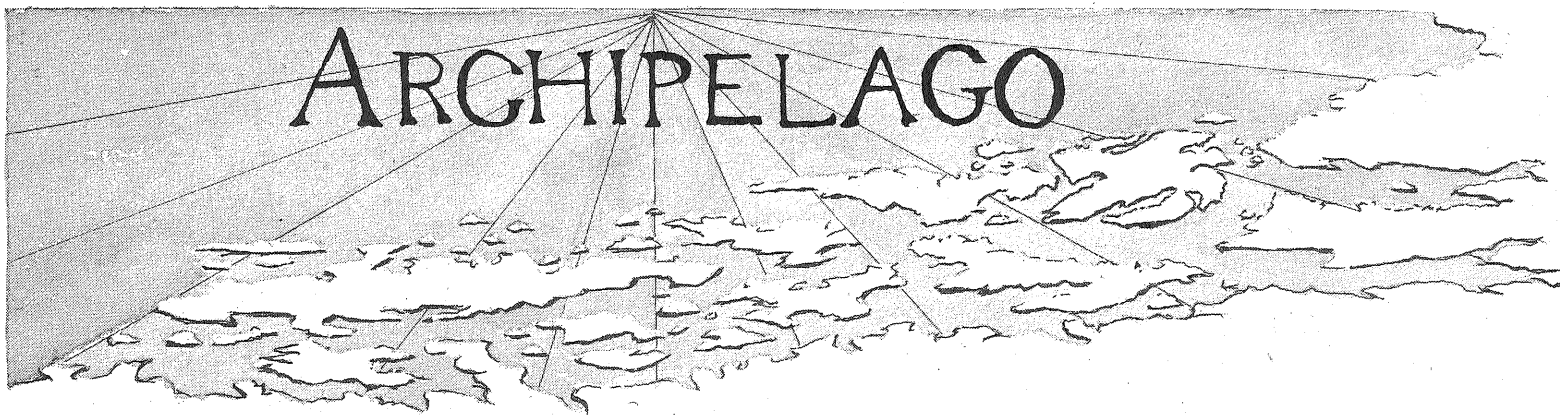


ARCHIPELAGO



- G Lines

*At low in the wetlands
Grass opens to wind:
Lichens cover the rocks
As barnacles do the crabs.*

*Small maps ride everywhere
Hiding the surface of things.*

- Sheila Nickerson

I just returned from a week's tour through our Archipelago, talking to people about choices. I talked to folks about what was closest to their hearts - their fears and frets, from the mundane to the mad.....I met hallucinating worries:

Loggers bitching about the fact that they make less money than a roadman hoisting a STOP sign, while doing the most dangerous and difficult work in southeastern Alaska. And yet these same loggers quietly accept the owners' 'union' machine, without fighting for a WORKINGMAN's Co-operative.

Consumers complaining about the high price of coffee and food; yet these same folks spit vehement damnation on the produce co-ops helping southeastern Alaska.

Fishermen hollering at the price-fixing canneries, but who are scared and lazy about co-ops offering them double the present price for salmon and halibut.

Lifestyles reflect values. If you look at your neighbors' lifestyle - at his possessions, at her entertainment, at their conversation.....then, you can deduce their values.

Try it:

Several years ago, a man moved out the Chilkat River with his family. They had no car, but they did have a couple of children. It was summer; and the hitchhiking to work in the sun was warm in weather and friendship. The same neighbors would pick him up each morning...nice homey feeling and conversations - community, friends, and neighbors..... driving the 22 miles into Haines. But, winter whistled in. The man still didn't own his own car, and still stood by the roadside. Neighbors became nasty.....they would occasionally 'not see him' standing there. When a friend would pick him up, that 'friend' would be as brusque as the November wind.....community became churlish. The man broke down and bought a car he couldn't afford, and bought gas with money that would have built a greenhouse.....'community' feelings and friendship were more important to the family.

A Cree Indian came from the Keewaten Territory to visit a friend in Boston once. The Cree grew quiet in the soot-filled noise, but laughed aloud at the corner of Tremont & Berkley,

'Listen!'

They halted.....the cars vomited smog in gearshifting roars.....

'A cricket!' said the Cree.

'No-o.....'

'Yes, up there in that windowbox.'

A quarter bet was wagered and they scrambled up a fence and window ledge to the designated flower box. Sure enough, as they clung to the sooty brick wall, they heard a cricket singing amongst sprouting daffodils....and spied a shotgun barrel peeping from between the window & sill. Quick....they clambered down....and the bet was paid.

'That's some ear you Indians have got!'

'No such thing -- you hear what you listen for. Watch.'

The Cree flipped the quarter onto the sidewalk, the metallic clink stopping 8 pedestrians cold in their tracks, searching the concrete.

Jan and I walked through the forest below Mt. Juneau last Autumn. A sound froze us still. In the hushed shadow of the firs, we heard a quiet crackling sound from the forest floor. No furry forms glided through the tree tops....only leaves of lichen poked through the first snowfall like the ears of hibernating mice.

The lichen is a weird beast. It is 1/2 fungus and 1/2 algae. You can separate a lichen into its component parts -- a fungus and an algae. This fungus and algae will then grow separately. However, it is very difficult to get them to recombine again into a lichen. Only if they share a dangerous environment deficient in food will they ever again live together. In such a deficiency where the fungus by itself or the algae by itself would starve.....THEN, they will recombine as a cooperative lichen with the algae and fungus feeding each other with the necessities of life.....

Sharing and living co-operatively.....as opposed to a cold death which Alaska knows how to provide.

Shops, Cops and Co-ops

Pilings poked from the mud flats like the legs left by an absent minded heron who had flown the coop. Indeed, to push a metaphor to its durable limits, I stood on the rotten wharf of Petersburg looking like an editorial turkey - with ruffled feathers of newsprint fluttering out of every pocket, awaiting a boat to Kupreanof Village.

'We've always had co-ops here.' my soggy companion maintained. 'Everytime a fishing boat went to Seattle for winter refitting, it took shopping lists from 1/2 the town. My folks used to come down to the docks, blushing in the rain, to unload the returning vessel on the same dock as what the Trading Union unloaded its goods on. Then, when all these 'smugglers' saw the Trading Union's manager unload a Volvo the blushing stopped. That was 30 years ago. Now, just because the folks in town have organized their 'smugglers co-op' a bit better, the merchants are screaming, 'Unpatriotic, a plot!' Nonsense, it's just sensible self-reliance.

I'd dealt with the local merchants that afternoon and had seen where a lot of a-brasion could come from. I'd taken a box of papers around town to see if the shopkeepers would sell 'Archipelago' to Petersburg and Kupreanof Village. 'No!-another Hippy rag....No!' was their reply. 'Humph' says I to myself; took out my bagpipes & cracked open a box of 'Archipelago', piped up a crowd, and sold our rag with smiles and music. Friends listened with amusement to the conversations of Saturday shoppers:

'Oh dear, he must be sick...someone should call the hospital -- before he starts to get violent...has anyone called the police?'

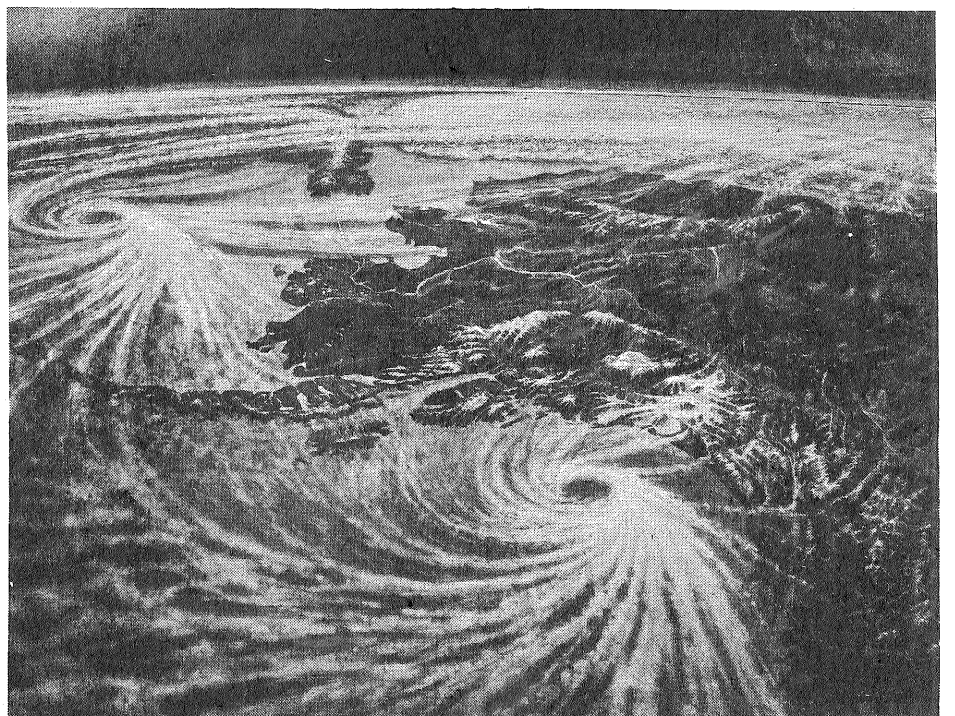
Sure enough, the police came. The wide white door swung open, and a smiling cop offered to swap a cup of coffee for a rendition of 'Garyowen' Finally, one stalwart

soul did take on our newsjournal with a determined cheerfulness. Petersburg is a peculiar collection of warmth and fear. Their produce co-op is a good example of this blend.

It started in 1975, when a worker at the Trading Union thought that she had discovered some under-the-table double-dealing in the Union's books. She took this suspicion to the Board of Directors, who promptly fired her. The book-keeper and her husband then became fired, themselves, with enthusiasm to avoid this dubious shop-keeping in town. 9 families got together, decided to form a co-op, and emptied their pockets on Ralph Buzzard's table top. This cash-on-the-barrelhead produced \$43 - enough to order 30 produce catalogues. They then advertised a meeting, and promptly filled the ANB Hall. 46 families joined that night, and placed an \$8000 order for groceries. Since then, they have grown to 250 families, with a yearly order of about \$150,000.

Ah-h, but when you pull \$150,000 from the pocketbooks of local merchants in 1 year, then you expect trouble...and trouble came like a shook-up bottle of beer. The Co-op President is a feisty terrier with the plain-speaking temperment of a fizzing bottle of Prinz Brau. When that first order came in, the co-operating folks gathered around the vans on a downtown street corner. The merchants drove by, 'only 7 or 8 times', Ralph reported 'unconcerned, not noticing, eyes straight ahead and smiles across their chops....7 or 8 times.' There was a rumor that many folks who had joined the Co-op were going to get their credit called at the local shops, but counter rumors of 'anti-discrimination laws' quelled them. The promise of a 30 - 50% savings on groceries and hardware swoll the Co-op in spite of mercantile threats, and the vans migrated to the ANB Hall for unloadingoverflowing with cooperating people!!

continued on page 4



The above small reproduction is an Art Print by artist Dave Nani and printer Pat Lowry - both of Haines. Dave drew the non-color image of Alaska and the Yukon as seen from an Earth Satellite; and, working with Pat, made tonal separations photographically. The selected separations became the color plates for printing and PRESTO: a Full Color Image!

Art Print by David Nani
& Pat Lowry



photograph by David Koshman

Friday 18
 Rain keeps falling falling
 covering me with wild wind callings
 Basin road is clean
 for there the tiny buds I have seen.
 When winter will not go
 and spring persistent lingers,
 I feel an agitation in my blood
 uneven flow -
 yet heavenly balanced and slow
 Shall I discard the winter garments
 or will I find myself in frozen stiffness
 in the winter stillness.
 Ah, and yesterday
 along the mt. line and sky way
 I chanced to find a
 tiny spot
 and burned unfeeling hot.
 The sun the sun my fears are done
 I shall be warm again
 Before my eyes could blink
 over the mtn. it did sink -
 among the cloudy dew.
 ah well, very very well
 cold and winter ring your bell
 do you think that I
 will bend to thee and thee,
 Ha, I must be off
 But first I kiss the buds, so soft.

Nancy

Feeling Good is Feeling Healthy

the Juneau Borough Health Center.
 227 Ferry Way,
 Juneau, Alaska. 99801. 586-3736

ADVANTAGES OF BREAST FEEDING

Breast feeding or nursing benefits both baby and mother. The benefits to baby are both physiological and psychological. Physiologically, the infant benefits from colostrum in breast milk. Colostrum is secreted during the first 2 - 4 days after birth and contains antibodies, which prevent infection and disease in the baby (such as polio, respiratory, stomach, and intestinal infections). Breast milk is usually secreted on the 3rd - 4th day after birth and, like colostrum, has just the right amounts of easily digestible milk, sugar, fat, and protein to properly nourish the infant. Psychologically, the infant benefits because s/he has a sense of belonging and security from the warmth and touch of the mothers body, as from the comfort of being held and fed.

Mother also benefits physiologically and psychologically from breast feeding her infant. Physiologically, nursing causes the uterus to contract and return to normal size, and also results in less bleeding after delivery. Nursing suppresses ovulation for approximately 75 days (2½ months) after delivery in most mothers who do not supplement with bottle or solid foods. And, studies show a decreased chance of breast cancer in women who have nursed their baby. Psychologically, the mother benefits because she is involved in a unique relationship with her infant and is fulfilling her maternal role. As nursing continues, the mother gains confidence & proves her dependability to her infant, all of which help to establish a happy mother--child relationship.

Much research has been done over the recent years on the relationship between cigarette smoking and pregnancy. Every investigator who has examined the relationship has confirmed that the babies of women who smoke during pregnancy have a lower average birth weight than the babies of women who do not smoke during pregnancy. Studies also indicate that illness and even death during the early days of the baby's life is more common amongst babies of mothers who smoke during pregnancy.

Studies on babies of cigarette smoking mothers show that growth retardation continues throughout the first year of life; however, at 4 years and 7 years old there does not seem to be any significant difference in either physical measurement or intellectual functioning. The lesson in this seems to be that if you want your baby to have the greatest chance of a healthy start in life, cut out smoking during pregnancy.

Clinics and Services of the Health Center include:

- 1). Child health supervision.
- 2). Handicapped childrens' program.
- 3). Women/infant/child nutritional program.
- 4). Communicable disease program.
- 5). Family planning services.
- 6). Mental health services.

—MORE—

Juneau Women's Health Collective

The Juneau Women's Health Collective has felt troubled for some time because of inadequate communication between us and the medical community. The need for open dialogue is extremely evident since some of our concerns and questions are:

- Why are there no licensed nurse-midwives practicing here in Juneau?
- What can we do to help raped and battered women through their trauma?
- What are the choices available for women in Juneau faced with unwanted pregnancy?

These are just some of the questions for which we need honest answers.

With much thought, preparation, and anticipation - on February 13 - the Health Collective and several members of Juneau's medical community came together to discuss women's health care needs. Among those participating were Doctors Cole, Smith and Larson from Family Practice; Dr. Jeff Harris from the Public Health Service; Dr. Delores Hughes and Margaret Crawford, R.N. from the Juneau Borough Health Center; and interested members of the community.

We received support for the collective's existing 24 hour rape crisis line (586-1674); and explained what service is presently available. We offer medical and legal information as well as counseling for past or recent rape victims. We have an advocacy program for personal assistance in dealing with the medical and legal procedures. We will give the woman support in her decision to either take legal action or not. And although people seem to be under the impression that rape is not a problem in Juneau, there are a substantial number of women who, out of fear of humiliation, fail to report the assault. We also discussed the urgent need of establishing a shelter for battered women.

Mid-Wifery

Contrary to the image of a nurse midwife as stooped grannies with no formal training, certified nurse-midwives are medically competent professionals - especially trained to provide complete maternity care from early pregnancy right through delivery, so long as the woman's progress remains normal. A certified nurse-midwife must be a registered nurse and have completed an additional 1 - 2 year educational program recognized by the American College of Nurse - Midwives - in addition to having passed a National Certification Exam.

The concept of nurse-midwifery is to work in collaboration with physicians - not as independent practitioners. In order to do so, they must be given the respect and support from the medical community to practice their acquired skills. According to Dr. Louise Hellman, internationally known American obstetrician who has made extensive research into population problems:

'Within the next 10 years, 4 out of 10 babies will be delivered without a physician of any kind in attendance. Obstetricians are in short supply.'

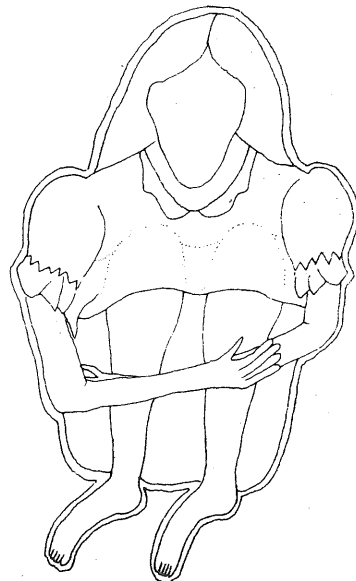


illustration by Mary Partridge

Abortion

The issue of abortion is political and controversial; but, by law, every woman has the right to a safe abortion. In Juneau, an abortion is an extremely expensive procedure - about \$600. The only method of abortion offered is dilation and curettage (d & c) and must be performed under general anesthesia, which also requires an overnight hospital stay. Most women choose to go to Seattle for several reasons. Although, as one doctor suggested, the 'stigma' of having an abortion might be one of them; cost and safety features of the suction method of abortion are of at least equal importance. The suction method of abortion is considered better because it causes less physical trauma to the uterus and can be performed under a local anesthetic on an out-patient basis: which costs between \$100 - 200. Safer & less expensive, but - at present - not offered in Juneau; therefore, additional traveling costs are involved in addition to facing the trauma alone in an unfamiliar place among strangers. We asked the doctors to reconsider the methods used here. They expressed concern about not wanting to be Juneau's 'abortionist', but said that they were willing to present the idea of offering the suction method at the next meeting concerning hospital policy.

Counseling

The Collective is in the process of developing on-going educational and counseling sessions - focusing on abortion, rape, and battered women. Right now there are very few places for women under stress to turn to. Some pregnancy counseling is available through the sensitive staff of the Juneau Borough Health Center, but even they are frustrated by the awareness that it is not enough.

Self-help clinics

The response to the idea of our self-help workshops is positive. Sharing information about healing massage, herbs, vaginal health, nutrition, etc.....that's what self-help is all about. We are committed to the idea that good medical care is inseparable from the process of educating ourselves and each other about our bodies and our health.

Lively, spontaneous discussion continued after the meeting had ended. People were excited about the exchange of energy and ideas. Stressing the value of sensitive communication, the doctors were able to share their need to be related-to as fellow human beings and not just technicians. We women expressed our need for more respect and awareness from our doctors.

The need to break through the barriers of misunderstanding between us was related. We hope that it will lead to a more whole-istic approach to health care - with a co-operative effort to meet the needs of women in the community. We look forward to continuing this dialogue.

(Special gratitude to Representative Lisa Ridd's, 'Status of Women in Alaska' report for inspiration and information.)

ALASKAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

The Alaska State Women's Conference on the Observation of International Women's Year was held in Anchorage at the University, from May 6 - 8. A vast array of women attended, with over 700 registered from all over the State of Alaska - from cities, small towns, bush villages, cabins... old & young from all sorts of life-styles & economic backgrounds...all gathered together because they are women.

41 workshops were offered on May 7. Most of these were spoken of with enthusiasm by the participants. Workshops included a self-examination program, the legal status of the homemaker, assertiveness training, aging in Alaska, Native women in a changing State, women and mental health, raising non-sexist children...just to name a few.

Women's Conference

(continued from page 2)

There was a concurrent film festival including films about Simone de Beavoir—author of *The Second Sex*, 'Men's Lives', (& some of the expectations & demands on the American Male), 'Growing Up Female', and one about women in non-traditional jobs.

Dr. Dorothy Jones gave a short speech, describing some of the findings in the recently State - published report, *A Preliminary Report: The Status of Women in Alaska*. This report gives statistics and information about such areas as earnings, ownership, health care, divorce, & rape. Dr. Jones said that there are 6 important legislative issues pending in the State House & Senate right now.

Among these Bills are:

1). Senate Bill no. 287 offers non-discrimination in Public Schools. This includes: a). non-sex biased curriculum (for twice as many males as females appear in books, the males being in interesting and assertive roles with the females being wife/mother or in traditional working roles of nurse or teacher. Wife/mother traditional roles are okay, but insight into other options should be available); b). funding such as athletic funds — where 288% of the money is spent on boy's athletics; c). vocational training programs like CETA — where women trainees are clerical, while the men are taught trades. Again, traditional women's clerical work is all right; but women should be offered & realize other options in skilled trades.

2). A rape law is before the Legislature. Presently, forcible entry must be proved. This implies that the victim must prove resistance, which is absurd if the woman is already in a vulnerable position. Revisions of the rape law would include no proof of resistance, and legally separated husbands would not be immune to these laws.

3). A law against wife battering, which occurs much too frequently in this State, is before the legislators.

4). Senate Bill no.285, regarding abortion — currently in legislation — would require the consent of husband or parents, if the mother is underage. Women are urged to write their Senators & Representatives about this clause.

5). Senate Bill no.211 and House Bill no.303 will establish a committee to study the status of women further, if passed.

Most of the funds for the Conference came from the registration fee and the International Women's Year Commission and were used to transport women throughout the State to the Conference.

12 representatives (and 5 alternates) were elected by ballot to attend the National Women's Conference to be held in Houston, Texas next November. These women geographically represent all areas of Alaska. The Conference in Anchorage had, as part of its purpose, the identification of barriers preventing Alaskan women from leading full & equal lives, and to develop recommendations by which such barriers can be removed. Recommendations regarding education, economics, and health were made & voted upon. These recommendations will then be presented in Washington DC and the State Legislatures across the country.

This conference was the first of its kind in this State. It is hoped that there will be a 2nd Annual Conference.

by Katya Kirsch

Missoula Rape Poem

There is no difference between being raped and losing a hand in a mowing machine except that doctors don't want to get involved, the police wear a knowing smirk, & in small towns you become a veteran whore.

There is no difference between being raped and being bitten on the ankle by a rattle snake except that people ask if your skirt was short and why were you out alone anyhow.

There is no difference between being raped and going head first through a wind shield except that afterwards you are afraid not of cars but of 1/2 the human race.....

There is no difference between being raped and being run over by a truck except that afterwards men ask you if you enjoyed it.

There is no difference between being raped and being pushed down a flight of cement steps except that the wounds also bleed inside.

Marge Piercy

Rape and Battery

12 women received medical treatment in 1976 at Bartlett Hospital for rape and beating. 7 women reported rape to the police. Separate police records and hospital categories for the battered woman are not even kept. Therefore, statistics are not only unreliable, they are unavailable. At least 50% of the rapes in Juneau go unreported according to the Criminal Justice Department.

Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) statistics show:

- 1). Rape is the most under-reported crime.
- 2). 45% of serious crimes are committed by persons known to the victim(Ennis, 1967).
- 3). 40% of aggravated assaults and rapes take place in the victim's home(Ennis, 1967).
- 4). Age 12 - 19 have the highest victimization rate.

In Juneau, how many victimized women under the age of 18 do not seek medical assistance at Bartlett Hospital because they need parental consent for admittance?

And battered women — are we aware that we have the power to combat physical & psychological fear imposed upon us by threats and acts of violence to us in relationships with men?

On February 1, 1977.....the confidential 24 hour Rape Crisis Line became effective. It is supported by the Juneau Committee on Assaults Against Women (JCAAW), which is prepared to give immediate personal support and presence to the rape victim whether or not she reports the rape to the police. If she does report the rape, she will be accompanied through all investigative & medical proceedings. The group also supports post-rape victims through counseling,

referrals, and with information on legal and medical procedures.

The Committee realizes the need for a refuge for battered women in the community; a facility where a woman would feel safe to stay a few nights — until an alternative to her violent home situation could be found. Although we are in the process of applying for funds, at this time, we are unable to provide shelter.

Even if only 1 woman is raped or beaten in Juneau this year, it is reason enough to justify the existence of the Juneau Committee on Assaults Against Women. We feel all women who are victims of assault need these supportive services to gain strength & determination in controlling our own lives.

24 hour confidential crisis line: 586-1674 & ask for the Rape Crisis Line.

Sometimes changes occur so rapidly that an article ends only to begin again. Since the first part of this article was written, a new addition to the Committee has taken place. This is a grant for \$8000 awarded by LEAA to JCAAW, and is to be used by 1 May 1978.

The bulk of the money will be used for the maintenance of a 24 hour crisis line, office space, and the publication of materials concerning the problem of rape and battery and the services JCAAW offers to the community.

JCAAW's emphasis will be directed towards making the Juneau/Douglas area aware of the Committee and the problems of assault against women. This will be accomplished through printed materials, a speakers bureau and a media campaign. Another important task of the Committee will be to develop a shelter for battered women.

.....the end of the article?—maybe..... but this new addition signifies a re-newed burst of energy for JCAAW to continually add new information & support the people of this city!

by Caryn Davis

BRICK WALL OR OPEN DOOR?

I realized relatively late in life the importance of accepting the responsibility about my body. As women, by the very nature of our bodies, we are drawn more deeply within; yet very seldom in the past have we had a working knowledge of how to cure or prevent problems particular to us. During important years of development, my awkwardness and lack of knowledge created the whirlpool in which I revolved. Not knowing what questions to ask; and certainly never being encouraged to ask about — anything from the menstrual cycle and why some women suffer debilitating pain to questioning the myths of female sexuality.....I can chuckle sometimes when the image of Mr. Starks, my high school bio-teacher, flashes through my mind — standing tall, skinny and flushed in front of a huge diagram.....gulping for air to calm his shaky voice as he tried to explain the human reproductive system. For the most part, I feel only resentment that neither he nor any gynecologist I have ever been to have ever offered preventative health care information; or an atmosphere that supported information exchange. My first vaginal infection made me burn with guilt & nightmares of micro-organisms eating away my insides, all because an insensitive gynecologist refused to exercise his human perception — to take just a moment to explain how common vaginal infections are for women — and offer some simple healing or precautionary methods.

I felt the resentment burning once again as I listened to some of the statements made by doctors at the Women's Health Collective meeting on February 13. Concerning abortion:

'None of us want to become the town abortionist. If it becomes easier (cheaper) for a woman to have an abortion, they will use it as a more frequent method of birth control. Besides, it's a nice trip to Seattle and back — a few days vacation.....'

What they failed to talk about was that not only is abortion in Juneau an extremely expensive procedure, but the method used is not considered the safest! (see the article on the Women's Health Collective).

Why are there so many unwanted pregnancies?—such a high percentage of venereal disease.....and misconceptions about health care. I realize that this is not the time to probe the psychological motivations of any of these issues, but IS time to apply pressure on the only system that CAN effect change — Education..... There must be a stronger emphasis on education; in schools, homes, and doctors' offices. Health care must be separated from from the greedy money-making organization that generally supports hypochondria rather than prevention of illness and disease. Although I appreciate some of the sympathetic attitudes shown during the meeting by the doctors, statements like, 'Nothing turns me off more than to have a pregnant woman come into my office and tell me how she wants her baby delivered.' is an attitude that will continue to separate and alienate people from one another AND from the basic reason for learning — the sharing and exchange of information and ideas.

Janet Lumiansky

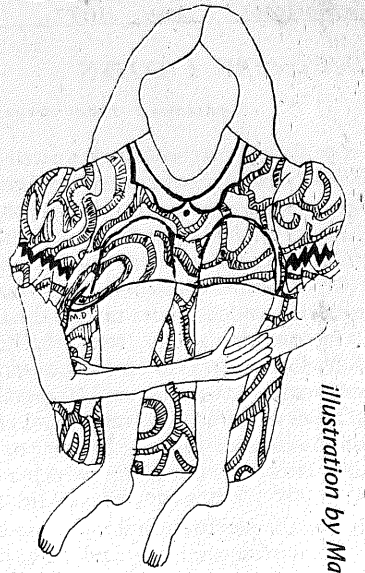


Illustration by Mary Portridge

SHOPS, COPS & CO-OPS

(continued from page 1)

The Co-op's membership growth bubbled the chambers of commerce like porridge over an open flame. Finally, the 3rd unloading at the bigger Roman Catholic Hall brought the festering conflict into the City Council Chambers. The Councilmen demanded a sales tax on the Co-op's in-coming goods. Now, the Petersburg Consumers Co-op is a non-profit corporation. Granted, a \$20 membership fee is required per family, and each family is assessed the cost of their order + 10%. However, the \$20 is working capital to pay Co-op expenses; and the 10% cares for the fluctuation in prices in our era of inflation, shipping, and other costs. And the City Council demanded the Co-op to pay the 5% sales tax retroactively. The Co-op buys its goods from their distributor in Kent, Washington; they don't buy them in Petersburg - the goods are only divided-up by voluntary labor in Petersburg. Therefore, it was argued: 'Why should Petersburg get any tax? If anyone, Kent, Washington should!' Finger-pointing popped into florid display and the meeting became quite animated. Precedents were being proposed.....to wit, that ALL non-profit corporations should pay the City service tax of 5%. In this way, the merchants snuck a lever under the Co-op and let the other non-profit corporations - fearing for their fiscal souls - push the Co-op to pay its taxes, so the issue could be hastily dropped and forgotten about: a scape-goat to get the others off the hook. Even the churches were threatened with taxes. David Cooper, a man of God who is as colorful as Joseph's jacket, reported: 'We're a small church - the Presbyterian Church is the remnant of the old Native Church. Our tax payments would be but a drop in the bucket for the City, a hole in the well for us! I pointed out that if they taxed the Roman Catholic Church (where the Co-op unloads) and the Presbyterian Church (who buys from the Co-op), then they would have to tax the Lutheran Church too! That last one finally hit home to those stalwart Sons of Norway, and they started to think of the implications.

At any rate, while the lawyers are busy sending memos, the Co-op continues to get 2 or 3 vans of groceries every 6 weeks. It takes about 6 weeks for the comfortable processing of an order:

1 week = distributing & reviewing the new catalogues from American-Strevell, Inc.

1 week = ordering and form filling.

1 week = mailing in.

2 weeks = shipping time.

1 week = R & R.....

They've found that a new catalogue is needed for every order. In Cordova, for example, the produce co-op there has been sloppy by using old catalogues with out-of-date prices; and American Strevell, Inc.'s been considering dropping their patronage for that reason. Petersburg Consumer's Co-

op has exercised such vigilance that their distributor has eliminated for them the watchful bureaucracy that requires a 15-day clearing period for all checks; the Co-op has been in the black ever since its birth. Their 10% addition to cost on all orders has maintained a 3 - 7,000 dollar surplus that allows the trustful transaction of business between the distributor and the Co-op. Committees - from Membership through Ordering to Distribution and Clean-up - alleviate the toil. As an incentive, Committee Heads only pay 5% on the cost of their orders. One problem did appear in the distribution - the wrong stuff getting mixed among the wrong folks..... a confusing time, reminiscent of a 30's soup kitchen.....dogs barking at children peeing on the pilot bread, etc..... Now, on each of the 3000 cases of goods, the name of each purchaser appears with the type of purchase, so:

As each Co-op member gets the goods, their cards must be marked by a Check-Out Committee. And when there is occasionally a surplus of goods through over-ordering, mis-ordering, or mis-supplying; that excess is sold to anyone for cost + 10% + the 5% City sales/service tax (for an actual transaction within City Limits). The whole hodge-podge works remarkably well. Only 2 members were ever caught trying to buy for non-members - only once. Even the fishermen recognize what a good deal it is - they supply their boats from the Co-op cheaper than in Seattle!

The Petersburg Consumers Co-op's present project is the construction of a warehouse outside of town (no small project with summer almost upon us!).

It certainly seems that the Co-operative Movement is growing well. Petersburg got their Co-op plan from Sitka, and - in turn - passed it on to Wrangell. Now, there are rumblings of co-ops in Haines and Yakutat. The next step is co-ordinating the various co-ops in southeastern Alaska - in buying, shipping and co-operating; for bigger savings for us all. Here are a list of the known Co-ops in our Archipelago:

- Cloudy Mountain Co-op, Ketchikan
- Southeastern Consumers Co-op, Ketchikan
- Raincloud Co-op, Ketchikan
- Sitka Consumers Co-op
- Wrangell Consumers Co-op
- Juneau Consumers Co-op
- Petersburg Consumers Co-op

Contact each other, Organize, and Good Luck!

If we can be of any publishing or contact service, write our office:

Archipelago,
Box 304,
Douglas, Alaska.

The number of dealers of wholesale goods to Co-ops is many! - and that in items from bread to bullets, and fishlines to cocoa.

DID YOU KNOW?
Wilderness designation for our forests WILL permit motorized access by boat and plane! For further information contact the Southeast Alaska Conservation Council (SEACC).

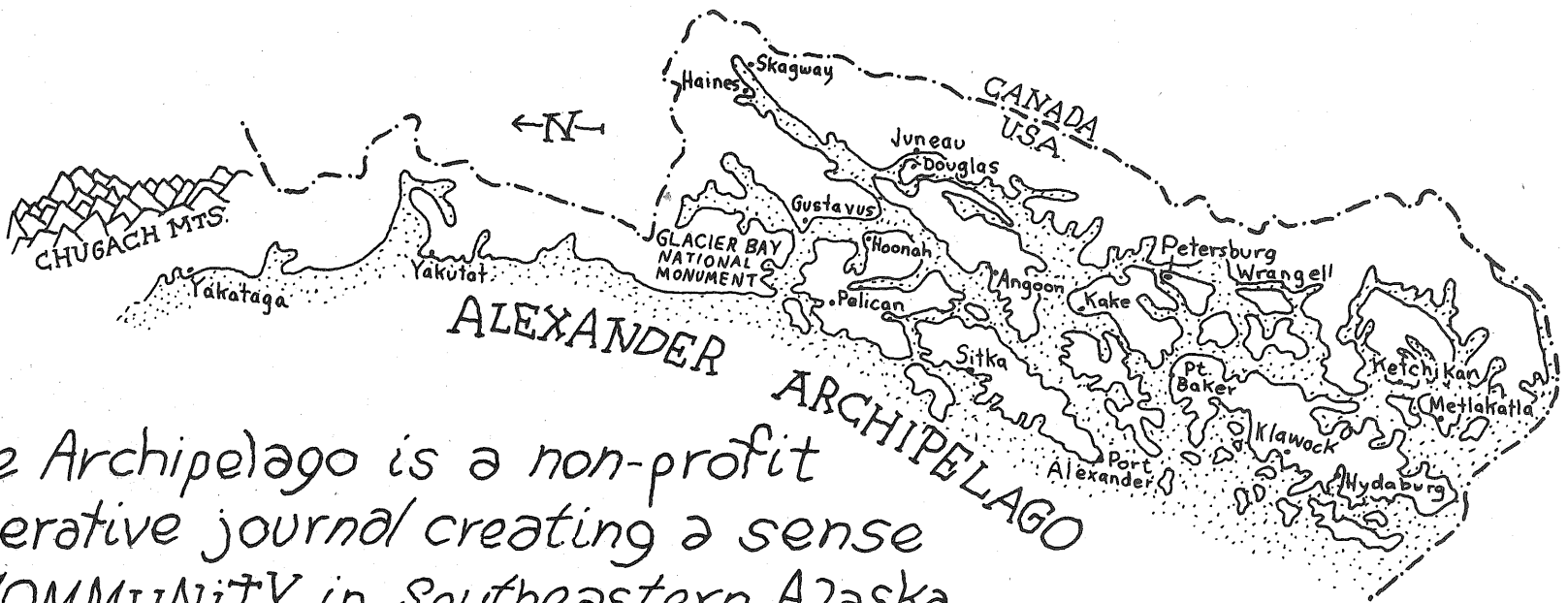
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School for Scandal:

BLOOD ON THE REPORT CARD

The University of Alaska resembles the moose three acquaintances shot in the Kobuk River. After the kill, they radioed their airplane down onto the spit (from which chunks of blood-clotted sand swirled downstream). They then stuffed the gutted, skinned and butchered creature into every nook and cranny of the sagging aircraft and taxied to the edge of the sand spit. The engine throttled full and they lurched over the soft, wet ground...lifting...groaning...speeding. As the roar began to WhineEE into the sky, the engine coughed, clattered back down through the better part of 1500 decibels, and fetched-up like a fat slug at the River's edge. Out grumbled the hunters, turned around the overloaded plane, lurched back to the forest's edge, and threw out a rump and a hindquarter. They roared back into the wind, straining over the sand again...WHRRRRrrrput...fetching up just shy of the Kobuk. Around...back...and out came a forequarter, the ribs, and a case of Oly...to no avail. However, after pitching another case of Oly, antlers, and the other forequarter...the third try saw them slip off the edge of the bloody sand and out over the Kobuk into a frosty sky which promised to cover their discarded kill.

Every time the Board of Regents meets in another closed session, a few more officers, faculty, or officials seem to "resign." It is as if the Regents feel the legislative and public wardens are closing in on their academic "killing"...and they're jettisoning excess and incriminating baggage for a fast night flight.

The waters of academic endeavor are a chilly solution of ego, apathy, and greed. Wobbling above the waves are the tips of many icebergs...are these tips many bergs rolling in the tide, or are they the chipped and rutted facade of a hidden ice mountain? **Look soon**, for they're melting rapidly to "resigned" private life...and wrap up warmly, for this chilly sea requires either the tick-skin of greed or the warm furs of dedication to navigate.

Behind us lies the patriarchal system; the private house with its nullity, its immorality; its servility, its hypocrisy. Before us lies the public world, the professional system, with its possessiveness, its pugnacity, its jealousy, its greed. The question we put to you is how can we enter the professions and yet remain civilized human beings?

Virginia Woolf

photo-intaglio by Peter Goll

"THREE ROGUISH CHAPS FELL INTO MISHAPS"

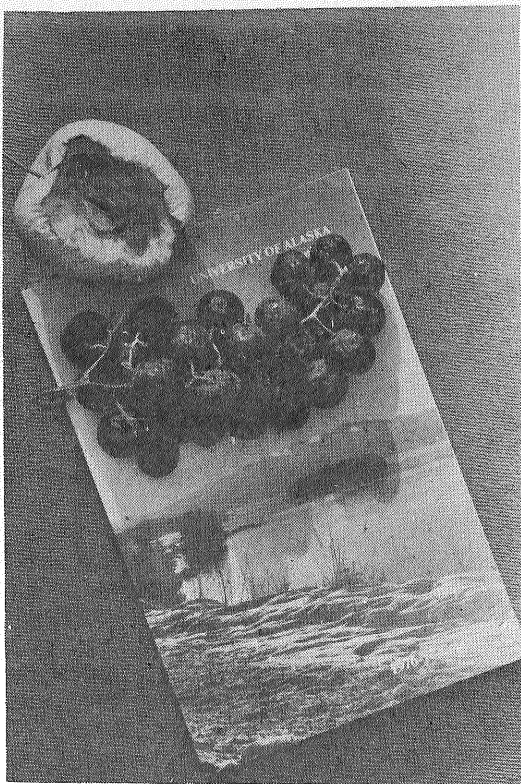
...old English folksong

A month ago, a grand jury in Anchorage indicted Jim Milne and Rich Ivey on 44 charges—ranging from forgery to embezzlement. Their alleged criminal activities occurred between 1974 and 1976 at the Inupiat University of the Arctic and the University Extension Center in Barrow. Jim Milne had been the President for the Inupiat University, and Rich Ivey had been both the Inupiat University bookkeeper and the Barrow Extension Center's Co-ordinator. It is estimated that more than \$60,000 was lost through their alleged reportage of payment to non-existent teachers for non-existent courses. Fine...this is common newspaper knowledge. However, what is **not** let out is their past affiliation with Dr. Tom Gruenig, Counsel for the University of Alaska.

Rich Ivey and Tom Gruenig grew up together, went to school together, became business partners in Berkeley, and taught together at Armstrong Business College. Tom Gruenig ran a family business of real estate investment called Channing Investment Partnerships. Rich Ivey came into this Partnership in 1967 with a \$25,000 note; yet left the Partnership in 1972 with profits made, the note unpaid, and the Internal Revenue Service presumably left holding the bag. Then, in 1973, Rich Ivey went bankrupt with \$25,000 of education loans unpaid.

Ivey and Gruenig discovered John Fitzgerald Kennedy University of Orinda, California, in 1971. While teaching there, they met Jim Milne. This University was a struggling night-college. Milne and Gruenig rose through the ranks and became Vice Presidents. Their proposed programs were said to be "far-out" and of a dubious nature; JFK University did not follow their recommendations.

University of Alaska



BY
THEIR FRUITS YE

THE UNIVERSITY

SHALL KNOW THEM..

OF ALASKA

SOUR GRAPES?

OR

AN APPLE ROTTEN TO THE CORE???

In 1974, Bethel, Alaska, was looking for a City manager. Jim Milne came north for a job interview, and saw an ad for the position of Counsel for the University of Alaska. He quickly notified his friend Tom Gruenig. Gruenig applied and got the job—with recommendation from Milne and Ivey. Gruenig left JFK University. But soon the trio was reunited in Alaska, for Jim Milne became President of the Inupiat University of the Arctic in 1975, just as Rich Ivey was appointed Co-ordinator of the Barrow Extension Center by the University of Alaska. Tom Gruenig recommended them for their positions in Barrow. Ivey says that Gruenig's many calls to Milne kept him awake in the cold Arctic nights. In July of 1975 Milne and Ivey were suspended under suspicion of the crimes for which they were recently indicted.

The most recent Regent is Charles Weber, of Liquid Air, Inc., and Vice-President of the Alaska Chamber of Commerce.

And so it goes...Why do the same backgrounds of successful, affluent businessmen come to the Board? There's nothing wrong with affluent success, but since when are the majority of us Alaskans—whom the Regents represent—such pandering businessmen?! Steve Cowper (D-Anchorage, and Chairman of the House Finance Committee), observed that the Regents have always been a blue-ribbon committee: They peer over the University shoulder, mumble... "mmm...harumph...yes, very good...good job...keep up the good work...mmm...harumph!" and ramble off to their own business interests. Fuddy-duddies—rich Elmer Fudds in an academic wonderland...or are they?? Have the Regents' roles changed over the years?

When the University reaped its first crop of graduates back in the 1920's, these same graduates deeded over homestead land to the then-President Bunnell. After Bunnell died, this choice land, close by the Fairbanks campus, wound up in the most amazing litigation—litigation whose convolutions would have impressed copulating octopi. The land is rumored to have ended up in the hands of trustee banks, with which certain educators are "associated;" for, the paper trail, mazing through recording and banking offices, would drive mad the most dedicated muck-raker.

At any rate, justice and the law are merely beauty and the beast. What is legal conflict of interest among our "educators", as opposed, say, to **just** and **moral** conflict? An old Lithuanian Proverb runs:

If your hire a bear to guard a honey jar, it will become a full honey bucket by way of an empty jar.

You see, my kind of loyalty is loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags -- that is loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal.....

Sam Clemens

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING CHECK

In Cowper's House Finance Committee last January, the snafu of too intrepid a computer came to light. The well-worn tale of an old and ugly Step-Computer being replaced by a young and lovely Honeywell 6640 rolled from the pudgy lips of President Robert Hiatt. This tale would tax the psychological depths of a Freudian scholar analyzing Sleeping Beauty and the Prince's Kiss as a nostalgic social longing for maternal necrophilia. As Advocate reporter Andy Williams mused: "...if garbage is fed into the computer, garbage will come out...". What latent longing **really** lurks behind this alleged logistic snafu?

The University kept two accounts in a Fairbanks bank: one savings account and one checking account. The savings account gathered interest and the checking account paid bills. Every morning, the University's Budget Office would call their bank and ask which checks were due that day. Then, the requisite amount would be trans-

ferred to the checking account to cover the day's credit due—to JUST cover that day's credit, thus providing a maximum sustained yield of interest in their—rather, **our**—savings account. That was how two University checks bounced last year—two BIG checks. The wrong figure had been quoted by the bank one morning and, therefore, not enough coin lay in the checking account to cover the two checks written that day...

"Whoa..." interrupted a legislator at the hearing, "Isn't that unethical and illegal—to write a check that can't be covered when it's written?—that can't be covered until the day it comes into the bank?—just to get maximum interest on your—rather, **our**—University savings?!!"

"Uh-hh...uh-mm..." said the official...

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I might explain a point..." suavely interrupted Mr. Maurice Arth, the refined Executive Vice President of the University, "it was common business practice of Exxon Oil Company, for whom I once worked, to operate thusly. We considered it quite an ethical business practice at Exxon..."

"Whoa..." interrupted the legislator, again, "the University is **not** a business enterprise!" Silence.

OIL, ESPIONAGE AND EDUCATION

Mr. Maurice Arth recently resigned—after another closed session of the Board of Regents. Mr. Arth is clipped and aesthetic, "a well-trimmed forequarter," one might say. He related his biography with authoritative grace. He received his credentials from Harvard University, after many decorations in the European Theatre of World War II. From 1949 to 1958, Arth worked with the White House as a high official in the National Security Council (which houses the CIA). Part of his tenure was in the Middle East, during the time of developing oil production. He served 5 years with Exxon Oil Company. And Mr. Arth labored for two stints as a consultant with private educational firms. In 1975, he came to the Fairbanks campus as Executive Vice President.

"I wondered about him—why he was there...I served as a dispatcher in Vietnam," spit a disgusted legislator, "and never had liking for his type. I wonder..."

The late President, Robert Hiatt, under whom Arth served, came to the University from the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo. Before Tokyo, Hiatt had been at the University of Hawaii as both a member of the faculty and a high administrator. It is said that he was implicated in both race prejudice and a construction scandal in Hawaii. Upon his arrival in Alaska, he was again cited for racial slurs and bias; this time with Inupiat and Tlingit, instead of Japanese and Chinese.

It is said that Hiatt owns land in the Kenai Peninsula. Hiatt was recently elected to the Board of Standard Oil Company of Ohio, Inc. It seems that he has common ground with his Executive Vice President, Mr. Arth—government and oil affiliations. Common ground, too, with the Board of Regents—he also holds non-residential land-shares. Robert Hiatt was also the immediate superior of Counsel Tom Gruenig, the legal land speculator and buddy of the "Barrow 2." Was Robert Hiatt as "ignorant" of the fiscal collusion around him at the University as the Board of Regents? Land in the Kenai...whoa...

OIL IS THICKER THAN MUD, THICKER THAN BLOOD, THICKER THAN THEIVES...

This land in the Kenai echoes the fortunes of Robert Atwood, Elmer Rasmuson, and C.W. Sneddin. Frank Seaton was Secretary of the Interior at the same time that Maurice Arth was with the National Security Council. It was decided that the Kenai Moose Range would be opened up for oil exploration by the Department of the Interior. In 1958, a group of Anchorage speculators, tipped off by **someone** in the government, bought the leases and made their respective fortunes by selling them to oil companies. The Rasmuson family has been represented on the Board of Regents for several decades. Seaton was the friend of these men.

How is it that the tinkle of coin in Alaskan education today began with the trickle of Kenai oil 20 years ago? What sort of benighted alchemists are at work here? Well, Alaskan education is a veritable Fairy Land

(continued on page 15)

Trials of Abuse

Things are not to be made
 in the night except love
 In lies are dimes
 lost in all night card games
 behind the police stations
 Third degree or second degree
 it's all the same
 Climbing the strong steps
 to the rope
 Blind mother justice
 sits so sweet in the sewer
 While the system shudders
 for contempt
 The rich man unnoticed
 peers from his cadillac window
 Tight lipped the preacher leaves a
 reminder for tomorrow
 Sympathic relatives dig into the
 past
 In the shadows a lone poor boy
 shines an apple on the rich mans
 chrome booth
 Somewhere in town young interns fight
 for cutting rights
 Leaving only mother nature to
 pull the silver moon over the
 pastel world
 And life below spends another

Meg Kennedy



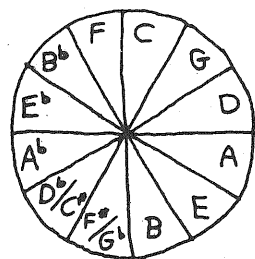
SPARKY

This is an old Square Dance tune. I've written it out in the key of D, which most fiddlers prefer. This is a really fine tune that seems to gain more energy the more it is played. One of the best versions I have heard is played by John Hartle, a mandolin player from Fairbanks. He gets his version from Cole's, and with a few slight variations in phrasing makes it a damn good tune.

Soldier's Joy



If D is not your key, or if you would like to transpose (change key) this tune to any other key, refer to the circle of fifths below.



(*D to F# is four steps.
 C to E is four steps.)

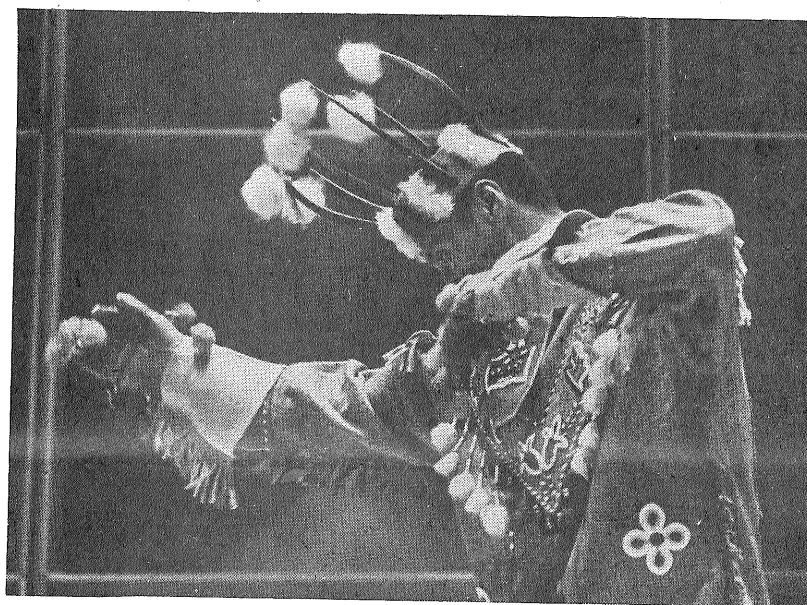
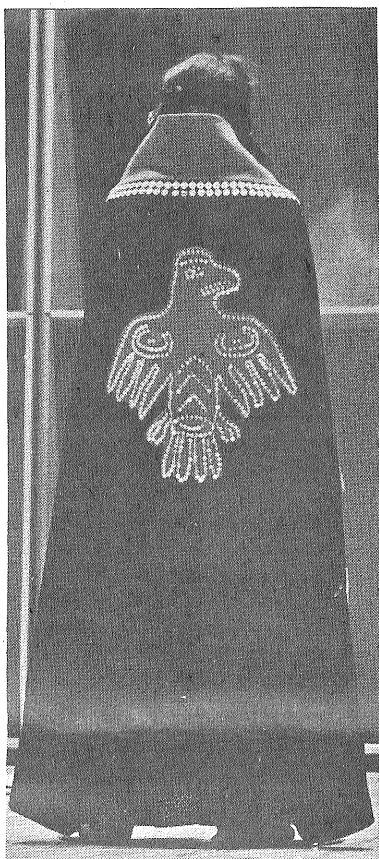
So suppose C is a better key than D for you. All the notes that correspond to D (D-F#) would be the same distance from C (C-E).*

The first measure in D is: D-B A F# D F# A

The first measure in C is: C-A G E C E G

~ note that D to B has the same relationship that C to A has: (3 steps) etcetera, etcetera...

Thus, with a fertile mind and a little work, a song can be transposed to any key.



NEWS FROM KODAK

By summertime, *ektachrome* will be no more -- as we know it! New emulsion replaces old, and new processing is required as well. The new emulsion offers better color saturation and higher resolution (which means better slides and prints).

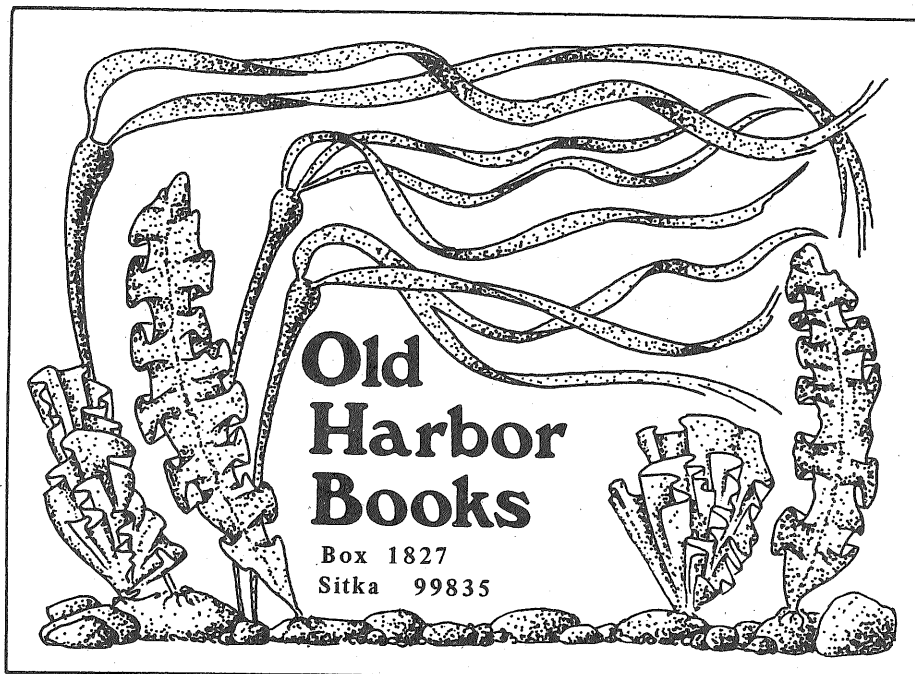
ASA for normal speed will remain at 64, but high speed is boosted to 200. Kodak does advise that the 200 not be pushed. However, Rosemary at 'f-Stop' adds, 'they've sent instructions for pushing, anyway!'

For those interested in processing new *ektachrome*, it's easier -- shorter processing time, higher temperatures, and liquid chemicals that are easier to mix...all done-up in a kit.

At the moment, the new *ektachrome* stock comes in 120 mm and 135 mm -- 36 exposures -- and gets processed at 'f-Stop' on weekends. As soon as it's available in all sizes, Rosemary says they'll process it twice a week.

Oh, something else Rosemary explained that you might be interested in -- films are sold in amateur and professional categories. Theoretically, amateur film is sold with the idea of its aging in mind -- Kodak assumes that amateur photographers don't buy or shoot film as quickly as professionals. So, the film has not reached its optimum color balance (pure colors) and then gradually moves toward the warm yellow colors. Whereas professional film is sent out by Kodak at its optimum, and needs to be refrigerated to hold that level. The difference is very slight; but if either type should run past the expiration date, the film tends toward an unpredictable yellow.

Information from F-STOP
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Southerners

I have spoken from experience.
...People ask me, 'When are you Southerners going to free the Blacks?' These people have probably never experienced an individual thought since childhood- so much is to be expected...

In my home town, where I spent the first seventeen years of my life (and my family for 150 years at least), over 50% of all the working class is employed by northern owned mobile home industries! They pay the whopping rate of \$3 an hour.

J.C. Whitney, Mabeline Cosmetics, Dupont, H.G. Humphrey, G. H. Lore, and many other Northerners own plantations from 20,000 to 50,000 acres. They don't live in cardboard houses either! The Governor's mansion here in Juneau, might serve as their guest house. These wealthy individuals and corporations burned us bad after the war- the Civil War, for any who might misunderstand me; and we're going like hell just to keep what we've got!

Russell Guy
Juneau

Confessions of a Benefit Clerk

Because of the seasonal nature of Alaska's jobs, many of us find ourselves without work during a good portion of the year. Many of us attempt to ease the financial burden by collecting unemployment benefits. This venture often finds the unsuspecting claimant dealing with the immovable and unreasoning wall of a state bureaucracy -- one which they know poorly and likely would just as soon continue to have as little to do as possible. I have just returned from a harrowing descent into chronic anxiety itself -- into a veritable maze of neurotics, misfits, frustrated fascists, and generally very bored state workers.....that's right, I worked 4 months for the Department of Labor's Benefits Section.....and now, after a few medicinal 6-packs and some convalescent catatonia, I feel sane enough to discuss my experiences.

Dealing with this large state bureaucracy is usually an uneasy experience but it IS possible to emerge from the encounter with a minimum of hassle and a maximum of benefit checks to show for it. The author worked in the Mail Claims Unit in Juneau, through which office most residents of southeastern Alaska file their claims. The first thing to understand is the gap in philosophies between the claimant and the bureaucracy. You, as a potential claimant, feel that -- since you aren't working and have contributed to the program -- you are entitled to benefits. The agency, on the other hand, seems at times more concerned with 'making sure you are eligible' as it is with getting you back your money. The original intent of the unemployment programs were to tide people over when they have become unemployed -- through no fault of their own -- and are looking for another job. In Alaska, things don't always work like that; but the law is the law, and when you file you have to 'make good', so to speak. If you answer all the questions right and meet all the stipulations, then you'll receive your checks. People who work for the agency are trained to 'spot issues', and at times many may look for abstruse reasons for why you're not eligible -- some technicality which they'll use to deny you benefits. It is very important to realize that the worst thing you can do as a claimant is to supply the agency with too much information about yourself. Such information may serve no other purpose than to disqualify you! Most of the questions they ask you when you set-up your claim are potentially hazardous. You are required to answer all the questions asked, but don't go overboard. Be terse; but give them an answer, or you may be disqualified for not supplying the needed information.

The blue form 1006 that you must fill

out when you first apply is a prime example. To be eligible for benefits, you have to be what's known as 'able and available for employment'. Any answer on the 1006 that throws your 'availability' into doubt could be used to deny you benefits. So, when they ask you who will care for your children if you find work, put 'spouse' or 'babysitter', instead of 'babysitter, if I can find one, but I'm not sure.'. When they ask about disabilities, the same thing applies; answer all questions, but don't go overboard about your arthritic elbow unless it really would hinder you from getting a job (in which case, you decide what to put -- I can't counsel you to break the law.....but unless you have a serious medical problem that may require hospitalization, they have no way of checking.....volunteer any medical information and they immediately want your doctor to start filing out forms, and guess who pays!). Also, it's smart to be vague about what kind of work you'll accept. Put 'anything' and no one will complain. Put 'fishing' when you have never fished before and you might be in for problems. And be vague about what wages you'll accept. You have a right to ask for the same wages that you had on your previous job. However, after 13 weeks on unemployment, they may ask you to accept something less. Rather than quoting exact figures which might cause problems,

The word, 'Idiot', comes from the Greek & referred to one who had the right and duty to vote & DIDN'T. It could similarly be applied to one who pays for unemployment benefits & doesn't use the system.

Unemployment benefits come from our OWN wages. We do not get these benefits unless we pay -- ourselves -- into the system. They are not welfare, as the guilt-tripping petty bureaucrats in Juneau would have us believe; we earn them!

put 'anything reasonable', which is tough to pin down. When asked how soon you'll accept a job, put 'as soon as possible'. If you put anything over 2 weeks, you could be in trouble. As long as you answer the questions, they are not going to spend much time and paperwork to find out what you mean; but if you say too much, some employees, nodding through their day, may think you aren't eligible. Then you'll be faced with AT LEAST a delay, and maybe no benefits at all.

By the way, don't just decide to go and file one day -- study what your base period will be and figure out when the best time for your filing will be so you can receive the highest weekly benefits. It's not that difficult to figure out, since the Employment Security Division has spent a lot of time explaining just that. So, go to the Post Office and get a new Claim Packet' that will explain how to calculate your base period and benefits. When you receive, eventually, your monetary determination and discover that you're not receiving as much as you thought you should; check to see if all the eligible wages you reported were counted. If not, write and send proof of earnings (a copy of your W-2 form will do).

Let's assume your claim is set up and your blue form 1006 passed inspection. You'll receive a pile of green computer cards to file every week. Answer all the

questions -- to the satisfaction of the rulesign and date your cards, and send them in every week and you're in the money, so to speak. If you lose a card, write a note asking for a replacement right away -- and date the note. If you receive another blue form 1006 to complete, for any number of reasons, do it as soon as you can. The secret is to do things on time ... then all goes smoothly. If you go back to work and then become unemployed again, you can keep right on filing -- if your claim has not expired (claims last a year, regardless of how much you've received) by either sending in another blue form 1006 or sending a green claim card in -- with the part 'B' on the back filled out. When you leave employment, the agency wants to know the name and address of your last employer. There is a 6 week disqualification period if you quit or are fired, and no checks can be sent if the office does n't have the employer's address. If you are only going to be working a short time, you can keep your claim going by filing and reporting your wages. If you don't report your wages, you're liable to get into trouble because they occasionally run computer checks to match covered wages against weeks filed to make sure you're not getting the best of both worlds. Incidentally, they have no way of knowing what you make from uncovered wages. So if you do get sneaky like that, I wouldn't go so far to try and then set up a SUA claim later, using wages you cunningly didn't report.

When you file your little green cards, they go through channels which would make any befuddling bureaucrat proud. They are received and sorted by one unit, sent to another which looks at them to see if all the questions are answered properly (remember again to be careful when answering them; people who do this job are anesthetized by the inherent boredom of their job and any shocking answers could get you into trouble by confusing them), then the cards are sent to a sorting unit before being fed into the computer. Naturally, there isn't too much personal sympathy when it comes to your claim.

The same mass production approach is used when processing your claim when you first file, and anything which may look defective as it goes down the assembly line may be snatched off and actually looked at, which is yet another reason to fill out forms with care and mediocrity. Also, remember that in the factory there is no one who has a personal interest in your claim. If checks stop coming or you're running out of cards, it may be useful to write or call. The address is on all correspondence and the phone number is 465-2737 or 465-2739.

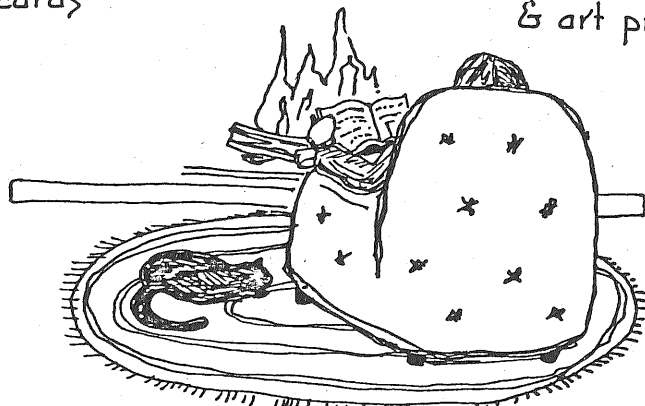
Good luck -- at least, as mail claimants, you can keep your distance from the overgrown monster, which is what living in Alaska is all about.

by Rob Miller

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Chilkat Eagles: Resource or Liability?

A few far-sighted individuals in Juneau have made a notable endeavor to assure the future welfare of North America's largest concentration of bald eagles, but have found their efforts fraught with the usual conflicts of local views. In this case the locality is Haines, and the matter in question is the proposed bill to create the Bald Eagle Council Grounds State Park in the Chilkat Valley. The bill was killed by the governor several weeks ago; but undoubtedly, we will see it or a facsimile, again.

The Haines-Skagway area is the largest portion of southeastern Alaska that does not lie within Tongass National Forest. It is flanked to the west by Glacier Bay National Monument and to the southeast by Battery Point State Park. It is understandable that local residents are uneasy that yet another tract of land within the Haines area might be removed from economic development. Despite the small size of the proposed park (only 4800 acres), local people see it as further land-use constraints. This attitude is aggravated by fear of the Udall Bill, presently before Congress, to designate 3½ million acres of the Tongass National Forest as a wilderness area. The delicate economy of the Haines area is based on commercial fishing, timber harvest, and mineral extraction. According to John Schnabel, owner of Schnabel Lumber Company in Haines, further restrictions of these activities may cause 80% unemployment in the area. The Bald Eagle Council Grounds is a narrow corridor along the Chilkat River, just south of the Native village of Klukwan and adjacent to the Haines Highway. Because of warm currents which percolate from Big Salmon River, this stretch of the Chilkat River remain unfrozen during even the severest of winters. Up to 3,500 bald eagles winter here, congregating along a 2 mile section of the Chilkat, feasting on spawned-out salmon. It is a unique paradise for bald eagles and constitutes the greatest single concentration of the birds in North America. In 1972, the Alaska State Legislature designated this 4800 acres of the wintering grounds as a 'Critical Habitat Area'. Development of mineral and timber resources within the Area is not permitted; however, Native fishing rights are preserved. 'Park' status would not alter this arrangement.

Mr. Russell Cahill, Director of the Alaska Division of Parks, personally introduced the park proposal to the people of Haines and Klukwan at a public meeting, on January 20th. The word was out by then, mostly by way of rumor, and opponents of the park were in a surly mood. Regrettably, there was no prior opportunity for local residents to consider or discuss the articles of the proposal, since copies were not available until the meeting itself; and proponents of the park were therefore too uninformed to muster organized support.

Mr. Cahill's opening remarks outlined the reasoning behind the recommended status change from 'Critical Habitat' to 'State Park'. In response to a claim that the eagles receive sufficient protection within the existing Critical Habitat Area, he cited the projected visitor increase into the area which makes park status desirable. The projected visitor increase into the area which makes park status desirable. The moot point is that whether we like it or not, more tourists are visiting Haines each winter to observe bald eagles. Classification as a 'State Park' or 'State Wildlife Refuge' is necessary to mobilize the fiscal machinery with which to deal with the expected increase in eagle watchers. Funds are necessary for maintenance of existing waysides, for construction of an unobtrusive observatory, and to support a full-time warden/naturalist.

The folks of Haines and Klukwan did not agree. They saw no need at this time for further protection of

an abundant and already protected resource, and were concerned that it would infringe on the local economy. A barrage of objections dominated the remainder of the meeting. Mr. Cahill was perplexed but diplomatic as he bore the unexpected assault on the proposed park. The consensus of the group was adamantly: NO! Briefly, their reasons:

1). The park not only would restrict certain uses of land within its boundaries, but would also affect the lands immediately adjacent to it. This is of special concern, because a Japanese corporation has proposed to mine iron ore deposits in the Klukwan vicinity.

2). The Division of Parks has already secured much of the Chilkat Peninsula south of Haines; and, to date, has done nothing to provide access to this recreational area.

3). Creating the park will contribute towards increasing tourism because of the advertising it will receive in tour books, state park pamphlets, and maps.

4). The people of Haines and Klukwan are very independent and do not appreciate anyone telling them what to do with their land. They do not welcome the prospect of additional rules and regulations which would be part of the park package.

5). The Natives of Klukwan are unanimous in their opposition to the park. They fear the increasing trespassing and vandalism that may accompany an increase in tourism. Furthermore, they do not wish their village to become a curiosity with gaping tourists wandering through at will.

The individuals in Juneau who submitted the park proposal in the first place failed to consider shorter range technicalities. Copies of the bill and explanatory material should have been distributed well before the public meeting. Local temperment regarding the park should have been surveyed. Local support should have been sought beforehand -- it was available. Presenting the proposal at this time was a logistical miscalculation. The park proposal may be more palatable in a few years -- when tourism increases in the area,

as predicted. In the meantime, the Division of Parks should take advantage of the present moratorium to develop a sound biologic basis for future management of the Chilkat eagle. Specifically:

1). Daily counts should be conducted from September to February in order to determine the specific arrival and departure periods of the wintering birds. As this is a seasonal phenomenon, there is no reason why park regulations could not vary according to the presence or absence of the eagles.

2). Total number of eagles should be estimated on a year-to-year basis to detect population fluctuations. If the Chilkat eagles decline in the future, early protection is important.

3). Identify and quantify the disturbance factors that are already present, and identify potential factors.

4). Monitor the increase in tourism. Accumulate data on visitor usage -- with a brief questionnaire -- in order to determine if people are visiting the area with bald eagle observation as their principal, secondary, or incidental reason. Economic impact of increasing tourism should be measured by determining if visitors are using local motels, restaurants, and other consumer related services.

5). Re-evaluate the validity of the 'critical habitat' boundaries after several years of data is compiled. Presently, the birds are roosting mostly within one-half mile of the Haines Highway and are readily visible from roadside pullouts. However, increasing human disturbances in the area may cause a general shift in the location of the wintering grounds -- if they are unregulated.

6). Analyze potential traffic problems. Increasing tourism may cause congestion on the Haines Highway along with related hazards. A tour bus route from town would be an economical method for reducing such effects.

The actual degree to which the state park would effect local trends is debatable. The proposed park is small and would have far less economic impact than, for example, harvest policies in Tongass National Forest. Though, the presence of a park may attract additional visitors, it's absence will not keep them away for long. Alaska's growing popularity as a vacationland is undeniable, and the fame of the Chilkat eagle is spreading. With or without the park, it is likely that tourism will become an important supplemental source of income for the area. Eventually, some type of visitor control will be necessary. As for gaping curio seekers, Klukwan will deal with them sooner or later, regardless of the park. The park's interpretive program, in fact, could do much to soften the blow by sensitizing visitors to Klukwan's rightful privacy.

Paramount to the issue is the fear of local residents that the park would override the plans of a Japanese company -- Mitsubishi Corporation -- to extract low-grade iron ore from a large deposit lying under and around Klukwan. The result of the mining operation will be an open pit 200 feet in depth within one-half mile of the critical habitat area. The gorge will eventually fill with water to become a quarry lake. The proposal may not become feasible for 10 - 15 years -- until major problems are solved. The village of Klukwan must be relocated; an environmental impact study must be filed; and a cheap, economic source of energy must be developed. The mining operation will be a temporary blight on the landscape; however, its impact on eagles (due to disturbance) could be kept at a minimum by restricting operations during the winter roost period. At the meeting, Mr. Cahill stated that a flume could be installed outside the park boundaries for transporting the ore to Haines. If Mitsubishi still proposes to pursue this endeavor when it becomes feasible, it is doubtful that the state park would be cited as a reason for refusal.

Currently, the Haines area is a principal subject in an on-going, 2-phase study -- the Haines-Skagway Area Land Use Planning Study. The inventory phase was published recently, and completion of the planning phase is expected in several years. From page 3 of that report (Alaska Division of Lands Planning Report No.961):

This study, a pilot effort by the Division of Lands, may serve as a guide to further studies to be initiated throughout Alaska for the purpose of determining management criteria for state lands.

This is potentially a precedent-setting situation -- as this study may become the prototype for other 'land use models' in Alaska. Public input and assistance is an important component in producing such a management plan. It is the responsibility of the people of Haines and Skagway to voice their opinions and desires, after they have rationally considered all aspects of the issue. With proper management in the area, it is possible that eagles and men may co-habit the Chilkat Valley without drastically effecting the economy of the region.

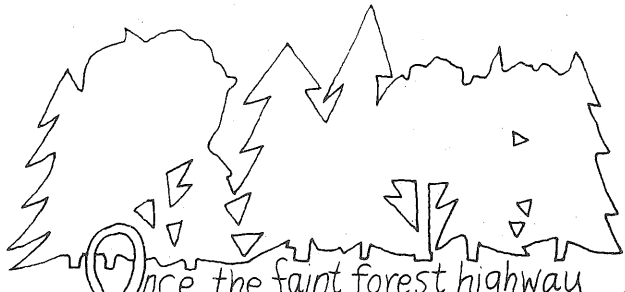
*by Stephen Waste
Robert Lehman*



illustration by Peter Goll

If any of the sundrie wilderness acts do go thru Congress, it doesn't 'lock-up a damn thing. In the event of any world shortage of oil, zinc, molybdenum, barite, or what-have-you.....these 'Wilderness Areas' would be opened-up quicker than Ali Baba's Cave for exploitation.

The people that want & NEED Alaska open for exploitation NOW are the profiteers riding the sleigh of rampant consumerism. The Wilderness Act Lands will NOT effect our survival. If anything, they will HELP -- by saving these resources for our true NEEDS in the Future -- rather than company GREED now!



Once the faint forest highway
 Whispered, follow me please
 I've deer in my meadows
 and bear in my trees
 I've summits for vision
 and valleys for thought
 I've beaches for combing
 and springs bathing hot.
 I've cracks in these mountains
 Where you can always find snow
 I've sheer granite cliffs
 Where the wildest winds blow.
 I've mist monsters rising
 From the muskeg's deep mire
 and a million new thoughts
 come to every campfire
 I'll provide your diversions,
 your excitement and rest
 You'll find all you need
 On my mountain's high crest.
 But I can't heed forest whispers
 They're just too damn naive
 It's a too perfect picture
 for me to believe.
 I want also smooth engines
 and the language of math,
 the magic of music
 and voices that laugh.

Patrick/m.d.p.

Impact Statements :

Avoiding the Issues

The idea was great, but it may not be working. The original plan was that private industry and the government agencies would submit 'impact statements' before any major programs or construction projects got under way. Ideally, these statements would include the possible effects that the project might have on People -- their lifestyle and culture.

Now, flip through some impact statements. You'll find lots of engineering facts and a fantastic selection of economic predictions, all optimistically showing the benefits and dreams on tables & charts & graphs. If you look closely, you might even find -- hidden away somewhere -- a little note on the project's effects on human lives and people in the area. What went wrong? What is still going wrong? Perhaps it's easier to produce neat engineering schemes, economic statistics, and mathematical projections than to try understanding people. In many ways, the social sciences just can't be tied down to computers -- making nice, precise predictions. But most agencies and large industries want a quick, ten-minute summary by an 'expert', giving them the go-ahead on their plan. And that is exactly what they get.

Watch the operations out in the bush of Alaska. The charted plane lands, the well-dressed analyst steps out, goes over to talk to with the school teacher, missionary, and the Village Council Chief or President. Two hours later, s/he wings their way back to Anchorage, Fairbanks, or Juneau to write their social-cultural impact predictions. A phone call or form letter could have done as well as the flight -- for the amount of information obtained. But, of course, t'was a good chance for an urban bureaucrat to get a free ride out to a village to take some pictures, haggle with the local people for handmade arts and crafts. The trip gives the appearance of authenticity to the social-cultural impact statement. Now, do you wonder why these impact statements are so short on the

Well, even though the social sciences aren't that scientific, at least they CAN provide more than most agencies get -- or want, but the process of predicting social impacts takes much more time.

First, there ARE some good studies and reports to be looked at. Some social scientists have spent a great deal of time in Alaska, Northern Canada, and the Arctic observing social cultural change. Their reports lay it out in detail -- what happened, who was affected, how the individual lives were changed, what problems and benefits resulted, and where things went right or wrong. These studies are available, but evidently nobody wants to plow through them...it's much easier to feed numbers into a computer and crank out statistics.

Good studies can't be done in a day or 2 or even a few weeks. Normally, a good anthropologist spends months and years studying a particular group of people to get insights into their values, lifestyles, social systems, and daily life. It may not be always so 'scientific', but the researcher begins to get a 'feel' for the people; for what they like and dislike, what they want to do, what they want to happen. social systems, and daily life. Of course, there are poor researchers, just like there are poor plumbers, poor physicians, poor politicians, and poor people. Impact statements need good professionals with the functional intuition for understanding what is going on and what would happen

if certain changes were introduced.

Perhaps most importantly, people in the local area should know what the possible changes might be and should be allowed to decide accordingly. It looks as though the Yakutat people pretty well understood what would happen if they simply allowed the oil industry to take over the town. Honest community development cannot happen through Machiavellian manipulation, but only by honestly and openly telling the people the options and letting them decide. In cases where changes will come -- whether the people there like it or not -- the people should know what to expect in order to plan adjustments in advance.

pect in order to plan adjustments in advance.

Maybe the age of computer technology is destroying the human approach to planning. Apparently, we believe that if something can be done, then it must be done. If we can build a hydrogen bomb that can destroy millions of people, then we MUST build it before someone else does. If we can send men to Mars, then we MUST do it..... or do we? Do we have to wipe out fishing streams, pollute the waters, drill in the oceans' depths, erect new boom camps anywhere and everywhere....just because we CAN do it? The purpose of impact statements was to get away from this rampant spread of cities, industrialization, destruction of our natural resources, and such impact -- at the expense of our human lives and our human way of life.

What happened? Well, the experts went right back to the technological hardware & cranked out statistics, economic predictions, and mathematical schemes.....at the tail end, they began to throw in a little tid-bit about possible social-cultural changes. With numbers looking so impressive and charts showing a bright and wonderful future, why worry about people? So far, impact statements seem to be avoiding the real issue and are neglecting their role in planning -- they are forgetting about People, us Alaskans.

by Wally Olson

Boatbuilding in the Archipelago

...Remarkable that boatbuilding has fallen into a mistaken memory in southeastern Alaska. Last fall, I crawled around in the dark bilges of a tiny troller in Sitka, one filthy and foul evening. My knife poked home into the almost invisible hull.

Oh M'god! I nearly kicked a hole through the bulkhead to get out- fast!- so rotten was the waterline wood. No deal on this hull, I grumbled to the owner and plodded up the gang-plank.

Morbid curiosity sent me down the next day to discover that the already sold vessel had a beautiful red cedar hull, which is naturally spongy. It had been planked together as a cannery boat in Whale Bay 60 years ago, and converted over the decades to its present form. Such a deal I lost.

But what in the world has happened to the boatbuilding trade of southeastern Alaska (Pardon! the Alexander Archipelago)... with all its array of fine woods? Who's building boats and where? Here's a list of boat building schools that a friend sent me and I'd like to share it with everyone. Anyone got any woodenboatbuilding co-ops in mind? Write me.

- Washington County Vocational Technical Institute
 Quoddy Head
 Lubec, Maine 04652
- The Apprenticeshop
 Front Street
 Bath, Maine 04530
- Experience Inc.
 Orleans, MA 02653
- Mystic Seaport
 Mystic, CT 06355
- LH Bates Vocational-Technical Institute
 of Tacoma
 1101 South Yakima
 Tacoma, WA 98405
- Seattle Central Community College
 1625 Broadway
 Seattle, WA 98122
- Project Seal
 Marion, MA 02738

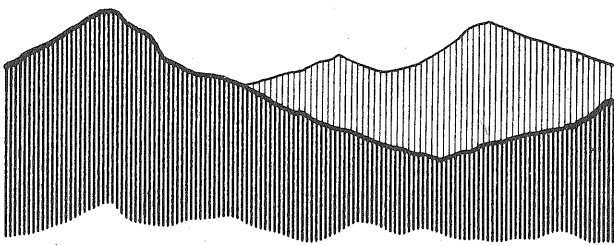
Mac Ruari
 Box 304
 Douglas

Fritillaria Kamchatkensis
 --- "chocolate lily"
 or "stink lily" -- also "Alaskan wild rice"



This flower is a dark purplish-brown; its odor is sharp and offensive. However, carefully pull up the plant and you will find small white starchy nodules. These are an excellent "rice"... the flavor is bland. Harvest while in bloom. Found in marshy areas.

by Gloria Barclay



FOGGY MOUNTAIN SHOP
 172 South Franklin St. (907) 586-6780
 PO Box 588 Juneau, Ak. 99802

Backpacking + Climbing Equipment
 For southeastern Alaska

**KETCHIKAN COMMERCIAL
FISHERMAN'S
COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.**

How many fishermen do you know that talk or American Fisheries Right or Wrong, but who buy nets and gear -- 'Made in Japan' -- because it's cheaper?! Possibly, they're actually buying American by that route, although only by accident!

In Ketchikan, though, some farsighted fishermen decided to go beyond available enterprizes AND to stop short of big government solutions -- to do something on their own. For, in 1972, several disgruntled fishermen from Ketchikan went to the Prince Rupert Commercial Fisherman's Co-operative Association Board Meeting. They saw credit unions, stores, and all the benefits conferred by co-operation.

And so, in 1973's Winter, 25 gillnetters from the Tree Point Grounds got together and formed a 'Marketing Association'. They agreed to sell all their fish to one marketer and his leaky packer -- the 'Ocean Champion'. As usual, the marketer promised high prices in early Spring -- to lure their association -- but only a boycott hooked his signature on an firm contract agreeable to the gillnetters.

In 1973-74, the Association contracted their fish to the Annette Island Packing Co.; but retained their own packer. The fisher-

men usually get screwed at pre-season SET prices, so they set-up a 'floor price with an escalator clause'.....in other words a fishing grounds' price + a market profit = a negotiated profit sharing basis.

In 1974-75, they contracted with Petersburg Processors and the Pelican Cold Storage.

From 1975-76, a variety of Processors were used (such as the Washington Fish & Oyster Co. in Hydaburg), since they all wanted to buy salmon out-right -- rather than use the escalator. So, in 1976, the Association contracted a 2nd packer -- in addition to their own, the 'Christian'; and

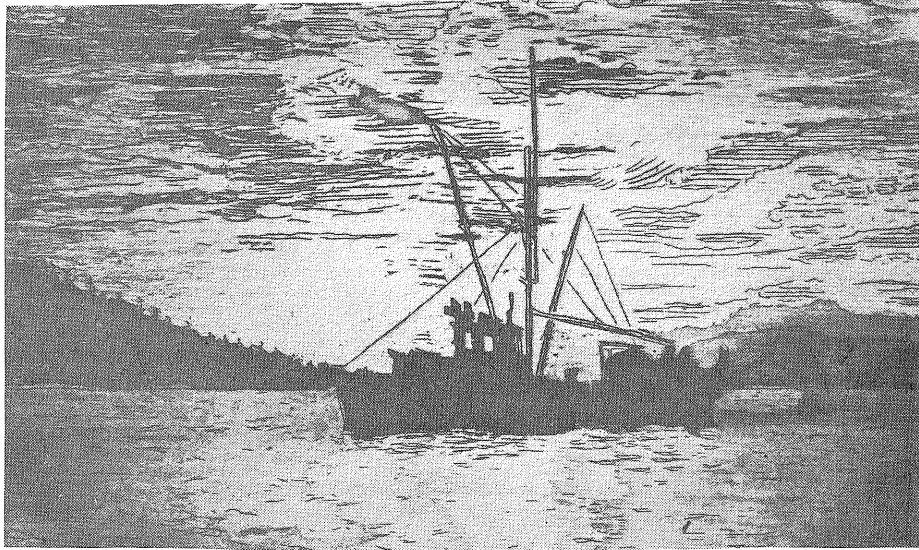


illustration by Peter Goll

Here's a song that we picked-up last year, weatherbound in Whale Bay. It was sung by an exiled fisherman from the Maine coast. He told us his story & sang us his song.....but the tune was so damn elusive, like swells rolling in the mist. I don't know if we'll ever get back to Whale Bay or see Gordon again, but take the song and set the rythmn to the waves rocking your boat.....guess that's the way it should be, y'can't put Maine rollers on our southeastern seas..... though the fishing's getting as bad.

For many reasons, among them overfishing, pollution, lack of local government control and our general economic structure, the small time fisherman, the jack-of-all coastal trades, is in danger of extinction.

His credit may be good, but his creditors are caught in the squeeze, too, so after awhile he can't maintain his boat or his gear, and then he can't pay the taxes on the suddenly-valuable land that his family has owned for so many generations. And so he leaves the fishing and he goes. To Florida, to the West Coast, to the cities.

But in going, he takes with him a way of thinking, a way of living the value of which to the world can never be measured, or replaced.

MRS' MAC DONALD'S LAMENT

*When the wind's away and the wave away,
That crazy old fool will go down on the bay,
Dodging the ledges and setting his gear,
And come back when the wind drives him in.*

*He knows full well the fishing is done;
His credit's all gone and the winter is come,
But as sure as the tide will rise and run
He'll go back on the bay again.*

*When the snow is down on the Western Bay,
That fool will go running the Fiddler's Ground,
Hauling his gear in the trough of the sea
As if he'd no mind of his own.*

*His father's gone and his brothers are gone,
And still he goes down on the dark of the moon,
rowing the dory and setting the twine,
And it won't even pay for his time.*

*When the wind's away and the wave away,
Our children go down on the morning sun;
They go rowing their little boats out on the tide
And they'll follow their foolish old man.*

*Well, you blind old fool, your children are gone,
And you never would tell them the fishing was done;
Their days were numbered the day they were born,
The same as their foolish old man.*

by Gordon Bok

SALMON MULCH

And, there's another grant tucked away under piles of silent statistics. Across this grant is scrwled -- in LARGE red-ink characters -- the solo word: NO!

Unlike the grant for controlling hungry belukha whale, this very well planned and thought-out grant proposal threatened timber interests.

*'Did you ever hear the old
timers talk about how the
salmon streams used to be
so choked with fish that*

*you could walk from shore
to shore on their silver-wet
backs? Did you ever stop
to think WHY there used
to be so many salmon? It
wasn't to propagate the
species, because it only
takes 2 fertilized eggs from
each pair to maintain such
huge population.
Those monster salmon pop-
ulations at the turn of the
century were to fertilize the
forest. All the forest dwell-
ers came to eat salmon dur-
ing the runs, recycling the*

each packer alternated week runs to Puget Sound, where they got larger shares of the marketing profits.

Now -- 1977 -- the Association has expanded to where they are setting-up a processing plant. To this end, the Spokane Bank for Co-operatives is aiding them all the way from assessment through planning to financing. It's good to hear that some bank is organized for the co-operating worker. The co-operative is spreading to Juneau and Haines, and another is forming in Sitka. Thank heavens!--perhaps, now we will be able to buy fresh fish in southeastern Alaska for a change!

DARTING and FLASHING
LIKE an ARROW LET FLY,
WEAVING his WAY
through SEAWEED.

HE LEAPS
through AIR and WATER,
up LADDERS
and WATERFALLS,
HURRYING,

lest his TIME COME TOO SOON
BEFORE he is READY.

HE REACHES his SPAWN CREEK,
HIS BACK a PEAK of BLOOD RED,
and DIES SLOWLY AMONG
his UNKNOWN CHILDREN

Melanie Moats

BELUKHA BOMB!!

The Alaska Department of Fish and Game have composed a pogrom to save Bristol Bay's fisheries -- a program that was terribly successful in British Columbia. For about 12,000 years, belukha whale have flowed with the Spring tides up the Kvichak River, gobbling salmon smolts along the way. And for about 30 years, commercial fishermen have snitched to the Warden Service about the whales' unlicensed take. The Alaska Department of Fish and Game calculates that these belukha whale in the Kvichak River consume 'nearly 2 million smolts' each Spring. Several hundred million salmon smolts migrate down the Kvichak River each year. What these intrepid researchers DON'T report is that 2 million of a minimal 300 million = only 0.6%. For publicity of our valiant Fish and Game Department in action, this is fine cross-eyed calculation to quote at tourists and use to finagle Federal grants.....but NOT to grin-out-with as they dig into OUR Alaskan tax pockets!

For, in the early 1950's, the Fish and Game Department began dropping dynamite and chasing the belukha by motorboat and aeroplane. Then, between 1963 and 1974, researchers gathered grants to experiment with this dire problem -- by broadcasting sounds into the Kvichak River that would frighten the belukhas. The researchers determined that the belukhas were scared shitless by the broadcast of 'killer' whale sounds -- humping to sea faster than a grantwriter's pen. However, once the belukhas realized that the broadcast sounds were not the real toothed thing....they usually ignored it.

Thus, a system has been grown for steadily broadcasting the calls of Orcas' (falsely known as 'killer' whale) into the Kvichak River. This system only awaits money for implementation -- OUR tax money...and for a project of confessed inadequacy for a miniscule percentage of salmon salvation. Thus, what we have -- in reality -- is a system that has been grown for supporting 'Researchers' on a very sophisticated form of bureaucratic welfare!

But the real clincher comes from Canada, where this 'public broadcast' salmon saver was installed. It seems that it DID indeed drive away the belukha. It also attracted Orcas, who eat more salmon than a hungry belukha ever hallucinated on....And, are afraid of not even a State Biologist armed with the most mighty grant!

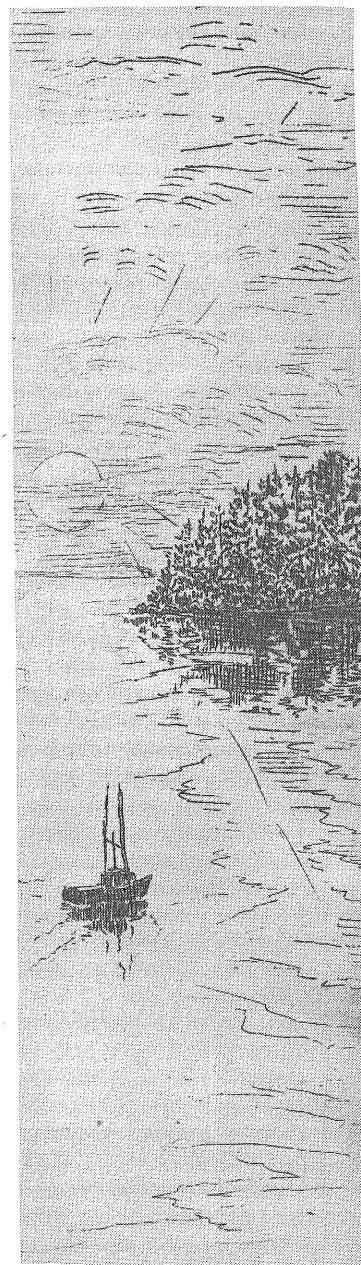


illustration by Peter Goll

*salmon by dropping guts & bones
in the woods, fertilizing the stream
beds -- bear, eagle, and bacteria.
The REAL damage of overfishing
will be to the land & timber from
defertilization Years Hence -- not
to the grossly underpopulated
shelves of canned salmon...& the
program of 'maximum sustained yield
yield' of the canneries TOTALLY
neglects the Forest and Land!*

This biologist, with a forehead furrowed like a crow's foot, then told how his proposed study was red-lined by the Commissioner as having too many implications for Forestry and for complicating the issue of fisheries rehabilitation.

Soil Test

Soil tests are available, free of any charge, to gardeners in Alaska. The soil tests are an excellent guide for fertilizer applications. Cooperative Extension Service soil tests help you maintain a more productive soil, increase your yield, and/or establish plants more quickly for garden, lawn, and field by providing information on selection of the correct fertilizer in both amount and frequency. In addition, if lime is needed, recommendation will be made.

The Institute of Agricultural Science will analyze your soil for available major plant foods -- nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash; as well as determine the pH of your soil -- whether it is acid or alkaline. The Cooperative Extension Service will then interpret these results and make recommendations for you.

Correct sampling is very important. Poor sampling gives misleading test results. A soil test cannot be any more accurate than the sample on which it was made. Misleading test results lead to inaccurate recommendations. Therefore, you lose yield, appearance, and/or money by applying the wrong fertilizer.

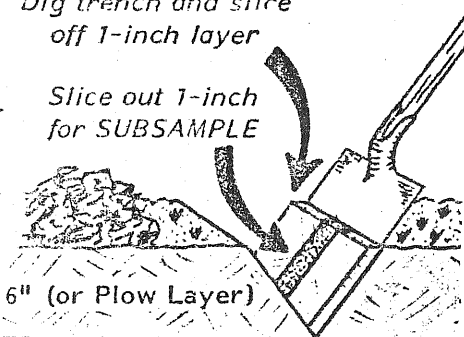
Make up a different soil sample for each area: (A) one for the garden, (B) one for the flower bed, (C) one for the lawn, and (D) one for each uniform land area within a field.

The most important part of soil testing lies in the actual taking of the sample. The tools needed are a clean spade, a clean bucket, and a knife or trowel. Each sample should consist of subsamples taken from at least five areas within a garden or lawn. Taking a subsample:

- 1). Dig a V-shaped hole 6 inches deep.
- 2). Take a 1-inch slice from one side of the hole.
- 3). Trim the sides of the slice, leaving a 1-inch strip on the spade. Place this strip into the clean bucket.

Dig trench and slice off 1-inch layer

Slice out 1-inch for SUBSAMPLE



Repeat this procedure until a representative number of subsamples are taken to make up the sample. The samples should be air dried at room temperature -- put on newspaper (preferably a copy of 'Archipelago'...ed.). After removing any large rocks and debris, place at least one pint of the soil in a plastic bag and mail this bag -- enclosed in a small cardboard box or mailing envelope -- to this address:

Cooperative Extension Service
Box 109, Juneau, Alaska.

Be sure to label the sample as either 'new lawn', 'established lawn', or 'garden'. Also, include your name, address, and phone number.

Walt Mc Pherson, Extension Agent, will write individual recommendations for the samples submitted. Common fertilizers are expensive but are a great help in providing necessary plant nutrients and helping plants get an early start. Many gardeners will also want to build-up the fertility level of their soils with organic material available. Some of these materials in southeastern Alaska that are available are seaweed, cooked fish scraps, peat moss, starfish

There are many publications on gardening and living in Alaska that are available from the Cooperative Extension Service. Come up to Room 409 in the Federal Building, or else write to:

Cooperative Extension Service,
Box 109, Juneau, Alaska.
and request a publication list from which to order these bulletins.



illustration by John Svenson

The Traveller

Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is anybody there?' he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf fringed sill

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

Big, heavy drops of rain hit roundly on the grey surface of the water, rebounding in small splashes. The heavy sky hung so low it almost joined with the sea, leaving only small strips of dark and forested coast showing beneath its blanket. From these, the kayakers anxiously took their bearings as they paddled hard against the grey, storming water, and wondered if they were really making any progress. But finally, the water was calm; they had reached the cove. Weary and saddle sore they dragged their boats up across the tidal zone -- first over the seaweed slippery rocks, then the rain slippery ones, and past the wet marsh grass to the thick, dark woods. There in the woods they found their shelter for the night and slept sweet in the dark and rainy forest.

Morning broke through the clouds, now all scattered and high in the clean, blue sky; and the travellers, stepping out on the beach again, saw sharp, snowy peaks right above them...and indeed, all around them, across the blue waters. Breaking the smooth ripple of the stream that ran into the cove was the splash of salmon, swimming furiously against it.

The travellers looked into the clear stream and saw them -- themselves and the salmon; others in the forest were even more interested in the salmon than they. Dozens of eagle dotted the dark trees with bright white; solemnly, impatiently waiting to share the spoils with squawking gulls and crows. And then the lords of the forest, the big, brown bears, lumbered into a patch of sunlight and fished disinterestedly. To the travellers it was a feast for the eyes, and the senses, the mind and the spirit.

Back in Juneau, in the concrete and glass of the Federal Building, in the Chamber of Commerce, in the business offices... bureaucrats and businessmen and secretaries, unable to see the same blue sky and sun that shone on the travellers, plotted lines and squares on the maps and ultimate destruction on the feast of the eagles, the gulls, the bears, and the travellers. Here a road, there a mine, a town, a clearcut, a dam..... But for the sake of the salmon & bear & gull & eagle, for the sake of the whole forest & the snowy mountains, for the sake of the travellers, and for the sake of the people in the concrete and glass offices in Jun-

CHEAP TIMBER

According to the Alaska Department of Natural Resources, you can obtain an allotment of 'Personal Use' timber from State lands. This State timber is in addition to the 'Free Timber' regulation of the U'S' Forest Service. However, a minimal price is charged for our Alaskan wood:

15 cents per lineal foot of
houselogs, poles, and pilings.

\$3 per cord of greenwood,
\$1 per cord of drywood.

\$7 per MBF of Sitka spruce,
White spruce, and Hemlock
sawlogs.

(\$25 minimum)

These prices cost more than the 10,000 board feet of FREE timber from the U'S' Forest Service, but certainly more reasonable than the price of a Juneau merchant for 10,000 board feet: \$15,750.

To get a Personal Use Permit, you meander down to the District Manager of your local State lands. The District Manager allows, usually, only 1 permit in an area at a time and permits you a maximum of 12,000 board feet per year. Most of the lands from which you may harvest Personal Use Timber are located by communities; and, of course, the amount of State lands will be increasing after the State Land Selections are thru. The Personal Use Permit is good for 1 year; and occasionally -- depending upon the honesty seeping from your smile -- the District Manager is required to make sure that you have used the timber for the reason under which you applied for it, and to make sure that you have not used it for commercial purposes -- such as making hammered dulcimers for sale. The State will even mark the trees for you to cut.

The most refreshing part of this regulation is that the District Manager must reserve a portion of the allowable cut in the District for Personal Use, as opposed to, say, commercial transport to Japan.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:----
Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

eau...there is such a thing as wilderness. It is not the raw, unexplored, huge, forbidding, & enticing new land that men of the earth once knew; it is a new symbol of that--a pocket of nature amidst civilization, a last representative of dying populations, an unmangled piece of land, a haven for world weary city folks. Congress, in 1964, made the Wilderness Act. Its purpose was to protect a last bit of the land from 'civilization' and to provide a refuge for civilized man.

Southeastern Alaska in most places doesn't look like it needs a 'Wilderness Act' from the Senators in Washington; the eagles will soar free, the mountains remain to be climbed, the forests have never seen an axe or saw.... Think so? If you could see the places for this Archipelago of ours, you would not. You would see more Juneau on the north end of Admiralty Island with state worker rush hours across Stephan's Passage. You would see Winnebagos & Airstream trailers pull in to the Yakutat Arco Station from all over the lower 48. You would see a molybdenum mine and boom town in Smeaton Bay -- Boca de Quadra. You would see the proud old forests shaved from the islands because they were decadent -- and way would be cleared for the tree farms. We need the Wilderness Act now as much as anyone.

(continued on page 18)

Arctic Sea Cow and its Cousin: EXTINCT OR EXTANT?

*The Whiteman came, and those animals
all went off deep down in the ocean. We
knew them. But the Whiteman says that
they're gone forever.....*

*A Lingit Naturalist
Yakutat, 1975*

Ah-h, but once in awhile, even a whiteman catches a glimpse of those species now exiled from the earth - if that whiteman sets quietly, long enough, gently enough.... and so it was that George Steller and I met such an animal in the Arctic - an animal that has been counted 'extinct' for over 200 years: the Arctic Sea cow.

An expedition of bulky black forms humped through the deep green seas, over land that would someday become the Panama Canal. The expedition wallowed towards the Northern Ice Cap. Their laboring hulks were 30 feet long and displaced 15 tons of seawater.

But the coldness came on 100,000 years ago and their exit through the Central American Seaway dried up, as the miles-deep glaciers sucked up the world's water. As the snuffling shadows pushed into the cold waves, *Homo sapiens* pursued the mastadon and elk over a frosty land bridge into the new world of what would be named 'North America' - 99,000 years later.

But change chased change.....and again the glaciers melted, causing land to rise like sopping sponges - relieved of the heavy ice. Central America rose above the ice water, and the land between Siberia and America rose, too, but only to within meters below the surface of a sea of glacier-water. The giant mammals lay trapped in the Pacific Ocean and aboriginal man on either side of the straits (to be called 'Bering' - after their European discoverer) began killing them off. Soon, only 2,000 Arctic Sea cows lay in the kelp beds of the Aleutian and Commander Islands - until 1741, when the men who gave new names to land and animals arrived from Russia.

I had been burning midnight beer over a manuscript by Georg Wilhelm Steller. Steller had been assigned as 'Naturalist' to Vitus bering's 2nd Expedition of 1741. The Expedition's avowed purpose was to determine if the New World was connected by a land bridge between Siberia and North America; or if a whole new continent lay in the North Pacific Ocean - a land where pots and pans were beaten from gold, as reported by Oriental geographers; or if only a vast and empty sea laden with ice floes rolled North. At any rate, the charts and natural histories contained blank spaces for this region; sea-serpents and silver were speculated as the expected fare; Sea cows and pnumonia were real. In returning to Siberia, from the straits 'bearing' his name; the Captain Commander and his crew were shipwrecked on what became known as the 'Commander Islands'. They lay there through the Winter of 1742. The gigantic Sea cow that had retreated to these uninhabited shores gave up its meat, blubber, and hide; which saved the crew and the report of Steller, who was the only scientist to have ever seen it:

Along the whole shore of the island, especially where streams flow into the sea and all kinds of seaweed are most abundant, the sea cow...occurs at all seasons of the year in great numbers and herds. The largest of these animals are 24 to 30 feet long and 27 feet thick about the region of the navel, where they are thickest. To the navel this animal resembles the seal species; from there on to the tail, a fish. The head...resembles in some measure a buffalo head.... The back of this animal is formed almost like that of an ox.

Report of G.W. Steller,
1742, Commander Islands.

In the course of the Expedition; Steller gave his name to the 'Steller Jay', the



'Steller Sea lion', and the 'Steller Sea cow'. Their savior, this cow of the Arctic Ocean, was conspicuously consumed:

We now rowed very quietly towards the animals, which were browsing in herds along the shore in the greatest security. As soon as the harpooner had struck one of them the 40 men on shore gradually pulled it toward the beach; the men in the yawl rushed upon it and by their commotion tired it out further; when it seemed enfeebled they jabbed large knives and bayonets into its body until it had lost almost all its blood, which spouted from the wounds as a fountain, and could thus be hauled on the beach at high tide and made fast. We now soon found ourselves so abundantly supplied with food that we could continue the building of our new vessel without hindrance (from having to hunt excessively).

I observed an uncommon love for one another, which even extended so far that, when one of them was hooked, all the others were intent upon saving it. Some tried to prevent the wounded comrade from being drawn on the beach by forming a closed circle around him; some attempted to upset the yawl; others laid themselves over the rope or tried to pull the harpoon out.

Report of G'W' Steller,
1742, Commander Islands.

That following Summer, the crew fled to Siberia in a rebuilt vessel - leaving the skeleton of their ship, of their commander, and of many Sea cows in the lonesome sands of Bering Island. Steller continued solitary research throughout Siberia, given to ill health and alcohol after that treacherous Winter of '42. He died alone, in the arms of a blizzard in 1746. The last Sea cow on Bering Island followed him into extinction only 22 years later.

For, the Russian trappers and merchants quickly followed the Expedition's trials through the Aleutian Islands to Alaska's wonderland of fur. These promosheleniky enslaved the Aleuts and butchered the golden fleece of the Sea otter for Chinese markets and Russian pockets. But before the Aleuts and Otter were hacked and packed, Steller's Sea cow slipped into the misty sea shadows of 1768.....reportedly, forever.....a victim of hit-or-miss hunting:

The throat flapped with a rumbling liquid snort as the lance sheared through the folds of fat and blood into the hollow cleft of the armpit. Rolling agony twisted the lance from the Russian trapper's freezing fingers, carrying it through the seaweed like a throbbing aquatic plow, furrowing the bloody brine with pain.

The Russian trapper checked the beach that night....the next morning....the noon of the second day....the third day....finally, on the 5th noon, there lay the the desolate and dead sea cow washed-up on the cobbled beach, tangled seaweed curling from the limp lance. Decay had set in, but a fore-flipper rolling in the sea longest was salvaged and slowly consumed over that night's peat fire.....the last flipper of the last Sea cow.

I closed the pages and my imagination with a sad rustle, and went back to tape transcriptions.....a sip of beer, a click of the cassette button, and history flowed from a tape through a speaker - into my ear and down my arm - and onto the paper from a pen.....history from finger tips.....a little girl in a rowboat on the Snake River in 1925 in Nome, the boat nearly overturned by a large animal of weird proportions - a back like a musk-ox, a head like a bear - called the Kuzuguminua = River Spirit, living in kelp beds by Cape Nome.....another sip of beer.....

Hey, Whoa! - I dove back into Steller's manuscript.....*back like an ox, head like a buffalo, living in kelp beds.....m'god!!!* Could this River Spirit be a recluse Sea cow that had somehow escaped the trapper's belly?!-Eureka!!

And, indeed, a frenzied flight of letters that night produced reports of Sea cows supposedly sighted in the Arctic since 1768 - from men who thought that the last Sea cow had escaped the rapacious gluttony of Russian furriers; from men who had heard Native history of a 'real' walrus - without tusks - on St. Lawrence Island in Alaska, of animals sighted with Sea cow description in the Aleutian Islands and the Siberian Arctic coast. Along the Bering Straits' coast in Alaska, I had heard of unidentified animals washed up that resembled walrus, but weren't; but had passed the stories off as normal 'hunting tales'. But in Barrow, many years back, whitemen had chuckled at Inupiat Eskimo history of 'little horses' - chuckled until fossils of these 'little horses' were actually excavated!

However, disappointment lurked in a dark alleyway of Academia, and soon mugged my theory. Dr. Daryl Domning, the world's expert on Steller's Sea cow, assured me that the River Spirit, as described, could not have been *Hydrodamalis gigas* - the Sea cow in question. Ah, but such a discovery would persecute the dreams of even the most recluse logician like intoxicated spirits.....my mind still has not accepted defeat for the Kuzuguminua and the Steller Sea cow!! However, twisted providence soon threw me in the company of an honest-to-god Sea cow - before my academic bubble was burst.

In the depressive climate of torpid senility that is called Florida, I met a cousin of Steller's Sea cow - a manatee, one of the cousins that had not swum over the Central American Seaway back in the days of the 'Flood'. This manatee lay in state at the South Florida Museum of Bradenton. He was just 27 years old - in the exhibit row. I dropped in to pay my respects from his deceased Alaskan relative. There are only 300 manatees in Florida, and this ambassador from an intelligent and sensitive

(continued on page 14)

*there are not nearly enough people who go sad
over the death of a garden slug*

*and the little spotted slug
stopped motionless
as he always did when shadows interrupted
his brief moments of sunshine
for shadows meant danger
and he had no defenses
like his brother the snail
and was as open and vulnerable
as the soils of the earth, or the air
or the gardens of grass on which he made
his long journeys of food gathering
and like all things
that have no voice or method
he was afraid
for shadows meant
the closing of the light
the coldness of the night
or agony and death by salt.*

sid morgan/m.d.p.

(continued from page 13)

family of sea mammals was indeed a rare guest of any museum. If I had had a vial of aconite poison and a harpoon.....or had THEY, in exhibit.....I would have killed 'Baby Snoots' and considered my role on earth successfully finished!

The 'aquarium' door squealed open, whining through the empty concrete room..... followed by the hollow footfalls of the 'manatee keeper'. In the center of this cement abyss squatted a white porcelain pool. This pool was 10 x 20 feet and walled with white linoleum. In this 'great white pool' swam a 9 foot manatee.....in rectangular rounds.....1 revolution per minute for 27 years:

1440 per day
10,080 per week
40,320 per month
483,840 per year.....

14,000,000.....14,000,001.....14,000,002.....around the plain white walls of linoleum/ or around the plain grey walls of the concrete tank which his mother gave him birth just before she died, leaving him in solitary confinement with the insipid name of 'baby Snoots' - a solitary confinement that drives old folks in nursing homes into terminal senility. It would be well for human kind to say that we don't do this sort of confinement to our own species.....but we do, let alone to manatees. Anyone who has spent even 1 week in a hospital knows the agonizing pain of sterile surroundings - of sterile white nurses rusting down white echoing corridors in starched white dresses: 'Oh No!' the mind screams, 'Let me out!' and home your body and mind goes to tress, brooks and tv sets.....'Oh No!' the manatee thunders in his sensitive but mute mind.....14,000,003.....14,000,004.....14,000,005.....manatees don't talk, leastways like humans and tv sets do. And here he swam, counting the chips growing on the wall tiles, in a museum pool in a hollow room without sound or soul.....except when the oodles of retired tourists bustle in at feeding times of carrot tops.....and bustle out again for steak and lobster tail souffle.

This 4000 lb. youngster will live 70 years, and will therefore have another 44 years until his death sentence is up.....hmmm.....that's a total of 36,000,000 revolutions22,000,000 revolutions to go in his lonely white wandering.

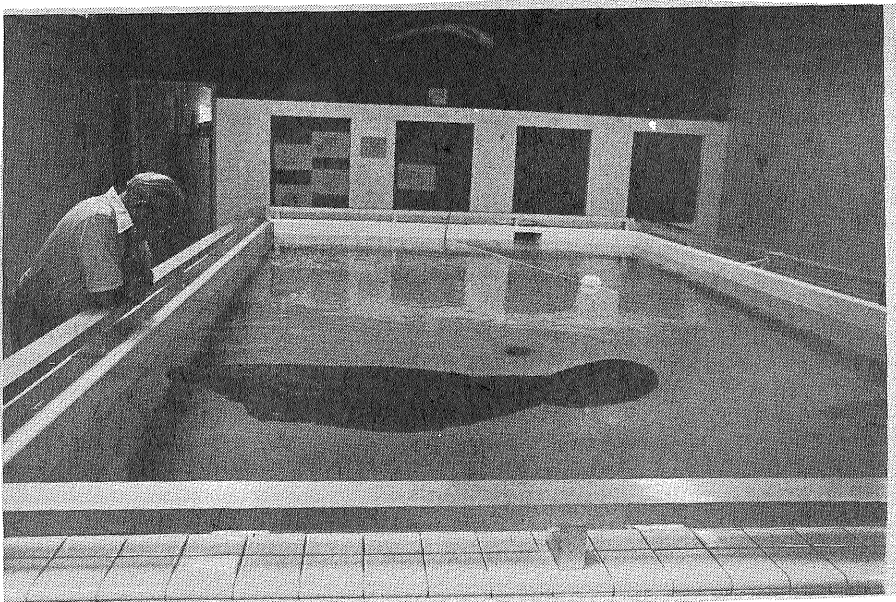
The Bradenton Chapter of the Humane Society said, 'Oh, we'ahll look into it if you like and get back to you. Don't y'ahll worry, heah!' They didn't....I did.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service said, 'Sorry, that manatee was 'born in captivity', so there's nothing we can do - it's not under our jurisdiction. Why don't you call up the Bradenton Chapter of the Humane Society?'

The Governor of Florida forwarded my letter to the Florida Department of Natural Resources, who forwarded it to their Division of Law Enforcement, who in turn forwarded it to the Florida Marine Patrol.....who said: 'The manatee in question is licensed, kept in legal confinement, and therefore no problem exists.'

The U.S. Humane Society in Washington D.C. said, 'Oh, the Museum Director in Bradenton told us that Snooty was happy and he's in this big 6500 gallon tank and is well fed.'

LOOK AT THIS GOD DAMN PICTURE



AND THEN,

Tell me about 'legality, humanity and adequate confinement!'

The numerous funds, foundations, societies, and clubs that specialize in across-the-counter crusades on behalf of wildlife; lay as quiet and spineless as a Pre-Cambrian Turkey.....1 animal and small causes don't attract attention & endowments from wealthy dowagers.

The situation hasn't changed in the last year according to the museum creatures:

South Florida Museum
and Bishop Planetarium

201 - 10TH STREET, WEST
BRADENTON, FLORIDA 33505
TELEPHONE 744-4121

Dear Mr. Roderick:

Since your visit to the South Florida Museum, we have constantly been surveyed for the care and upkeep of Snooty, our trained sea cow, and have met and surpassed the standards required by the U. S. Humane Society, Florida Department of Natural Resources and the Marine Patrol and they are all satisfied that Snooty is receiving excellent care. Beyond the above mentioned frequent visits, we are also required to file reports on a monthly basis to the Department of Natural Resources.

Mr. Varn is no longer at the museum and planetarium and the signee of this letter is now the Director. I am aware of your past correspondence and responses to that correspondence and hope that this letter will satisfy you and your concern for Snooty.

We all love Snooty and share your concern for his safety and well being.

Sincerely yours,
John R. Galloway
John R. Galloway
Director

JRC/mid

Insensitive form letters from insensitive form minds.

I feel like a retired bon-bon salesman shaking an accusing umbrella at a school of barracuda in the surf, while this intelligent and sensitive manatee writhes in the white hell of Florida tourism.....14,000,006.....14,000,007.....14,000,008..... The one consolation is that this 'human' race will be as dead and rotted as the carcasses of Hydrodamalis gigas and Georg Steller in Siberia.....and please god, if you're reading, let Steller's Sea cow remain extinct and the Kuzuguminua hidden - for their sakes!

(P.S. Anyone feeling compassion, please write to:

South Florida Museum Governor Askew,
201 10th Street West, Capitol,
Bradenton, Florida. Florida.

ANN'S SHOP
111 Sewerd Street,
Juneau, Alaska.

Wrappings for Babies to Mamas.

THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

- Jamie & Barbara for editing & sons.
- David for a damn fine meal & 6500 year old thoughts.
- Orvel for a daring rescue with a room in Ketchikan.
- The Sogges for putting us up & putting up with us in Mud Bay.
- Sylvester & Hayes for benighted displays of dire destitution -- negative reinforcement, as it were.
- Happy Birthday, Mom & thanks for the help!
- Jan & Jane for carpet, board & thoughts in Sitka town.
- Karen & David for warm floor space in the mink ranch fastness of Kupreanof.
- Brad Matsen for a Big Phone Bill & Patience.
- Betty Kutter for so much care & patience
- Pat Lowry for a damn beautiful printing job.
- and all our contributors of Art, Song, Money, & Thoughts.

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...Just before they killed my Teacher,
He told the governor, 'I represent Truth.'
The governer said, 'What is Truth?' He did not wait for the answer.
An interesting but questionable statement came up the other day, and a friend said,,
'If you believe it, then it's true for you.'
These attitudes floor me. They rub out the distinction between Truth and illusion. Like it's up to our own minds to to know what's true. But that's a crock. I don't care how many people think there's water in the pool, if there ain't, you gonna bust your head.
If you see double, you do not cause anything to become double. A tree falling in the forest does not withhold its sounds for want of an audience. Only our vanity allows us to pose as creators of that that is.
Yes, we do have the power to affect the universe. But this is different from our habit of calling the fruits of our imaginations and faulty senses by that holy name Truth...

Will Power
Sitka



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SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

(continued from page 5)

of Money...but a hushed and still land, lacking the cash register ring of oil and land speculation; a land where a quiet, cunning man may still tap the till for billions of the taxpayers' mills.

Mick Murphey came north about 1958 as a geophysical researcher in the Kenai oil lands. Mr. Murphy is now the Director of Alaska's Teacher Training Corps—X-CEED. X-CEED is tied to Federal, State and Private grants through the University of Alaska. Murphey's brother-in-law is Dr. Frank Darnell, Director of the Center of Northern Educational Research of the University of Alaska. Darnell worked near his brother-in-law but with the southcentral Alaskan school system, in the late 50's. They both rose through the ranks. The recognized need for specialized education for rural Alaska developed as they rose. Murphey cross-trained out of oil into Alaskan education—rural education, his brother-in-law's field.

Finally, in 1975, the Division of Rural Educational Affairs was consolidated and implemented at the University. Frank Darnell was appointed the Acting Vice President of this Division by President Robert Hiatt...until a permanent officer was selected.

This Division of Rural Educational Affairs is a highly sensitive organization designed to meet the educational needs of rural villagers—needs of a practical, ongoing and sensitive nature...the same problems that the State Operated Schools, the Bureau of Indian Affairs Schools, the Mission Schools...in short, the same problems that White Educators had failed at for a century. Poverty-stricken life in the bush...away from the posh pre-fab communities of the government meteorologists and teachers...where the Euclidian Geometry merely bogs down the vicious cycle of matriculated poverty...where the sensitive tapping of rural lifestyles must prevent the hopeless bullet-through-the-eye suicide of a 14-year-old girl by putting relevant, honest-to-god meaning into the villages—without a Prudhoe Bay work ethic. It is said that President Robert Hiatt tailored the President's job for his colleague, Frank Darnell.

Upset Applecarts in the Halls of Corporate Education

In 1975, Frank Darnell got a 36% wage increase. The Legislature had authorized only a 13% wage increase. This salary discrepancy was brought to Hiatt's attention by Dr. Kredjce. Dr. Kredjce was Dean of the College of Arts and Science, under which the Center of Northern Educational Research falls—along with its director, Dr. Frank Darnell. The matter of Darnell's biased salary was taken to the Board of Regents by Dr. Kredjce. Neither President Hiatt nor the Board of Regents acted on this disproportionate wage hike, except to reduce it to 29%. Darnell explains that since he was Acting Vice President of the Division of Rural Educational Affairs, at the same time as he was Director of CNER, the wage increase was just.

However, a Tlingit educator by the name of Elaine Ramos got the job from under Darnell. Ramos is the nurse who introduced the village health aide program into Alaska, an educator who successfully served Sheldon Jackson College as a Vice President, an Indian leader of national prominence who led the bilingual need of Natives to Congress, and who is the sensitive tradition bearer of her clan in Yakutat. The overwhelming support of Ramos by so many of the usually flammable Alaskan factions placed her in office as Vice President of Rural Education. Frank Darnell went back to his Directorship. One of Darnell's parting shots was to spend the last of the Division's money on a \$6,000 automobile, which he hid in the Chancellor's garage. His wage, he states, is now "proportionate."

"A TERRIBLE BEAUTY IS BORN"

Elaine Ramos took the position of Vice President of Rural Education with all the malice incurred by this fiscal/political/Old Boy System. Her budget depleted by her predecessor, Darnell, she fought to put together the next year's budget proposal for the Legislature. However, through an oversight of the University Budget Office, her FY '76 budget was red-lined by the Governor. Ramos was forced to pluck funds from other University programs with which to run Rural Education. This funding method increased hostility on the campus for her, yet still left Rural Education with insufficient funds. The personnel under Ramos had been placed there by her predecessors (some claimed "stacked" there—awaiting Darnell's ascension to the throne). Ramos further com-



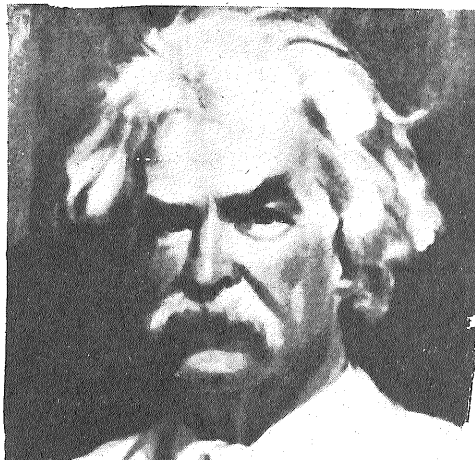
plicated matters by her biggest sin of misjudgement—she hired personnel who became self-seeking, interdepartmental politicians jockeying for power and position. In July, she loosed the law on the Barrow conspiracy of Ivey and Milne, while the University officials tried to ignore it. And in all the hellish confusion of factional squabbles, Elaine Ramos sensitively met the timetable established by the Rural Educational Affairs founding committee—she met this timetable with innovative and effective skill. But enemies had been made and they lay, watching for an opportunity.

THE THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE

There lay bright, big dollars in rural education. Millions of dollars are being ladled into Education on the Last Frontier...such is the sales pitch. The future of Alaska depends on this education...the

future of Alaska depends on rural education, and the educators. The unique world-view of bush life needs to be fostered for the shot-in-the-arm that it will give Alaska 20 years hence. Rural Education will determine the nature of that shot...innovative adrenaline or intellectual heroin to pacify a duped status quo. The educational smack peddlers are, among others, consultants

Educational consulting is the key to those golden coffers of rural education. When a consulting firm is contracted to do research for State, Local, Federal, or Native organizations, it means more than just money passed for work performed. It means that, during research, the consultant makes "contacts" around the world. These contacts the consultant can then "use" to feather his own nest...later, in private enterprise. It is no coincidence that Dr. Dan De-



Mark Twain's Revised Catechism, revised:

- Q: What is the chief end of man?
- A: To get rich.
- Q: In what way?
- A: Dishonestly if we can, honestly if we must.
- Q: Who is God, the only one and true?
- A: Money is God. Gold and Greenbacks and Stocks -- father, son, and the ghost of the same -- 3 persons in one: these are the true and only God, mighty and supreme:
- Q: How shall man attain the chief aim in life?
- A: By furnishing imaginary carpets to the Library; apocryphal chairs to the Union; and invisible printing to the Legislature.....
- Q: What works were chiefly prized for the training of the young in former days?
- A: Poor Richard's Almanac, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Declaration of Independence.
- Q: What are the best-prized Sunday-school books in this more enlightened age?
- A: Saint Hiatt's Garbled Reports, St. Milne's Ingenious Robberies, St. Greunig's Holy Handbook of Chicanery, Blessed St. Fate's Bible of Land Investment, St. Arth's Epistle to the CIA, St. Defoe's Bid for Dollars (as taken from a vision by Enlightened Darnell of the North), and the Legislative Edition of the Holy Crusade of the 40 Thieves.
- Q: Do we progress?
- A: You bet your life.

Sometimes, in the beginning of an insane shabby political upheaval, the patriot is strongly moved to revolt, but he doesn't do it -- he knows better. He knows that his maker would find out -- the maker of his patriotism, the windy and incoherent six-dollar sub-editor of his village newspaper -- and would bray out in print and call him traitor. And how dred-

ful that would be. It makes him tuck his tail between his legs and shiver. 5 years ago nine-tenths of the human tails in America performed just that act. Which is to say, nine-tenths of the patriots in America turned traitor to keep from being called traitor. Isn't it true? You know it to be true. Isn't it curious? *Mark Twain*

foe (close friend and colleague of Dr. Frank Darnell, and late Executive Vice President of the University), is now the President of his own consulting firm. Defoe and Assoc., Inc., has just completed work for the U.S. State Department on rural education in Africa...Eskimos or Hottentots, etc.—it's all \$\$\$\$. Educators and consultants, colleagues and buddies...all help each other along.

It is interesting to note that three Native leaders: Sam Kito, Byron Mallott, and Roger Lang have consulted with Mallott's agency in the past over matters of education, oil, and fisheries. Sam Kito is a Regent for the University. Right after the November election last year, Regent Kito, President Robert Hiatt, and several others met together in a strange plot to remove Elaine Ramos from their midst before the impending embarrassment of the computers and Barrow broke upon the public.

They called John Antonnen in Barrow and asked him if he would accept the position of Vice President of Rural Educational Affairs—were it open. Antonnen said yes. Antonnen had been the Principal of the Yakutat School and a consultant for Mallott's firm before he became the Superintendent of Schools in Barrow and a part-time instructor at the Barrow Extension Center under Ivey. Then, in December, President Hiatt removed Ramos from her position; after having checked out John Antonnen's feelings.

Hiatt slandered Ramos in a declaration to the Press—BEFORE contacting Ramos herself. Then he fell back on a lame rant of, "I said she couldn't do the job..." despite the fact that he chose a successor a month before her removal, that he had stacked every deck that she was dealt a hand in, and that she performed a staggering job in an admirable fashion. Not content with this move, President Hiatt created a new appeal process through which Ramos had to run—between his hand-picked men, with no right of appeal. Ramos took her case to the courts, who returned it to Hiatt's Board of Grievances...a kangaroo court indeed, hopping through the hallowed halls of jurisprudence and higher education.

Ramos' case for rural education in Alaska would be merely sad—to be passed over to the Sports Section, as the University fiasco fades behind the glittering gold issues of land and gas...except that Alaska's future depends on today's children...NOW. Except that today's children depend on the education they get...NOW.

The University of Alaska is indeed a poor parody of a High Plains Western—where the Academic Prospectors ride roughshod over a stalwart Indian Lass, led to her camp in the forest by a few tinhorn Indian Scouts. Ronald Reagan and Chuck Keen could make dollars of this plot...if the educators did not have the bucks rustled and already in the bank.

This is the only time in Western Civilization that education has been so well endowed with dollars and prestige. But that era is winding down....go into the trades.'

--advised a University of Washington professor.

AND those scholars who have positions are fighting for turf on this educational bandwagon, at this end of the parade... in Alaskan Academics, though, besides being lucrative, it's now ludicrous. We can all thank an academic god that AMU opens its doors this Fall and that Sheldon Jackson College is still growing; for it seems that few Honest alternatives exist to the State University.

AND

It is Criminally Sad that Alaska's Media is still relating the same hackneyed Public Statements of the antagonists in this 'Plot To Profit' at the University of Alaska. Are our Media Moral Cowards?--Yes. But more..... their \$\$\$\$ come from the same source as the Corrupt Educators -- Business. But then, with the same names of Atwood & Snedden & such like....what do you expect....they pipe the tune and every other publisher dances their Jig. Moral Cowards, Fools, and Criminals....ah well, you get what you pay for.....

Sacred Obscenities

Mild complaints and even a cancelled ad followed the publication of Sid's beautiful poem in our last edition of 'Archipelago'. It seems that a few folks honestly objected to a certain fricative gerund of plosive connotations. To wit, 'fucking'. The protests came from really hurt Christians. I hereby apologize for the grief that gerund might have struck anyone. However, I'd like to introduce our patrons to the roots of the word and show where the 'obscenity' really rose from.

The numerous witches who became kindling in the Middle Ages did so for a trinity of reasons: psychotic, erotic, and herbal. Witchcraft was merely a migrant shamanism that the Europeans brought with them from out of Siberia 8,000 years ago. This European shamanism differed little from the shamanism of Native Alaska and America. The objective of shamanic seance was a 'voyage' to the 'Otherworld'. Once in the 'Otherworld', the shaman would discuss matters of concern with the spiritual inhabitants, e.g. why the elk had fled before tribal hunters, why the chieftainess lay gangrenously ravine after breaking mouldy bread, when the week of raging blizzard would end..... The methods by which a shaman reached the Otherworld were,

- 1). Hereditary schizophrenia .
- 2). Hypnosis.
- 3). Hallucinogenic herbs.

or a combination of all 3. These 3 holy techniques were merely self-deceptive alteration of reality through a state of ecstasy. Depending on the shaman's culture, the voyage to the Otherworld might consist in Ireland of a journey to the Sea Caves of Mananan Mac Lir, or in the Bering Straits to the Sea Floor Dwelling of Sedna, or wherever the supplicated deity dwelt. The shaman's return would then be with an answer for the fretting tribe.

The earliest method of voyaging to the Otherworld, among our herbal-wise ancestors (Native Alaskans AND Native Europeans), lay in the consumption of plants containing psychoactive chemicals. For example, one of Galileo's colleagues described how a 'witch' concocted an ointment of herbs, rubbed them onto her body, and fell into a visionary swoon. Afterwards, the witch described how she had flown to the most orgiastic Sabat.....even though the scientist had watched her remain unconscious in the same spot for the entire time. Now, this ointment was a compound of herbs, insects, and minerals -- including belladonna and henbane. This ointment was smeared on a broom handle and administered to the body's most sensitive orifici -- the rectum or vagina. A primary hallucinogen in this ointment was scopolamine (a truth serum of World War II). Scopolamine gives a giddy feeling of flight to one's headhence, the imagery of a witch flying on a broomstick to an orgiastic Sabat with the creatures of the Otherworld.

In Siberia -- where both the Europeans and Eskimoid peoples migrated from -- another holy trinity grew in their 'Eden':

Fomes fomentarius -- shelf-fungus, punk punk, or touchwood.

Amanita muscaria -- fly agaric, the red-capped and white-speckled magic mushroom referred to as a 'toadstool'.

Betula papyrifera -- White birch.

These 3 plants grow symbiotically -- like the algae and fungus in a lichen -- manufacturing and feeding each other with necessary nutrients. In Shamanism, a central belief lay in the Sacred Birch gigantically growing at the Center of the World -- its roots cleaving down into the Underworld and its canopy spreading into the Heavens. If the shaman could reach this tree and scale it in either direction, lofty or dark powers would be conferred upon him. And these searching shaman soon discovered the 2 cousin fungi which grew by the birch in the natural world. These *tungi* possess hallucinogenic properties, and therefore helped the shaman in his search for the Sacred Birch.

The shelf-fungus has the additional quality of being an excellent tinder for starting fires. Oddly enough, one word -- with many linguistic variations and exceptions, of course -- designates 'mushroom', from the British Isles through Siberia to North America. In the Bering Straits Region, this word comes as 'pupiguaq'. In English it is 'punk'. Another amplified variant of this word in English is 'funk', meaning 'punk, smoke, and spark'. In the Middle Ages, both these words suffered linguistic amputation -- the 'n's' dropped out. 'Punk' became 'Puck' -- the spirit and daemon of the woods. 'Funk' obviously became 'Fuck' -- designating a holy practice of European Shamanism that the Medieval Church of Rome did not approve of.

Sympathetic magic lies in the belief that 'like will produce like'..... if you knit while pregnant, the infant will be born

tangled in the mother's umbilical cord. It was a belief that if couples made love in the fields during Spring sowing, the fields and seeds would imitate the lovers and produce fertile crops (and vice versa). It was this practice that the word 'fuck' came to designate. And it was this practice that the Church of Rome damned as a 'holdover of the European Shamanism (labeled as 'witchcraft'). The ban on both the practice and the word grew with the witch-burnings, until today -- where the prohibition and revolution remains, but ignorantly and without understanding.

At any rate; Thank you, Sid for your beautiful poem. And as a friend who shot himself in Wisconsin loneliness 10 years ago quoth:

The vernacular of today is the prose of tomorrow.

*larry coffey
1967*

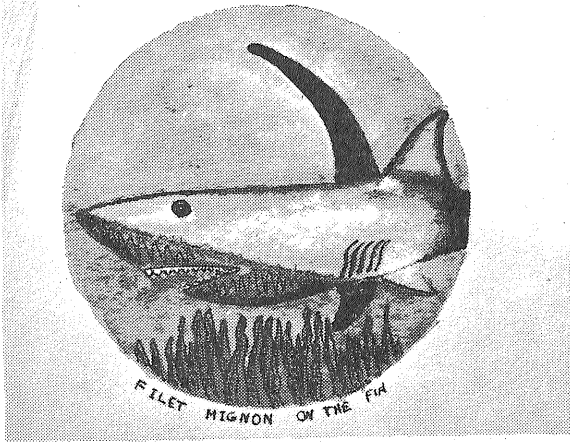
The topic of the parallels of Shamanism in Alaska and Europe will be the theme of a special up-coming edition of Archipelago. Any information, ideas, & thoughts would be appreciated by the author at 'Archipelago'.

b.h.a. Roderick

Another edition of 'Archipelago' will feature: 'Musicians, songs, and instruments of the Alexander Archipelago'. Any information, ideas, photos and such-like would be appreciated.

Archipelago

Hand to Mouth



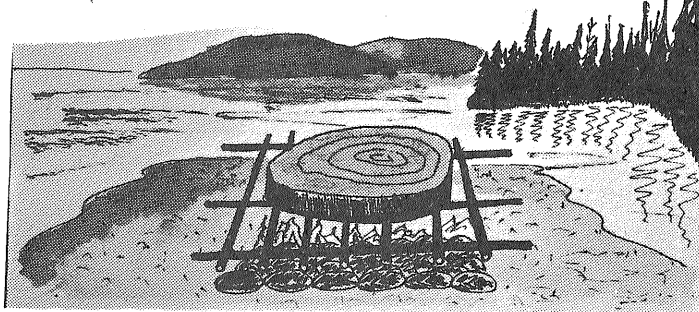
Among the culinary treasures indigenous to the rich waters of Southeast Alaska, perhaps none is so widely ignored as the Shark. That some species of Shark are quite edible seems to have been common knowledge throughout the world for Centuries; and at least one local variety has proved itself commercially valuable -- I am speaking of the dogfish, exported to England and Germany from Puget Sound and B.C.

I shall confine this communication to a close relative of the Great White Shark: The Salmon Shark. This streamlined fish, often caught by fishermen in Southeast, is reported to reach a length of some twenty-two feet and is a dark grey to black in color. "Sam" displays three rows of paper thin triangular teeth in his jaws. The Salmon Shark's habits resemble nothing more than some of the nurse sharks, being mainly a bottom fish.

The primary rule for preparing Shark is to keep it fresh. There are few foods on a par with fresh Shark, and few worse than Shark even slightly deteriorated. If not intended for immediate use, freeze the gutted fish whole.

Butcher with a hand saw into sections from one to one and a half inches thick beginning at a point on the back corresponding to the aft-most gill slit. Each section contains four pink steaks -- trim around these.

Allow steaks to soak in barbeque sauce about 15 minutes before throwing them on a charcoal grill. The resultant steaks make filet mignon seem poor fare.



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Salmon Shark Barbeque Sauce
(for a six - nine foot fish)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3lb. clarified butter | a dozen bunches green onions, chopped |
| 20 fl. oz. worcestershire | half a dozen green Peppers, chopped |
| 1 1/2 quarts soy sauce | a handful capers |
| 4 fl. oz. tabasco | 1 quart stuffed green olives, chopped |
| 1 quart concentrated lemon juice | Bay leaf |
| a mess of garlic, pressed | Sweet basil |
| half a dozen yellow onions, chopped | |

In a large pot clarify butter, add garlic and onions. Simmer, covered about one hour. Add the rest of the ingredients and simmer overnight. A six to nine foot Salmon Shark will serve from 300 to 500.

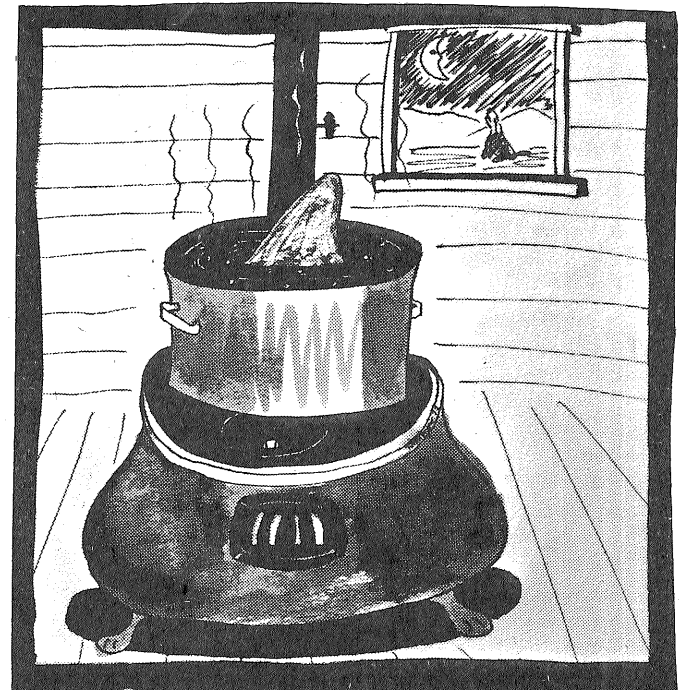
Shark fin Soup

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 5lb. chicken bones | Shark fin |
| 2 boiling hens | 12 bunches green onions |
| 12 one inch chunks fresh ginger | |

Soak fins in fresh water overnight. In a large pot cover chicken bones and hens with fresh water. Bring to the boil and simmer overnight. Strain and cool stock. With vice grips, skin shark fins. you will find masses of spaghetti-like rods of cartilage. place all of this material in stock and throw in one bunch green onions and one chunk ginger. Bring to the boil and simmer covered about 3 hours. Allow to cool overnight.

Throw in another bunch of onions and another chunk of ginger. Bring to the boil and simmer one hour. Cool completely and repeat the above until you use all the onions and ginger. Degrease and serve hot.

Ted Hedinger, Petersburg



Community Radio for Southeast: A Conversation with

Elaine Mitchell

Dennis Harris can be contacted at the Function Junction, Box 1214, Juneau (586-2384). He is currently helping to organize a citizen action group that will work on a variety of communication & broadcasting issues.

DH: Now that there are four community-based radio stations either in the beginning stages or on the air in Southeastern, what do you think can be done to help the stations make people more aware of this area as its own geographic entity? Or should they?

EM: Certainly. Once the stations in Petersburg and Wrangell get going, efforts should be made to start a ten watt in Haines and Skagway. Then an effort should be made to exchange tapes, on a regular schedule between those towns in Southeast. I would like to know, for example, what the people of Ketchikan are feeling and going through. After a big public hearing with the Forest Service or the EPA, you read the Ketchikan Daily News and get the public news...but what are the individual people doing, thinking? Does Ketchikan, for example, really want the legislation that (Rep. Oral) Freeman introduced, that ferry crews must change in Alaska? I would just like to find out what the people are talking about in these various communities, even if it were, for starters, just the exchange of edited tapes of their City Council meetings. I have no idea about what's going on in Wrangell...none. I think that the more that we hear City Council meetings...or interviews...or special events...or whatever...from one to the next—even on a delayed basis—the better we'll know each other and the better we can communicate.

DH: Do you think that the people in those towns are really interested? Are people in Haines interested in what people in Petersburg are doing?

EM: I don't know whether they are or not, but I think that they damn well better be before too long; because if and when the capital moves, we're going to be as remote from capital city activities as Nome and Kotzebue are now.

SHARING COMMON INTERESTS

DH: And if the capital doesn't move?

EM: If it doesn't move, I think that Juneau had better get off its high horse and become part of the Southeastern community, as well as being the capital of the state.

DH: Do you think that we've isolated Juneau from the rest of Southeastern?

EM: Yes.

DH: How so?

EM: By being the capital and always concentrating on that. The only rapport that I've been able to find—the only back-and-forth between the Southeastern communities—has taken place through the Southeast Conference, which is the Chambers of Commerce/municipal government organization. But the people don't know what's happening. Through the Southeastern Regional Arts Council there is some rapport...through various organizations I assume that there are some common interests; there's a common interest in the arts, there's a common interest through the Chambers of Commerce, there are common interests through forest products and fisheries...but that young lady over there (pointing to her daughter Kelly) ...with the possible exception of a basketball game or one trip on the ferry, she doesn't really know what's going on in Ketchikan or Petersburg or Wrangell...I've been in Wrangell once, to help establish the beginning of the radio station there, but I don't know what the town is thinking. I don't know whether the people there are working on the station are having a good time, a bad time, whether it's working, when they'll be on the air...

DH: Do you think a weekly tape is really often enough?

EM: If you make it too strenuous a demand on the station, it won't happen. With volunteer stations, if it's pleasant and easy to do once a week, you can bicycle the tapes around. It'll happen. If you make it too hefty a schedule, the place gets too busy and you can't do it.

DH: What about some sort of live interconnect between the stations?

EM: I don't know how we could afford it.

A REGIONAL NETWORK?

DH: What effect could the current state telecommunications experiment have on the feasibility of a regional network?

EM: None at the moment, because the RCA link in Southeastern is by microwave, and that doesn't fit the current State satellite experiment. The signals get into Tenakee and Juneau but that's it.

DH: What do you think the stations in Southeastern should try to push for?

EM: I don't think there's any harm in pushing for something like that and making a lot of noise for it...I don't think that anybody knows how to do it at this point, other than to plug in a whole bunch of telephone lines...

DH: Even then you have a problem of programming, that is, what to put on...

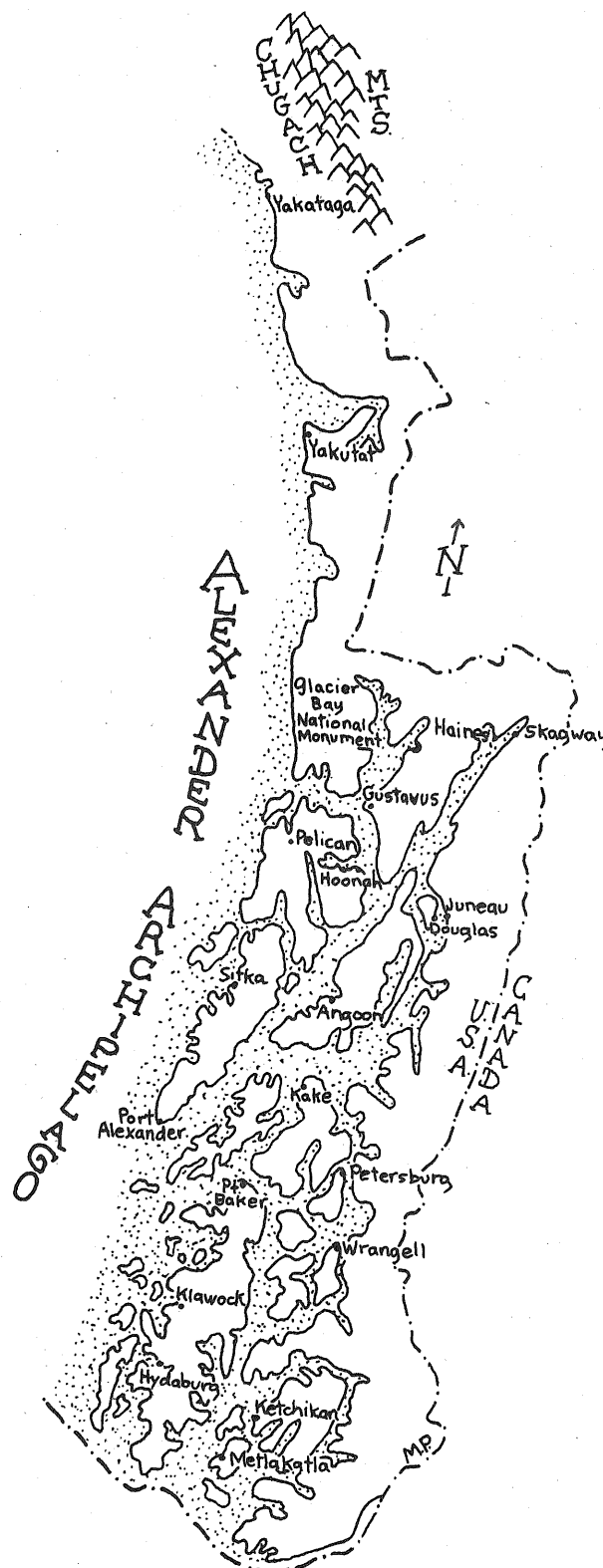
EM: Right. I think that a tape exchange should exist at the beginning, to see if anyone's interested...I really don't believe that there's any reason to go Cadillac until the people who are volunteering and operating the stations—who are interested in community stations—can do that with the ten watters. Then if they want more, they can push for it. But until you learn how to do the basics, it's extremely difficult and harassing to operate something big—a larger powered station...a specific once-a-day or once-a-week satellite feed, or something like that. If it's into the big time, it loses its flavor.

I just think that community owned and operated ten watt stations are the way to go...in Southeast, each one of the places that has or will have one of these ten watt stations needs it. If they didn't need it, they wouldn't have it. I wrote How to K2 because the people need to know how to do it, and the ten watt station is the way to go—you can do all your paperwork, and say 'Here it is, we're all ready to go!', and go to the Public Broadcasting Commission and get funded for it.

DH: What other things should be shared that way? Do you think that people outside the reception areas of stations should be able to receive them?

EM: Those areas can be covered by translators (a translator is a ten-watt transmitter licensed to rebroadcast a tv or FM station on another frequency.) from the stations, if they want.

DH: Do you think that the community should want to have coverage? Should communities finance the translators themselves?



I first met Elaine Mitchell in Sitka at KJNO in 1971. The station's staff had turnover so many times that you'd've rented the National Guard Armory to have a reunion. In the midst of all this madness sat Elaine, the Traffic Lady -- the one that scheduled the commercials, kept the logs straight, and did the billing. Elaine's stability helped everyone keep their sanity. It wasn't that she didn't care whether she had a job or not -- it just wasn't that important whether it was that particular job. She would find a job to do, and do it, and if it was finished, or time for a change, she'd do something else.

Elaine has been doing 'something else' for quite some time. She and David packed up 3 kids, rented their hillside Sausilito home, and took off for Alaska in 1965. They arrived in Juneau without jobs, but soon found work at the Taku Lodge, where Albro Gregory 'discovered' her and offered her a reporter/photographer position at the Southeast Alaska Empire. She'd never done such-like before, but that didn't bother her. And she didn't let her lack of broadcasting experience bother her when frustrated friends asked her for help in organizing a community radio station for Juneau. Elaine spent ignoble hours chasing through Federal and State bureaucracy in search of license and funding. Before KTOO went on the air, Elaine became the 1st reporter to provide daily State-wide radio coverage of the Alaska Legislature. She served on the Alaska Public Broadcasting Commission, but resigned from that in order to be part of the Capital '77 newsteam

Elaine Mitchell can be found at 715 6th St., Juneau.

EM: That's the quickest way to get it. I've pushed this theory of whole bunches of ten watt stations and translators, and I still believe in it...When I was on the Public Broadcasting Commission, there was this deal at Unalakleet...some legislator somewhere wanted a station at Unalakleet. For some reason beyond my ken, the Commission immediately began talking about a one kilowatt (1000 watt) station, without asking the people there 'Do you want a radio station?'...yea, sure, fine, great. But the Commission is inclined to put in these great big stations, which have all kinds of restrictions as far as the FCC is concerned, with a need for First Class licensed engineers, and all this other great big stuff. A ten watt station costs for less—some have been put on the air for \$1,000. The tower for an AM station costs a minimum of \$250,000. Many of the FCC'S rules are waived for ten-watt for educational stations. I think those people believe that in the long run, they get more coverage out of each one that they put in, that it's more economical or something. But the point of a community station is for the community to run it. If it's too complicated to run and keep the finances straight...a perfect example is that station in Barrow; I don't know yet if they're financially straightened out...they're more expensive, and they get into HEW grants and other kinds of complicated stuff. If they put in ten watters to start with, which have looser regulations, it's more fun, it's more community oriented, and people can really talk to each other, and come in and volunteer and do all kinds of neat, loose things, and communicate rather than program!

DH: The CBC in Canada has gone into the Northwest Territories and set up small stations that repeat the network signal for the CBC Northern Service. Then they allow the people in the community to program them part of the time, apparently because the community doesn't have enough people to operate the station all the time, and when they set the station up, they send in people they call facilitators who train people and teach them how to operate the equipment and encourage them in their efforts. In Ketchikan they had a station with no staff, nobody had ever run a station before—nobody even knew how to keep correct logs, and they got cited by the FCC. I don't think they got fined, but they received a warning. Do you think the facilitator idea should be tried.

EM: Yeah, I think that it's a definite possibility. I don't know that the Broadcasting Commission would ever get into that, and that's the only organization that would. The Federal government would never do that. I believe that people should know that it's possible to start a radio station, and that's why I wrote How to K2. There are areas, Wrangell and Petersburg, for example, that have no station whatsoever. When I was in Petersburg, I went to one of their City Council meetings just because I happened to be there. One of the big hassles on that one was that they'd tried to get the notice on the cable TV, but the TV office was closed on Friday due to a holiday, and they couldn't get the message on the cable. That was the only way to get the information to the public, other than mailing the notice to the post office window. As a result, the public didn't know that the meeting was going on, even though they had made every attempt to advertise that there was a public meeting. This kind of frustration can be solved, simply by having a small radio station so you can talk to everybody and everybody can talk to everybody else. It's very simple.

DH: When you first started working on KTOO, did you have the idea that it might be tried somewhere other than Juneau?

EM: Oh, yeah...as soon as I got the recipe. One of the places that never did pick up on the idea was Yakutat. They now have a mini-TV station, though. The information was made available and I never heard anything more. Last year I asked (Sen. Pete) Meland to double check and see if they wanted a radio station. He checked, and they said no, they were satisfied. If we ever got a Southeast Network, I would like to see a ten watt station in Yakutat, so that we would have a whole archipelago coverage.

You know, if Southeast really wanted to have a network, there's the lovely, marvelous, old-fashioned and rather far out idea of purchasing an old DC-3 and flying it at a certain altitude with all the transmitting gear in it, for X number of hours a day, to be its own Southeast satellite...that's not too far out. Southeast is a little weird, and

COMMUNITY RADIO

(continued from page 17)

it can do its own thing. I don't know how we'd ever pay for that, but nothing's impossible here...a DC-3, a weather balloon, something circling around at the proper altitude could cover all of Southeastern...the hell with RCA!

DH: How about a shortwave radio station to cover the area?

EM: Oh, I don't know. Get together all your radio freaks and someone will be able to figure out something that would make use of the technology that we have available today, and simply cover the region. You don't have to go for great big satellites and small dishes and large dishes and microwaves and all this other junk...there are all kinds of other things possible...they may be illegal, but they're possible. You can talk to each other...a radio network saying these things to each other...it's cheerful to know that there are people in little nooks and crannies all over Southeast that want to put together a newspaper...they've done it! There are little handfuls of people that put together radio stations...there are other handfuls of people out in Gustavus and down at Point Baker and Port Alexander and one place and another...little knots of people, who are living happily...they're not wealthy, but they're happy and they're doing their own thing. It's very fragile.

DH: What if they're happy, but don't want to communicate with other people?

THE TRAVELLERS

(continued from page 12)

and enticing new land that men of the earth once knew; it is a mere symbol of that, a pocket of nature amidst civilization -- a last for a long time; and by their efforts, Admiralty Island, West Chichagof-Yakobi Island, Misty Fjords, Stikene-LeConte and Yakutat Forelands are candidates before Congress for 'Wilderness' classification. Representative Morris Udall put them in his bill for Alaska 'national interest' (d-2) lands... hence the 'Udall Bill' you've been hearing about. There are other wilderness proposals, too, in lesser stages of evolution.

Not everyone in the Archipelago looks on wilderness as a benevolence. Bitterly, these people talk about wilderness as a 'land grab', a 'lock up', about conservationists as 'elite fanatics' from the lower 48...about the Udall Bill as a threat to their jobs, their traditions, their very lifestyle... For some reason, misinformation and untruths about wilderness run rampant among these ordinary citizens of southeast -- those very souls whom wilderness will benefit. Wilderness does not lock out anyone but the big industry, and if southeast Alaskans fear rip-offs from the outside, it should be the big industry they fear, not their own conservationists. All our trees that are cut down are sold to Japan, our minerals are claimed by international mining companies. And when the trees and minerals are gone, where will be our fishermen, our wilderness guides & float plane pilots, our small store owners & hotel keepers? Wilderness locks out the greedy, but conserves the resources for those who know how to use them wisely. Also, wilderness is still and always a place to subsistence live, play, and dwell; those who would tell you that you can't get to wilderness as defined by the Udall Bill -- and still do the things you always did there before are wrong...providing those things were not hurtful.

If you love the land here, if you use it, eat from it, play on it, are inspired by it... you must realize the need to protect some of it, in one form or another, from the ravages of indiscriminate progress. Perhaps wilderness is the way it can be done. If you want to help, if you feel like doing more than griping join your local conservation group (or start one), write letters to your Congressman, write your local newspaper, and talk up wilderness in your town. What you get won't be perfect, but doing something will get you a lot more than sitting there and watching southeast get stomped on.

by Jan of SEACC

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EM: Then they don't have to listen to us, they don't have to read our papers...but it would be nice if they'd say hello once in a while.

REGIONAL AWARENESS

DH: You've been here almost twelve years. Do you think that attitudes in Southeast have become more regional in that time?

EM: I don't know whether the region has, but I have.

DH: Do you think that the impending capital move has created more of a regional awareness?

EM: I would hope so. They better get their bones together. I also think that it's entirely different from the rest of the state. The thing that's made me feel more regional is all the hullabaloo and hogwash about Prudhoe Bay and the Oil Line and the Gas Line, which has no effect whatsoever on Southeast other than rumbles and grumbles. We still import all our oil from Seattle or the west coast, and it's getting more expensive. All that stuff up there is of no value whatsoever to us. It hasn't improved our way of life. It hasn't done anything except stir up a lot of publicity, and stir up the legislature on subjects that have nothing to do with Southeastern. This doesn't really relate to Southeastern, but it relates to the way the attention-getters in this state are oriented to activities like Prudhoe Bay, oil, gas, D-2 lands, and stuff like that...great big things.

When, publicly, a group of thirteen bush legislators get together and form a bush caucus headed by Senator Frank Ferguson



of Kotzebue, and you interview him and you ask 'what's the bush?' and he says 'anything outside of Anchorage', and he goes on record as saying that, then you're not alone in saying nobody gives a hoot about Southeast except Southeasterners. I mean that this isn't unusual, we aren't alone in this thing. The majority of the population and the majority of the representation in this state is Anchorage, with a little bit off to the side, called Fairbanks. So what's left? Southeast has got to get together, and got to decide where it's going to go, and how it's going to live, and I think that it's superb the way it is...but not too many people are able to make a living, especially as far as Juneau is concerned, if you take the capital away. You know, Southeast is really strange...Haines is in a totally depressed state right now...you talk to Carl Heinmiller and he says that no one's working in Haines this winter, absolutely nobody... in Ketchikan, the future is uncertain because of the EPA and the pulp mill...Juneau thinks that she's going down the tubes...

DH: Do you think that people in Juneau really think that?

EM: Well, the business people do..but the business community of Southeast seems to think that we're going down the tube,

and all the little folks don't. So how do we reach a happy medium? I don't think we are...

DH: Is there a difference between what their perceptions are and what things really are?

EM: If you talk to Van Champagne--Vaselka about what he and the AADRM people want...a little bit of land, and the right, in spite of all the rules and regulations, to use the timber and set up little sawmills and that sort of thing, and be self-sufficient in small communities. I think that that's kind of neat...why can't we do it?

DH: Maybe that's what people ought to talk about the radio.

EM: I think so...that's what all this (thumping a copy of Archipelago) is all about. Are the guys at the Banjo Factory making enough to live on? Are the people in Gustavus, the people that keep moving out there and coming back here to work... are they really making it, or are they part-time in Gustavus and bucketing into town to be consultants on one thing and another, which, if the capital moved, they wouldn't be able to do? Are people really able to survive, live, and enjoy what they're doing in these little groups and communities? Would I be able to do that if the capital moved?

DH: Would you?

EM: I don't know...you can always wash dishes, but if the capital moves there won't be that many dirty dishes, and volunteer radio stations don't really pay a heck of a lot. However, if you really want to talk to Elaine about communications, the mere idea that between the winter of 1971-72, when we talked about starting K2, and now.. after much pizzazz and struggle and stuff, it went on the air in January of '74. That's only three years ago...

In those three years, the members of the Legislature and people in other levels of government became interested in communications, telecommunications, satellite communications, and that's where we are today. Whether you like it or not, it's fantastic that a public body, the Legislature, had the guts to appropriate half a million dollars to buy small earth stations, and battle and argue and push through red tape you wouldn't believe to insist that those things will work...and then make RCA build a bird that would feed those earth stations. They made them change their entire telecommunications plan for the entire state. Then the Legislature turned around (the same Legislature) and appropriated 1.5 million dollars to lease a satellite for one year.

I do know that Capital '77, six programs a week (whether you like the content of the show or not) is on for the first time...sixty people and the Governor okayed the expenditure of the two million dollars to improve communications in the state...and a lot of that was sparked by the enthusiasm and interest of citizens who wanted a ten watt radio station in Juneau...I believe that from the bottom of my feet. The enthusiasm for improved communications in this state has grown to an enormous extent, to a point where we're even shaking up RCA Globecom, and I'm convinced that it was citizen knowledge and action and reaction that brought us to the attention of the Legislature.

GAVEL TO GAVEL

DH: Do you think that there are better ways of funding public broadcasting than legislative funding?

EM: I don't care. The taxpayers are going to pay for it, one way or another.

DH: Well, I know that...do you feel that it might inhibit news coverage?

EM: No...at this particular point, I don't think that it influences coverage of the Legislature. Ideally, in order to prove to people that it doesn't, there should be a specific channel on every TV set in the state that is purely government. If I should be gavel to gavel of this, that, and the other thing...there will always be questions about whether the camera angle was set up to make what's his face look bad, or whether it was orchestrated for TV, but it's better than nothing...it's better than depending on Associated Press, with their various reporters that come and go...you can see the m on television, and hear them, and draw your own conclusions. To me it's the availability of the material for the public to choose from...I guess that's what I want. We do this half hour thing out of Juneau every night in this arrangement, which is theoretically reporting the day's activities. That should be going on all day long, so that at a given time you could tune in and watch a whole floor session, or the big committee meeting of the day, or the big public hearing, or whatever...so that there is, in effect, gavel to gavel coverage.

DH: I have a feeling that airing a program like that would get resistance from managers of public TV stations.

EM: Probably.

DH: You mean that the state ought to have a second public channel available statewide? Direct broadcasting from a satellite, perhaps?

EM: Yeah. I think that the state should own its own satellite, but it's too late for that now.

DH: Why do you say that it's too late? RCA still hasn't been certified as the sole common carrier for Alaska. The FCC has left that question open.

EM: About 1973, when I learned about the ATS-1 and ATS-6 experiments (applications Technology Satellite - a series of experimental satellites launched by NASA. Alaska's portion of the experiment was funded by the National Institute of Education.) coming up, I thought it would be neat for the state to own its own satellite, just so that government entities in this huge state would be able to convey information... whatever information needs to get out immediately, as well as how does your government work and who are all these mysterious people that are ruling your lives...but that's too ideal. People get bored with too much government and information anyway. At least now you can throw away the mail and wait until they come after you. As far as the Archipelago, I'm glad to see that. I think that just for fun, Southeast ought to get together.

DH: What, and have a big party?

EM: Yeah, why not?

Paregorically Yours

I found your little 'Archipelago' cradled in my mailbox- imprudently, like Moses in his primordial basket of reeds. It was whimpering and homeless, being at such a great distance from its progenitor and homeland; so I took it in and gave it a meal with cocoa before I asked even a syntactical question of it. The kid is undeniably bright, and I found his charm most compelling when he resorted to personal anecdote and metaphor- extended, sometimes so rigorously, it became a suspension bridge whose singular and admirable purpose was to transcend the banalities of the abyss, taking itself on a sweet stroll across to the side of articulate freedom. But I have always preferred imagination to political campaign.

I promise to take care of him, and will probably deliver him back to you first hand before the solstice. But first we're going to take a little jaunt to San Francisco to see why in the underworld Dante ever took the time.

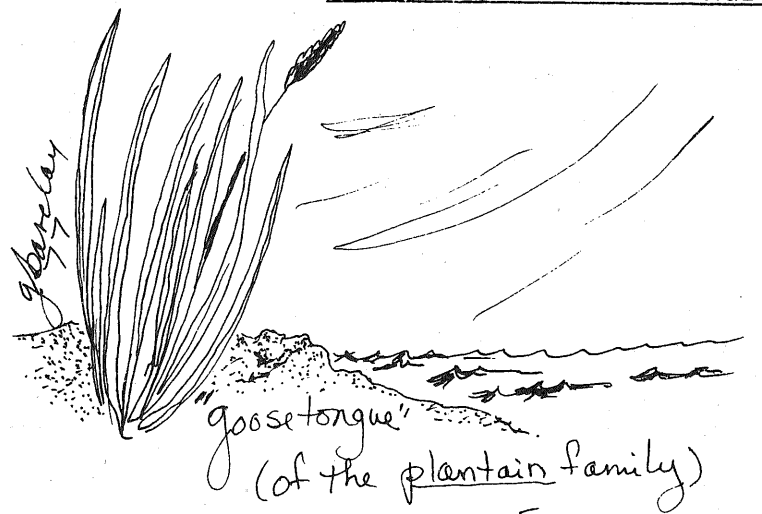
Allegorically and Paragorically

yours- R.J. Sabella

MISTY MOUNTAIN NATURAL FOODS
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Bulk flours, Grains, Seeds, Nuts, Granolas, Celestial Seasonings' Teas, Select Teas, Coffee Beans, Plus & Gides' NuLife Food Supplements, Lion Cross Teas, & lots of Natural Soaps, Toothpastes, Shampoos & other beauty aids! + helpfull information. Just write us.



Short, pale green plant. Found on beaches. Good eaten raw & cooked. Excellent source of Vitamin C. Size: 5"-10" high. Best harvested in spring & early summer. Can be frozen. Leaves only should be used. Leaves are thick and pulpy.

by Gloria Barclay

Dear Rainbow

Everyone scoffs at 'Dear Abby.' (I have heard a lot of scoffing anyways). But there are many folks who actually do write to the lady- even people I know- they do it secretly, using disguised names which they hope none of their friends or relatives will recognize.

'Dear Abby' provides a very useful service, but she's laughable because she's so middle class and attracts people with middle class problems. (My husband criticizes me constantly for not keeping a neat house but he creates more work for me than my four kids combined; leaving his suits in a crumpled heap behind the bathroom door- where I might add he always changes his clothes- putting his dirty shoes on our brocade satin couch which took me ten years to save for. I promised to love, cherish, honor, and obey, but I never thought it would be so hard. What can I do Abby?).

The service is cheap, a real deal, if you consider that it would cost you thirty bucks for a visit to a shrink. (No, \$230- that includes round trip airfare to Seattle. There aren't any shrinks in southeast. Are there?) All a person need spend is 13 cents for a stamp... (unless it's a very complicated problem requiring ten sheets of paper). And it all can be done in the privacy of your own

home. Use another name and even those curious postal people will be fooled.

This is what I will do for you. I will pretend that I am Abby. Only I call myself Rainbow which is much less middle class. Send me your letter and I will spend some time thinking about your problem. I will answer each letter personally (please enclose a stamp- that makes it a grand total of 26 cents) and choose a couple to print in each issue of the Archipelago. OK'

And here is the very first letter:

Dear Rainbow,

When Jed and I started living together, we agreed that it was humane and just for us to split the chores evenly. I was relieved that there wasn't a hassel over this. Unfortunately the relief lasted only about two weeks. I realized that I was doing all the usual womans' work; the dishes, putting stuff away, etc. This made me furious. I approached Jed and he felt bad about it, too, but he said that the reason was that he knew how to fix the car and I didn't. And if he was going to spend two hours a day fixing the car which we both use, he didn't feel like he should wash the dishes too. In theory, I agree but I don't like the way it makes me feel. Please HELP!

Susan

Dear Susan,

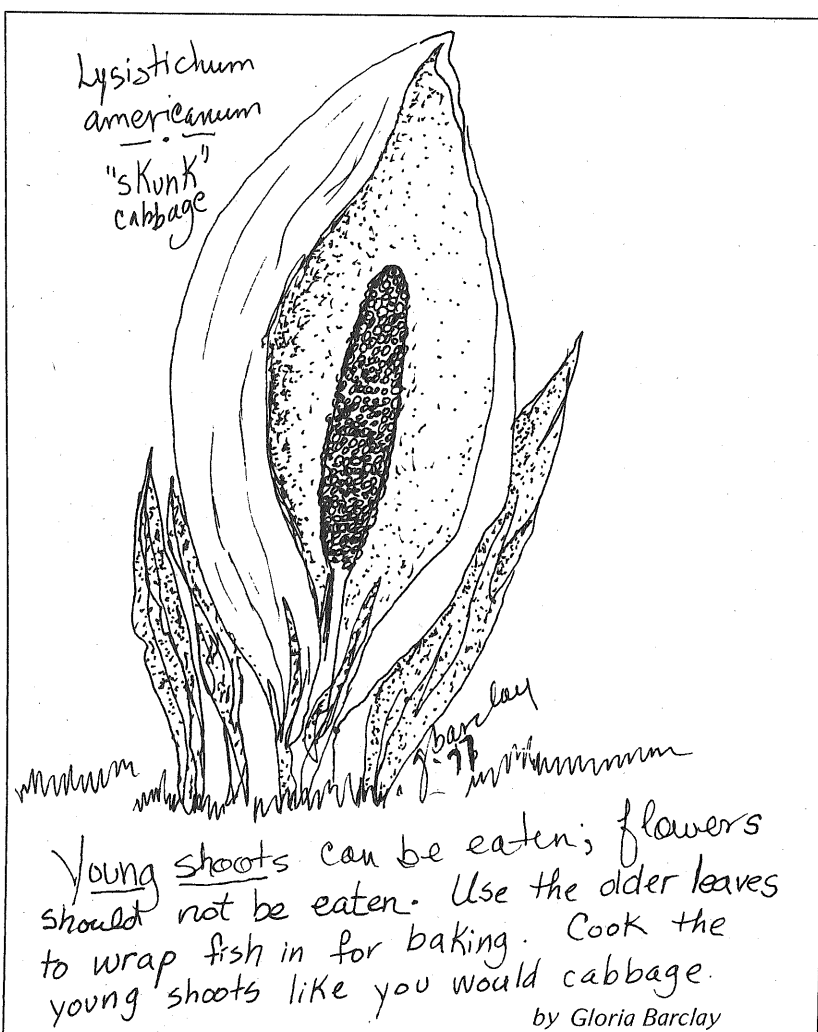
It sounds like you've got a classic problem, one that a lot of people share with you. But I know that doesn't make it any easier. It seems like almost anyone can wash dishes, even four year old kids. It's a little harder to cook, but it all depends on what your standards are. If you demand gourmet cooking then that requires a skilled cook. The thing is that housework is easy and traditional men's chores either take muscles or skill?. If you are trying to get out of the traditional rut, it's fairly easier for the man to wash dishes, clean and maybe do the cooking. But it's hardly fair and not the complete solution if only the man makes the changes. There's no way around it- if you're the woman you've got to get in there and chop wood, or whatever, too. Which might seem overwhelming. What might make it a whole lot easier is to be kind to yourself and take on one new thing at a time. Also make reasonable goals. If you've never chopped wood before don't demand that you chop a huge pile with a big axe. Start with chopping small pieces of kindling using a small axe. Do a little every day. Build up your strength and confidence, at the same time.

Many women don't know the first thing about cars. The whole mechanical thing seems super complicated. It did to me too until last summer. I started working with a friend on just one small part of the car. I didn't think about anything else in the car. Because I had such a small goal I never felt overwhelmed and I was immensely pleased that I actually did something. I was surprised when I noticed that I actually was interested in what I was doing!

Maybe it would be better to enlist the aid of a more neutral party than the man you are living with. Another woman could be the ideal teacher, (if you don't know anyone try putting an ad in the paper. Maybe you have a skill you could exchange) With another woman you aren't likely to slip into the 'dumb female' role, where words like fuel pump make a haze in your brain. This happens to very intelligent women and has nothing to do with intelligence and everything to do with conditioning.

Please let me know if you use any of these suggestions and how they worked for you.

With good wishes,
Rainbow



Young shoots can be eaten; flowers should not be eaten. Use the older leaves to wrap fish in for baking. Cook the young shoots like you would cabbage.

by Gloria Barclay

The Weaver Woman, cover of this month's Archipelago, is a woodcut created by artist Kate Boesser. It's part of a series that will illustrate a story she's weaving as well. Full size prints may be found at Faces, Places & Things in Juneau. She and David are now in Gustavus, building a home and guild in which to house their creative warmth. Good Luck!

ARCHIPELAGO

50 cents

ARCHIPELAGO

Volume 1, Number 2
Early May 1977

INK & BEANS

It takes 850 acres of timber to print the Sunday edition of the New York Times, which contains more paper and ink than an \$8 novel AND costs the City of New York 10 cents to clean-up each copy! No wonder the City went bankrupt!!

'Archipelago' is small and uses, perhaps, 1/2 a Sitka spruce, or 1 small cedar, or maybe 1 1/2 of an old skiff's planks. As far as clean-up goes.....use us for your garden.

The old fear that lethal amounts of lead will migrate from the newsprint ink in- to your soil and vegetables is still true -- but not for copies of 'Archipelago'! A printed plastic food bag will deposit 24,000 parts per million lead, and a can- dy wrapper will slip 7,125 parts into your home garden and you; but our 'Archipel- ago' contains only 1 - 12 parts per million lead and gives not of it to the vegetables & us. The Connecticut Agricultural Experiment- al Station has determined that 'Archipelago' and other offset printed newspapers do not increase the lead content of soil or veg- etables mulched with it.

Who says we're not worth beans!
Past, Present & Future..... Aboard their Editorial Office. 'Chief Seattle'

'Archipelago' is an occasional journal, totally independent and owing no al- legiance to anyone, a non-partisan for- um for southeastern Alaska from Yakataga to Tongass.

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Please post any Classified or Unclassified Ads or Announ- cements to us at 'Archipelago', Commercial Ads = \$7 per column inch. Unclassi- fied Ads = 50 cents for any reasonable length. Announ- cements are 'on us'.

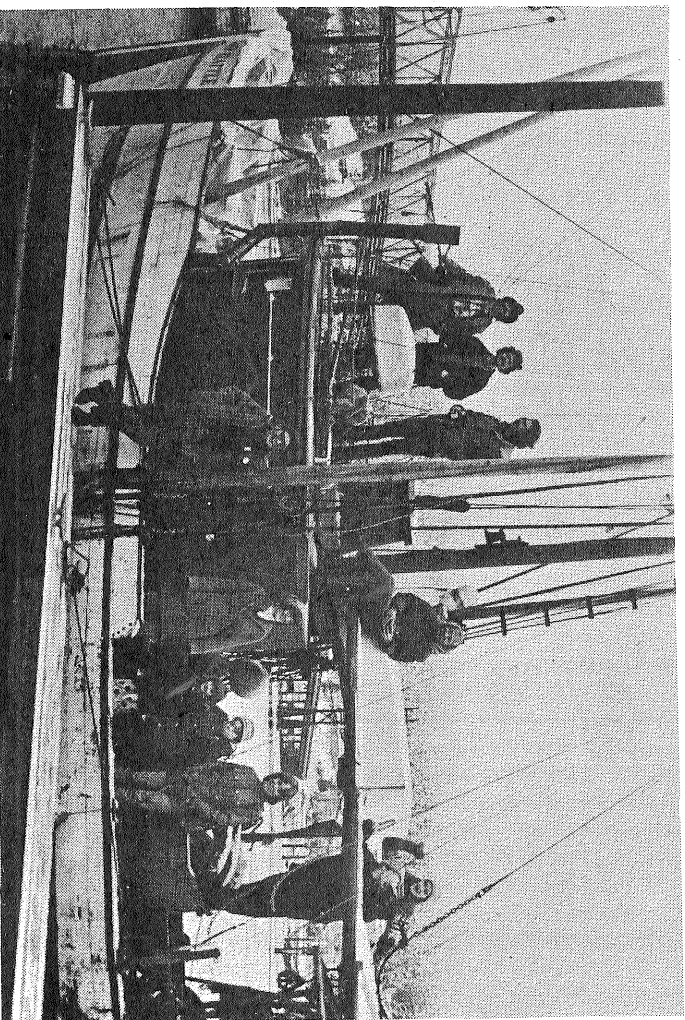
Subscriptions = \$11/24 issues.

See Dave Nani & Pat Lowry at Chilkat Press, Port Chilkoot, Haines, Alaska.....for copies of the print on page 1!!!

We certainly aren't as regular as Hiram Ex-Jax would like us to be. Obviously, we lied in our last edition about being a bi-weekly journal.....oh well.....with only 2 of us acting as publisher, editor, copyboy, pa- perwoman, and ad-getter.....what do you expect! Also, that last edition cost us one shotgun and a pistol in hock (among other things!). Anyhow, our journal is officially converted - herewith - from a 'periodical' to an 'occasional' - as money and time and inspiration gel. Those of you who forked over hard and kind cash.....we thank you for your support. You will get - still - 24 editions of 'Archipelago' for your trusting subscription, but just don't expect them every 2 weeks.....ok? If some of our sub- scribers DO abide by Hiram Ex-Jax's view of regularity, please write us and we will refund your \$11.

Thank you!

Jan & Barry



1/2 the Crew of 'Archipelago'

