

on skin color alone. They stopped only when my elementary school principal discovered what was going on and administered a firm whipping to the lead culprit's bottom. At the time, I thought nothing of what transpired. One child picks on another, gets caught and is punished - a universal justice learned at an early age in tandem with my younger brother. In reality, I think that that particular incident was one of the primary reasons I didn't fall prey to racism. The principal himself was black. In the highly charged atmosphere of the day, he took great personal risk in disciplining that young black boy for beating up a white child. The rightness of his actions ring clearly to this day, and I reflect on it on many occasions. I doubt if he knows the profound effect he had on me, the influence on my decision-making process that continues almost thirty years after the fact. I like to think that my parents admired the man as well, but we've never talked about it.

I think things would have been okay from that point, until the day it got ugly on the Woolned's front lawn. I remember being ripped from the revelry of normalcy, but I couldn't say by what. I do know that we, Mrs. Woolned, her two children, my younger brother and myself, rushed upstairs. Windows were pierced by large rocks. Bricks maybe? I think shots were fired. I can't even say how long it lasted or how it ended or if there were any injuries or if the police were involved. I do know that we moved shortly thereafter.

My father bought a house in the whitest area he could find. Whether this was a knee-jerk reaction to the incident at the Woolned's or a manifestation of longer-standing racist views, or a culmination of both, I don't know. Unfortunately, my father's ideal geographic location was fast becoming one of the wealthiest in lower Michigan. Our arrival immediately relegated my brothers and myself to the other side of the tracks. Not only were we no longer the Joneses, we weren't even working for them. Things went from bad to worse for everyone.

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Winners of this year's Bulwer Lytton contest (run by the English Dept of San Jose State University), wherein one writes only the first line of a bad novel.

- 10) "As a scientist, Throckmorton knew that if he were ever to break wind in the echo chamber he would never hear the end of it."
 - 9) "Just beyond the Narrows the river widens."
 - 8) "With a curvaceous figure that Venus would have envied, a tanned, unblemished oval face framed with lustrous thick brown hair, deep azure-blue eyes fringed with long black lashes, perfect teeth that vied for competition, and a small straight nose, Marilee had a beauty that defied description."
 - 7) "Andre, a simple peasant, had only one thing on his mind as he crept along the East wall: "Andre creep... Andre creep... Andre creep."
 - 6) "Stanislaus Smedley, a man always on the cutting edge of narcissism, was about to give his body and soul to a back alley sex change surgeon to become the woman he loved."
 - 5) "Although Sarah had an abnormal fear of mice, it did not keep her from eeking out a living at a local pet store."
 - 4) "Stanley looked quite bored and somewhat detached, but then penguins often do."
 - 3) "Like an overripe beefsteak tomato rimmed with cottage cheese, the corpulent remains of Santa Claus lay dead on the hotel floor."
 - 2) "Mike Hardware was the kind of private eye who didn't know the meaning of the word "fear," a man who could laugh in the face of danger and spit in the eye of death -- in short, a moron with suicidal tendencies."
- AND THE WINNER IS...**
- 1) "The sun oozed over the horizon, shoved aside darkness, crept along the greensward, and, with sickly fingers, pushed through the castle window, revealing the pillaged princess, hand at throat, crown asunder, gaping in frenzied horror at the sated, sodden amphibian lying beside her, disbelieving the magnitude of the frog's deception, screaming madly, "You lied!"

airline glitch. They were stuck in Fiji. The Police band was called in. They were in New Zealand. A special plane was ordered and it managed to bring the Police band home just in time. The Police Band plays all around the South Pacific. They are renowned in these parts and even have their own album.

The Navy Band is catching up fast. Brigadier Jameson has been following the band's development, "They have gone from strength to strength". Claiming the British have their own worthy style, he added that the Tongan band "does things the British would never dare". They dance. Play Rock-n-Roll. Jump. Spin. Gyrate. They also sing traditional Tongan lore and perform manly Tongan storytelling steps, some of which look like they are playing charades. Uniformed in all white with red accents, the 40 Tongan musicians continued for 15-20 minutes their audition of slow-march and freestyle boogie. It was toe-tapping, seat dancing, heart bumping entertaining. At the end four voluptuous Tongan women dressed in ancient style tapa cloth and redfeathered hair pieces joined them for a smooth rhythmic body flow. All in all it was a thorough success. The Brigadier said so. He has invited them to come to England to play in the Tattoo and extended all courtesy except airfare.

An anxious TDS Commander notes that 40 musicians and about 10 admin. and others are a costly crew. There is hope of going to the US with the band to try to raise money. (Am I missing something here? How are they gonna pay to go to the US?) But I can see where the idea came from. A teacher I talked to in Tonga told me a story of a school band going to the US to raise money and coming back with \$1 million pa'anga (500,000 US dollars). "Or maybe it was \$1million US," she said. The success comes from the many Tongans who left Tonga for the US to make money. In fact Tonga's #1 income is foreign remittances.

For more info on the Edinburgh Tattoo check out [www.edinburgh-tattoo.co.uk]. I took one look at it and immediately thought of Dr. MacDoo, whose music you should definitely check out at [www.drmacdoo.com] E

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and coffee**

The Cannon Beach Gallery and Arts Association will host an Open House on Monday, May 14th from 10am-11am, for its volunteer docents and all others interested in learning more about the Gallery and its volunteer staff. Join us for coffee and pastries from our neighbor Grain & Sand Baking. Gallery Director Leslie Wood and Volunteer Coordinator Shirley Elliot will be on hand to chat and answer questions about the Gallery.

The Cannon Beach Gallery is one of the dynamic programs of the nonprofit Cannon Beach Arts Association. The Gallery features local and regional artists and exhibits that change monthly.

This will be a great opportunity to learn how you might be a part of our vibrant arts community. If you aren't able to attend our Open House but would like to learn more, call Shirley at 436-2191 or Leslie at 436-0744.

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The exhibit is accompanied by a group show, juried by Margo Jacobsen of the Margo Jacobsen Gallery in Portland. An opening reception will be held on Saturday, May 5th, at 6pm.

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