



STAFF PHOTOS BY ERIC CARLSON
JET SKIERS enjoy the glassy water and tricky turns along the marshy stretches of Lockwood Folly River. Downstream, shrimp boats line the docks at Varnamtown landing. Up the river, a great egret stubbornly guards his perch on a dockside railing. Further still, the slow moving waters mirror tall trees lining the banks as marsh grass gives way to forest.

Up A Lazy River The Lockwood Folly Has Something For Everyone

BY ERIC CARLSON

There is a river, rising and falling, that flushes twice daily with the tide. It breathes in oxygen and minerals and a billion little creatures searching for places to spawn. It nurtures the tiny offspring and exhales them to the sea.

From the air, it looks like a giant living organism, with tissues and veins and arteries pumping blue-black blood through a vast prairie of grass.

There is a river, wide and shallow, where fishermen in flat-bottomed boats drift slowly along with the wind and tide, casting their baits toward the grassy banks.

Some take their skiffs away from the channel and into the shallower tidal creeks that meander off through the endless marshes. There they toss nets for shrimp or bait fish, or wade through the mucky bottom to gather clams.

There is a river, deep and running, where white wooden shrimp boats slide past like regal swans. Outriggers hung with nets of green, they follow the markers out to the waterway, out through the inlet and out onto the open sea to drag the fickle waters for those most delectable bugs.

Tied side-by-side at the Varnamtown landing, the sun will rise on their crew members filling holds with baskets of glittering ice. On a good day, the sun will set on those same baskets returning to the dock loaded with tasty



PROVISIONING for another trip, crew and family pitch in to load ice aboard a shrimp boat at Varnamtown landing.

crustaceans.

There is a river, shimmering and beautiful, where people awaken each morning and look out across miles of green and golden marsh.

As these fortunate river dwellers begin their workday routines, they can gaze out at that twisted ribbon winding toward the distant trees and be

reminded that things are never really all that bad.

There is a river, cool and clean, where children dive off docks and splash each other on hot summer days. Where little sailboats ghost along in the shifting breeze. Where buzzing jet-skis race across the mirror-flat upstream waters.

The maze of twists and turns invites slow-moving pontoon boats to putt along on lazy afternoons, wandering left and right while their passengers chit-chat over liquid refreshments and a picnic lunch.

There is a river, lush and teeming, with majestic blue herons, soaring hawks, darting egrets and patient kingfishers. Rounding each bend, you can hear them fussing in the tall grass or see them taking flight on giant thrusting wings.

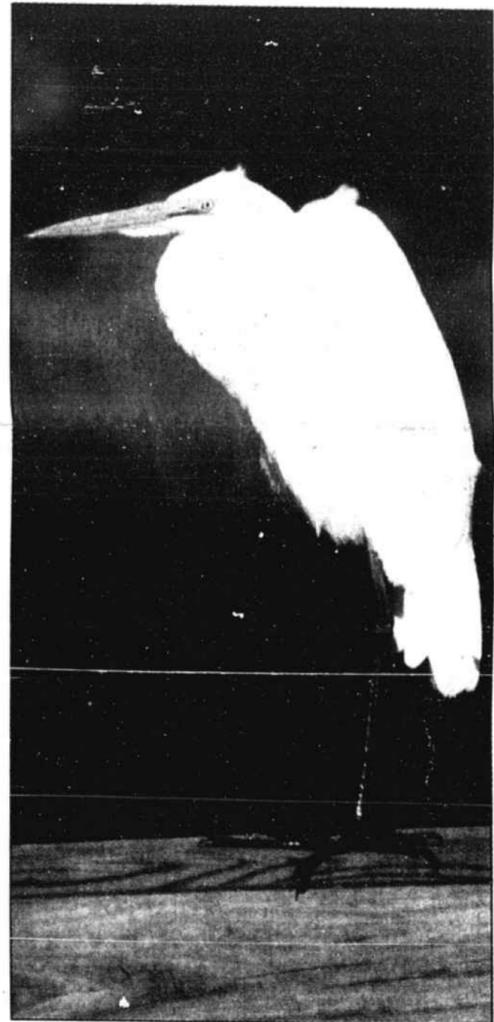
If you're lucky, you may turn a corner and come upon a stately osprey peering down from his massive nest of twigs, high in a barkless tree. Or you might surprise a great egret preening himself on a dock or wading in a tidal pool.

There is a river, dark and mysterious, with a canopy of trees forming a long tunnel into the unknown. Along its damp and mossy banks, tender rushes poke to the surface between gnarled and twisted cypress knees.

It is best to keep a sharp eye here. You would not be the first to see a curled snake sunning himself on an overhead limb or an alligator lurking in the shadows below.

There is a river, rising and falling, inhaling and exhaling, filling up and spilling over, beating like a heart: the heartbeat of Brunswick.

There is a river, near and dear to us, that is all of these things. They call it the Lockwood Folly.



The Art Of Camouflage

BY BILL FAVER

Camouflage is a technique humans use to conceal them from enemies in times of war or to keep from being seen by game when hunting. Some animals use camouflage to hide from their predators or from their prey when they are hunting. Camouflage is a natural protection for animals resulting from their behavior over many thousands of years.

Color plays a major role in animal camouflage. Shape and posture and behavior are other parts of camouflage. An animal needs to blend in with its background to conceal its location. Sometimes camouflage is accomplished when an animal is conspicuous, but mimics another animal found undesirable by the predator.

Young birds and animals typically blend in so well with their surroundings that predators miss seeing them. Since they cannot fly or move fast enough to evade the hunter, camouflage is their only real protection.

Baby plovers on the open beach sand must depend upon their sand coloring to camouflage them. As long as they crouch on the beach no giveaway shadows are formed. If they stand or move around, the behavior enables predators to make out their form and move to catch them.

Countershading is an important element in camouflage. Many fish are dark on the back and white on the belly. When ospreys, pelicans, or eagles see them from above, they blend with the water. Seen from below against the sky, the shape disappears and the predator loses them. Some birds use countershading for the same reason.

A few animals change color to aid in camouflage. Many shorebirds moult to dull gray in winter to blend with the gray days of late fall and winter. Spring plumage returns as they move northward for breeding in the more colorful spring and summer landscapes. Ptarmigans on the tundra are white in winter to match the snow, but change to brown in spring and summer.

Many insects pose as twigs or dead leaves to escape predators. Wings of some butterflies even appear to be partially eaten leaves.

Watch for animals using the art of camouflage. You can find the ghost crabs, many birds, some insects, and maybe even some fish trying to hide from you! Their very survival depends upon it and they've mastered it over many, many years.



PHOTO BY BILL FAVER
SEE IF YOU can find the camouflaged woodcock on her nest.

Federal Funds For Ft. Fisher Achieved Through Joint Effort

A three-year battle to secure funding for a protective seawall at Fort Fisher recently ended successfully when President Clinton signed a bill guaranteeing \$900,000 in federal grants for the kickoff of the Fort Fisher Erosion Control Project.

The fort, which is on the Cape Fear River, is a leading Civil War landmark.

N.C. Cultural Resources Secretary Betty Ray McCain, whose department oversees the state historic site, thanked congressmen, senators and state legislators for supporting the erosion control project. "Without their hard work and belief in the importance of protecting Fort Fisher...it likely would have slid into the sea, which would have been a truly heartbreaking historical loss."

McCain said she anticipates a control for the multi-million seawall project will be awarded early next year, allowing work to begin by the spring.

Fort Fisher has long been endangered because of its unusual earthenwork construction. More than 2,100 feet of the sea face, the northeast corner of the fort and about 750 feet of the land face has already fallen victim to sea erosion. The fort is also regularly threatened by storms.

In 1977, Fort Fisher was identified as an endangered national historic landmark by the federal gov-

ernment. It also has been identified U.S. Department of Interior as one of 25 priority Civil War sites imminently threatened and selected for assistance under the American Battlefield Protection Program.

The Confederacy's largest earthenwork fortification, Fort Fisher was vital to the Southern war effort between 1861 and 1865. It guarded the New Inlet entrance to the Cape Fear River, keeping the port of Wilmington open to the blockade runners who provided a supplies lifeline for the Confederate Army. When the fort fell to the Union early in 1865, the South's last remaining link with the outside world was broken.

Unlike many coastal forts, Fort Fisher was built of earth instead of masonry because this material had been shown to withstand bombardment more effectively. Constructed by the fort's soldiers and slave labor, it was modeled after a Russian fortress at Sebastopol and ran half a mile from the Cape Fear River to the Atlantic and extended a mile south along the coast.

Have An Idea?

If you have an idea for an "under the sun" feature article, we want to hear it. Call Lynn Carison at 754-6890.