



*In a dark time the eye begins to see.*  
- Theodore Roethke

# Fooling All The People

## THE CIRCLE

by Lindi Reid

Once upon a time, there lived a sailor called Columbus. His talents were exploring the planet by sea, and getting financial aid from the neighbor's queen.

In 1492, after the explorer gave a convincing sales pitch on the benefits of Indian spices, the queen sent Columbus on a job. His mission was to find the Indians, and score an ample supply of herbs and seasonings. But alas, navigational equipment was primitive in those days, and somewhere along the line Columbus took a wrong turn. Oh, he found the Indians, all right, but they were the wrong ones! You see, after a long hardship voyage, Columbus set foot on America.

This move started a great migration for the white man, and soon America was popping up cities, and nukes and pavement all over the place. This was a difficult thing for the Indians (who were the wrong ones.) to watch. They loved the nature of the planet, and had to observe these changes with great remorse.

Ironically, the white man made one mistake. As the cities and nukes and pavement developed, so did an exchange rate called "money". This ominous entity developed to the extent that one could not survive without it, and the more money you had, the more successful you were. (?) Caring for the planet fell in the ratings, and consequently, so did a compassion for life.

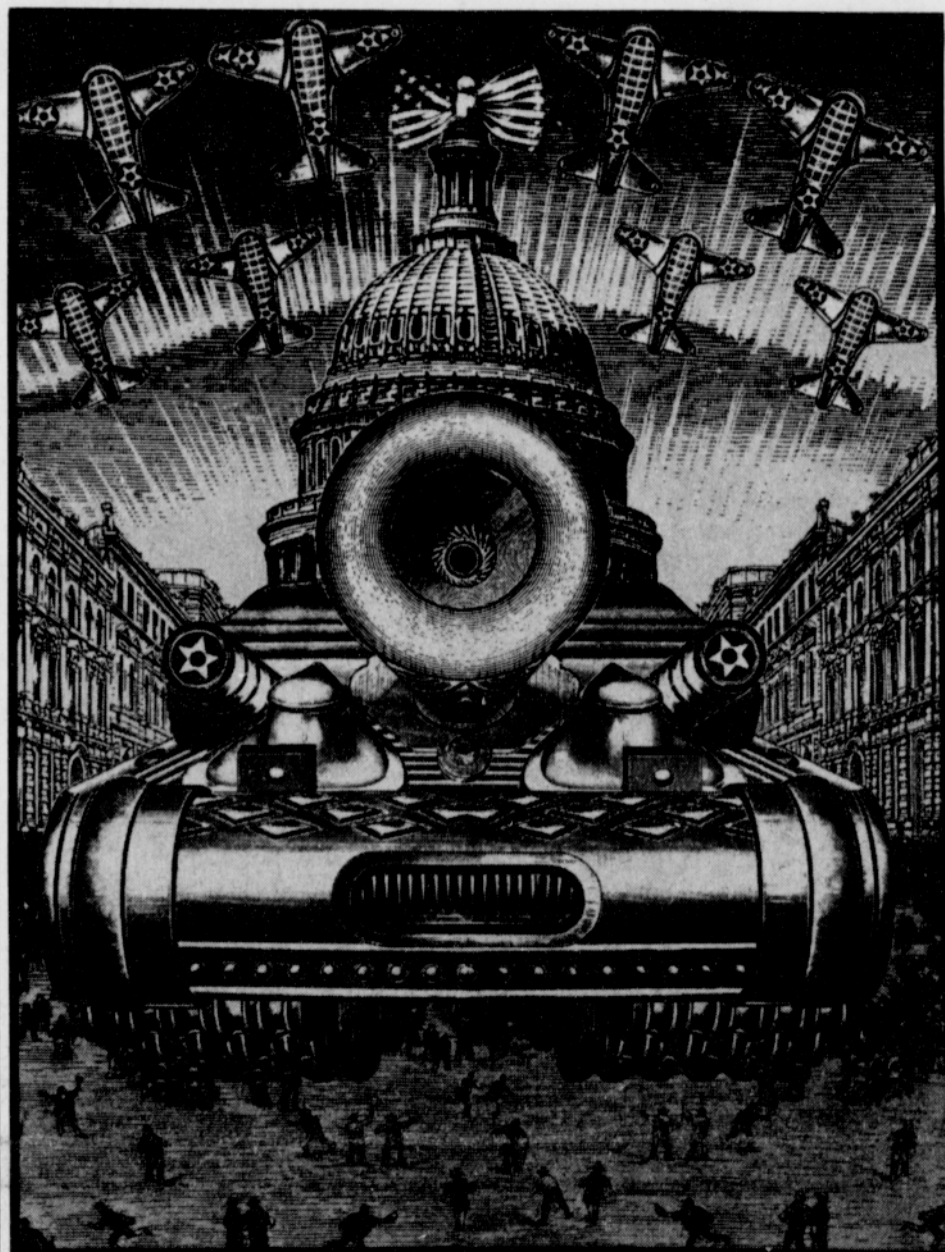
This went on for what seemed a long time. It was not until 1982 that people began to see how a circle works. Low and behold, the Indians with the spices showed up! They came to America for land, as had the white man.

Now here's where the irony comes in... the Indians had bucks... lots of bucks! Their leader drove a white rolls royce, had his own plane, and could buy all kinds of land. These Indians were superb at the white man's games of city council and realty and such. Before you knew it, they controlled a whole town... and then another... and then another.

With no real ending to this tale, the circle goes round and round. The story does have a moral, however. Balance is a universal law.

By the way... have you noticed a lot of Portuguese in town lately?

Lindi Reid is a Cannon Beach writer.



## WELCOME HOME

by Katrin Bridget Snow

The first names inscribed on the Viet Nam memorial were from 1959. I was born in 1957. My earliest memory of the war must have been when I was about eight, probably when the marines landed in Da Nang in 1965. I remember somehow knowing that a war had begun and that my mother was very upset. War was images of men with guns standing among trees, running, smoke, noises; people died in wars. I knew that. It was confusing how one day there was no war and one day there was. Are there many wars? I asked my mother. The last one ( WWII) was a long time ago, she said. How long did it last? Six years, she said. Six years was not imaginable, it was forever. I tried to imagine six years from then. In my mind a calendar year has always been a picture of a circle of months, each named, each with many days crammed into a complete cycle of the moon. I tried to imagine six years of the new war and got too many dead bodies to fit into my circles. I could get one picture of war but I could not make it last for six years.

That is my only memory of the Viet Nam war until high school. It was evidently discussed at our dinner table but not when I was there, or else I have forgotten. In high school my memories, until the war ended, are meaningless - POW bracelets were more jewelry to me than a political statement. I remember when Nixon for a second term as president in 1972 that I was not for him because he had promised to end the war and had not. I was indignant that we were still there. I am sure I picked up on all the then prolific statements about the purposelessness of our involvement, but I do not think that it meant much to me personally until much later.

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This world seems filled with people who doubletalk, and the higher one goes into the realms of power the thicker it gets. Straight answers are least coming from those we need them most from, for example, our president who continues to deceive us with confused data as if information was simply a pea under which hat game.

One of our presidents once made famous a remark about the chances of fooling one's contemporaries. Some always, and others sometimes, but not everyone all of the time. Time should be running out for the present occupant of the office. That he was ever believed or taken seriously in the first place will no doubt puzzle our descendants if we are lucky enough to get through this period.

That he is believed makes him just about the most dangerous human being on earth. His pious rotarian world view puts him a twitch away from a button that is suspected able to summon the end of civilization. It appears to be a longtime habit that he scrambles information to fit opinions and ambitions, but also probably because it is less confusing. He is not a thinker nor an adequate collector of data. He is helped by his friends, bright, ambitious men who perceive the world in terms of conquest and perpetual struggle with competitors. Nuclear arms are for them bargaining chips, and they stoutly proclaim that nuclear war is not only survivable but winnable.

Confronted with an overwhelming lack of faith in their nuclear doctrines by the public at large, the president and his followers have suggested that foreign agents control the opposition. In the meantime they attempt to carry on as if there was no opposition. The latest maneuver toward the capability of a first strike against the Soviet Union has been the president's decision to pack MX missiles into a nuclear stable called dense pack.

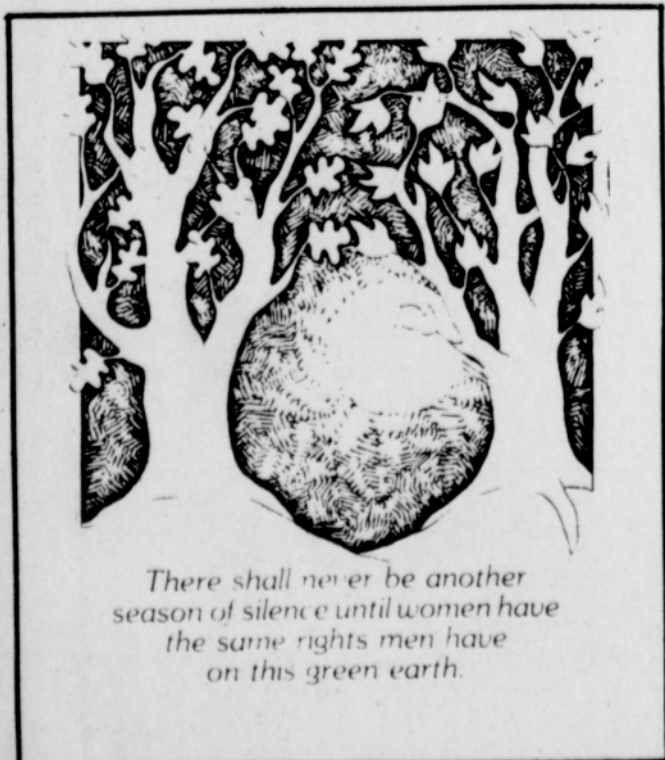
He announced the decision with his usual charts and accusations of Soviet buildups while leaving out large portions of the West's missiles to make it seem as if the U. S. is lagging and needs to catch up. Is his dishonesty aimed at us, the public? The Russians? Or himself?

- Michael Paul McCusker



A few Oregon coast residents drove to Washington, D. C. in a canopy-covered pickup truck early this month to attend the National Salute to Viet Nam veterans. There reactions to the gala welcoming home of the last prisoners of that war begin on page one and are continued elsewhere in this issue.

Also, it has been three years Kenny Doudt was attacked by a great white shark off Haystack Rock at Cannon Beach. He reminisces on page two.



*There shall never be another season of silence until women have the same rights men have on this green earth.*