

5) Cape Carteret	309	41,159	41,468
6) Emerald Isle	25,110	13,943	39,052
7) Atlantic Beach	27,662	0	27,662
*For Fiscal 76-77 these figures were:			
	4,070.56	97,551.78	101,622.34

For Fiscal 75-76 uncollected taxes were as follows:

- 1) Cape Carteret - \$ 117
- 2) PKS - 397**
- 3) Atlantic Beach - 1,200
- 4) Emerald Isle - 6,123
- 5) Newport - 7,742
- 6) Beaufort - 19,148
- 7) Morehead City - 19,680

**At the end of Fiscal 76-77 this figure was not changed.

As the Toilet Tycoon and I wind up our more or less full time term for the proud flushers, we look back with some amusement and some horror, the two balancing out to make something in the way of a philosophical view of the whole experience. We are reminded often of a song called "My Way", a neat little bit of sentiment about this guy who has gone through life in this wholesome, uncompromising fashion, proud, now that he's got to the end of it, because he's done everything HIS way.... We stayed at a Hilton a few weeks ago while attending a convention. One of the ladies and I decided to meet for breakfast. OUR way would have been a quick cup of coffee, juice, and maybe an English muffin. THEIR way was: we arrived at the coffee shop to find a line which was under the guidance of a wiry, nasal-voiced, arm waving director who, the moment he saw us, orderēd us to move forward fast, "so I can see you better when there's a table." We moved.

After a few minutes, we were indeed hustled to a table, menus were slapped down in front of us by this girl who got away so fast I had the feeling she was still on her morning jog. An untidy waitress appeared, whining, "coffee?" as she splashed a whole lot of it into our cups without waiting for an answer, dribbling it, not only onto the saucer, but across the table and floor as she pivoted away.

We were left to mop up the mess before we could lift the cups. After about 15 minutes, while we sipped and chatted, we realized nothing more was going to happen. Waitresses were moving sullenly about, but rarely anywhere near us. When one finally hove into view, I asked her if there was anything to eat. Taking immediate offense, she snarled, "You'll get something to eat when you've ordered!" And she was gone.

We chatted on, hurt but undaunted, for another 15 minutes, But our day ahead was looming shorter and there were many sights to see, so once more we searched out a uniformed creature. "Could someone take our order?" we asked wistfully. She swung round and gave us the barest of glances.

"We're very busy here!" she said, to no one in particular, hurrying away like the White Rabbit.

This was all we could bear. Our egos smashed, our stomachs growling, we exited, explaining to the cashier as we left that we'd never been served anything but a cup of coffee. Her cold unyielding eyes met mine. "That'll be \$1.30" she said haughtily. The line by now was as long as the one for "Star Wars" in Chicago, and those nearest watched us greedily. The director of the line was enjoying his rush hour captive audience, emitting pear toned commands. We were depressed. We'd done it THEIR way. MD

REMINDER .. Telephone numbers for FIRE - 728-4111 POLICE - 728-3772 !!!!!

- FLASH - Kenneth Haller reelected Mayor
- Arthur Browne reelected Mayor pro-tem; Commissioner of Planning, Publicity and Financial aspects of Proposed Municipal Complex
- Mary Catherine Smith - Commissioner of Finance and Administration, including collection of garbage
- Wayne Cleveland - Commissioner of Streets, Public Property and Public Works, including construction of Proposed Municipal Complex
- John Thompson - Commissioner of Public Safety and Civil Preparedness
- William Uebele - Commissioner of Fire and Rescue