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News By You, For You

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23 YEARS IN THE MAKI

By Heather Gutierrez, nee Stone Check Into Cash Center 24006 (775 US Highway 431, Boaz, AL) Manager

Pisgah, AL-My husband, Jason, and I got married on Sunday, October 13, 2019!

We met in 1996 when we were in elementary school. I was 6 years old, and he was 8. We were friends through the years, and in 2008-12 years after we met-Jason and I started dating. This past March, he proposed when we went on a trip to Gatlinburg, and we got married at Moonlight Over Water in Pisgah.

CALL THE CONTROL Scary stories from your Jones Compa-nies family members. **By Kathy Porter**

By Nicole Carter Check Into Cash Jr. QA Analyst Cleveland, TN—Here are three of my favorite two sen**Check Into Cash** Paralegal

Scary stories from

Cleveland, TN-When I was young my grandfather would tell me about a mysterious man his mother spotted by the well. By the time she got out there to ask who he was, the man had disappeared, but every time she spotted him, she would find fresh-cut fire wood in the wood box and all her boys were still asleep.

tence scary stories.

1. A girl heard her mom yell her name from downstairs, so she got up and started to head down. As she got to the stairs, her mom walked her into her room and said, "I heard that too."

2. The last thing I saw was my alarm clock flashing 12:07 before she pushed her long rotting nails through my chest, her other hand muffling my screams. I bolted upright, relieved it was a dream, only to notice that my alarm clock read 12:06, as my closet door creaked open.

3. As I tucked him into bed, my son says, "Daddy, check for monsters under my bed." I look underneath for his amusement and see him, another him, under the bed staring back at me quivering and whispering, "Daddy, there's somebody on my bed."

A specter wood cutter who liked to haunt my great grandmother's well? That's the story. And at least he was helpful.

Having relatives who lived just on the other side of Chickamauga Battlefield I have heard many a scary tale about the battlefield, green eyes, and floating coffins. I believe that in areas of battle or lots of death there is something that lingers. I'm not sure if it's an actual spirit, but something that makes the hairs on your neck and arms stand up and causes goose bumps to crawl.

There are spots in Chickamauga Battlefield that will do that to you.

When I was stationed in England, I visited a lot of castles and castle ruins. Some of those with still existing dungeons will certainly make the goose bumps crawl. For all those Braveheart fans, I visited Falkirk castle and its battlefield, which oozes those goose bumps. Seems like the grass grows greener when blood has been spilled upon it. Wonder if that would help my poor back yard.

By Matthew Roberts Check Into Cash Online Customer Service Representative

Cleveland, TN—This is my totally original and completely true scary story.

It was a hot summer day at Camp Crystal Lake. All of the kids were out playing. Well, all but one-the odd child who everybody thought was like, super weird and stuff. Little 10-year-old Teddy Kroger, who had burns all over his face from an unfortunate boiling cheese accident 15 years ago at his father's superstore.

There was one girl who was not as cold hearted as the rest of the children. Laurie Strode was different. Kind, accepting, and more than anything, she wasn't smart enough to know who she should avoid if she wanted to fit in at camp.

Anyway, Laurie stood in front of Teddy and said, "Hey! I noticed you were over here all alone and I thought you would want to play with my doll. His name is Chucky."

Teddy took the doll and instantly realized his purpose in life. He had to kill Laurie's older sister, Judith, and then hunt Laurie for the rest of his life. He swiftly threw Chucky to the side.

"Ouch!" said the doll.

Teddy ignored the doll and ran toward Judith, who was playing with the other children in the lake. Pure rage was in Teddy's eyes for a reason completely unknown. As he made it to the end of the dock, Teddy tripped and fell in. And he couldn't swim.

Grasping at a chance at survival, he grabbed Judith's leg, and they both sank to the bottom of the lake. As the water filled his lungs, he looked up to see Chucky at the edge of the lake, crying hysterically at the events unfolding.

This was no time for Child's Play.

By Savannah Johnson Check Into Cash Talent Acquisition Coordinator

Cleveland, TN—A girl is just a little afraid of the dark, so every night her dog sleeps under her bed. When she's afraid, she puts her hand down, and her dog licks it to reassure her. One night, she wakes to hear a strange dripping sound. She puts her hand down and feels the dog lick it, so she feels better and goes back to sleep. The next morning, she wakes to find the body of her dog hanging in the middle of the room, dripping blood. On the wall someone has written, "Humans Can Lick Too!"

The Visitor By Caitlyn Pratt Check Into Cash Center 2053 (2000 North Jefferson Street) Customer Service Representative

Huntington, IN—The stairs creaked as I cautiously descended down them.

It was 3 a.m., and I heard an awful sound not even a 200-year-old house could make. A sound that could make anyone's stomach drop to the floor as if dropping off a 400-foot roller coaster. A sound that would scare someone enough to move out. But not me. This sound was a familiar sound. I hoped I would never hear it again, but I did.

I reached the bottom of the staircase and peeked around the corner waiting for him to show up. With my heart racing I grabbed the closest thing to me to try to fight him off to give myself more time to get out.

A dark figured appeared in the doorway. It was him. But this time he wasn't alone. He appeared with five other dark figures, all holding an object to torture me and leave me until I was close to death, and them he'd kill me.

"Please don't kill me! No! Please, no!" I pleaded. "Please don't kill me! I did what you asked me to do, please don't ki—"

Remember to keep your word my friends.—The Visitor

By Traci Miller Check Into Cash UI/UX Designer

Cleveland, TN—Years ago, I lived in Boston, a great town full of our oldest history and ghost stories. I lived with my roommate, Kim, in an old three-family walk-up in an old residential neighborhood in Southie (South Boston).

This three-story stood at the top of the hill overlooking the Harbor and had a full basement. This home had never been renovated and rarely updated, so the basement still had the old coal shoots from a time when men in wagons would shovel coal deliveries down into stalls to keep the furnaces burning. The basement also had no lights, so you found yourself wandering up and down and around dark corners with a flashlight whenever you had to go down there, like a rat in a pitch black maze.

My roommate and I lived on the top floor with an amazing view. We had ridiculously cheap rent because our land lady was sweet and maybe a little naïve. We paid her back with repairs and improvements over the years. We also discovered we had a bit of a ghost living with us. We mused it as a joke, but as time went on, we could not deny that it became more and more plausible that Phil, as we called him, was definitely a presence with us. A harmless and amusing presence, but a presence nonetheless.

Phil liked doors and windows to be open or closed in just his way and would adjust them as needed. I checked frames and hinges more than once with a level, but it seemed that these adjustments would happen even when a door was latched or locked.

Phil also liked infomercials, particularly the ones at 2 a.m. I was often woken up in the middle of the night to find the TV in the living room on and tuned into a Ronco or a Life Alert product. A few nights I stayed up to see what I could see, once with my visiting cousin as witness. We watched as the TV came on and the channels began flipping. My cousin left immediately for a hotel and I had a talk with Phil, or the air, whatever you believe, that his habits were disturbing our much-needed sleep during our work weeks. I asked if he could limit his pre-dawn channel surfing to the weekends. Surprisingly, it worked.

Our other ghost skulked the basement. It was less of a personality and more of an oppressive presence. Down in that dark, winding, damp space, I often got the impression that a presence was gleefully sizing me up as if hurting things brought it joy.

You would think that a person would never go down into that basement, right? Well, I had to. Because our entire three-bedroom apartment was wired to a single breaker in the panel box at the very back of that dark maze. No matter how we tried to coordinate the microwave and the curling irons, we blew that breaker almost every day.

One memorable day, I arrived home from work to a dead apartment. My roommate anxiously wrung her hands, waiting for me to get home and go down to the basement with her. Dread. It had to be done. Again.

We grabbed our flashlights, left the front door welcomingly ajar, and headed down the four flights of stairs. We then opened the basement door, which was—as usual—properly creaky, and threaded our way into the maze. Every horror movie memory rushed back to us, and the darkness seemed to be liquid outside or our tiny flashlight halos. When we reached the panel box, both of us heard a sound, half grating, half humming, coming from somewhere nearby.

I opened the box while Kim danced behind me like a child needing to go to the restroom. I flipped the breaker, closed the box, and turned, giving Kim permission to bolt back towards the entrance. The thought of her leaving me sent a devastating panic down my back to my feet, and we both sprinted back to the door, the sound growing louder behind us (or maybe it was the thunder of our heartbeats). It felt like we had seconds to get to safety or something would punish us for being there. We flew up the stairs and into our apartment with a loud bang of the front door behind us.

We would argue about this, good naturedly, as long as we lived together. Kim thought I was behind her and slammed the door, almost giving her a heart attack. I was certain that Kim was behind me and slammed the door. Both of us, to this day, will swear we did not touch that door. I guess we should be thankful that Phil left it open for us that long.

By Jonathan Lane Check Into Cash Online Customer Service Representative

Cleveland, TN—Story One (this is a creepypasta so the bad spelling and grammar is exactly how it was written).

1. So ur with ur honey and yur making out wen the phone rigns. U anser it n the voice is "wut r u doing wit my daughter?" U tell ur girl n she say "my dad is ded." THEN WHO WAS PHONE?

2. Story Two (I wrote this one)—"STALLED"

One hot August evening a young couple was driving from Nashville to Atlanta. They were in a hurry so they didn't stop to get fuel before they left. After driving for a few hours the young man peered down at his fuel gauge and noticed it was dipping dangerously low. They were in the middle of nowhere and began to worry they might run out of gas before they found another station.

Just as they were about to lose hope they saw the dim lights of an old gas station just off the main road. They quickly pulled in and the young man began pumping gas. It was expensive but they had no other choice.

After he finished pumping the gas, he told his sweetheart he needed to use the bathroom. He went and sat down in the stall, relieved that they would be able to safely finish their journey. But when he reached for the toilet paper something strange happened. No matter how hard he tried, it wouldn't tear. He kept trying to pull it apart but he soon realized there were no seams for easy tearing.

His mind raced as sweat beaded on his brow. He was pulling, pulling, pulling on the TP, but no matter how he tried he could not tear it. He threw his hands up in defeat as his face flushed with embarrassment. Then he heard a quiet voice from inside his head: *You're going to have to use it all*.

At first he refused. This was simply too much toilet paper! It would clog the toilet!

Eventually he relented and began folding up the entire roll. But suddenly, he realized that it was stuck to his hands! He felt himself being pulled by the toilet paper, wrapped up in its coarse and cheaply made fibers. He felt suffocated as the paper squeezed the breath out of his body, and suddenly he began to black out.

He awakened several hours later and found himself sitting on the back of the toilet, unable to move. He was surrounded by toilet paper rolls. The voice in his head returned, this time with a blood-curdling scream.

YOU ARE THE TOILET PAPER NOW!

He sat there in horror and disbelief at the way these events had unrolled. There was nothing he could do. The stall door began to shake. He stared in disbelief as it creaked and finally flung open to reveal a 350-pound trucker who had just finished a meal of chili dogs and gas station sushi. This would be a truly tear-able experience.

The Walk Home By Zac Dixon Check Into Cash IT Support Tier I

Cleveland, TN—It was a cool evening in mid-October. My father, a young boy, finished eating dinner at his grandmother's house after church, like countless Sundays before. Dinner conversation lasted longer than anticipated, as it tends to do in the south. If he didn't leave soon, he'd have to walk most of the way home in the dark.

His mother's house stood just beside Michigan Avenue School. Even in the daylight, trekking through the woods and across fields and barbed wire fences to get home wasn't easy. His grandmother gave him a quick hug and rushed him away as he set off into the woods. *Why had her face looked so worried?* He'd spent most of his childhood playing in these woods but as he entered them this time, something felt unfamiliar. After jumping over a few creeks and crawling through the underbrush he exited the woods just as it began to get dark.

In front of him was the barbed wire fence that separated the first field he would cross from the dense thicket behind him. As he climbed through the fence, the woods behind him became eerily quiet. With three fields to go before he made it home and total darkness quickly approaching, he focused his thoughts on the task at hand and put the silence behind him out of his mind.

As he approached the next field and began to crawl through the fence, he glanced back at the edge of the woods. In the twilight he barely made out a large shape skulking through the edge of the trees. He rubbed his eyes lazily, and it was gone. Chalking it up to poor lighting and an early fall breeze, he continued through the fence on his way. He reassured himself he was not afraid, while his pace quickened. After getting through the next fence and into the final field, he took a moment to catch his breath. He turned back toward the woods but his gaze didn't make it beyond the field.

Halfway across the field something was coming. It was large and moved with an uneven gait, and it was coming fast. Much faster than it should have been given its size. Was it running on all fours?

His hair stood on end and he broke into a run across the field. By the time he reached the last fence, the creature was halfway across the third field. There was no time to climb through the wire in front of him. With one last look back, he vaulted over the top wire of the fence. But before he touched the ground on the other side, something grabbed him and pulled him back. Was it the lumbering shape in the field? Had it already closed the gap between them and clutched him?

He let out a small yelp as he dangled in the air. His shirt was caught in the barbed wire, but there was no time to pull it loose. He could see it as he hung upside down in the fading light. He looked into its twisted face, saliva oozing from its open mouth, teeth bared. It charged at him with unbelievable speed. It looked almost human but it used its hands and feet to sprint like an ancient primate.

Desperately, he tried to free himself from the wire, wrenching and twisting, ignoring the barbs tearing at his skin. Just before the creature reached him, his shirt ripped loose from the fence, slamming him to the ground. In an instant he was on his feet at a full sprint. The graveyard and the school beyond were in sight and his house was just on the other side of them. As he tore through the graveyard, his chest was on fire and his legs ached with exhaustion, but he couldn't stop. He heard it tearing across the open ground behind him. He was around the school but he felt its breath on his neck, smelled its sickening odor! It was going to get him.

He could see the basement door into his home, but it was too far! Just then, he found a final burst of speed and reached the door, the beast wildly gripping at his clothes. As he opened the door and lunged inside, he felt himself being dragged backward. This was it. It had him. Everything inside of him wanted to live, to not be eaten by the monster behind him was, to see his brothers and sisters again. Suddenly his shirt, torn by the fence, ripped free from his body. He fell face first into the basement and slammed the door shut with his foot. He scrambled up and locked it as whatever was outside smashed hard into the other side. Would it hold? Again it crashed against the door rattling the hinges and shaking dust from the frame.

He raced up the stairs and locked the basement door behind him. It kept pounding against the threshold below trying to get in.

His mother, a nurse working the night shift at the local hospital, wouldn't be home until morning. Making sure all the windows were locked, he rushed to his bedroom and grabbed the 12-gauge shotgun he used for hunting. Fingers shaking violently, the taste of adrenaline in his mouth, he hastily loaded it. His bedroom window overlooked the basement door. Against his better judgment, he pulled the curtain aside and looked down towards the door. There it was, looking up at him, its hungry eyes staring back into his as a sickening grin crept across its face.

Quivering, he pulled himself away from the window and left his room going back out into the hall. He quietly locked the door to the room his siblings shared and sat in front of it, shotgun in hand. *If whatever that was outside managed to make it inside it wouldn't make it far*, he thought. As he sat there trying to ignore the terrifying thuds below him, sleep slowly, but eventually, found him.

When he awoke, early morning light filled the hall and his mother stood in front of him. She demanded to know what he did to the basement door. He tried to relay the events of the prior evening to her, but she dismissed it all as lies. As she led him down the stairs he continued pleading with her. Then his eyes reached the door. The door dangled from its hinges, nearly ripped in two but somehow latched shut. His face went white. His mother silently glanced at him and then back to the door. In her anger she hadn't noticed the dried blood that caked his shirtless torso.

He never received a punishment for the damaged door. The look on his face or maybe the dried blood on his chest and the floor convinced his mom that even if he was lying, he had been punished enough. To this day my dad claims he's not afraid of the dark, but anytime the sun starts to set near the woods, he'll briefly look toward them nervously before jumping back into whatever conversation is being had.

Find out during a Facebook livestream on October 24 at 7:30 p.m.

WHO IS TALL BETSY?



Cleveland, TN—On Thursday, Oct. 24 at 7:30 p.m., Miranda Young, a.k.a. Ghost Biker, the founder of Ghost Biker Explorations, will visit the mausoleum at Fort Hill Cemetery.

Her mission? Communicating with the spirit of Flora Shields, whom many suspect to be the basis of Cleveland's official spook, Tall Betsy.

Turn the page for more!

BETSY, continued...

The brainchild of businessman and Tall Betsy legend creator Allan Jones, the paranormal event will be streamed live on the Ghost Biker Explorations Facebook account.

Young has been investigating the paranormal for nearly a decade and travels around the country on her motorcycle investigating, regation hopes to undercover."

Whatever her true identity, Tall Betsy was the perfect fodder for legend. For decades, Cleveland parents told their children that if they failed to come home before dark, they would likely encounter Tall Betsy, sometimes called Black Betsy or simply The Lady in Black. Shields was, and why none of her family members complained that her grave had been transformed into Tall Betsy's home.

This is what Slaughter uncovered, as explained in the following Q&A. The answers are furnished by Slaughter.

Q: What are the basics of Ms. Shields' life?

A: Ms. Shields was born in August 1866, and died 1951. She in essentialwas ly an old maid who never married and never worked, living off the family wealth. And though interred here in Cleveland, she spent only a handful of years here (1866 - 1870),after which her family moved to Oregon and Florida.

Q: Has anyone complained that Ms. Shields is intimately connected to the Tall Betsy legend?

A: Nearly 70 years after her death, Ms. Shields has no surviving family members. So, no one complains about

searching, and telling the history of local legends and lore. She and her co-producer, Josh Neyman of NEYTIME Film & Design, document these investigations and travel on the hit web series, "Ghost Biker Explorations."

In spite of its unique appeal to the public, event organizers offered this important reminder: This is a live online happening so curiosity seekers are asked to stay away from the mausoleum, as Ghost Biker requires complete silence in order to complete the investigation and hopefully interact with these spirits.

Why is Jones, the king of Halloween, bringing Ghost Biker to town? Over the years, Jones became enamored with the spine-tingling tale told to him by his grandmother, Marie Schultz Slaughter. Mrs. lived on 8th Street and grew up where Arnold School is located today and lived her life on the corner of 8th and Milne Avenue NW, where many 8th street parents in the early part of the century told stories of Tall Betsy.

Mrs. Slaughter's father and Jones' great grandfather, Dr. William Herman Schultz a physician kin to late Cleveland Mayor Bill Schultz — actually saw Tall Betsy at the corner of 8th and Ocoee near the monument. Jones relished the opportunity to dress up as the legendary lady. He also spent a lot of time wondering about Flora Shields, the lady buried where Tall Betsy lived, according to the legend manufactured by Jones. Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, Jones hired Michael Slaughter — one of the nation's most respected genealogical researchers - to uncover who built the mausoleum and when. Jones also tasked Slaughter with finding out who's interred there, and when and where they lived. He wanted to know who Flora

Tall Betsy taking up residence in her tomb.

Q: Who else is in Tall Betsy's mausoleum?

A: The Shields mausoleum was likely built between 1900 and 1908, with Flora and her parents, John Caswell Shields — who died in Bradley County on Nov. 12, 1908, and Emily Howell, who died in 1924 — its only occupants.

Interestingly, the real-life Tall Betsy appeared on the Cleveland streets the same time the mausoleum was being built. A few years later, she suddenly disappeared. Could it be because Flora Shields was Tall Betsy? And that she disappeared when she moved with her family



"It's Halloween," Jones said. "Whether you believe in this kind of thing or not, the Legend of Tall Betsy and this whole paranormal investigation are just for fun."

According to Jones, the legendary Tall Betsy is a 7-foot 6 1/2-inch goblin known worldwide for her Halloween appearances at 150 Centenary Avenue in Cleveland. However, she hasn't always been the "official spook of Cleveland." She was a real person at one time.

Jones believes Shields was an awkwardly tall person who was also socially inept.

"She lived at home with her parents and had no social life," he said.

Jones added, "Flora Shields could indeed be the real Tall Betsy, and we'll find out when we ask Flora directly with Ghost Biker live on Oct. 24."

Living in the early 1900s, Tall Betsy was a very tall lady who walked the Cleveland streets at night. And until now, her true identity has been unknown.

"Could Flora Shields be Tall Betsy?" Jones suggested. "That's what the paranormal investito Oregon?

In the spirit of Halloween, Jones and event organizers offered this community teaser: Is Flora Shields truly Tall Betsy? Tune in to the Ghost Biker Explorations' Facebook livestream as Ghost Biker, Miranda Young, attempts to find out on Oct. 24 at 7:30 p.m.

To learn more about Ghost Rider and Ghost Rider Explorations, visit GhostBikerExplorations.com and like/subscribe to the Ghost Biker Explorations Facebook and YouTube Channel.





"CAN-DO" SPIRIT SUSTAINS THREE-SPORT ATHLETE TYRIKA LEE

By Tyrika Lee Check Into Cash Center 22030 (700 North Military Highway) Assistant Manager

Norfolk, VA—This is something that I was the first to do in NSU history and was also featured by the NCAA news. I am currently still in school and will be graduating in December!

Originally published at https://nsuspartans.com/news/2018/12/13/general-can-do-spirit-sustains-three-sport-athlete-tyrika-lee.aspx

Norfolk, VA—Norfolk State track and field sprinter Tyrika Lee has shown steady improvement over her Spartan career. After coming to NSU "running Division II times," as she put it, she gradually ran faster each season before breaking through as a junior last year, qualifying for the NCAA East Preliminary Round in the 100-meter dash.

Which begs the question: with her time consumed by classes, practice, and competition, in a sport where every hundredth of a second could mean the difference in winning or losing, why would she make the bold decision to take up another sport? One she had never played competitively, no less?

The answer lies at least partially with a voice in her head, belonging to her father, Thomas.

"My dad always told me, 'Any talent is worth a million dollars'," Lee said. "You never know if you're good at something until you try."

So with that courageous perspective and a selfless attitude, Lee agreed to join the NSU tennis program last spring. Head tennis coach Darryl Cummings found his team a little short-handed, and he asked Lee and track team manager Nena Greenhouse to help fill out the Spartans' lineup. Multi-sport athletes in college are rarer than they used to be, but still not uncommon. But two sports within the same athletic season, in this modern age of athlete specialization? It took a leap of faith, and plenty of time management, on Lee's part. "I have become pretty decent at time management and actually have a part-time job, too," said Lee. "I complete six hours of study hall each week and show up to practices on time, so you could say I am somewhat busy."

As it turned out, her busier schedule coincided with big gains on the track. Just two weeks after tennis season concluded, Lee ran her best-ever times in both the 100 and 200-meter events at the MEAC Outdoor Championships, placing fifth in both. In one final effort to qualify for the NCAA East Preliminary Round in the 100 meters, Lee improved her time again at a last chance meet at Mount Olive College in North Carolina. She dropped her time from 11.55 to 11.52, just enough to earn a bid to the regional meet.

Once there, she set a PR for the third straight meet, 11.47 seconds, good for 28th place out of 48 runners in the region. Not bad for an athlete who admits that three years prior, she was not a Division I runner.

"I was running Division II times coming out of high school and I knew they (her NSU coaches) weren't looking for that," Lee said. "But, they gave me an opportunity and I trusted them and the program."

"I've seen a lot of growth in her over the last three years," said Kenneth Giles, NSU's Director of Track & Field Programs. "From her freshman year when she was unsure of what she could do, to being an NCAA regional qualifier. Coming out of high school, she's progressed from 12.2

What's more, Lee had never played tennis competitively before.

"I had attended some summer tennis camps when I was younger, but I never really played it before," said Lee. "I played softball in middle school and was on the cheerleading team in high school along with running track. But just because you didn't do something when you were younger, doesn't mean you aren't capable."

Lee credits Cummings and Ana Popovic, who was a senior on last year's tennis team, for helping her transition.

"Coach definitely put all of his trust into us. He said he knew we (she and Greenhouse) didn't really know the process of being college tennis players, but he just wanted us to give our all," Lee said. "Ana really helped me train and was sort of my liaison with my new teammates. She really taught me the ins and outs of the sport."

The highlight of Lee's tennis season was her lone singles victory, a three-set win over an opponent from Maryland Eastern Shore in April that helped the Spartans clinch the win and secure a bid into the MEAC Tournament.

"It was so crazy. All my teammates and coaches surrounded my match and were all by the fence cheering me on," Lee said. "I just couldn't let them down."

Lee also credits tennis with giving her an outlet from the stress that comes with being a collegiate athlete in another sport.

"Last year was probably my most stressful year in track, but tennis was kind of my saving grace," Lee said. "Sometimes if you focus on track 100 percent of the time, you can psyche yourself out and not perform as well."

The physical strain of playing multiple sports within the same season didn't prove to be too big a task for Lee, who estimates she would attend practices in both sports three to four times per week, often going right from the Dick Price Stadium track to the courts at the NSU Tennis Complex a few hundred yards away down Presidential Avenue. Not to mention competitions, class, a part-time job and any free time. (seconds) to 11.4 in the 100 meters and from 25 to a 23 in the 200m. You just don't see that."

But Lee's improbable story of struggling freshman track athlete to confident, blossoming two-sport athlete doesn't end there. Make that, three-sport athlete.

During her rare free time last spring, Lee and some friends went bowling at the Spartan Lanes in the campus student center – unknowingly, just prior to an organized NSU bowling team practice. As Lee's group was asked to give way to the team, head coach Wilhelmenia Harrison watched Lee conclude her game by picking up a tough spare. That attracted the attention of Harrison, who's been known to recruit other talented NSU athletes onto her team in the past.

"When (Harrison) approached me about joining the team, I was sort of hesitant," said Lee. "I didn't know how I was going to balance sports and school."

When bowling tryouts came Lee was, not surprisingly, at track practice. She admitted to forgetting about the bowling tryout, but knew she could not have attended, anyway. A persistent coach Harrison told Lee that she could use her talents, regardless. So come November, due in part to a couple of injuries to NSU's regular bowlers leaving the Spartans short-handed, Lee became the first known three-sport athlete in recent NSU history when she competed at bowling competitions hosted by Virginia Union and Delaware State. Her best score was a 150 in the team's divisional meet at DSU.

So what's next for Lee? She plans to continue this spring with tennis and will take a wait-and-see approach with bowling. And after a well-deserved break for the holidays, her senior indoor track season gets underway Jan. 11 with a meet at Virginia Tech. Her goals?

"Faster times and better rankings," Lee said matter-of-factly. "And to do better this year at the NCAA East Preliminary. Our new assistant coach (Garfield Ellenwood) is talking to me about running some crazy-fast times, like 22.9 in the 200 and 11.2 in the 100 meters, and making the Olympic Trials in 2020. We'll see how it goes."

Lee didn't seem daunted by those goals. And after taking up two new sports in college, why would she?

"If you get recruited for one sport, the stigma out there is you just spend all your time focusing on that," Lee said. "But really, all sports tie in somehow. If you can do it mentally, you can do it physically." jccnews.com

November 2019

Happy Days

6

Alabama

PPY BIRTHD Who turned another year old this month? Look below to find out!

Brittany Allen Geraldine Carr Tamika Glenn Teresa Johnson Shameka Smith Clarence Thompson Shametra Watts Melissa White Angela Wright Arizona Peter Davies Amanda Dunnington Alfonso Jimenez Jacqueline Ledesma Lo- Heather Brown pez Judy Madden Cathy McLaughlin Brianna Moos Lucero Paz-Monge Milka Salas California Maria Amezcua Sybil Arroyo Teresa Azevedo Josephine Berlanga Alexis Cano Krystine Clift Alexis Coca Raciel Deleon Vanessa Dillard Judith Dominguez-Trejo Sandra Esteva **Christian** Gomez Domonique Gonzalez Ivan Hernandez Vazquez Samantha Hunt Laura Licon Ashley Magana **Christian Martinez Raquel** Martinez Steven Montero Paola Ormeno Georgina Rodriguez Adriana Rodriguez Mau-

ricio Mariah Scharton Alberto Torres Monica Toscano Maritza Urias Veronica Vasquez Stefanie Watson Colorado Erica Baca Brianna Beebe Maria Gallegos Meranda Garcia Guadalupe Gonzalez Florida Amanda Johnson Georgia Gregory Carswell James Gaines Ashley Newberry Alicia Rawles **Tremel White** Illinois Susan Brandner Lowanda Tolliver Matthew White Christine Witkus Indiana Bobbie Adkins-Yopp Brittany Booher Genelle Secrest **Tramese Washington** Iowa Sarah Boeckholt Devyn Caporale Wai Kin Chan Mary Kangas-Moore Kansas Brooke McAlister Kyesha Walker Shannon Wolfe Kentucky Jacqulyn Ackerman Nicholas Bronger Robyn Helton

Mollie Pittman Suzanne Ramsey Heather Williams Louisiana Brandon Kennard Markisha Paul **Courtney Richard** Mary Scott Elisha Thomas **Ruby Thompson** Michigan Nakyah Archie Christopher Smith Stephanie Waldron **Mississippi** Tammy Hines Angela Meredith Angela Taylor Missouri Susan Barboza Nancy Burnett Dakota Callahan Teresa Kusmaul Amanda Lacy Latasha Mceuen **Crystal Pyle** Jamie Richardson **Cherity Shriver-Porter** Nebraska Anastasia Burmood Chandler Combs **Kristian Flores Kimberly Hicks** Oklahoma Katie Elliott Ashley Lawrence Megan Leasure Brandie Parker South Carolina Stephanie Beeks **Brooklyn Elkins** Tennessee Debbie Anderson Melissa Atkinson Ashley Basehart

Danielle Buckner Ellen Calfee Candice Champion Adria Clawson Ben Clayton Sean Datcher Mary Eanes Kimberly Gardner Steve Gilbert Ambrosia Hall Michelle Hawkins Terra Howard Donna Ingram Freddie Jackson William Jackson Angel Johnson Courtney Jones-Pendergrass Mary King Kamron Looper Heather McDougal Mark Mendel Michelle Miller **Edward Patton** Ida Smith Audrey Stanifer-Cummings Anthony Sutton Sherri Webb Adam Wilkie Tammy Williams Victoria Wyatt Virginia Melissa Biggs Sharon Campbell Iean Dunn Jeanette Gainer **Brandon Harris** Cathryn Harris Wisconsin Vicki Dillenbeck Wendy Frisch Natalie Trawick

Each issue, we congratulate folks celebrating milestone employment anniversaries.

Here are those who celebrated this month.

5 Years

Carla Bragg (VA) Dennis Liermann (NE) Billie Moore (TN) Matthew Stutes (TN) Ann Tariga (CA) Kathey White (TN)

11 Years Jessica Hurt (VA) Freddie Jackson (TN)

12 Years Tameka Jones (GA)

13 Years Emma Tercero (CA)

14 Years Jesse Schwalenberg (WI)

15 Years Jerica Burts (IN)

17 Years Charles Floyd (TN)

18 Years Michael Cloud (TN)

19 Years Jeremy Appleton (TN) Lucinda Taylor (TN)

20 Years Robert Sindler (TN) Edgar Bran (CA) Connie Crews (TN)

TEAM MEMBERS OF THE MONT A huge congratulations to our latest Team Members of the Month winners. Each received a \$500 gift card and a plaque!

From the Field: Yesenia Perez, Area Manager with Check Into Cash Online

Redlands, CA-Yesenia has been a dedicated employee with Check Into Cash for 11 years! Her positive attitude and outstanding customer service impact everyone around her. She has been a constant role model for her employees and peers, going above and beyond for everyone on our team. Yesenia knows all of her customers by name and treats them like family. She is always a team player and a true asset to our district.

When she is not at work she enjoys doing anything outdoors with her soon-tobe husband, Elbert, and their dog, Mia.



F THE MONT -AUGUST· C181 LIANE SHIFFLETT ciane Shifflett \$500.00 PRODUCT MANAGER **PRODUCTS & INTEGRATION**

Corporate: Liane Shifflett, Product Manager with Check Into Cash

Cleveland, TN—Liane has been with CIC for a few years now, and as such has served as the product manager supporting Repay, Solutions by Text, First View, Ingo and other complimentary services to Check Into Cash.

What many don't realize is the time she also spends moonlighting to support e-commerce. Liane brought a wealth of knowledge regarding fraud detection and analysis from her former employer. When e-commerce had a spike in fraud last summer, Liane volunteered to jump in and get involved while also juggling her normal activities.

Liane has been instrumental in the creation of a recurring Fraud meeting in which she gathers notes from various departments, and compiles reports to help track any changes in our portfolio performance. She has also been acting as a subject matter expert and supported the day-to-day fraud team that reviews applications in the call center helping to create some continuity to our processes. In addition, she has worked closely with her management and the Risk department to make recommendations that have significantly improved the stability of our portfolio. Liane is the poster child for this award as she has not only done her job, but willingly taken on the responsibility of helping manage our third party fraud online.





Tupelo, MS—Happy 15-year anniversary to Angela Meredith! She's Manager at Check Into Cash Center 13016 (2240 Rabbit Drive), and we're so thankful to have her!

LOOK WHO GOT PROMOTED! Across the Jones Companies family, good people are growing their careers each and every day. Here's who got promoted recently through the family.

Santonyette Gresham, District Training Manager at Center 024312 - Midfield, AL, District D242

Shayla Martin, District Training Manager at Center 016028 - Crowley, LA, District D169 Monquetta Neal, Center Manager at Center 013012 - Greenwood, MS, District D130

Gabrielle Conner, Center Manager at Center 000027 - Knoxville, TN, District D12

Robert Barrett, Area Manager at Center 022025 - Winchester, VA, District D223

Elizabeth Aquilina, Center Manager at Center 022023 - Christiansburg, District D229

Peter Davies, State District Manager at Center 019029 - Mesa, AZ, District D190

Deana Carrillo, Center Manager at Center 009143 - Oakdale, CA, District D90

Reshma Kirty, Assistant Manager at Center 009005 - Sacramento, CA, District D915

Gordon Dowell, State District Manager at ter 019046 - Flagstaff, AZ, District D190 Center 009066 - Chico, CA, District D921 Maheialani Ojeda, Assistant Manager at Center 009052 - San Jose, CA, District D98

Luis Aguilar Fraire, Center Manager at Center 009054 - Redwood City, CA, District D98 Judith Dominguez-Trejo, Assistant Manager

at Center 009089 - Duarte, CA, District D911

Cristina Guerrero, Assistant Manager at Center 009045 - Ventura, CA, District D913

Terri Wunderlich, State District Manager at Center 027007 - Boise, ID, District D270

Breanna Brewer, Assistant Manager at Center 012045 - Sullivan, MO, District D121

April Geels, Assistant Manager at Center 023013 - Sapulpa, OK, District D230

Amanda Ortiz, Assistant Manager at Center 023014 - Oklahoma City, District D237 Samantha Harker, Assistant Manager at CenLaura Madrigal, Assistant Manager at Center

018023 - Greeley, CO, District D180

Jennifer Ford, Center Manager at Center 004009 - Springfield, IL, District D42

Courtney Werstler, Collections Floor Manager at Center 990001 - Check Into Cash, DCORP

Crystal Patterson, Collections Floor Manager at Center 990001 - Check Into Cash, DCORP

Krystal Harris, Center Manager at Center 002008 - Michigan City, D26

Emily Demass, Assistant Manager at Center 002008 - Michigan City, D26

Sherry Hobson, Center Manager at Center 014017 - Spartanburg, SC, D140

Rachel Ingram, VP and Controller at Center 990002 - JMS, DCORP

Sherri Webb, Assistant Controller at Center 990002 - JMS, DCORP

CHEESY SHRINP ND GRITS



By Katherine Bartcher Check Into Cash Paralegal

Ingredients

- 3 cups chicken broth
- 1 cup uncooked quick-cooking grits
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups (8 ounces) shredded Cheddar cheese
- 6 slices bacon, chopped
- 2 pounds medium shrimp, peeled and deveined (do not use frozen shrimp)
- 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 6 green onions, chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, minced

Directions

Step 1: Bring chicken broth to a boil over medium-high heat; stir in grits. Cook, stirring occasionally, 5 to 7 minutes or until thickened. Remove from heat; stir in salt and next 3 ingredients. Set aside, and keep warm.

Step 2: Cook bacon in a large nonstick skillet over medium-high heat 3 minutes or until crisp; remove bacon from pan.

Step 3: Cook shrimp in same pan over medium-high heat 3 minutes or until almost pink, stirring occasionally. Add lemon juice and next 4 ingredients, and cook 3 minutes. Stir in bacon.

Step 4: Spoon grits onto individual plates or into shallow bowls; top with shrimp mixture. Serve immediately.

PROBL	EN	
Solutions to last issue's puzzles.	SOLVED	

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CORP 1001

We currently have 748 locations across the Credit Corp family of businesses.

• 732 Check Into Cash centers

• 2 US Money Shops Title centers

• 3 Prime – Great Amer-

ican centers

• 1 Prime – Quic! Loans center

• 1 Prime – Nation's Quick Cash center

• 9 Cash and Cheque Express centers - UK (8 company owned/1 franchise)

- 22025 Winchester, VA
- 22057 Marion, VA
- 29018 Owosso, MI

• 35011 - Wichita, KS



BATTING

We here in auditing are constantly checking and rechecking Check Into Cash for compliance and proper accounting practices. This time around, we had a number of centers that had everything absolutely perfect!

Here are the centers that scored 100 percent on their title products in September.

- 00044 Mountain City, TN
- 04001 Peru, IL
- 04031 Chicago, IL

• 04042 - Macomb, IL

1000

- 09015 Turlock, CA
- 09033 Corona, CA
- 09156 Morro Bay, CA
- 09210 Elk Grove, CA
- 12035 Kirksville, MO
- 13022 Jackson, MS
- 19030 Glendale, AZ

Here are the centers that sconed a perfect score for payday products.

- 04001 Peru, IL
- 12035 Kirksville, MO

• 13001 - Hattiesburg, MS And these earned a perfect score for AMLMSB products.

- 00059 Humboldt, TN
- 05007 Appleton, WI
- 09009 Manteca, CA
- 09037 El Cajon, CA
- 09038 National City, CA
- 09040 San Diego, CA
- 09112 Hemet, CA
- 09117 Bellflower, CA
- 09123 Pasadena, CA
- 09149 Desert Hot

Springs, CA

• 12035 - Kirksville, MO

• 19024 - Lake Havasu City, AZ



Lifestyles

CROSSWORD

13th October

ACROSS

1 Make hermetic 5 Unnamed source, in a tabloid story 8 Act listless 12 Ward off 17 Tibetan monk 18 Te-___ (cigar brand) 19 Cry of grief 20 Dylan Thomas's homeland 21 Egg-shaped 22 Sunburned 23 Exam 24 Detroit's Joe Louis, e.g. 25 Gamble 28 Pick-me-up 29 Bygone **30** Lascivious look 32 Perspicacious 36 Cary's "Charade" costar 39 Soon-to-be cpls. 43 Venetian blind strip 44 Govt. conservation gp., in theory 47 Belfry sound 48 Peruvian writer Ricardo 49 Cod's kin 50 Nutritious legume 52 Story in install-

- ments
- 53 Barely gets by 54 Bernhardt of the
- stage 55 Certain tire
- 56 Subject for
- Winslow Homer 57 Gamble
- 60 "Today I ____
- man"
- 63 Lasso
- 65 "___ We All?"
- 66 Environmental sci.
- 67 Quiz answers

number 86 "Ocean's 90 Take a risk 97 Restriction 98 Once more, to Pappy Yokum 99 Backgammon win 100 Road, to Caesar 101 Doddering 102 Bully's threat ender, often 103 '70s rock gp. 104 Blanched 105 Measure of length 106 Diviner 107 High-strung animated Chihuahua 108 Dilatory

DOWN

- 1 Slovenly person 2 Spot for an icicle 3 She loves: Lat. 4 After "ooh" or "tra" 5 Released
 - prisoner

- 6 Fix 7 1960 veep candidate 8 Arithmetic, for
 - short 9 Table spread
- 10 Work of art depicting a shepherd's life
- 11 "Errare humanum ___"
- (Seneca) 12 Wise to
- 13 Spanish unit of measure
- 14 Certain charge: abbr.
- 15 Russo of "Tin Cup"
- **16** Bygone autocrat 26 Great quantity
- 27 Precipitation on Skye
- 28 Stunt journalist Nellie 31 Harden
- 32 Incinerator
- contents 33 Quench
- 34 Gamble
 - 35 BYU's in-state athletic rivals
 - 37 Increase stakes

- 38 Jupiter and Saturn, to Caesar 39 Start for medic or phrase 40 Start the football game 41 Nashville-based prize ceremony 42 "Blueberries for 45 Site for sunning señoritas 46 Of flying: prefix 48 Jab with the beak 51 Bert Bobbsey's twin 52 Faction
- 54 Sp. miss
- 55 Ancient Norse
- poems
- 57 Cow's fly swatter
- 58 Ms. of Cadiz 59 " Get Lost"
- (1989 film) 61 Michael of documentaries
- 62 Do a tailor's job
- 64 Brent and Arden
- 66 That certain something
- 67 Afternoon break

- for the Queen 68 Thoroughfares:
- abbr.
- 69 Lag behind
- 70 Attention
- 73 Posed
- 75 Revolutionary Christmas battle site
- 78 Receptacle
- 79 Home of the Fighting Tigers: abbr.
- 81 "The Faërie Queene" heroine
- 82 Pianist Nero
- 84 Onetime anesthetic
- 85 Sheer fabric
- 86 Son of Shem
- 87 Pedigree
- 88 Spew
- 89 " Bodies" (Waugh)
- 91 River in France
- 92 Rare person
- 93 Pucker formers
- 94 Slanting type: abbr.
- 95 Dramatic beginning
- 96 Make coffee
- 98 JFK's UN man

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Fill in every square until each row, column, and box contain all of the numbers from 1 to 9, with no number repeated twice in any row, column, or box.

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