

AN OPEN HOUSE!!!! GINGER and JACK GOLDSTEIN invite you to Open House at FORT JUNIPER on Loblolly Drive - Friday night September 20th or Saturday afternoon or evening, September 21st.

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Did you read in the Carteret Times-News about the FORUM SERIES being planned for Carteret County this Fall? The series is being set up under the auspices of Carteret Tech, and our mayor JIM REDFIELD, will be moderator. Another PKS citizen, ED BAKER (Dr. Baker to his students) is Acting Project Director. Plans call for having an invited speaker who will paint a broad picture covering some topic of community interest and a group of three or four panelists who will present their viewpoints of specific phases of the problem. The first forum is planned for Thursday, October 3, in Joslyn Hall at Carteret Tech at 7:30 p.m. The subject will be the rising tide of taxes. Watch for more information about these forums in the newspapers and on the radio.

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TIDES -- "Nae man can tether time or tide", wrote Robert Burns. Although Phoenicians and Egyptians noticed the tides, it wasn't until the 17th Century when Sir Isaac Newton (when he wasn't letting apples drop on his head to demonstrate gravity) figured out that the pull of the moon on the waters of the earth made tides rise and fall. Ocean tides are also influenced by atmospheric pressure and winds, and though there is no formula for computing how much higher or lower a given tide will be because of the wind's given velocity and direction, sailors often have the ability to guess. Much folklore is associated with tides, but cold facts and knowledge were involved in the success of the D-Day invasion of June 6, 1944, and Julius Caesar goofed up his first try at invading Great Britain because he didn't understand the tides.

Tides at Baltimore average about a foot, in Vancouver tides run to ten feet, but the Bay of Fundy between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia has tides running as high as fifty feet (in case you forgot grade school geography).

Riptides are due great respect; a riptide is an off-shore flow of two currents coming from opposite directions which, when they meet, form a new current that sweeps anything in its path out to sea.

PKS'ers new to near-ocean living who want to know more about tides can contact the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration of the U.S. Dept. of Commerce, operating out of Rockville, Md.

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LOOK OUT! Here is an editorial!

"The Miracle of Man is not how far he has sunk but how magnificently he has risen," says Robert Ardrey, author of the very disconcerting book African Genesis, which certainly seems to convince readers that men were born of risen apes, not of fallen angels. And so he ponders: "What shall we wonder at? Our murders and massacres and missiles, and our irreconcilable regiments? Or our treaties whatever they may be worth; our symphonies however seldom they may be played; our peaceful acres, however frequently they may be converted into battlefields; our dreams however rarely they may be accomplished."

Mr. Ardrey depresses us but he gives us hope, too, when he tells us that man has the power to be aware of self and to visualize himself in a present or future situation. Therefore, self awareness, generating mortal fear, may at least partially forestall an evolutionary disaster.

And what has all this to do with little old PKS, you cry! Just over a year ago, we became a Town, full of hope and an almost child-like idealism because we saw that we had a beautiful island paradise and a group of clear thinking residents. In this past year our Town has grown; its people have come to know each other better. Differences of opinion have arisen, facades have dropped, irritations have erupted, territories have been threatened. We are still essentially the same group but with our self-awareness sharpened. We ought to be able to stop ourselves, then, from becoming petty and picky as we hang together trying to make our Town hum happily. Ardrey suggests that if man is not unique (and this is what Ardrey believes), "and his soul represents the product of hundreds of millions of patient years of animal evolution, and he approaches his crisis not as a lost, lonely self-deluding being but as a proud creature bearing in his veins the tide of all life and in his genes the scars of the ages, then sentient man, sapient at last, has a future beyond the stormiest contradiction."

We all have our one little life to live; it's not very long either. Do we have time really to study the dark gloomy aspect of everything, dwelling on what seem to us to be the inadequacies of others? We came here to breathe in the beauty, not to exhaust ourselves in squabbles. Anyway, sometimes those who are the target of complaints are not even aware of it; so then, isn't it the growler himself who suffers the most, bogged down in his own mumblings? Cheer up, you guys! Go catch a fish or watch a sunset. Let's keep ourselves channeled and be the rare community where dreams can be accomplished.

M.D.

(This editorial is addressed to each of us who has ever found himself on the other side of a question from his friend, and that includes absolutely everyone. B.H.)