

BRUSHING UP-Fund drive co-chairmen Andrew Williams and Woody Foreman try their hand at sign-painting as they fill the IQ thermometer that was placed on the campus at College of The Albemarle. Slightly more than \$11,000 has been pledged by area residents after the first full week of the month-long drive that ends May 11. (COA-Photo)

New World Off North Carolina's Coast

By Glenn Mays State Travel Editor

There's a whole new world relatively few people ever see diving enthusiasts.

Its inhabitants are strange in the gentle rhythm of a maestro conducting a Beethoven symphony, or dart to and fro with no rhyme or rhythm.

Other inhabitants here lie still, causing eerie silhouettes against the light above.

Carolina's coastal waters where the Gulf Stream and Labrador Current collide, sand shoals from place to place.

"graveyard of the Atlan- Ocracoke. tic,"is home to hundreds of ships and the greatest variety of fish to be found along the east coast.

creatures too. With air tanks on their backs, large masks covering their faces and large fins attached to their feet teems with aquatic life, these creatures go below the Schools of mititi-collored fish Atlantic's an ace to visit this fascinating and beautiful world

crumbling hulks of mammoth from larger ones stalking rusting ships - tankers, sub- prey. marines or frigates -- provide off North Carolina's coast but ideal opportunities for sport

The warm blue waters of the Gulf Stream swing close looking creatures that move to the North Carolina coast bringing tropical species of fish and good visibility.

Each of the hundreds of ships which went down off the North Carolina coast holds its own adventure. Some ships are said to have gone down with gold aboard and may re-This world is under North main there today. Others offer adventure in their aquatic life or unexplored holds.

Great storms and wars churning, and transplanting have added to this graveyard Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27911, which began in 1585 when This watery land, called the vessel went down off the North Carolina coast.

Since then ships like the John D. Gill, the World War II German submarine U-352, the Caribsea, the tanker Atlas Those who see this unusual and the World War I land are strange looking destroyer Schurz have fallen victim to the Atlantic of the North Carolina coast.

Each barnacled skeleton

- red, blue vellow, orange begins to look lifeless).
silver - keep a vigil over their own territory. Red coral, It is a unique area where golden sponge and brown death and destruction of the crustaceans add to the colorpast now teems with life and ful spectacle of this underbeauty. The bones of battered water paradise. Hydroid colwooden ships lay strewn onies wave slowly in the curacross the ocean floor. But rent as small fish seek cover

Access to this underwater world is available from several points along North Carolina's more than 300 miles of coast. Wilmington, Southport, Morehead City, Swansboro, Beaufort, Oregon Inlet, Nags Head, Hatteras and Ocracoke have dive boats for hire for private or group diving excursions. Dive shops in those towns have the equipment necessary to enjoy this unusual and exciting world.

For more information contact the Travel and tourism Division, 430 North Salisbury telephone 919 733-4171, or a 'The Tiger," an English chamber of commerce along

SummerHair Care Tips

A short haircut is a good idea for summer. A style that can be towel-dried in a few minutes is easy to manage and also fashionable. If hair dries out from too much sun, give yourself a hot oil treatment every few weeks (or whenever hajr,



Letter To The Chowan Herald Editor

she had the first papers serv-

Every paper she has filed

has been based on falsehoods

and partial truths. The court

found me in contempt for

failure to turn my son over to

his mother, although they in-

formed me that if she took

him and went back to Florida

and did not return for the

hearing, it would be up to me

to go to Florida and find him.

I have been detained in jail

since March 30, 1983, but I

have no choice. It is either

obey the court or protect my

son. To protect my son is my

responsibility. Each week I

appear in court to be asked if

was not notified that I had to

go to court one time and I was

The sport of skating

is at least 1,000 years old.

court.

where he was.

but changed her m

she learned she wou

(Editor's Note: As a general policy, this newspaper does not publish anonymous material. However, an exion is being made in this case use it is felt that "John Q. Public" is not a loner. While he desires to remain anonymous his letter provides considerable food for thought, LFA).

Dear Sir:

When we place a Judge on his bench, he or she is usually a person the community looks up to and respects. Because of this, these same people are afraid to admit a mistake. They are afraid to admit they too are human and not a "God" with the wisdom of Solomon.

Yet, we "John Q. Public" are supposed to admit our mistakes and try to correct them. Yes, we all have options open to us, but no one will tell us wht they are or how to go about taking advantage of them.

Too many of our lawyers ask so much in fees that the average working man can hardly afford them and must rely on what little ability he might have.

Many of these judicial mistakes involve our innocent children. We have allowed the courts to take away our childrens' rights, God given or otherwise.

We hear on T.V., radio and read in newspapers that child abuse is one of the big problems in our society today. Our very own courts are guilty of this. They place our own children with a parent or organization which they are not happy or want to be. This is the worse kind of abuse, mental.

For many times intelligent children, due to an unhappy and confused childhood, either take a wrong turn in life or suffer with mental problems later in life.

What we really need is the use of common sense along with the law. Instead of a Judge thinking of the parent let him think of the child and his happiness and well being.

We claim to be the most modern country in the world but our laws concerning our children are archaic. The courts force our children to be pushed and pulled from pillar to post as suits the parent (usually the mother). The children live in constant fear of being forced to leave their home and live where they don't wish to go.

The United States was founded on "Freedom" and no age limit was specified. What good is the constitution if we don't believe in it and uphold it?

The following concerns my 6 year old son and his fight for freedom since 1979 and has covered three states.

My wife and I filed for separation in 1979 and in 1980 she received custody of my three children. My son was two years old at the time and even at that early age he let it be known to anyone that would listen, that he didn't want to live with his mother.

In March 1981, his mother gave all three children to different people. She contacted my parents who were living in Georgia, and asked them to take my son. I have a paper she wrote giving complete care of the child to my parents and their home was to be his permanent home until he was grown. This letter was signed by my wife and my mother. It was notorized by a court recorder.

Since March 4, 1981 when my parents picked him up in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, I have been with my son, I have provided his material needs and have been with him constantly when I was not working. He is happy, well adjusted, and very intelligent. His only fear is of his mother taking him back.

In May 1982 my parents and I were served with papers in Georgia to turn my son back to my wife. I consulted an attorney who said he thought he could get the child for me but wanted \$1500° up front. Of course I had no such funds having lost everything fighting my wife in Florida.

I took my son and came "home" to North Carolina. I intended to fight for the custody here if necessary, but I was out of work for awhile and had just reached the point in my employment that I was able to think of getting my son's problem solved when my ex-wife, now remarried, came to North Carolina. She

came to steal him from school Prior to being served with e latest orders etc, my exvife, her husband and I met jail if she did. She filed sapers in court ex parte without and I thought we'd come to an agreement that although I notice for temporary custody stood to loose my son most of and \$5,00000 plus attorney fees. the year, I felt all the children would benefit from it in the I learned what she was dolong run. At 10:30 P.M. she ing and moved my son to a called her attorney and the neutral place two days before sheriff and told them we had come to an agreement her ed. I did this because my son husband worte it and I was to begged me to not allow his have an attorney to type it for mother to take him or to know our signatures. In court she denied this agreement.

There are thousands of these cases every year in the United States and many of them are caused by judges that close their eyes and fail to use common sense.

Where does it all stop? We need to get together and get an amendment passed for Childrens Rights- Let's do it!

This story could be yours. These are the facts and are as true as life itself. John Q. Public

Beauty

Beauty is a feeling of love, I'll turn my son over and then Beauty is a feeling of joy. go back to jail. My lawyer Beauty is a feeling of happiness, Beauty is a feeling to enjoy. notified ten minutes before

Beauty is a feeling of laughter. Beauty is an expression of being kind.

Beauty is a feeling of pleasure, Beauty is something that fills the mind.

George Kaupp



SPREADING CULTURE - The daughter of Edentonians continues to spread culture throughout the country through her singing. She is Patricia Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. (Jack) Mooney, South Oakum Street. She recently presented a recital of operatic arias and duets with Jackson Sheats at Shenandoah College of Conservatory of Music. Sheats is chairman of the Voice Department at the college and the noted soprano was adjunct lecturer in voice there last year.

The Red Bird's Nest

(Dedicated to the child who loves nature) By our kitchen window Is a big camellia bush Within its boughs in springtime A red bird builds its nest. The tiny eggs will hatch one day And little birds will fly. Their wings are weak and wobly,

Just like you and I. God made them to bring happiness In coats of deep red hue. They make the world so beautiful Just like I want to do.

Mary D. Nixon ElderLodge Nursing Home

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