information we consider in regard to our wine. We revel in a panoply of wine choices: full-bodied, balanced, clean, flowery, earthy, peppery, insipid, brilliant, woody, long, sweet. There is an endless list of magazines and books dedicated to wine, and tours of various regions of the country famous for winemaking have become the focus of many vacations. For the serious oenophile, wineries offer courses ranging from the basics of viniculture to the finer points of appreciating the province of Bacchus. Yet, where do we turn to learn about coffee? There appears to be a coffee information gap.

Nevertheless, with so many more coffee choices now available, many coffee aficionados have begun to develop their own particular set of preferences. Coffee variations are no longer limited to cream and sugar versus black. A recent coffee revolution has brought us a host of variations on the singular coffee theme. Coffee drinkers can now choose from a long list of coffee options, such as latte, mocha, macchiato, espresso, cappuccino - - to mention a few - - that barely resemble the old familiar "cup o' joe." Regardless of what in particular we drink, though, America is drinking coffee like never before. Coffee brands are numerous, and the market just keeps on expanding. So, with all the choices available to us today, what are we choosing when we select a particular brand of coffee? Do they really differ? Or, are we simply looking at minor distinctions without any clear differences? After all, coffee is just coffee, right?

Of course, it is not that simple. The journey to a great cup of coffee starts with the coffee bush and the familiar coffee "bean." Slightly taller than the blueberry bush, the coffee bush produces a fruit called the "cherry," and the coffee bean is actually the pit of the cherry. Grown in specific regions, with due consideration for the elements of rainfall, soil, altitude, sunlight, and wind strength, coffee requires an approach to horticulture similar to that of the grape. The cherry is removed from the bush, either stripped by machine or plucked by hand. The outside of the cherry is then detached, and the remaining bean is cleaned and dried. It is then bagged in a 150-pound burlap bag. At this point, the bean is actually green and has no taste, as it lies dormant and awaits the development of its particular and flavorful identity through the roasting process. To be sure, variations in the growing, roasting, and preparation processes produce an array of coffee products that challenge wine in terms of diversity of taste and appeal.

Once the coffee beans reach the roaster, the magic begins. Light roasting is done at a lower temperature than dark roasting. French roasting is performed at one of the highest temperatures. Flavors may be added to the beans as a liquid, absorbed into the outside of the bean, or sprayed on during the roasting process. Time and temperature of roasting are trade secrets within the industry. Certain beans lend themselves better to certain roasts. Beans may carry the particular acidity of a region, and roasters choose specific beans for their consistency or quality. Oftentimes, different types of coffee beans are blended to produce signature coffees. In the commercial world, reproducibility is key to a successful business. One shipment of bad coffee could severely impact a restaurant's repeat clientele.

One roaster familiar with all of these complexities is Gerry Leary, of the Unseen Bean, in Boulder, Colorado. Along with all of the challenges that face other small roasters, Gerry is presented with the additional challenge of not being able to see the beans he roasts. Or is it a challenge? Whether Gerry's distinction is a hindrance or a blessing in disguise is perhaps best decided only after one has tasted his coffee. Although sightlessness made Gerry's coffee roaster apprenticeship especially difficult and makes paperwork a continuing burden, it has heightened his other senses and given him a tremendous set of tools with which to approach the art of coffee roasting. Using his nose to detect the proper aroma of the cooked beans, his ears to detect the right "pitch" of beans in the tumbler, and his specially adapted, "talking" thermometer and stopwatch to monitor the process, Gerry pursues his unwavering goal of making the finest coffee possible with unsurpassed dedication. Like a fine vintner and his wine, Gerry loves the process of producing coffee from beginning to end. Gerry enjoys cooking the beans, tasting their resulting brew, and listening to the reactions of those lucky enough to sample the fruits of his labors. Fortunately for his customers, and unlike larger distributers, Gerry does not vacuum pack his beans, as this practice only invites staleness, a process that begins as soon as the beans are roasted. Always the perfectionist, Gerry believes in selling his coffee immediately, roasting only so much as can be sold at optimal quality levels.

Like so many of his colleagues, Gerry Leary knows well that America is fueled by good coffee, not by fine wine. But, somehow, wine seems to get most of the attention. Perhaps America would do well to elevate its coffee I.Q. Most of us treat our wine with more respect than we accord to our coffee. We search endlessly for our new "favorite" wine and spend hours trying to determine the perfect wine for a particular setting. We do not hesitate to pay more for high quality wines, and we discuss at length the intricacies of region, vintage, blend, etc. Perhaps those of us who take our coffee seriously should be no less educated about our passion. Rather than just relying upon a label and a price tag to guide our coffee choices, perhaps we should inform ourselves about our morning (or whenever) godsend and embark upon our own search for perfection. Who knows, maybe your coffee habit could use a wakeup call! — ***Jennifer Aicher*** •

Recycle with LBI Exchange

Spring cleaning is done, but what do you do with your "too good to throw out, but I just don't use it anymore" pile of stuff? Barnegat Light local Sarah Ann Miller has an answer. Miller started LBI Exchange.

LBI Exchange is an online web site for trading, selling, and giving away all sorts of items. It's a free exchange where your 'stuff' can magically become your neighbor's 'stuff.' While it may sound like a George Carlin routine, the new website is an excellent forum for recycling and re-using all sorts of good 'stuff.'

The idea for the Exchange was fueled by a similar effort Miller learned about while on Nantucket Island. Patterned after that effort, LBI locals can email a picture and description of an item they want to sell, trade, or give away. It is then posted on the LBI Exchange website. The website is easy to use and easy to search. Takers who find an item they want can contact the givers directly. Some items are free, some are for trade or exchange, and others are for sale. In this day and age, recycle, reuse, or exchange is the smart, green way to go. You can visit the website at LBIExchange.com. Happy trading! •

Beach & Bay Buddies

Best friends enjoy best of both worlds

Tanek H. Hood photos

One looks out over the bay, lights aglitter along her dock. The other has the beach at her doorstep. They both say they have the "best of all worlds," and by that they mean not only right there in their own Haven Beach homes, but also in each other's. Lynn Doyle and Mary Matheson have been best friends "forever." You know about forever: It starts the moment two people who are destined to have a friendship like Lynn and Mary's cross each other's path. That was 18 years ago on a tennis court, and, since then, they have been what Samuel Coleridge calls "sheltering trees" for each other.

Over the years, they have laughed and cried, watched each other's children grow, broken bread together thousands of times in many places, celebrated the joys, and supported each other through all the challenges that comprise a life.

"It was love at first sight," says Lynn. She's referring to her beachfront property and home, although she could just as easily be referring to her best friend. "There are roots here, with families and history. There's a great sense of longevity."

Six years ago, when both women and their husbands were vacationing at the Matheson condo on the beach in New Zealand - - something the two couples have done together in the slump of wintery January since the millennium - - Lynn suddenly knew that, when they returned, she would look for beach property stateside, something she had resisted for years.

"I'm really busy with work, home, and a packed social life, and it felt like if I had another place, even at the beach, it would just be one more thing I have to fit in," she says. "But we literally came back on a Tuesday and we were looking at our house on Sunday. I had no idea how much I would fall in love with the beach lifestyle."

From her third floor deck, she looks out on a panorama of puff-clouded skies, an expanse of white sand beach, and out over the rooftops, accompanied by the mercurial play of coastal breezes, the swoop of gulls, and a plethora of birds, with an uninterrupted view up and down the Atlantic coast.

Three years ago, Mary and her husband bought their place - - on the bay. "I absolutely love it. Every time I turn onto the Boulevard, I smile. Here I have everything - - my family, friends, this community, and my best friend. I'm blessed."

And so the path between these friends' homes is well trodden.

When Lynn acquired her property, she followed the advice of her realtor and immediately called Reynolds Landscaping and Garden Shop. Over the years, Reynolds has maintained the gardens of lush perennials and annuals and dynamic potted annuals - - Peg Reynolds and her daughter Katie Hood know how to make a landscape pop with their choices - - established and maintained an irrigation system, added landscape lighting, and when the Doyles bought a second property - - a quintessential

Tanek H. Hood photos

Jersey Shore cottage next door to their original purchase - - they turned, again, to Reynolds for a master plan.

"And, boy, did they deliver," Lynn says. Today there is a courtyard between the two homes that is the focal point for gatherings, large and small. "What I love," Lynn says, "is how they were able to envision our life here as a family. They maximized the possibilities, creating these special spots. People have no idea when they walk up the street that this little paradise is back here. Reynolds has taken the primacy of the natural landscape and made it ours."

When Mary needed someone to fix the "terrible landscaping" at her new beach home, she called Reynolds, too. "They yanked everything out and created all new plantings, installed an incredible irrigation system…and, then, a pool, with lighting for the yard and the dock. It absolutely made the property." Here now lies precision of line, the right balance of light and dark. What Mark Reynolds sees is the flow of a life. He sees the site and the person and allows the site to drive the best design for the life of that person.

For Mary and her bay front home, Reynolds' design included an open room on the first floor, a hybrid between an exterior verandah and a more traditional interior living space. The openness allows the landscape to pass through the house.

So, what each friend now has is a harmony of site and structure that neither had been able to articulate on their own, where moments of nature-inspired bliss can cohabitate with people having the time of their lives.

Now, Lynn and Mary can look forward at the close of every night they spend on the Island to the opening of a perfect day: sun hanging in the sky, coffee, the newspaper, pedaling up to the gym or the end of the Island, prepping the house(s) for the arrival of friends and family, now including Lynn's two grandchildren and Mary's three. The story continues - - a tradition is established, things stay the same, and they change. And these best friends? They acknowledge the trust and the love and the shared values that makes their friendship special, and, whether they know it or not, they are the kind of friends who can sit on a beach chair, at the beach or the bay or anywhere, never say a word, but then walk away feeling like it was the best conversation they ever had. — ***Annaliese Jakimides*** •

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Conch Republic

Long Beach Island Style

Entertaining at Wendy and Ray Miezin's backyard tiki bar on Long Beach Island is inspired by a movie set planning philosophy. They want their guests to think and feel like they are vacationing on a Caribbean island. And they've gone to great lengths to do so. Jimmy Buffett and his Coral Reefer Band plays continuously throughout the backyard, thanks to Ray's satellite radio system. And the background sounds of seagulls and ocean waves crashing on the beach rounds out the authenticity of the Caribbean party experience. Tiki torches, tropical flowers, colorful hand painted Caribbean art, and various cold hardy palms (yes, here, in New Jersey!) adorn the outdoor area. Is it a Caribbean island? Or is it LBI?

Ray has done a considerable amount of research in the process of bringing cold, hardy palms to his landscaping scheme over the years. The two yucca palms in the front yard came from the colder, mountainous region of Mexico and are nearly 23 feet tall. When Ray planted them in 1989, they were only five feet tall. In 2005, Ray planted 12 Chinese windmill palms (a.k.a. trachycarpus takil), back by the tiki bar. These palms are also a cold, hardy variety of palm and come from the Himalayan region. They have survived well and the tallest is now about 4 ½ feet. With the salty ocean never freezing, LBI experiences a "micro-climate," warmer than that of the New Jersey mainland. This allows plants that normally grow farther south of LBI to survive on the Island.

On this warm and sunny late summer weekend, the Miezins have invited friends and neighbors over for an afternoon get-together, after relaxing and swimming on the beach earlier in the day. Hungry and thirsty, everyone congregates around the backyard tiki bar. Its warm Caribbean colors and bamboo trim were designed by Wendy and Ray, based on a beach bar they visited in the Bahamas years before. The bar top is fashioned from a Corian counter top, while the bar stools were built from outdoor deck boards. The tin metal roof is a tribute to those beautiful "conch cottages" that dot Key West. It's topped with a metal-art fish that was hand crafted in the Caribbean. They picked up this little treasure in Key West their last time there.

Key West is the Miezins' magical island, specializing in Caribbean-style relaxation and partying. Its magnetism has drawn Wendy and Ray back numerous times over the years. Each time they visit, they return with new decorating ideas (like props for a movie scene) that eventually become part of the décor of their LBI house or tiki-style backyard. They have "hunted" for these tropical decorations at various shops on LBI and have usually found matches to what they saw on Key West. Being able to re-create Key West here on LBI allows them to spend much more time here than down there! Ray's idol, Jimmy Buffett, realized the same thing, as he built his "Margaritaville" empire around that lifestyle, too. Roughly 1,425 miles separate Long Beach Island from Key West, but Wendy and Ray have been able to re-create that visual / mental state of being, with flare and style.

Getting back to the party... Ray asks his guests if they would like a lime with their ice cold Landshark Beer, as his slices one he just picked from his own lime tree. Wendy's margarita blender momentarily drowns out the laughter of the party, and big smiles follow as she pours drinks on the rocks with fresh squeezed lime. Their guests snack on the fresh, local caught shrimp, with tangy cocktail sauce, along with other snack dishes set up on the bar. The warmth of the sun and the ocean breezes help the afternoon conversations and beverages flow freely. Late August brings a magical time to LBI, but all too many people have already made that mental change from vacation mode to back-to-school mode, just prior to the Labor Day weekend. Alas, just when LBI is entering its seasonal prime!

It's the Memorial Day weekend that officially gets LBI celebrating the arrival of summer. But the ocean slowly warms up to Caribbean-like status by mid-August and keeps the Island warmer than the mainland through mid-October. This period is truly magical, as the hustle-bustle of the crowded streets and beaches return to quieter times. The vacationers and day-trippers have returned home, and the children who laughed and frolicked in the surf are back in school. Ah, empty streets and empty beaches! Now is the time to grab a beach chair, set up in solitude by the ocean, and read that book that you have been trying to get to all summer long. After taking a snooze in the uninterrupted silence, it's time to wonder back to the house for a shower and an ice cold beverage before dinner. Most of the restaurants remain open up to or beyond the Chowderfest weekend in late October, and getting seats for dinner becomes easier, with little to no wait.

The tiki bar party this particular late summer afternoon is a special one for Ray and his guests. As his "Margaritaville" state-of-mind plays on, Ray brings out some costumes that all will be wearing later that evening: grass skirts and coconut bras. Yes, the real Jimmy Buffett is in New Jersey! He and his band are just miles away, and will be playing that evening at the Atlantic City Boardwalk Convention Hall. He won't come to us, so we have to leave our Island paradise for him. This tiki bar gathering is like a pre-game tailgate party prior to the big event. That state-of-mind called "Margaritaville" is alive and well on Long Beach Island!

Well, it's about that time to load up the car with food and cheer and head down to Atlantic City. Climb aboard: it's time we head south. OK, now repeat after me: "Fins to the left, fins to the right…" — Ray Miezin text & photo •

Cook Book

Crab Salsa

- 1 avocado, peeled, seeded and chopped into ½ inch cubes
- 1 lime juiced
- ¼ cup diced red pepper
- ¼ cup diced red onion
- ¼ cup diced red or yellow tomato
- ½ cup fresh lump crabmeat
- 1 tbsp olive oil

In a bowl combine all ingredients. Chill and serve with nachos.

This is the basic recipe. Additional ingredients can be added according to personal taste. I've added cilantro, garlic and more crab.

Sumptuous Beef Barley Soup

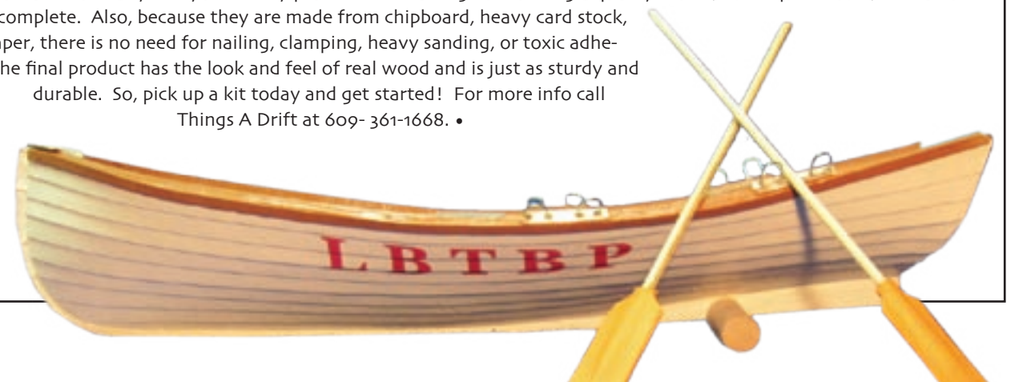
- 2 lbs beef short ribs, seasoned with salt and pepper and browned slowly on all sides, drain well
- 1 lb beef sirloin tips also seasoned and browned
- In a large soup pot, place all the browned beef (with bones) and 6 cups of beef broth (canned or homemade)
- Add 2 large onions – diced and 4 large garlic cloves – halved
- Sliced fresh mushrooms to taste
- 2 celery stalks diced
- 1 16 oz can of tomatoes cut up
- 2 tbsp Worcestershire Sauce
- ½ tsp dried mustard
- ½ cup red cooking wine
- 1 shot brandy
- 1 shot of crème sherry

Simmer on low heat for 3 hours, stirring occasionally and skimming off fat from top
Remove beef from stock , debone, cut into bite size pieces before returning to the pot
Add 1 Cup of Pearl Barley and 6 carrots (scraped and diced) and continue cooking for another hour
This is pure comfort on a Fall/Winter day served with warm French Bread.

Row, Row, Build Your Boat ...

Looking for a fun summer project? Enter a model boat building contest! Things A Drift and Joe Vitella of Jersey Model Boat Crafts are sponsoring a model boat building contest. To enter, contestants may purchase a Jersey Boat Crafts model boat kit and build a model boat, such as the Jersey Lifeguard Skiff, the Barnegat Sneakbox or the Catboat, all of which are available at area stores. You may also build a model boat from scratch, using cardboard, glue, and paint. Contestants must bring their completed models to Things A Drift by Oct. 2. Prizes include photos of the winners and their models featured in Echoes of LBI and posted on jerseyboatcrafts.com. Winners will also receive merchandise from Jersey Model Boat Crafts. Contest categories are based on age: 6-9, 10-13, 14-17, and adult.

If you've ever wanted to build a model boat, but haven't because it looked too difficult or time consuming, then a Jersey Model Boat Craft kit might be for you. These kits represent a new concept in model boat building that make the hobby accessible and affordable to nearly everyone. They provide the challenge of building a quality model, but require hours, instead of months, to complete. Also, because they are made from chipboard, heavy card stock, and plain paper, there is no need for nailing, clamping, heavy sanding, or toxic adhesives. Yet, the final product has the look and feel of real wood and is just as sturdy and durable. So, pick up a kit today and get started! For more info call Things A Drift at 609- 361-1668. •



Dog Day Afternoon

The dog days were the days when the Dog Star, Sirius, rose just before sunrise. Ancient Romans believed that the hot days of late summer were caused by the Dog Star, and thought that dogs went mad during this time (also that wine spoiled, people became hysterical, and seas boiled!). Due to the precession, or movement of the universe, Sirius is no longer seen in the same position from Rome, but the expression has stuck. So a dog day afternoon would be the afternoon of one of the very hot, sticky days at the end of summer. - Wiki

This summer, while going for a stroll with your dog or just hanging out with him/her at the beach in hot weather, there are a number of health and safety considerations you need to keep in mind. Thanks to the Humane Society and a few local pet lovers, here are a few precautions that should make a big difference in how your pet enjoys his/her time on Long Beach Island.

If you walk your dog, don't walk in extremely hot weather. This is especially important for older dogs, dogs with thick coats, and little dogs with smushed faces, like pugs, because it is harder for them to breathe. All dogs need to exercise, even in hot weather, but do not bring them out in the hottest part of the day. Plan on early morning or late evening walks, when the pavement or sand is cooler and will not burn your pet's paws. When you do walk, remember to pour water on your dog's head, feet, stomach, and back, in order to keep it cool. Even with these precautions, though, you should also remember to watch closely for signs of heat exhaustion, such as heavy panting, glazed eyes, shaking, vomiting, or a deep red or purple tongue. If your dog shows any of these symptoms, you should apply cold towels or icepacks to its head, neck, and chest, only, provide it with water or ice cubes, and go to a vet immediately.

When your dog travels with you by car, make sure to open the windows sufficiently to allow for air circulation when you park, and don't leave your dog in the car for than a few minutes, in any event. As Renee Kennedy of Renee's Ultimate Pet Service explained: "Pet owners shouldn't leave their pets in the car if they stop, it only takes minutes for heat to seriously affect them. But, if you must leave your pet in the car for a few moments, open the windows or put on the air conditioning. But never leave a dog in the car for more than 2 minutes." By leaving your dog in the car, even if parked in the shade, you expose your dog to the risk of heat exhaustion, heat stroke, or even death. Remember that sometimes a quick errand or stop over can take longer than anticipated. Also, as an animal lover, you should keep a watch out for other pets left in cars. The Humane Society advises that if you notice a pet in a car alone during a intensely hot day, you should alert the management of the store where the car is parked, so they can notify local animal control authorities if the dog is left for too long.

Cheryl Kirby photo

In addition to avoiding the danger of heat exposure, it is also important to maintain your pet's safety by not driving with them in the back of a truck. Dogs should ride either in the front of the truck or in a secured crate in the bed of the truck, and you need to bring food and water in sufficient amounts. Also, you need to remember to bring all the appropriate records from your vet in case your dog needs emergency care.

Finally, you should remember to keep up all regular care routines, such as flea, heartworm, and tick medication.

If you are wondering about sunscreen, pet care professionals suggest that you do not put human sunscreen on your dog. Your pet will only sweat or rub it off and likely get it in his/her eyes, nose, and mouth. Instead, there are several vet-approved sunscreens that cost less than $10.00 and sun protective rash guards that cost about $20. Keep in mind that pets with light-colored noses or light-colored fur on their ears are particularly vulnerable to sunburn and skin cancer.

You should also make sure your dog always wears its collar with ID tags, as pets can easily be separated from owners. If this happens, you will need to rely on your dog's tags for a safe return. Also be cautious of your dog eating unfamiliar things or drinking water that may contain plant food, fertilizer, or insecticides. Additionally, the Humane Society has a list of over 700 plants that can cause harm or death to your pet, so please make sure your dog does not ingest anything he/she should not. Finally, while everybody enjoys fireworks and outdoor summer concerts, you need to remember that dogs do not. Crowds and loud noises can upset your pet and even cause it harm.

Last, but not least, see your vet for more information and suggested products for your dog's safe enjoyment of the beach. Your vet will help you with whatever questions you have in order to ensure your dog has the best possible vacation at the Shore! — ***Jessica Pepenella*** •

Pure Sea Glass

I have been collecting sea glass on Long Beach Island for over 30 years. In 1977, Candy Svelling of Barnegat Light got me started when she showed me a beautiful piece of sea glass she had found in the surf. Since that day, I have collected over 10,000 pieces of sea glass, including several rare red and orange gems.

Sea glass is known by many names, including beach glass, ocean glass, mermaid tears, and trash glass. As a matter of fact, most sea glass started out as trash, mainly bottles or dishes that were dumped in the ocean or deposited there via shipwreck. What separates a shard of glass from sea glass? Sea glass has two important characteristics: i) it has rounded edges, worn smooth by the natural tumbling of the waves; and ii) the piece is "frosted." After prolonged exposure to water, the glass becomes frosted as the lime and soda are leached out of it in a process known as hydration.

Sea glass comes in a variety of colors. The most common sea glass colors are white, green, and brown. Turquoise, teal, pink, and cobalt pieces are much more difficult to find. Still more rare are red, yellow, black, and orange pieces. A piece of sea glass you encounter at the beach may have been riding the waves for a few years, a few decades, or perhaps a century. When and where it began its journey from trash to sea glass is a mystery.

I rescued my most prized find in November 2008, during a blowout tide. A blowout tide is a low tide combined with wind blowing out to sea, making for an unusually low water line. I was on my lunch hour walking the beach in Long Beach Township. The water was calm. Beside a bulkhead, I noticed what looked like a metal spring rolling back and forth in the surf. I considered taking off my warm boots and getting into the water barefoot, but shivered at the prospect of turning blue. Instead, I waited patiently for the water to recede. Finally, I was able to snatch my find out of the water. It was a rare black piece of sea glass. Most black glass bottles were produced in America before 1880. Until that time, iron slag was added into the mix to produce a stronger glass. To this day, I am not sure what my black piece was before it was given over to the briny deep. Some think it was a black glass chess piece; others think it might have been part of a black glass candlestick holder. Regardless, it is priceless to me. Another great find I made was a small gray medicine bottle in perfect sea glass condition, also found in Long Beach Township during a blowout tide.

While walking the beach looking for sea glass, you never know what treasures you will discover. It's a great hobby that combines exercise with the thrill of search and discovery. Here are a few tips before you begin. First and foremost, if you notice someone on the beach looking for glass, show respect for your fellow collector and look in another direction or location. On a good day, there is plenty to go around. Low tide is the best time to search. In fact, the first low tide after a storm can be particularly fruitful. Remember you are looking for something that does not belong, something that looks unusual or out of place. Take your time. After all, it took years to create a mermaid's tears! — ***Marie Huber*** •

Art show and Mini Seaglass Festival

Local Artists • Long Beach Island Photography
Save the date! Oct. 2 & 3, Saturday and Sunday, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Sea glass jewelry sales and demonstrations, lectures on local interest, shelling in New Jersey, seaglass, artifacts. Bring your best pieces of glass for show and tell. Contest for the best of New Jersey and the Best of LBI, bring your strange and rare finds from Long Beach Island or Jersey coast. Book signings, pirates. Sample Denis' homemade chowder, he is happy to make enough for my mini festival. Call for full details: 609-361-1668, or e-mail Cheryl@thingsadrift.com.

Seaglass contest winners of 2009

At Home on the Bay

When we go to the Shore, we head to our place on the Bay. No, we don't have a house with Bay frontage. We live ON the Bay. From April through October, we are live-aboard boaters. Our home is a 280 Fiesta Vee. We purchased our summer residence in 2002, and spent the first 3 seasons on Cedar Creek in Lanoka Harbor. The last 6 seasons have been spent on the Bay at LBI.

My husband, Fred, and I met in 1998. Fred works for the United States Army, and I am a graphic designer. We soon discovered we both have a passion for the water and boats. We had each wanted a boat when we were married to our former spouses. Our plan was to buy a boat that we could use on weekends to play on the water. We wanted to use it to go fishing and to water ski. But the boat we finally agreed upon was not that boat at all. It is a 30-foot cabin cruiser, christened "R Xs Said No" (our ex-spouses said no), and it soon became our summer residence.

People ask us what it's like to live on a boat. For us, it is the most romantic, relaxing way to spend time together at the Shore, and it can best be described as cozy. But foremost, our boat is our home, first, and a boat, second. Our boat provides us with everything we need. We have a galley (kitchen), where I prepare most of our meals. The galley is equipped with a 1.7 cubic foot refrigerator, mini microwave, a single burner electric stove, and a small sink, with hot and cold water. We have a head (bathroom), with a toilet and shower. There are two comfortable queen-size berths (beds) and a table that converts to a twin bed. We have heat and air conditioning, but we've learned that we don't need the air conditioning on the water. When it's warm, we just open the hatches and let the Bay breeze cool the cabin.

Most of our clothes and provisions stay on the boat, so getting ready for the weekend is a matter of packing a few items, getting our bikes on the car, and putting our cat, Ashleigh, in her carrier for the 2-hour trip to LBI. As soon as we get to the causeway, Ashleigh wakes up, meows, and announces our arrival. We park the car and proceed to the boat. This is usually the last time we use the car during our stay, unless we need to go to the mainland. If we can't get somewhere by boat or bike, we usually don't go. Over the years, I have learned to stock items that we use regularly. We buy perishable items as we need them in the markets on the Island. Cooking is one of my passions, and creating gourmet meals on the boat has proven to be fun and very doable.

Part of our weekend is spent checking and maintaining the engines and cleaning and polishing the interior and exterior of the boat. Living on the water presents a challenge, with the constant threat of salt corrosion and mildew damage. When the boat needs repairs, it's always an expensive proposition. We've learned that BOAT is an acronym for Bring Out Another Thousand! Fortunately, Fred is a very handy mechanic, so our expenses are more manageable. Over the years, we have become more weather savvy. We listen to our on-board ship radio for weather forecasts, so we can be prepared when we decide to venture out on the water for the day. We've learned to watch the tides, the wind, and the clouds. We've also found that weather on the mainland is different from the weather on the Island and that the weather on the Island can change at any moment. We both earned our Coast Guard certification in 2001, before we launched our boat.

Our life on the boat is a simple life. We enjoy watching the shore birds, and we've seen dolphins in the ocean and even a seal in the Bay. But there are trade offs to be made as live-aboards. We have chosen to have no TV and no Internet, but we do have cell phones and navigational electronics. We have to get our septic pumped out regularly and need to fill our 75-gallon water reservoir with a hose. Being a live-aboard comes with other kinds of challenges, too. We have learned to communicate well and to allow each other the space that each of us needs in the limited amount of space we have. While the boat is designed with plenty of storage, we have also learned that living aboard requires an emphasis on organization. But we've also learned that all of these challenges are more than worth it. Most of our weekends are spent on trips out on the Bay. Sometimes, we go to one of the shoals; sometimes, we visit friends on lagoons in towns along the Bay; and, sometimes, it's a quick trip to one of the restaurants along the Bay for lunch or dinner. We have also gone on some longer trips to Atlantic City, Cape May, through the Delaware Bay, and up the Delaware River to Riverside, NJ.

On cold, rainy days, we spend time in the cabin below deck. We entertain ourselves by reading, playing cards, and just relaxing. We've also learned that we are always at the mercy of Mother Nature. On sunny days or when we are entertaining, we use the upper deck, which is large enough to accommodate a small group of friends. We have a canvas canopy that shelters us from the sun and from occasional liquid sunshine (rain). One of our evening rituals is to watch the sun set over the Bay in our vast backyard. There is the occasional splash of water against the hull from the waves caused by wind or boats traveling along the Bay. For the most part, we are gently rocked to sleep every night. Life is good!

Ahoy, mates! Relax and enjoy the sunsets. We'll see you on the Bay! — ***Vickie VanDoren*** •

Winter Herb Garden

While pondering the idea of cutting-up my watermelon for dessert, a friend popped in with the most amazing idea. "Did you ever eat watermelon with fresh basil?"

"Uh, no," I replied. "But that's easy to do." And with that, I ran outside and snipped several leaves of basil and served them atop slices of watermelon.

Raves!

But what happens during the winter, when you just may want to snip fresh basil to add to your fresh tomato sauce?

To that end, I've decided the latest greatest idea is for all of us to, "Grow ourselves a kitchen garden!"

Right from the start, search for the sunniest window in your home. Then, make a mental note of how many 4-inch pots can successfully sit on a ledge, shelf, or windowsill. Then, head out to your favorite garden center. While there, consider the herbs you've really come to depend on for many of your favorite recipes. Select a few of the smaller healthier plants and a corresponding number of 4-inch clay pots for transplanting. Choose a bag of garden soil and head home to start your garden. Master Gardner pals tell me, "Clay pots help plants breathe."

To get started, carefully place each plant into a pot. Surround the roots and stem with soil and water generously. Keep in mind that many plants do not survive in the confines of your home, but some do....and really do well. Herbs really like warm sunny days, cool nights, and humidity. I've since learned, "Plant growth truly depends on your heating system. If you heat with forced air, you'll have trouble keeping the humidity high."

And, when you really think about it, there's no such thing as a "houseplant." Plants need sunlight and water to grow. Before starting your indoor garden, take time to search for the warmest, most comfortable room in your home. If the first plant doesn't bring much success, don't despair. Return to your favorite garden center and purchase another plant of a different variety. Remember, plants like humidity. The most favorable room in your home does not necessarily have to be your kitchen. It could easily be your bathroom or a warm and sunny bedroom. To grow really healthy plants at home, investigate the possibility of growing your winter garden in a "window greenhouse."

Plants to Consider:

Dill: Declared the herb of the year by the *International Herb Association*, both the weed and seeds of dill are usable. An herb with clout, dill adds flavor to chicken, split pea and other soups, eggs, cucumbers, sauces, seafood, salmon, and cheese. Rich in iron, calcium, and magnesium, dill is frequently recommended as a cure for hiccups, insomnia, and indigestion.

Basil: One of the more popular herbs, basil was considered a royal herb by the Greeks. Basil requires full sun, moisture, and warm temperatures. Search for deep green, shiny leaves. For success, pinch the flowers. Use basil in sauces, soups, and as an appetizer with your favorite mozzarella, tomato, and balsamic vinegar.

Bay: The leaves of this evergreen formed the ancient laurel wreath used to crown poets and scholars. Dedicated to Apollo, and considered a powerful disinfectant, a bay plant must be brought indoors during the winter. A staple of French food, the flavor of bay is released slowly in cooking. When added to stews, soups, and sauces, leaves must be removed before serving.

Lavender: With its fragrant foliage, the word lavender comes from the Latin word for "to wash." Once used to scent Roman baths and to fumigate rooms, lavender is used in dried sachets, scented soaps, hand and body lotion, and potpourri. With patience, lavender can become an excellent houseplant if given at least five hours of sun indoors daily.

Rosemary: A strong plant, with deep green foliage and a lovely scent, rosemary is often used as a garnish for your favorite chicken or turkey dishes. In keeping with an Elizabethan custom, Anne of Cleves was said to have worn a wreath of rosemary to her wedding. Known as a traditional New Year's gift of that period, rosemary was burned to fumigate sick rooms in French hospitals, carried in English courts to ward off "bad fever," and frequently used as an insect repellent. Some shampoos and hair and skin rinses are prepared with rosemary tea, while some rosemary plants may be trimmed to resemble a Christmas tree. —- ***Millicent K. Brody*** •

Waves — by Frank Finale

WAVES

CRESTS:
From the steamy summer streets of cities...
New York, Trenton, Philly, waves swell and radiate
out with shiny cars on Parkways and Expressways.

WALLS & PEAKS:
A wall amasses building with each degree
of heat and peaks with tons of metal and people
a briny mix of humanity rushing
towards the shore where they curl and

BREAK:
Dispersing their energy into all
those sea towns and beaches, their roar
fills the air and washes over the sandbars and seashells.
Move over gulls and sandpipers, summer revelers are here!

Broken Shells
When I was a girl
The start of my shell seeking days,
Not a glance did I give to any not perfect
Bright, Shiny, Complete.

As a young woman
Ventured further did I in my search
For more exotic in my collection to keep
Still no notice of any unless all complete.

Now something new
As I wander my way down the beach,
Thought "a beauty it once must have been"
Choose it - yes, though less than complete.

While walking and wondering
At the change in my tastes,
Choosing only the whole seems just a shame
Wiser in years now, no need for complete.

Though no longer young
But neither yet old,
My collection has grown through the years
The broken shells are what make it complete!
— Kelly S Andrews

Things Adrift
While the mermaid slept, a wild storm raged that night
Setting the stage for an escapade that was not right

None heard the mermaid's cry, as she wept salty tears
As the evil crept near, she felt her fears

Thieves entered Things A Drift on that stormy night
Stole her shell and made their cowardly flight

Neighbors! Mermaids! Neptune! Voice your scorn
Help this maiden adrift and now forlorn

Long and loud, let your siren song sound
Tell us where the mermaid's home may be found
— Christine Rooney

Alone, watching the ocean
shove the sun up for another day's duty.
The foam dancing on the beach
completing its tiresome voyage.
The gull aimlessly gliding on the sweet ocean breezes
that whistle through the dune grass.
Proud nature, marching through the seasons.
Never appreciated, never understood, never loosing.
How can I taste it? How can I feel it?
How to become one with a perfect force?
Maybe I'll ask God.
— Bruce Johann

Time
How fleeting time.
Night skies push daylight to an end.
Too quick the sun, too soon the moon.
Round and round it goes, eternal, ever faster, moving to the beat of different seasons.

Stars laugh at us from far away, unconcerned.
Shacks crumble, yet tides are endless.
Years pass. Shadows of the children we once were dance on the beach.

Clocks tick, mirrors don't lie.
We have but a moment here.
— Maggie O'Neill

Peace
Peace by Piece
Peace in pieces
Shattered by intruder
Jagged and fragmented
Scattered
Peace is now a puzzle
Promises of peace
Patiently, I place the pieces
Peace
A puzzle in pieces
— Christine Rooney

Diamante Poetry

Dolphins
Cute, friendly
Loving, caring, adoring
Porpoise, fish, jaws, predators
Biting, frightening, destroying
Dangerous, scary
Sharks
- Melannie Calderon, 11

Sister
Nice, nosy
Annoying, helping, meddling
Sibling, family, buddy, friend
Challenging, playing, caring
Loud, happy
Brother
- Nick Pileggi, 11

Summer
Hot, humid
Playing, surfing, tanning
Sunburn, beach, mountains, frostbite
Sledding, snowing, freezing
Cold, ice
Winter
- Cassie Harrison, 10

Teachers
Knowledgeable, kind
Giving, understanding, forgiving
Lessons, books, pencils, notes
Receiving, learning, kidding
Attentive, carelessness
Students
- Chirsta Steiner, 11

Summer
Hot, warm
Burning, sweating, playing
Sunburn, water, blizzard, snowball
Freezing, snowing, shivering
Cold, frozen
Winter
- Casey Papp, 12

Water
Soft, clear
Cooling, warming, refreshing
Rain, snow, wood, fuel
Frightening, lightening, shocking
Scary, bright
Fire
- Arthur Stanton, 12

Beach
Sandy, Sunny
Sunburning, exciting, swiming
Waves, lifeguards, Peace, comfort
Resting, reading, Playing
Fun, normal
Home
- Emory
First prize winner-2010
for decorations and poem

Apple
Fresh, juicy
Shining, glistening, growing
Orchards, supermarkets, refrigerators, trash
Dwindling, browning, rotting
Warm, skinny
Core
- Jessica Harkness, 12

Day
Hot, fun
Running, swimming, playing
Rain, snow, chilly, excitement
Snacking, watching, sleeping
Stars, moon
Night
- Seon Bowker, 11

Ocean
Blue, peaceful
Splashing, calming, cooling
Waves, surf, sand, towel
Resting, relaxing, playing
Hot, soft
Beach
- Melissa Baldino, 12

The Bay
Calm, shallow
Splashing, rolling, lazily flowing
Ripples, minnows, whales, waves
Smashing, crushing, waving
Deep, dark
The Ocean
- Ilsa Papunen, 12

Summer
Free-ranged, peaceful
Swimming, sailing, playing
Beach, ice cream, home, hot chocolate
Freezing, snowing, sledding
Cold, empty
Winter
- Emily Haig, 11

Bad Dogs
Hurtful, mean
Biting, fighting, barking
Scars, chains, yarn, fun
Sleeping, licking, eating
Nice, lovable
Good Cats
- Joanna McCaffery, 11

Good Dogs
Nice, friendly
Licking, running, playing
Balls, whiskers, scars, nails
Scratching, fussing, hissing
Mean, unfriendly
Bad Cats
- Joanna McCaffery, 11

Kittens
Soft, fragile
Meowing, scratching, biting
Mice, birds, bones, leash
Barking, deconstructing, playing
Playful, sleepy
Puppy
- Kaylee Chambers, 12

Lion
Hairy, loud
Roaring, growling, eating
Tail, mane, stripes, claws
Running, chasing, attacking
Big, ferocious
Tiger
- Drew Barbera, 11

1.

Surf Angel by Terry and Heather Kraszewski
Illustrated by Bonnie Bright, including a narrated CD performed by Kathy Kohner Zuckerman: The Original "Gidget."

Truly a gift from the heart of a pair of Southern California ocean lovers, Surf Angel brings together beautiful art with a loving story. Written by Terry and Heather Kraszewski, and illustrated by Bonnie Bright, this trio of Southern California natives has created something very special. Page one greets the reader with a touching dedication page: "Surf Angel is dedicated to the angels in our lives who guide and inspire us, and the lovers of the ocean who respect and protect its beauty and wonder." These two ideas are present throughout the book and are wonderful lessons for children and adults alike.

At night the Surf Angel comes down from above to say goodnight to all of the animals of the Sea. With great poetry and excellent artwork they have created a truly touching bedtime story for nature and all of the creatures of the Sea. Among them is an illustration of an Otter tucked into a bed of kelp, floating on top of the water in a bath of moon and starlight. The image is accompanied by the following lines:

Cute and furry, fast and sleek,
The otters are tired and ready for sleep.
Tucked sweetly in their soft kelp beds,
Closing their eyes and resting their heads.

The illustrations by Bonnie Bright are a perfect combination of mystical, dreamlike smoothness and shading. Reflections of moonlight and bubbles bring the nighttime travels of the Surf Angel to life with brilliant colors and touching pictures of marine life in what may well be the cutest poses ever.

The authors support both the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation and the Surfrider Foundation; their hearts are in the right place and they have created a great children's bedtime story. Laird Hamilton, as quoted on the back cover of the book, sums it up perfectly: "As a surfer who loves the healing ocean, and a father of three daughters, there is an automatic connection between Surf Angel and me." — ***Nick Corsiglia***

2.

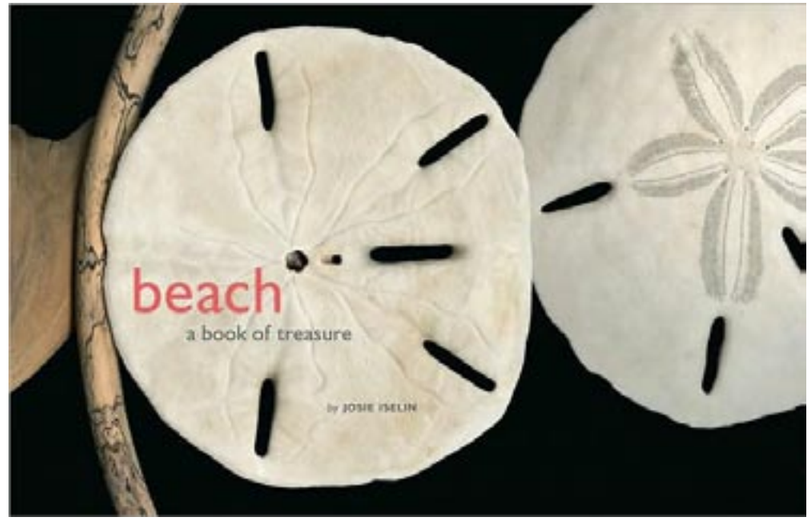
Seashells by Josie Iselin

Artist Josie Iselin celebrates the diversity and beauty of nature with her exquisite portraits of seashells. Like her extremely popular Beach Stones and Leaves & Pods, Seashells is not a field guide but an artful and informative portrayal of a beloved part of our natural world. The book balances the exotic with the familiar, from tropical corals and rare fossils to everyday clamshells and barnacles. In her introduction and captions, marine geologist and paleontologist Sandy Carlson introduces the reader to seashells in all their variety, explaining why they look as they do. Both an art book and a contemplation of nature, Seashells combines aesthetic delight in natural things with scientific fact and philosophical wonder.

3.

Beach: A Book of Treasure by Josie Iselin

Beloved author Josie Iselin's collaged images of the treasures we live with as reminders of the beach from sea glass to driftwood, shells to stones evoke the timeless elements of sand, ocean, and refreshing sea air. In her writings, Iselin shares thoughts on the varied ways we experience the beach while also providing fascinating insights into the scientific ecosystem of the ocean, such as how the oyster constructs its shell and the ways in which algae is classified. At once an exploration and a meditation, Beach: A Book of Treasure will delight and inspire anyone who values the unique environment of the seashore and the myriad wonders found therein.



Miss Magic 1975

Miss Magic 1975

Having been a frequent visitor to LBI since the early 1960s (remember the sand sharks all over the beach!), it was a no-brainer to spend the year after college on the Island with several friends. We were all going to graduate school and wanted a few months of fun before continuing the drudgery. After sitting on the beach for weeks, going to the *Acme bar*, hanging around Hudson House, and singing the national anthem at least once a week at *Kubel's*, we decided to do something serious. After reading about the 1975 Miss Magic pageant in the *Beach Haven Times*, we dared each other to enter.

Surprisingly, none of my friends made it through the interviews, and so I was left to compete on my own. In those days, beauty pageants were not the norm, so it took great fortitude to survive my appearance on local television. I approached it with good humor and little expectation, as I was the oldest contestant that year and definitely not the prettiest! But my reluctance turned into a great experience - - indeed, one that led to a life-long experience. While I was still a contestant, I met my future husband, David, at *Joe Pop's Shore Bar*. Then, the bar was far different than it is today. It was unusual to make it out the door without someone throwing a beer bottle at you. I can remember waiting for hours to hear Chubby Checker perform. He never showed.

Winning the contest was a big surprise. But finding out that David lived near *Rutgers University* in Camden was an even better surprise. Unfortunately, when the newspaper came out with all the contestants' photos, David's friends continued to remind me that another contestant, Gwenn Hotaling, was much prettier than me and should have won!

David and I have been married for over 30 years and now have a house in Ship Bottom. My friends have never let me forget the pageant. Even now, the entire experience provides many interesting cocktail party conversations and incredulous looks from co-workers. But, I would do it all again, without hesitation! ***—Joan (Kallinowski) McGee*** •

Miss Magic 1975 — Runner-up

Back in the 1960s, Gwenn Hotaling's family owned a summer beach house in Barnegat Light. They were seasonal vacationers, so like any family who only visits Long Beach Island periodically, they couldn't get enough of the place and would cherish anything "local" they could experience.

In those days, there were only a few local news sources: *The Beachcomber*, *The Beach Haven Times*, and the *Long Beach Island Guidebook*. Gwenn loved all three, but her favorite was the *Guide Book*. Published by the Long Beach Island Board of Trade, the annual *Guidebook* offered full page advertisements for local stores, general Island news, and a fantastic black and white photo spread of all the contestants who had entered the Miss Magic Beauty Contest, a popular Island tradition at the time. Leafing through the pages of pretty girls, Gwenn longed to be part of it. Winning was not the point. She said she wanted to be part of the tradition, to be pictured in the local *Guidebook* as an official contestant for the title of Miss Magic of Long Beach Island.

It took her quite a few years to gather up the courage, but once the decision was made, Gwenn's mother drove her down to Ship Bottom where a photographer, Carl Van Thulin, owner of Lynn Photo, took a series of bathing suit shots. She still vividly recalls being nervous as he asked her to pose this way and that. Within a few weeks, Gwenn knew her photograph had made the cut, when it appeared in the *Beach Haven Times'* announcement of two more contestants for the upcoming Miss Magic Contest. She was very excited, even though her little goal of appearing in the *Guidebook* never happened. Unfortunately, a year earlier, the old publication had been absorbed into a new type of Regional Directory.

Of course, for Gwenn, the experience of being a contestant in the 1975 Miss Magic Beauty Contest was "wonderful" - - including all the "good natured ribbing it has inspired over the years!" Yet, the truth is, for any contestant, including Gwenn, this was a chance to be part of Long Beach Island history -- and that, according to Gwenn, "is very sweet, indeed." •

Miss Magic 1963

Sandi Stefaniw grew up in Paoli, Pennsylvania and spent her summers on Long Beach Island. Her family rented at first, until they bought a beachfront property on New Jersey Avenue in Beach Haven Terrace in 1956. "My dad and some friends built our cottage on extra deep pilings in a matter of days," Sandi says. "We had so many happy times there, staying each year from April until November. But, after the 1962 storm, we were told our beloved home was gone. Then, the Coast Guard sent us pictures of our house. Miraculously, it was one of three in the area still standing in the ocean. The deep pilings had kept it safe."

Sandi's first summer job was at Coney's Beauty Salon on Center Street in Beach Haven. Her co-workers encouraged her to enter the 1962 Miss Magic of Long Beach Island contest. So she did, and she was eventually named runner-up. Then, in 1963, Sandi went one step further and won the Miss Magic title. That year, the pageant was held at Widas Brant Beach Hotel. It was preceded by an afternoon motorcade tour of the Island to meet the local Mayors and residents and, then, dinner in Beach Haven, hosted by the Sea Shell Motel. "Widas did a great job setting up the pageant and runway. It was all so beautiful, and the girls were so nice," Sandi recalls.

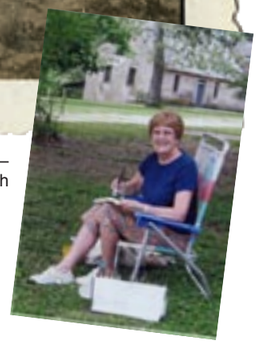
When Sandi became Miss Magic Long Beach Island 1963, she had just graduated from Conestoga High School in Berwyn, PA and was planning to attend Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science (PCST) that fall. She recalls the excitement of the moment she was crowned and the red roses and the red velvet cape that she wore over the beautiful dress her mom had made for her. Her mom and dad were so proud! But that was just the beginning…. "A lot of doors opened for me after that," Sandi says. There were Grand Openings to do, the Striped Bass Derby Awards, Lifeguard events, and a Surf City fire truck to christen. (She did so by breaking a bottle of champagne over the truck's bumper.) It was a whirlwind year of events.

In the fall of that year, Sandi won the Miss Liberty Bowl title, too. Local college Homecoming Queens were the competing candidates. But PCST did not have a Homecoming Queen, so it chose Sandi (as Miss Magic Long Beach Island) to represent the school. As Miss Liberty Bowl, she was invited to appear on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show, along with the Cotton, Rose, and Gator Bowl Queens. Then, she did a spot on Who do you trust?, another popular show of that time. It was all so exciting, but ultimately it came to an end, and so Sandi turned to her studies and made college her priority.

In 1980, Sandi's parents sold their house on LBI. Business opportunities had beckoned Sandi to the West Coast, while her brother was living in Washington State and her sister in Florida. The original house is still standing, but it has been enlarged, like so many others. "My dad only paid $10,000 for the lot in 1956," Sandi says. "I wish we had kept the property. But I do have my memories. I learned to drive an MGB with a stick shift on New Jersey Ave. And we loved to ride our bikes behind the mosquito truck." (I have to say, I am guilty of that one, too.)

Sandi tries to come back each year for a visit. She tells me she misses LBI and the East Coast and that, "The culture is not the same out here." Maybe, one day, she will be back to stay!

And so that is the story of Miss Magic Long Beach Island 1963. Stay tuned for the next issue when we continue with our Miss Magic Series. — Madeline Rodgers (Miss Magic 1961) •



(Above) William J. Smith — Carol Freas's (right) father on his Surf City porch

Cool Breezes

Like many of you standing on your porch, happy to be on LBI, my grandfather, William J. Smith, loved to stand on his cottage porch and enjoy the cool ocean breezes. In 1926, he was fortunate to purchase a 50 x 100 foot lot on 11th Street in Surf City for $ 600. Not a bad deal! Family lore has it that Grandfather's cottage had been a carriage house in Bridgeboro on the Rancocas Creek, fifty miles west of LBI. The carriage house was dismantled, parts numbered, and the entire jigsaw puzzle was trucked across the state. The parts were transported over the old flat trestle bridge that connected LBI to the mainland and reassembled on Grandfather's lot. For the next 24 years, it was a summer retreat for our family.

We did not mind sharing the upstairs bedroom, which was lined with army cots. The "facilities" were out back. The single room on the first floor functioned as a living room, dining room, and gathering place for family and friends. It was cool and served as a perfect place to relax. Best of all, our cottage was in a perfect location for summer fun and adventure. *Scottie's Market*, the Post Office, and Borough Hall were at the corner. We walked to the Post Office to collect our mail and visit with fellow residents. Every two weeks, the library van pulled up at Borough Hall - - what a treat! All day, we were free to play at the beach and Bay. At dusk, we ran behind the mosquito spraying trucks. Sunburned, tired, and hungry, we'd return home at the end of a long, but great, day. The highlight of the summer was the carnival, which was set up across from the *Surf City Hotel*. You could see the ocean from the Ferris wheel.

In 1951, we moved here full time, adding indoor plumbing and a real kitchen to the cottage. The Island was growing quickly. A new elementary school was built in Ship Bottom. *George's Pizza and Italian Restaurant* opened. I got my first job waitressing there. The best frozen custard anywhere could be bought at the *Sandbar* on 10th Street. From north to south, new cottages and businesses sprang up, as families discovered this 18-mile spit of land and all its treasures.

Thanks to the *Long Beach Island Foundation of Arts & Sciences* in Loveladies, I had my first experience with "real artists." In 1986, twenty-five years after I had attended art school, and after a full life of marriage and children on the Island, we finally moved to a house in the woods on the mainland. But we are still fortunate to have my husband's 1948 cottage in Surf City. My children and grandchildren are always thrilled to visit LBI. I enjoy digging through our old photos and recalling family history. It is now my pleasure to paint, teach, and share with you what I love - - the sand, surf, and LBI. — ***Carol Freas*** •

(Carol teaches at *Pine Shore Art Association* in Manahawkin, NJ and the *LBI Foundation of Arts & Sciences.)*

Keeping it Green.

Richard Aitken's business and family roots go back five generations, when they came from Norway and helped build the Viking Village fishing docks at the "Ole Barney" Lighthouse inlet.

Rick is community minded and environmentally conscious. When it comes to building green, Rick is a master at working with the natural world and enhancing, not destroying, nature. He skillfully and meticulously rebuilt an arbor that was imbedded with a 25-year-old wisteria, without interfering with the plants growth or beauty. Taking one stick at a time out of the massive arbor, he carefully put one cedar piece in its place. The wisteria and arbor live on.

Adding a designer look to the functionality of gutters seems impossible, but Rick Aitken does just that. His rain chain does the job of gutters, while enhancing any home with a beautiful chain of hanging designs.

When the merchants of Ship Bottom reached out to him for assistance in starting an annual winter festival, he generously offered to create and build a winter village at the Ship Bottom boat ramp. One building is used year round as the boat master's building.

These are just a few examples of how A. Richard Aitken continues to build relationships with the community, clients and nature, one project at time.

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Summer Hero

Willis Carrier: The Man Who Made America Cool

As you sit sipping ice tea in your air conditioned home in comfort on a hot August day, you can thank a poor farm boy for this modern miracle that revolutionized how we live and work. "The Father of the Modern Air Conditioner," Willis Havilland Carrier, was born on November 26, 1875, on his family's farm in the small town of Angola, New York. From a very earlier stage in his life, Willis loved to tinker with machinery - - sewing machines, clocks, and tractors. He was a gifted math student and a master problem solver, and he dreamed of bigger things than life on a small farm. In 1901, he graduated from Cornell University, with a Master's degree in mechanical engineering. His first engineering job was at the Buffalo Forge Company, with a starting salary of $10.00 per week. This was the beginning of a story that would literally change the world, as we know it.

At the Buffalo Forge Company, which manufactured heaters, blowers, and air exhaust fans, Carrier's title was Heating Engineer, in the newly created Experimental Science Department. The first task the company assigned him was dealing with a problem at a Brooklyn printing plant. Due to the heat and humidity, the ink would not dry properly in the summer. On a foggy night, while waiting for a train, he pondered the relationship between temperature, humidity, and the dew point. So, in 1902, Carrier designed a spray driven air conditioning system. Willis continued to improve his invention in the ensuing years, and, in 1906, he patented his "Apparatus for Treating the Air," which not only controlled the heat, but also the humidity. By 1914, Carrier had designed and installed air conditioning systems for numerous manufacturing plants, department stores, factories, breweries, bakeries, and food processing plants.

In 1915, with $3,200 from their savings, Willis and six other engineers created the Carrier Engineering Corporation. The company was originally located in New Jersey, and its mission was to improve and revolutionize air conditioning technology. The first air conditioning units the company produced were large, expensive, and dangerous, due to the highly toxic ammonia that was used as a coolant at the time. In 1922, though, Willis Carrier made two critical breakthroughs. First, he replaced the toxic ammonia coolant with a much safer coolant, dyeline. Then, he greatly reduced the size of the units. He went on to install air conditioning systems in Madison Square Garden, the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives buildings, and the White House. He also installed the world's first residential air conditioning system in a home in Minneapolis. His company eventually went on to design air conditioning systems for buses, railroad cars, planes, and atomic submarines. In 1930, Carrier moved his company's headquarters to Syracuse, New York, where it is still located today.

Willis Carrier's company not only kept American's cool, but also contributed greatly to Allied efforts during World War II. Carrier air conditioning and refrigeration equipment was used for warships, cargo vessels, munitions plants, and factories specializing in the production of such essential war material as bombsights and other precision instruments. Carrier also made thousands of refrigeration units for walk-in coolers, which were used by the U.S. Navy to keep food and other perishables fresh. For his contribution, Willis Carrier was honored by the U.S. Army and Navy on numerous occasions. From its modest beginnings, Carrier's company has grown into a huge global corporation and has become a name so many of us have come to rely upon to help beat the heat.

In the 74 years that Willis Carrier lived, he radically changed America. No longer are sleeping porches and wide verandas the only escape from the heat in the South. His invention also helped create the area we call "The Sunbelt." Thousands of people have moved into the South and the Southwest, bringing with them economic growth and cultural change. Working conditions in factories are safer and more humane with air conditioning, and heat-related deaths have been greatly reduced. Willis Carrier is my summertime hero! — ***Kyle Costabile*** •

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The Colors of Her World

Rose for the blouse she is wearing, purple and orange for her bedspread and sheets, lavender for the orchids all around her room, blue for the sparkle in her eyes, white for the cap of styled hair, pink for the polish on her finger and toe nails, lively for the animated way she tells her story, and wise for the years she has lived. These are the colors of Heleyne Cranmer's world.

Born on March 22, 1909, Heleyne is 101 and counting. She lives in the house her husband built on 4th street in Beach Haven. Her daughter, Pam, is there with her. Heleyne's mind is sharp and she certainly does not need prompting when it comes to mental acuity. For over a century, Heleyne has been making her way in this world; one that she says has changed quite a bit in her time. When Heleyne Golt Cranmer was born, a postage stamp cost two cents, President Taft was in office, the Titanic was two years away from sinking, and neither frozen food nor television had been invented. There were no motion pictures with sound, certainly no computers, and cell phones were the stuff of science fiction.

Born on a farm in Templeville, Maryland to parents who were strict, loving Methodists, Heleyne can remember how different life was back then. "Growing up, we had no telephone, electricity, or indoor bathroom. My mother made all of our clothes, and that was without an electric sewing machine. We weren't poor, but we weren't rich, either," Heleyne explains. "I remember the first car my father bought. It was a Ford and it had plastic windows, not glass." She and her sister earned money from their father by picking strawberries.

Heleyne first heard about Long Beach Island from a friend who worked there for a summer. When she was 19, Heleyne decided to join her friend at the Engleside Hotel as a waitress for the season. "That was the original Engleside Hotel," she explains. "I worked there for two summers. We were given room and board and we ate the same good food as the hotel guests. People would come to the Island from Philadelphia and New York, mostly by train. Back then, there was a boardwalk that ran along the beach in front of the hotel. I was always sorry they didn't rebuild the boardwalk after it was washed away in the '44 storm."

She says they worked 7 days a week, but had evenings off. "We used to go to Britz's restaurant for ice cream. They had a piano player there and that's where I met Walter." Her eyes laugh as she recalls the memory. "He walked up to me and asked if I wanted to go sailing. I said I did and that was that. He called his friend who had a boat and we went sailing with them. That was our first date." Walter Cranmer and his family were well established on the Island. His father, Firman Cranmer, owned the local hardware and lumber store, known as Cranmer's Lumber, and his uncle Floyd built many of the homes and businesses in Beach Haven.

"I went back home after the summer and Walter would drive down to see me in his Pontiac convertible." Heleyne says she attended Salisbury Teachers College for two years after high school, but then left because she decided she didn't want to be a teacher. As it turns out, life had other plans for her. After 3 years of dating, she and Walter decide to get married. "We eloped," Heleyne laughs. "It was just the two of us. I don't know why we decided to elope, but we did. We drove down to Denton, Maryland. That's where people went to elope back then." At this, she gets a gleam in her eyes and adds, "I wasn't pregnant. I know some people on the Island thought I was," she laughs, "but I didn't have my first child for another two years."

Heleyne says they lived with Walter's parents on 4th Street in Beach Haven for 6 months and then got an apartment. Walter worked for Atlantic City Electric at the time and was managing a few locations further south than LBI. So, Walter and Heleyne moved to Northfield and lived there for 5 years. "When Walter's father started to fail, he decided to come back to the Island and run the hardware store and lumber business. We had an apartment over the store. It was quite a large place and that's where we lived when our children were born. I lost my first child. Lynne was born in a hospital, but Larry and Pam were born in the apartment. Pam was born just two weeks before the '44 hurricane."

By now, the family had grown and the Cranmers needed more space. So Walter bought the entire block on 4th street, from the beach to Atlantic Avenue, for $10,000, and they built a house. "It's still exactly the same as it was when we built it. But it used to be the closest house to the beach," she says.

Heleyne worked as a stay at home mom and was happy to do so. "I made all my own clothes, hooked rugs, sewed, knitted, and crocheted. I still have some of the rugs I made. One of the biggest things we did was to plant trees on the property.

Con't next pg.

Get Wet on Barnegat Bay.
LBI locations for sales, repairs, slip rentals
Surf City Marina • 325 S 1st St, Surf City • 609-494-2200
Surf City Marina Boat Sales • 337 W 8th St, Ship Bottom • 609-361-5200
Bombardier Dealer • Sea-Doo personal Watercraft • Showroom in Ship Bottom
SEA-DOO

I remember, when I first came to LBI, I always thought it looked so bare. Since I was raised on a farm, I wasn't used to that. So, I planted all the trees that are here. And I loved to work in my garden." I asked her what other types of things she did to contribute to her longevity. "Well, I used to walk the beach every morning with my coffee. I would walk 1 or 2 miles everyday after the kids were off to school."

Walter Cranmer was an expert ham radio operator. Heleyne says that many of the social events they attended were connected to the radio operators. "The local group of ham radio operators would meet and go to Asbury Park. There were about 50 couples. And I was also active in the polio drive. Back then, most of the women were active in the church and we all volunteered for the polio drive."

She likes to recall her trips to Radio City Music Hall with Eleanor Cranmer, Walter's aunt, who lived around the corner. "We would go to New York to see the shows. I remember going to the New York World's Fair, too. And if I wanted to go shopping, I went to either Atlantic City or Philadelphia."

Heleyne raised three children and has two grandchildren and two great grandchildren. "I am grateful that my daughter, Pam, is here with me. She has a house in California and in Florida, but is here with me to help. We went to Florida for a few months last winter and that was nice. The boys live far away, so Pam is my constant companion. I don't know what I'd do without her."

Heleyne loves bright colors and surrounds herself with pink, orange, green, blue, and lavender shades as much as she can. She is quick, lively, and has an upbeat attitude that most of us would do well to emulate. "Pam took me down to the beach when we were in Florida. Some days, I sit outside on our porch, too. I can't get around as much as I'd like because of my legs, you know. But other than that, I feel good. I can't believe I've made it to 101. Walter died at 99. I guess it's all that good living," she laughs.

Whether it's good living, good genes, or good luck, Heleyne Cranmer is a remarkable woman. Though she may not say she always saw the world through rose-colored glasses in her 101+ years, she still looks forward to a rainbow of things every day. "Never complain about aches and pains" is her motto, and she maintains that getting older is a good thing because it means you are still alive.

I asked Heleyne what she wanted to do in March when she turns 102. Her answer underscored her knowing appreciation of life and the wisdom of her years. "At my age, you take things one day at a time. If I'm still here, Florida with Pam would be nice. But for now, I'll take it day by day," she answered, coloring her world, and ours, with a smile.

— Maggie O'Neill •

A Family's History on LBI

Like many old time families on LBI, our family history is tied to the sea. Our grandfather, Frank Thompson, began his relationship with the Island as an assistant lighthouse keeper for "Old Barney" in Barnegat Light around 1917. The town, of course, was called Barnegat City at that time. Our mother, Helen, and her siblings lived in the three-family house that was built in 1889 for the lighthouse keepers and their families, right next to Old Barney. The lighthouse keepers' residence had 20 rooms and three separate chimneys. Each family had their own living quarters. A cedar grove stood behind the house.

Helen (Left and mother of the Flynn boys) and Alma Thompson.

The fathers worked in shifts keeping Old Barney's Fresnel lens burning. The lens required four to six gallons of kerosene daily, which were carried by hand up the 217 steps. In order for the lens to rotate, it had to be wound every four hours, as you would wind an old fashion clock. The lighthouse keeper on duty could not leave his post unattended, as ships relied upon the light from Old Barney to guide them at night. One of my mother's chores every morning was to take her wagon and collect the dead birds that had flown into the Lighthouse during the night. Her family continued to live next to the Lighthouse until 1920, when a severe storm rendered the house unlivable. After the winter storms of 1919-1920, though, the house was sold, dismantled, and used in various houses both in Barnegat Light and in the Town of Barnegat. Indeed, one of its staircases was taken to *Bailey's Hardware Store* in Barnegat, and it still stands in the antique store that now operates in that location today. Ultimately, our grandfather and his family were transferred to the Rowayton, Connecticut lighthouse. But our mother never forgot how much she loved living in Barnegat Light.

Denis and Billy Flynn with Dr. Bonnell.

Our roots on LBI, however, stretch back even further in time on our mother's side of the family. My maternal grandmother, Edna Ridgeway, was born on the Island in the late 19th century. In fact, her father, Ben Ridgeway, was in the original lifeguard corps of LBI, and his brother, James Ridgeway, ran the first *Surf City Hotel* in the 1890s.

My paternal grandmother, Mary, moved to the Island in 1920 as a widow, with her three children: my father, Kenneth (Pat) Flynn, my uncle, Francis Flynn, and my aunt, Delores Flynn. Mary then married into the Purcell family of Beach Haven in the mid-1920s. Francis went on to become a ship's Captain, and another uncle, Bill Purcell, owned *Wes and Kay's Butcher Shop* in Beach Haven (now *The Chicken Or The Egg* restaurant). Aunt Delores married an Admiral of the U.S. Navy and lived all over the world.

My father lived on LBI until the mid-1920s, when he joined the U.S. Navy at the age of 15. Our grandmother had taken him to the Lakehurst, NJ recruiting station and, when he first walked into the office, he told the recruiter he was fifteen. The recruiter told him to walk around the block and that when he came back he would be seventeen! My grandmother signed the enlistment papers and, six months later, our dad was flying on the dirigible *USS Shenandoah*. In 1931, our father returned to LBI. Upon his return, he became a developer and became involved in the initial development of Haven Beach.

Our father and mother met in the 1930s at the *Hotel Ockanickon* (later named *Wida's* and presently named *Daddy O*), where she had a band with a guitar player and a violin player who would play on the top of her piano. After our father's return from World War II, our parents married and raised three sons on LBI. My father continued to build houses on LBI and, eventually, built *Haven Beach Motel*, which we still own and operate today.

All three of us moved away from the Island for a time, but we all eventually returned. We have always felt fortunate to have grown up on LBI. The Island is a close-knit community and it has always been "home" to each of us. It is a place of many memories for us. It's the place where we sailed our first boat, a 16-foot Barnegat Bay Bateau, which was one of the last boats built by Samuel Perrine Boat Works of Barnegat in the 1950s. The boat did not survive the March storm of 1962, but we did! We always had plenty to do growing up on LBI - - surfing, fishing, sailing, and so much more. Like so many other natives of LBI, the Island has provided us a refuge from the hectic pace of modern-day American life and with an ever-present, soul-satisfying connection to the sea. LBI is our home, and we love it dearly to this day. ***— Dennis, Tim, & Billy Flynn •***

Something Fishy

Signs cover the area, standing watch and shouting "Keep Off" and "No Trespassing" to all who come too close. Fishing nets and other debris lay scattered upon the shores of this seemingly lifeless island. It is the dilapidated ruins of a once vibrant fish factory, however, that draw all eyes forward. It may sound like the setting for Wes Craven's newest horror flick, but this place is far more real than you might think. Known as the Crab Island Fish Factory or the "Stink House," this horrific-looking display can be seen from the end of Seven Bridges Road in Little Egg Harbor.

Built in 1930, the Crab Island Fish Factory took advantage of the Atlantic menhaden population in the surrounding waters. Also known as moss bunker, menhaden are members of the herring family. They are unique in the sense they are bony, oily, and inedible. On average, they live to be about five years old and, in that time span, grow up to a foot long. After being spawned in the ocean, menhaden of similar age travel together in large shoals, or schools, near shore and in estuarine waters, before returning back to their spawning grounds at two years of age.

Menhaden is an important renewable resource. Aside from being one of the major sources of bait for commercial fishing, it has numerous other uses one would never suspect, and the fish factory was built on Crab Island in order to capitalize on the many uses of the moss bunker. Here, menhaden was ground up and turned into products such as fertilizer, fish oil, fish meal, and pet food. Moreover, moss bunker was also used in the production of paints, perfumes, and nail polish.

Although the installment of the factory provided many new jobs to residents of South Jersey in the 1930s, it presented a hard lifestyle to factory workers. Long hours kept many workers apart from their families. With the factory being on an island, it meant that workers had to be transported to and from work by boat. Still, one thing clearly separated this factory from all others: the smell. In an article I read at Tuckerton Seaport, the author included an excerpt from Jersey Genesis: The Story of the Mullica River by Henry Beck. The excerpt contains the account of a former factory worker who related just how awful the stench was in the factory's heyday. The worker, Jack Ford, told Beck that, even after several baths and a dip in the Mullica River, one still "smelled to High Heaven."

Today, the fish factory remains only as a shell of its former self. A fire in 1982 left the factory scarred and, since then, annual storms have worn it down further. Even Weird New Jersey has recognized it as a local oddity. It stands as a landmark in the eyes of locals; some remember it from when it was still young and prosperous, while others only know of it in its current state of abandonment. Hauntingly, it looms in the distance, but for how much longer no one knows. Whether the factory should be torn down is an ongoing debate. It has been suggested recently that a wind farm be constructed on the island. What will happen to this local landmark is uncertain, but it will not soon be forgotten. — ***Ryan Marchese text & photo •***

Living in a Fish Tank

Looking back, I never really had a room that was decorated. My walls were usually a bland white, and the only decorations I had were the toys and miscellaneous junk that cluttered the tops of my dressers. Now, however, having lived away from home for a while, I know what it is like to design a room to fit my personality. In retrospect, I now wish that my room had been different growing up.

While attending the Richard Stockton College of New Jersey, I lived on campus. There, I had the freedom to create a personalized atmosphere in my dorm room. I may not have been able to paint the walls, but I still had the chance to make my room into what I saw as my new home. Posters and pictures covered the majority of my once again white, white walls. Being a photographer, however, I had the chance to take, print, mat, and hang pictures that suited my taste and interrupted the endless sea of white.

My favorite is underwater photography. Beneath the glassy surface of the oceans is an entirely different world, one full of life and color. There are fish and corals that encompass every aspect of color imaginable. For every color in the spectrum, there is a fish to wear it. Every shade, tint, and hue can be found beneath the waves. Some fish have patterns of stripes or spots or even combinations of the two. Body shapes can be boxy, spherical, slender, stout, or completely unrecognizable; all serving to aid in survival. Against white walls, pictures of these marine animals bring life to any room.

This is not to suggest that photographs of these magnificently colored creatures are only suitable for the most mundane of rooms. They can play just as important a role in a highly decorated room, like the one I am sitting in at this very moment - - my old room, now re-decorated. During my absence from home, my walls were painted sea foam green. Bright and in-your-face, it is now more than just a room. After adding some starfish to the windowsills, jars filled with shells and shark teeth, and knick-knacks from various vacation destinations, it has become much homier. The finishing touch was the hanging of coastal birds, fish, and other marine critters, all sitting still behind glass, framed in a singular moment of life. Presto! My room has been transformed into my own undersea paradise.

If I could have had a room like this when I was younger, I might have spent more time in the house! A maritime-themed bedroom is perfect for any age and is not necessarily outgrown during the journey from childhood to adulthood. While some rooms are decorated specifically for a toddler or younger child, a beachy arrangement can accommodate the individual throughout all their years. For a child, the brightly colored marine life can stimulate the mind and help the child to recognize and identify fish and invertebrates at an early age. For an adult, the room may serve as a reminder of how much one loves the ocean, even when one is not around it.

Growing up in a beach community, the sandy shores of south Jersey have always been a huge part of who I am. Whether it was my fascination with the animal life that lived both in and near the ocean or the countless days I've spent with friends at the beach, the ocean has always had a role in my life. Now, not only does my room look like the ocean, it is a place where I can display my works and the things I am most passionate about. Sure, not everyone is a marine biologist or even a maritime enthusiast, but no one can deny the brilliance that images of ocean life can bring to a room. — ***Ryan Marchese text & photos •***

The Pirate and the Mermaid

Captain Jaid Connore, a home grown American pirate who preyed only upon the dastardly British Crown and its pirating subjects, maintained his camp on the beach near the northern tip of Long Beach Island. His life mission was to rid the seas of those treacherous thieves from England, and he especially wanted to run these rogue pirates off his beloved Island. Jaid spent his time tracking those black-hearted scallywags, recovering their plunder and returning it to the rightful owners. He particularly hated the pirate John Buckley. Buckley was the worst of them all, having terrorized the innocent people of Long Beach Island for far too long. Jaid was determined to defend his homeland against this man. As far as pirates go, Jaid was as good and noble as they come.

Frank Consoli artwork

From his vantage point on the beach, Jaid could see Buckley's ship sneak into the harbor, carrying stolen treasure. Jaid stood for a moment and then walked to the water's edge, staring out into the dark night. He saw a splash and, suddenly, right in front of him, a mermaid rose up out of the water. She was glorious and beautiful, and she looked directly into Jaid's eyes. In that instant, he fell in love, completely and forever in love.

Mea dove back into the water as quickly as she had appeared, but could not help but notice that the handsome, striking man standing on the shore looked as if he had been searching for her. She swam for a while, trying to sort out her next move. Desperate to recover her sister's life shell, Mea was running out of time. Without her life shell, a mermaid has no song and soon dies. Mermaid shells are mystical and priceless trophies, and so Buckley had tracked Mea and her sister, Leigh, for a long time, ultimately capturing Leigh's shell one turbulent, dark night. Now, he was holed up on Long Beach Island, with the priceless treasure in his thieving hands.

Mea followed John Buckley all the way back to the Island through countless waves. She would never let her sister die. Mea was determined to retrieve Leigh's shell and to restore her music and song. She would do anything to get it back. But that man on the beach! Why was she thinking of him when so much was at stake?

Jaid watched the water, hoping to catch another glimpse of the mermaid. His heart beat fast as he scanned the horizon. "Come back, for I will do you no harm," he whispered into the night.

Mea needed someone to carry her over land to Buckley. Suddenly, she knew who that would be. Yes! That was why she had locked eyes with the mortal on the beach. But could she trust him? Dare she trust him? There was one way to tell. Mea took a deep breath, rose up out of the water, and began to sing.

Legend says the song of a mermaid casts a magical spell. When the song is heard by someone whose heart is good and true, they are filled with joy. When the person's heart is dark and sinister, they go mad. If the man on the beach was honorable, she would soon know.

Jaid heard the music drifting over the water, and it filled him with joy. Mea saw him smile, his eyes reflecting the beauty of the song. She had her answer. She was meant to meet this man.

"Hello," she said, as she floated in the shallow water.

"Hello," Jaid whispered. "I heard your song and it filled me with peace."

"I am Mea, and I sang it for you," she answered softly. "Will you help me," she asked.

"Captain Jaid Connor, at your command," he said. "I love you. Am I enchanted? Is it just the magic of your music?"

"Yes and no," she replied. "You cannot be enchanted if you are not my destiny. The music separates good from evil, but it will not hold you against your will. If you hear the song and fall in love, it is your fate. I'm glad it's you who heard my song."

Jaid walked closer to the sea. "How can I help you, Mea? Are you hurt?"

"No, but my sister is," Mea replied. "That bloodthirsty pirate, John Buckley, stole her shell. Without it, her music will stop, her song will end, and she will die. I must get it back."

At the mention of Buckley, Jaid scowled. "I know him and I have vowed to end his reign of terror. I won't stop until his dead body rots in the ground. He is a perfidious scoundrel and a knave of the first order. I'll get back your sister's shell."

"I have a problem, Jaid. Mermaids have no legs. I cannot walk to his camp where he has taken the shell."

Jaid smiled. "That's not a problem." He waded into the water. Mea put her arms around his neck as he lifted her up out of the sea. "I'll carry you over land to Buckley," he said, as he looked into her eyes. "We'll get your sister's shell, I swear by all that is good and right." With that, Jade threw Mea over his shoulder and strode off into the night.

Soon they reached the pirate's camp. Buckley was sitting by the fire, staring at the treasured booty. Firelight bounced off its magnificent enamel, casting flickering bursts of light and color all around.

Jaid lowered Mea to the ground, and she looked up at him and shared her plan. "I will sing my song when we get close. When that evil man hears it, he will go mad. You grab the shell and we'll head back to the sea."

Buckley heard the first note of the mermaid's song. He squinted his beady eyes and cocked an ear. As the song grew louder, his head filled with pain. "Auggh," he yelled, as the music snaked around inside his head. "What the devil is that …."

Jaid jumped out of the brush, but Buckley was fast, leaping to his feet, ready to fight. Jaid grabbed the shell and faced his nemesis. Buckley went wild. Jaid jumped to the side as Buckley made a grab, missing him by inches. Jaid dashed back to Mea, threw her over his shoulder, and ran towards the sea. They could hear John Buckley close behind.

Finally, they reached the ocean. Mea twisted off Jaid's shoulders as he handed her the shell. "Quickly, into the water where you'll be safe," he said. The look in Mea's eyes reflected gratitude, concern, and love, as she said, "Jaid, I can't leave you here like this."

Just then, John Buckley burst forth from the dune line. "I'll kill you for this, Connore. I'll kill you dead right here and now!" Then, raising his arm, he pointed his gun and pulled the trigger.

Mea screamed as the bullet hit Jaid. Buckley started towards him, gun out, ready to fire again. There was only one thing she could do. She sang. Buckley's heart reacted violently to the overpowering pain in his head, and he dropped face first into the sand. The beauty of the song had triumphed over the nefarious thief, causing his black heart to explode, killing him instantly.

Jaid slowly opened his eyes, seeing the mystical mermaid above him. "Mea, my love, go to your sister, return her shell. I'll wait for you here, on this beach, until you return. I love you." With that, Captain Jaid Connore, a good and true man, died. In the distance, Mea could hear the sound of Buckley's crew running toward her.

Mea's tears mingled with the salt water as she swam away, vowing to come back to Jaid no matter how long it took.

And so the legend of the pirate and the mermaid was born. Some say you can sometimes see Jaid's spirit under Ole Barney's beam, standing at the water's edge, eternally hoping to hear Mea's song, waiting for her return. On a dark and foggy evening, go out to the beach and listen carefully. Perhaps that will be the night that her music will once again be heard on the Island, as Mea finally comes back to her love.

— Maggie O'Neill •

Paying the Troll

Decades ago, before visitors to the Island crossed the concrete Causeway in indistinguishable SUVs decorated with soccer stickers and cause ribbons, my dad drove us to Aunt Celeste's house in a hideous green Comet. I'm not sure if kids were smaller in the '50s, but the whole family managed to fit in, with a week's worth of clothes, pillows, and blankets.

I was twelve in the summer of 1958. The prospect of a week on the beach (and the fantasy we might somehow get stranded there so I wouldn't have to return to school in September) thrilled me. Never mind that it had to be the hottest summer in a thousand years, we had no air conditioning, and my parents were already arguing over where we were going to take Aunt Celeste for dinner.

Nothing was more exciting than the clatter of cars on the wooden bridge, which silenced the "are we there yet?" whining. We were there. Well, sort of. We managed to limp across the bridge with a hissing, smoking engine that brought curses from my father, the likes of which I'd only heard at baseball practice. Dad pulled over to the embankment to let traffic pass. We piled out and watched Dad lift the hood to stare at the engine as if he could mesmerize it into cooling off.

My older sister quickly grew absorbed in her fashion magazine, while Mom pretended to search the trunk for a water bottle she already knew we'd left behind. To this day, I can picture Mom wearing a broad sun hat and a dress with huge pink polka dots.

Eugene, or Weenie, as I called my little brother, flapped around like a wounded bird - - his signal that he needed a rest stop. I was elected to walk him down the embankment towards the shallow, lapping tide, out of view.

"Don't go far!" I mouthed the words before Mom even said them.

As I helped Weenie zip up his shorts and pushed him up the sandy hill, a glint caught my eye under the bridge. Well, perhaps glint isn't quite the right word. I'd never seen anything like the shimmering light dashing about the dank, dark space under the wooden beams of the bridge.

Mom called "Kenny," and I yelled back that I was fine, collecting "stuff." Fear and curiosity fought for supremacy, as I ducked under the bridge. The shimmering orb disappeared for a moment, and I thought I'd imagined it. I turned to join my family, whom I could hear arguing above, when I heard him. Or it.

"Pssst," it hissed.

"Who's there?" Fear now had the edge.

"You know this is a toll bridge, little man? What do you have for me?"

From behind a supporting pylon emerged a man - - no - - a thing like a man, but much, much more ugly. He looked like something from one of Weenie's storybooks, with long ragged hair, an enormous nose, a hunched back, and huge saucer eyes. And he was no taller than my chest. I opened my mouth to yell to Dad, but the creature waved his hand in a circle and no sound came from my mouth. My legs turned to stone. Still, from above, I heard my family still debating what to do and the clap…clap…clap of the cars going by.

I shrugged my shoulders to indicate I couldn't speak, and the wee fellow circled his hand again. My legs tingled and I tested my lips. "Who are you?"

"That will cost you more, little man. Perhaps even your life."

"My life? My dad's right up there. He could take you, no problem. Heck, I could take you."

The creature sat on a rock, looking positively forlorn. I kind of felt sorry for the little guy for a minute. He seemed pretty hurt that I didn't recognize him.

"I'm Brägin, and this is, indeed, my home. You are trespassing. And for that, you will surely perish."

"Perish?"

"Well, at the very least, you'll have to bring me a pretty gold nugget and a warm meal."

"My name is Kenny. Um, my family is staying on the Island for a week. Do you, um, live here?" Gosh, was this a hobo? I'd never seen a real hobo before—maybe this is what one looked like.

"I'm Brägin, and this is, indeed, my home. You are trespassing. And for that, you will surely perish."

"Perish?"

"Well, at the very least, you'll have to bring me a pretty gold nugget and a warm meal."

"Or what will you do?"

"You don't want to know. It will frighten your hair to white and your bones to brittle. It will turn your innards to jelly and…"

He turned away and looked sad again. When he started sniveling a bit, I really felt badly for him. "You don't have any real powers, do you? You can't do anything to me."

He tapped his chest indignantly. "Brägin is the greatest of the bridge trolls, at least in southern parts. Or was. Until the news."

Golly, now he was just getting annoying.

"What news is that?"

Legends & Lore

"You know, the news. The bridge - - they're taking it away….they're taking me away with it."

"You mean because they're replacing this bridge with a new one? Why can't you live under that?"

"Under concrete and iron? Trolls don't live under concrete and iron, boy. They live with the earth and things of nature."

"Trolls? You mean like those nasty looking dolls my sister collects?"

"Trolls, boy. Brought on the ships with the fisherman from the old country. Snuck on the ships, we did, and lived in the nooks and crannies. I'm a Sea Troll and must be near the water."

"Gosh, sorry." I didn't believe a word of it, of course, but I wanted to help the crazy little guy.

"Kenny, get up here!" Dad's call didn't offer room for argument.

The troll looked even more dejected, but I had to go. If I told my parents about him, they'd….I wasn't quite sure what they'd do, but I knew it wouldn't end well for me or Brägin.

"You don't have any food, do you? No one pays the toll any more. They go too fast for me to stop them. Almost got run over last time I tried."

"Sorry, I have to go. Bye." I didn't dare look back at him as I climbed up the embankment to the car, but I couldn't shake my meeting with Brägin.

Long after my family went to bed that night, I snuck into Aunt Celeste's kitchen and made four bologna sandwiches. I put them in a bag with a few cookies and grabbed a bottle of Coke. Even though my uncle had died years earlier, his bike was still in pretty good shape, so I slipped out of the house and rode back to Ship Bottom.

Wondering if I'd imagined the whole thing, I slipped down to Brägin's home near the smelly bay. It was dark and more foreboding than it was in the light of midday with my parents nearby.

I jumped when I heard Brägin's "Psst! Who goes there?"

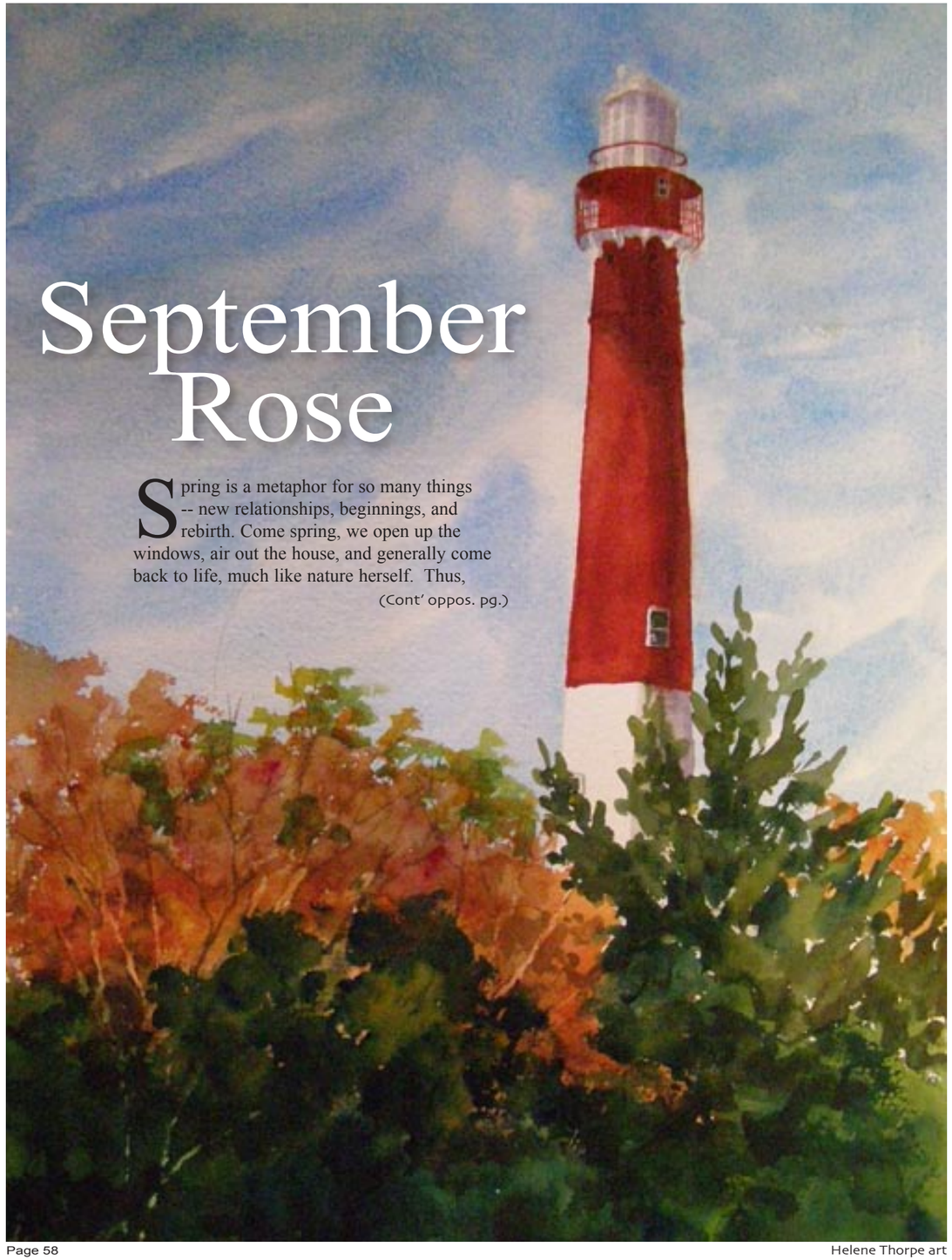
"It's Kenny, with some food."

Brägin trudged out from behind a pylon, a broad smile making his face slightly more tolerable. We sat in the dark and ate bologna sandwiches, watching the summer night sky in companionable silence. I continued my visits every night during our stay, learning about Brägin's odd ways, the story of his kind, and hundreds of years of Island history.

On my last night, I hugged him. He thanked me and called me a "good little man." I rode home crying like a baby, wondering who would feed him when I was gone.

For years I took my own children to the house that once belonged to Aunt Celeste and is now mine. I never stopped on the concrete causeway to see what became of Brägin, but I never stopped wondering.

— Ciar Cullen • *(Ciar Cullen's romances can be found at www.ciarcullen.com and at bookstores nationwide.)*



September Rose

Spring is a metaphor for so many things -- new relationships, beginnings, and rebirth. Come spring, we open up the windows, air out the house, and generally come back to life, much like nature herself. Thus,

(Cont' oppos. pg.)

spring is the perfect symbol for youth.

But spring lasts only a few short months, and youth passes just as quickly. That's ok, though, as I have come to realize I am a September Rose. There has always been something special for me about the fall air. I seem to re-awaken with the first cool night or early morning chill that marks the end of summer. As life on the Island prepares to slow down, I find myself more alive, breathing in the crisp, salty, autumn air. Looking back on my life, I realize I have always been an autumn person, in both mind and spirit.

Through the various decades of my life, I have changed course many times. Now, at an age when most people are starting to settle into their fate, I continue to redefine my life plan. And why not? Who is say that we can only make a mark in the spring of life? Why not change our course, do an about turn and go in another direction, no matter what our age? True, we may not have the same level of energy that we did at 20 or 30, but we do have time under our ever expanding belts. We have enough experience to know what we do not want, which is far more important than thinking we know what we do want. Life is more finely tuned now. Choices and possibilities may be more limited, but the target is clearer.

The *Little House on the Prairie* stories, written by Laura Ingalls, weren't published until she was 65. Ronald Reagan was not elected to his first public office until after the age of 50. Morgan Freeman did not become a famous actor until he was in his 50's, despite being in the business for 30 + years.

The clue to having a successful and happy autumn life is to never give up. Whatever passion we have or dream we follow, keep reaching for that brass ring. What matters most is being engaged enough in life to continue to try. None of us can know how much time we have on this earth. Nevertheless, the number of years remaining is not as important as is the journey itself. From our known start to the unknowable finish, if we keep redefining our plan, changing our focus and looking toward tomorrow, we still have a shot at our dream.

No matter what our path, accepting it with all its flaws and experiences is the only way we grow. When we do get to the AARP years and review the past, the most important things we need to focus on are the lessons we have learned. Once we realize where we went wrong, where we went right, and what we still need from life, it's time to blossom once again. It's time to take all of our experiences, good and bad, and sprint for the finish. The only negative thing about getting older, aside from the physical erosion of our earthly bodies, is the temptation to surrender. Personally, I refuse to go gentle into that good night.

Life has shown me that the world can turn to tragedy in an instant, but the opposite holds true, as well. Life can deliver us the grandest or smallest of miracles at any given moment, and I want to be on the lookout for them when they arrive. I don't want to miss even one opportunity because I thought my time for magical moments had past. I believe I still have time to bloom in the autumn of my life. I am a September Rose.

If you also share this late blooming season, email echoesoflbi.com and share your journey. — ***Maggie O'Neill*** •

"oh give me a house
by the shining sea,
by the waves and the
sand and the sky..."

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