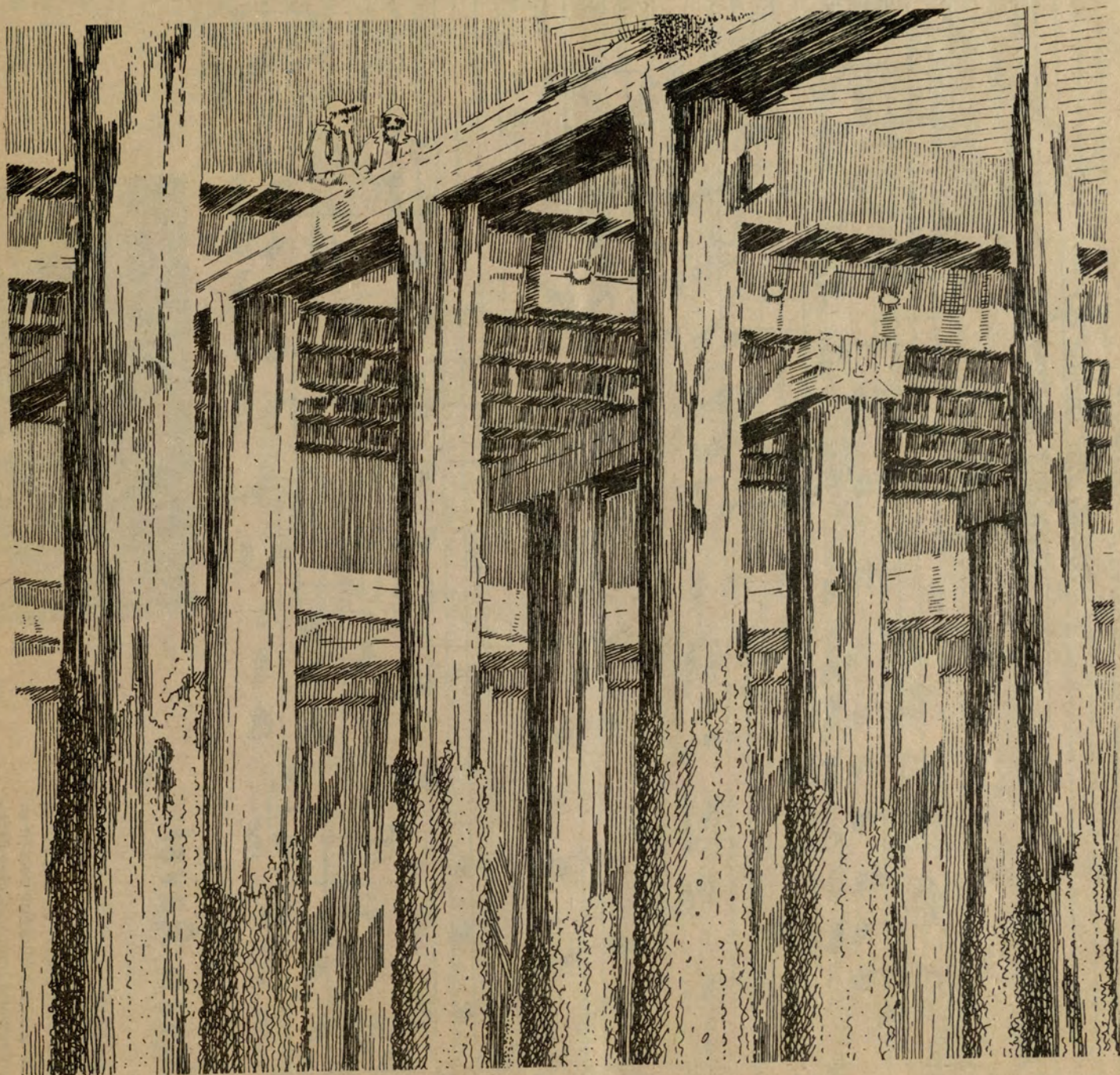
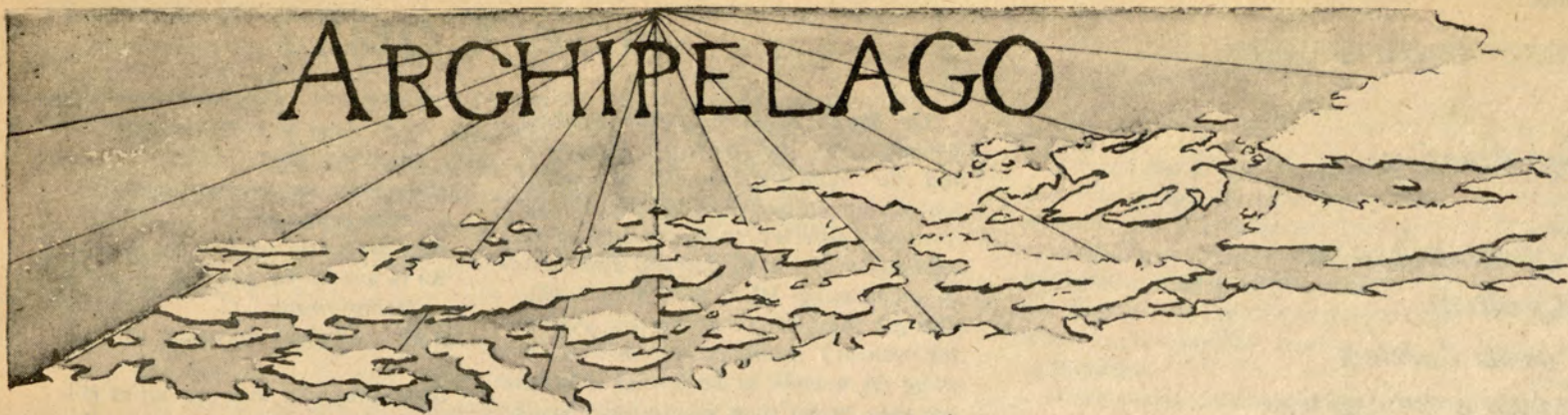


ARCHIPELAGO





Let your boat of life be light,
packed with only what you need—
a homely home and simple
pleasures, one or two friends,
worth the name, some one to
love and some one to love you,
a cat, a dog, and a pipe or two,
enough to eat and enough to
wear, and a little more than
enough to drink; for thirst is
a dangerous thing.

~Jerome K. Jerome
Whale Bay
1898

Today's a day that I don't think that *Homo sapiens* was a species created to think, or even to oppose thumbs for that matter. . .foggy in the hemlocks, foggy in the head. . .Slight of Mind. . .

For example, *Time*, *Life*, and other appropriately titled magazines have flooded their covers with pot-boiling concerns of:

MAN MANIPULATES DNA

. . .producing gargantuan creatures destined to save or eradicate mankind. . .slime molds the size of Kentucky and twice as intelligent, wheat germ able to go 13 rounds against even a Prinz Brau hang-over, and ling cod big enough to have king crabs.

Seldom, thankfully, do such extremes come about. But look at the Agribiz record of genetic manipulation BACK in the days when we thought that you checked the sex of a chromosome by pulling down its genes:

Chickens inbred for super commercial egg-laying such that they will not go "broody". . .refusing to set on their laid eggs. Thus, artificial incubators. . .steel and gasoline hens. . .must hatch the clutch. . .to keep this sub-species alive.

Pigs have been bred for added pounds of profit. Farmers feed them the cheapest and fattest forms of food—starches: corn, barley, etc. . .Now, the swine are so inbroiled with sugars that if you frighten the poor beast, its rush of adrenaline sets off such a chain reaction of metabolism that the pig burns itself up—hyperthermia: they cook themselves to death. TV dinners are one thing, but this is absurd.

Tom Turkeys have been so interbred to produce maximum weight (and therefore, profit) that they cannot embrace and mate with the females. Thus, man must artificially inseminate the female turkeys to keep the species going. . .rather a perverse form of bestiality, one might say.

A mortician picked up my partner from the fir-tree dusk of roadside south of Fairbanks. He picked her up in a black Dodge van with Idaho plates, ominously speeding South. . .a refugee from the oil rush, heading home.

"How come? Business no good?" Crystal queried.

"Business! Hell, business was fantastic. We were getting better than 80 bodies a week. Trouble was, They were all violent deaths—you know, car accidents, knifings, i.d.'s, suicides. . .I was afraid I'd end up on my partner's table if I stayed any longer. I'm going home."

A boomtown trade for a man dealing in death, but he cut his profits and fled. . .a matter of degree, not kind. . .a man who profited on death, but valued *his* life. . .a man chose.

Edward the Bear came down the stairs
bump. . .bump. . .bumpity. . .bump.

Edward the Bear knew that there had to be a
better way to come down the stairs.

If only he could stop bump—bump—bumping
long enough to figure out what it was.

Learning is painful—it's an admittal of being wrong in the past. Most egos can't accept that. Ugly and expanding cities are the creation of *Homo sapiens* and useless jobs creating useless individuals come from our own human administration. Until you and I stop bump-bump-bumping, look around, and take some action—Sitka will turn into a greed- and soot-sodden Pittsburgh and we will be reduced to an harassed maitre d' at the Imperial Cafe in the off season.

It's like seeing a fly on a window pane in a Tenakee September—struggling to come in out of the autumn cold. . .the maitre d' leans over the sink and blows cold breath on the window. . .it frosts over the fly—poof! all gone—but it's still struggling in the outside chill. . .And we, you and I, are that fly.

Father of the Mists

On a New Year's Day as soggy as a sponge in the Aleutian Abyss, Jan & I stumbled out of our bedrolls aboard the Malaspina. Somewhere to larboard lay Bella Coola. We shambled down the aft gangway to dunk contraband herbal tea bags into the galley's -- then -- free water. There, at the stern, a spectre hung in the mist....long black robes blowing in the morning wind like solemn sails, dark curling hair and beard thrashing like unbelayed rigging beneath the crosstree of black brows....dream-lost in forest and sea:

As to when I will get back to Alaska, God knows. I do miss it. Once, years ago, when I was in Boston at the monastery, once, watching the rain fall through a huge cedar, I scribbled in the back of my prayer book:

—“Morning dawns and evening falls,
And to my soul the Rain Coast calls,
—from mist enshrouded shores, where rain sweeps through solemn trees,
she calls me to her far horizon, where the heavens kiss the seas,
—And cloud ghosts dance ageless rites,
from sea to shore to heights,
—Like needles drawing unseen threads, they find a silvery Unity,
Which flows like a mystic river to a far and unknown destiny.
—I belong to that destiny, as sure as the Whale and the Raven.
The Rain Coast, the Rain Coast: my soul has no other haven.
—As the eagle soars to find its food, and the salmon runs to spawn,
My spirit by an irresistible force to the Rain Coast is drawn.
—Every heart has its home, every spirit has its harbor;
My heart and spirit long for the Rain Coast with an irrepressible ardor.
Morning dawns and evening falls,
And to my soul the Rain Coast calls.”

Later in the morning, Father Lev Andreyvich sat down by Jan -- where she was jamming her flute with a guitar on the quarterdeck....he stayed, silent½ an hour later, this melancholy priest smiled broadly, leaned over and whispered in soft Russian syllables: 'Would you play *Hard Hearted Hannah*?

~Lorna~
from Lev

"Carress me," cry the mountains, lifting high their peaks—
"I cannot reach thee," reply the clouds, racing away in silver streaks
streaks.
"Carress me," cry the mountains, with a doleful sigh—
"I cannot reach thee," responds the sea. "I cannot rise that high."
"Carress me," cry the mountains, high above—
"I shall," retorts the wind, "but I cannot give thee love."



Lev with friends in British Columbia

Recycling: Treadmill or Mandala?

"We Recycle Aluminum," says a sign at the Salmon Bake. More signs like this will appear in Juneau. They may be a bit premature since Juneau has no permanent recycling program. Alaska Materials Recycling was recycling high quality paper from the state offices and was to begin an aluminum redemption center; that has not begun operation.

Juneau seems an ideal place to recycle aluminum. The nine liquor stores in town estimate they sell 3,000 cases of beer and soda per week packaged in aluminum. Scrap aluminum now sells for 15 to 20 cents a pound. (A case of cans is a pound.) This translates into about \$500 per week in reclaimable material now being wasted.

The benefits of such a program are apparent:

(1) Individuals would benefit. In Moscow, Idaho, I supported a family of three by culling the cans from the dumpsters of fraternities and bars.

(2) Juneau would benefit. For all the beauty of the mountains above us, our roadsides and parks are a disgrace. (I es-

timate 2000 cans per roadside mile.)

(3) Aluminum is a plentiful resource, but the energy costs of importing and electrically smelting bauxite are staggering. Recycled aluminum uses only 5% as much energy per container as the original product.

Recycling, though, is only part of the answer to resource conservation.

(1) An enormous amount of energy and resources is expended in the production of "throw-away" beverage containers. None of the products thus packaged are necessary for human life. Although I doubt if many of you will give up soda and beer, there IS an existing, economical, proven method of packaging.

(2) The returnable bottle is energy efficient, and the price of a refund gives incentive to bottle hunters. I have walked the roads of Oregon before and after their "Ban the Can" law, and it works!

(3) Freight rates and modern packaging make recycling uneconomical. Only when BUSINESS decides to make it feasible will it be a reality. Although it is futile, recycle. It is good for the spirit.

by Tom & Judy Marti, Juneau



Photo by Crystal Tack

The packaging of beer and soft drinks in throwaway containers, rather than returnables, wasted the equivalent of 1.7 billion gallons of gas in 1972.

So what. Why not? Look how our society in Southeast wastes people. No one kicked when Dachau was running before the patriot drum was thumped in 1941. No one kicks now while Southerners languish and die (one way or another) in the Pioneers' Home in Sitka, the Lemon Creek Correctional Institute in Juneau, the Castle Mountain Camp for juvenile delinquents in Haines, the Alcohol De-Tox Center at Mt. Edgecumbe... or any of the many state-run social detention camps in our "Archipelago." State run. Sure. Run by OUR tax money. Just detention camps... waiting for sentences to expire—to hit the streets again, fit a pine box, or return to drunken and broken homes. None are run with any social incentive or a humane reason or policy. Meaningless programs of fruitility (½ fruitless and ½ futile), and we taxpayers foot the bill.

Rather than the business community's supporting a system for recycling bottles, cans and paper, why don't these state institutions support themselves by a co-operative "Southeastern Alaska Recycling Center"? They could put a recycling mill out at Lemon Creek Prison; and all the other "centers"—one in each community of Southeast—could collect, sort, pack and ship their "contributions" to the Lemon Creek "Mill." Most expensive in the recycling game are personnel and transportation. We'd have a "captive" staff in all these State Centers, and we could hire (with co-op money) a few of those slack-season trollers from our harbors! The expense suddenly becomes an asset, the landscape of Southeast is actually an advantage—our litter, disgusting though it might be, is at least concentrated in a few spots, and therefore easier to get at.

Environmentalists want to eradicate pollution by recycling—Humbug! Let's use the pollution to put some Reason to Live into our "correctional" centers. For example, in China, the Shanghai Chemical Factory burns 150 tons of coal per day. Those crafty communists now have an anti-pollution device that makes money for them! They catch 90% of the soot before it goes out the stack—4 tons per day—and make it into coal paste, which is sold to the public as little round bricks for cooking fuel in the home.

Let's be a little crafty, too. Let's recycle our non-returnable people with some humane ECOLOGY!

the Senior Editor

Vancouver Island

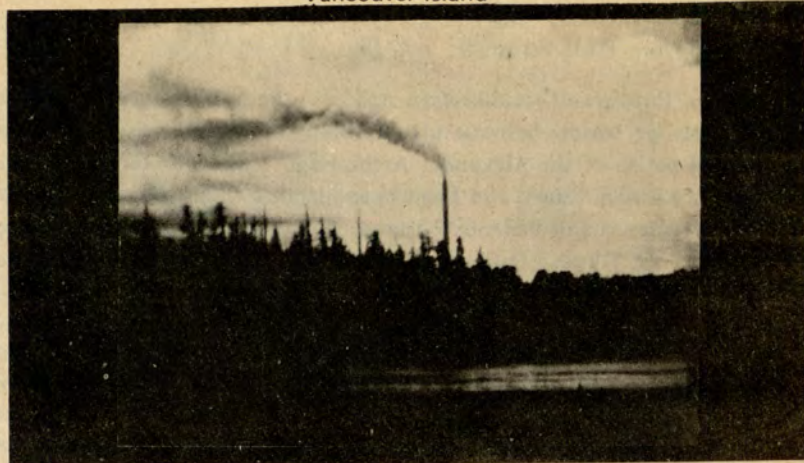


Photo by Crystal Tack

Alaska Wilderness Expeditions

Box 882

Wrangell, Alaska

Dear Editor,

Peter Smith suggested I mail this to you. You may publish it if so you choose.

—ES

To the General Oversight and Alaska Lands Subcommittee of the United States House of Representatives, John Sieberling, chairman:

my name is evelyn eileen simpson, i am twenty-six years old, i was born in indianapolis, indiana and have lived and worked in texas, colorado, switzerland, england, california and alaska. i consider alaska my home. i have friends who have worked in various logging operations, and i certainly would not want them to lose their jobs; but alaska is one of the few states in the union which still possess true wilderness unspoiled by civilization, and i for one want to keep it that way for generations to come so that my great-great-great-great-great greatgrandchildren and their children's children will still be able to hear ravens yell, to see seals smile and hear otters laugh out loud, will still have wolves in their backyards and bears picking berries on their doorsteps—a place where dreams fly free as eagles and where once upon a time salmon filled a stream so full you could fall in without getting wet and be carried upstream dry on their strong shining backs.

i came to alaska for the first time in the summer of 1976 and joined the commercial fishing industry as deckhand on a gillnetter out of Juneau—i fell in love with the watery wild beauties of southeast, but was sometimes saddened by the rapid pace of uncontrolled development devouring the land. i saw once-thriving salmon streams nearly empty of fish. i saw the ugliness and erosion of clearcut islands with nearly no trees left standing. "some of those trees might have been 500 years old or older," i was told by one old drunk wise indian logger one rainy hungover sunday morning. it is true that timber is a "renewable resource," but here in the southeast we are surrounded by mythical primeval forest which took countless eons of time to produce. in a few dozen care-less greedy years most of this original forest could be gone. i dont want to see that happen any more than i want to see my friends or myself out of work.

sometimes in my nightmares i see alaska as a beautiful virgin goddess being raped—GANG-BANGED—by unscrupulous thoughtless greedy "outsiders" who come in here and take away alaska's natural treasures, shipping them off to far distant lands and getting rich in their "lower 48" mansions and yachts while NATIVE ALASKANS (and non-native alaskans) are left with worthless slash and slag heaps, polluted waters and smog-filled skies.

Alaska is America's last chance to not repeat the terribly destructive unecological mistakes made by our forebears in their overly rapid industrial expansion. For once, LET US NOT THINK SIMPLY OF PROFIT—let us think for a magical moment of unparalleled natural beauty and the grandeur of God. I believe GOD did not build Los Angeles or New York City—God's greatest creation is the wilderness, and the wilderness is also God's greatest home and church. Let us please leave in God's holy name one last place of free unbulldozed worship untouched unchanged unraped by MAN since the beginning of Time.

in my nightmares i see the magical mystical goddess Alaska sucked dry of her petroleum blood by giant international corporate vampires, then stripped bareass naked bald—shorn of her lovely green tree tresses—and then finally, when at last her delicate lovely skin is exposed to money-hungry reality, her precious metal and mineral guts are ripped out and sold far away. (Alaska's solid GOLD heart was torn out years ago.)

the Big Companies come in here from all over and give us jobs for awhile but when they are done mutilating and violating our great mother Earth they leave with their enormous profits and we are left with our poor mother's rotting dismembered corpse.

we need jobs and we need wilderness to escape to or to dream about—when our work is done. You congressmen are our elected servants... you can serve us best by giving us what we need. Don't take away our jobs, but don't let our wilderness be taken away either. Speaking as just one outside individual who loves this land, i ask you distinguished statesmen to please set aside as much untouched wilderness as you can so that one thousand years from today tourists won't think they are in a rainy Los Angeleze when they step off the boat in Ketchikan sneezing.

Thank you for your attention,
Evelyn E. Simpson
July 9, 1977—Ketchikan, Alaska

Enter Evening

The red rosebush
reaches up
& clicks on
the moon.

The electric
ivory monade
glints dominion
over the old
amber territory
of dusk

as the roses
collapse
within themselves
like broken necks.

—Tyler Henshaw
Petersburg

Tlingit Colonization

by Wally Olson, Juneau-Douglas Community College

If you've driven up the Alaska highway from Haines, you may have wondered about the names of some of the lakes and landmarks. In this homeland of Athapaskan Indians you will find names such as Kluane, Dezadeash and Tatshenshini—which at first seem to be good Indian names. And they are just that; but they are Tlingit names, not Athapaskan. They are the remnants of a period of Southeastern Alaskan history which is hardly mentioned in most textbooks. Dr. Catherine McClellan has made a long and thorough study of the expansion of the Tlingit people in historic times. Her scholarly research has thrown a whole new light on the history of Southeastern Alaska.

With the arrival of the Russians, Americans and British there was a great demand for fur. The most valuable fur came from the sea otter; but the pelts of inland animals such as beaver, marten, deer, muskrat and lynx were also sought in trade. Southeastern Alaska was not only the homeland of the Tlingit; they controlled the territory and they knew it. The Russians were only allowed to settle in Yakutat (and were later driven out), Sitka and near present day Wrangell. Outside of these few places, the land and sea were under Tlingit control. The Indians traded with the Euroamericans, but seldom worked for them as the Aleuts were forced to do. Instead, the Tlingits expanded their position as middlemen in the trade between the Whitemen and the interior Indians—the Athapaskans.

Some people find it hard to think of Indians as colonizing other areas; as if only Europeans had that ability. But Webster defines colonialism as "control by one power over a dependent area or people." The secret of Tlingit colonization was the fact that they managed to control all access to the interior and thereby regulated the fur trade from the inland to the coast. There were regular routes up the Taku River valley and over the Chilkat, Chilkoot and White Passes. These trails were literally owned by Tlingit clans.



courtesy Sheldon Museum, Box 236, Haines, Alaska

A second advantage the Tlingits had was the fact that socially they were well-organized. Their intricate kinship system based on clans and matrilineality (tracing one's ancestry through the mother's side of the family) was used to establish social bonds with the interior Indians. They would not allow the Athapaskans to come to the coast to trade directly with the Russians, Americans or the Hudson Bay Company. They refused to let these Euroamerican newcomers to the coast trespass over the trails inland. When the Hudson Bay Company tried to establish a post named Fort Selkirk (more than a hundred air miles north of presentday Whitehorse), the Chilkat Tlingits promptly went up and destroyed it. They considered that whole area to be part of their domain and didn't want any outsiders cutting into their trade monopoly.

The inland Indians accepted Tlingit domination and eventually some began to use the Tlingit language. It was mutually beneficial for all. The Athapaskans got trade goods such as metal, firearms, tobacco and coastal foods; the Americans got fur; the Tlingit got rich. Dr. McClellan explains the process among one group, the Tagish:

It is not hard to see how in the nineteenth century such a process would lead to the increasing Tlingitization of the Athapaskan Tagish. Actual social alliance had a distinct commercial advantage for the coastal Tlingit. It was no trick for them to manipulate Tlingit reciprocal kin obligations and trading partner patterns to their advantage. Even daughters might well be married to the interior. The furs which a good son-in-law gave to his wife's family had a value that only the strategically located Chilkat could fully exploit. (McClellan, "The Inland Tlingit," Memoirs of the Society for American Archaeology, No. 9, 1953, p. 49.)

The high point of Tlingit colonization of the interior seems to have been between 1840 and 1880. With the decrease in the fur trade, and the eventual arrival of the gold prospectors, the Tlingit empire began to diminish. They were forced to allow the prospectors over the passes to the interior and no longer monopolize the trade. It was an exciting, expansive period in Alaskan history that now has been generally forgotten except among a few Tlingit and Athapaskans. But the maps still recall the days of the Tlingit colonization—Kluane, Dezadeash and Tatshenshini.

OUTSIDE OBSERVATION

*Sitting silently watching
as the clouds turn crimson,
contemplating a lost age past
of ancestors not my own.*

*And then comes to mind
the designs of a kind
that rhyme well with the heart
The Eagle, The Raven and Chief
Kyan.*

*The earth was theirs, as well as
the stars
The potlatch fires too. . .
The Elements in all their force
Creating strength, and greatness
of soul.*

*I see you in the trees
I see you in the Narrows
Your war canoes gliding home
at dusk.
Waterfalls whisper your names.*

*Your essence is here within me,
and in your sons and daughters
holding tight, and grasping
sweetly
Amongst the tides of Progress.*

—M. Hardcastle Urquhart
Ketchikan

Molting: Ain't Super Native — Am Diving Duck

by Andy Hope III

*Biorka Mt Edgcumbe sunset
6:00 late fall evening
3:45 dead winter*

*at times it is clean & shines
out to the edge of the shelf
no glow to cover the water
no fog
no mist
no clouds
no waves*

*Cape Edgcumbe down the coast to Hazy Island
surf washes rocks & shore*

*Wild Lingit birds
T'akdeintaan sea otter marksmen
navigators of the coast
Sea Pigeons*

*Wild birds
Shee.at'ika, Xunaa, Aangoon, Heenya, Yaakw.taat Kwaan
Migratory Bird Treaty-1916
Migratory Bird Treaty Act-1918
Hence St. Lazaria Bird refuge fortress
tourists steam past by the boatload
hungrily reaching over with binoculars
for a glimpse of god before turning back
into the sound to take pictures of the
Pulp Mill*

*The company is american
Alaska Lumber & Pulp Inc. an American Corporation
(with Japanese accountants)
we have a bunch of folks who have ripped out the bottom
of the gulf of Alaska
the sides of our mountains
the whole back forty fer chrissakes
our wood gone to cant
our whale blubber midnight oil in Tokyo
our herring eggs gone chicago (muddy waters won't caviar)
our fish gone to market
our walrus belly up in the fridge
these japanese & Russian & american redneck anti-sierra
club muscle men & chainsaw murderers with hairy chests
& arms shd take their saturday night specials
deepsix the whole works cut the nets & abandon ship
it's the last leg boys
dharma's gonna get you
& that ain't no bull*



266 CHILKAT INDIAN DANCER, ALASKA WINTER & PONG PHOTO.

courtesy - Sheldon Museum
Box 236
Haines, Alaska

HAND TO MOUTH

by Jamie McMahon

Lots of people think they don't like black cod. Or they don't know how to cook it. This column is for the benefit of those people, and an invitation to those who already like the stuff to share their recipes.

I suppose the most familiar, and tastiest, form of sablefish, black cod, butterfish, or whatever you want to call it, is smoked. The people in the stores insist smoked black cod has to be cooked, but I like it raw, sliced on crackers. I'm indebted to Jim Baldwin for teaching me a simple, fast, delicious way to cook it.

ROOT CELLAR BLACK COD

For each pound of cod, wash and slice 2 potatoes, 1 onion, and an assortment of rutabagas, turnips and parsnips in the proportions you like. You could add a bit of garlic and parsley. Pile these in a Dutch oven or deep pot and add water just to reach the top layer of vegetables, and shake in some pepper, with about 1/2 teaspoon salt. Boil them 'til they are done but still firm—about 20 minutes, depending on how thick you slice them. Then place the fish on top of the vegetables and let simmer (not a full boil) until the fish is well cooked. At this point, you can take the fish and the vegetables out and arrange them on a platter, bring the broth to a full boil until it cooks down a bit, and pour some of it over the food. If you don't want to do that, just ladle the grub into plates or bowls.

Fresh black cod is a bit more difficult for most people to love, I guess. But here's a recipe I made up awhile back that has converted several people and prompted Barry to make me food and philosophy editor in the first place.

FRESH BLACK COD THAT TASTES GOOD

For each person, allow 1/2 pound cod, as many potatoes as you feel they will want, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, some parsley, 1/2 lemon and maybe some tarragon or rosemary, if you like it. Melt a little butter or fat or oil in a large pot, and fry the onion and garlic in it. Wash but don't peel the potatoes and cut them into quarters. Put the potatoes in the pot and add water halfway up their sides. Squeeze the lemon (and some white vermouth if you really want to be fancy) and add the herbs and a good shake of pepper. Then taste and add salt or soy sauce until the broth is salty but not overpowering. It should be quite lemony—if it isn't, add more. You could even add a touch of vinegar if you run out, but make sure the broth is tart. Cook the same as the last recipe—when the potatoes are done, steam the fish. The broth is good to put in a bowl or gravy boat for people to spoon over their plates. The combination of garlic, lemon and salt keeps the cod from seeming overly oily or fishy. This works well for snapper, humpy, and other oily fish. For a special

occasion you could thicken the sauce with egg yolks—at least one yolk per cup. Beat them with a fork for about 20 strokes and then beat in a bit of the hot broth. Then pour the yolk mixture into the pot while you stir. (Don't allow to boil.)

Brined black cod is pretty hard to take as is, but I think if you soak it in fresh water overnight (or at least an hour or two) and then drain and rinse a couple times, it would be good cooked just as above without the salt.

It's easy to just warm up some halibut or king salmon, and it's good too. But sow's-ear-into-silk-purse cooking demands more love—love of the materials, love of the people to be fed, love of the discipline and craft of cooking. And because it demands more, the rewards in skill and pride are, for me, larger. The beauty of a native culture—any truly native culture, anywhere—and the beauty of a family, a community, is in precisely this discipline. Whether you want to talk about adobe houses, halibut hooks, Thanksgiving dinner or fiddle music makes no difference. The essential is the love, inventiveness, and craftsmanship that transform necessity into delight and duty into gift.

At the International Women's Day potluck I washed dishes. And sorted the salad forks and dinner forks. And put things away. Nothing to mention, except that people tried to make me stop, to go "have fun." Sisters! That gift to you, that has been your mothers' and your grandmothers' gift to you—an attention to what must be done, a devotion to the comfort of others, the creation of a sanctuary. Despite the fact that it may not have been chosen—because of its not having been chosen—it has been done with grace, and it has been a substantial gift. Until we accept that gift we cannot accept ourselves, and our movement remains one of envy rather than possibility. Surely it is right for men and women to demand freedom and choice. Just as surely, we must realize that it is not from making choices that wisdom satisfaction or worth proceed, but from the work of making sense of our circumstances, chosen or unchosen. "Style," as Tom Robbins reminds us, "is everything." With vegetables, lovers, or cities, kindness and humor work their slow but magic changes.

Fall Morning

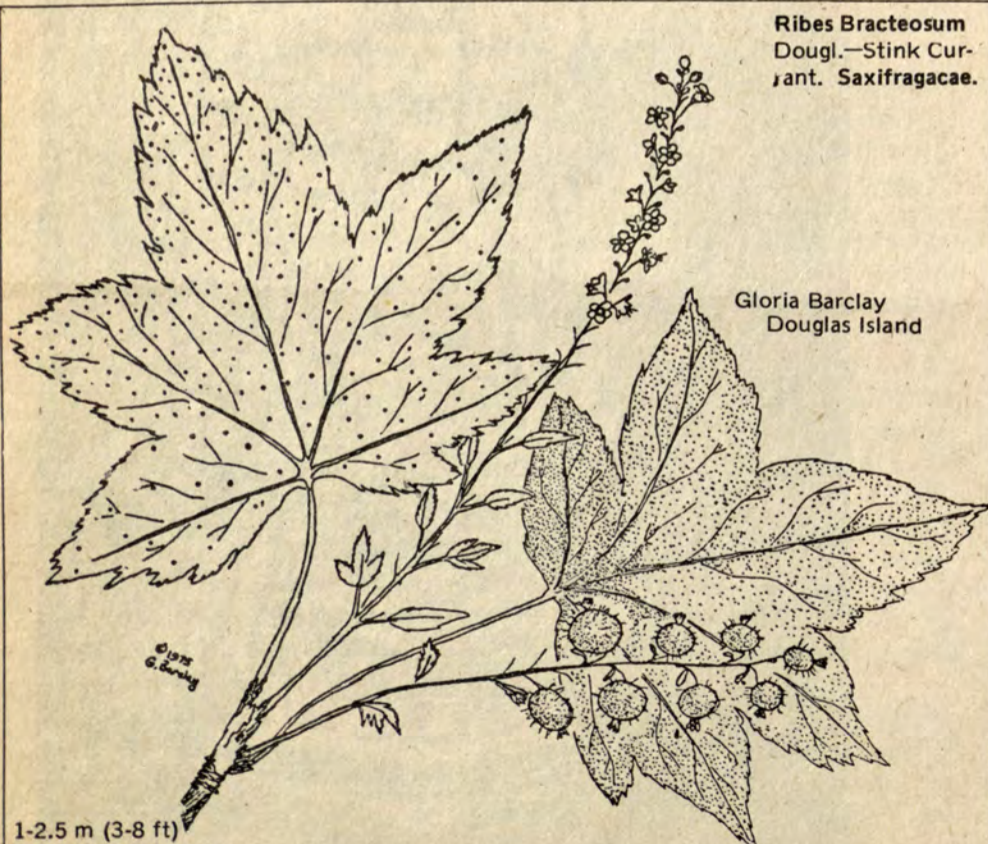
*The blue grey wetness of fog and water
fish and ducks
floats slowly up this valley
touches the mountains with its tongue.
The wind blows and the brew is stirred,
fog, water, fish and ducks.*

Sharon Shaver Kennedy

School for Scandal

Tom Snapp, editor and publisher of the All Alaska Weekly, looked at the 2 University of Alaska articles I handed him. He read. He sighed. Within minutes, he coughed, looked up and observed, 'Perfectly true, this all's been goin' on for years and years. Trouble is, most of the reporters that come to town are new here. They come to Fairbanks, & stay for 6 months at the 'News Miner'; then they get a job on a good paper stateside, & leave quicker than you can say, 'hobbollie-gobbollie!'. They aren't here long enough to see how these Alaskans are twisted together in public, politics, and business. Now look here....'on & on & on....Tom lead me through potential leads we could follow-up — grim mazes through the Land Office, through the Board of Regents' bedrooms and boardrooms, and on into the public's bilked pockets: a grim maze all convoluted like the infuriated snakes on a Gorgon's dandruff-ridden head. 2 hours of these detailed trails showed that our 'discoveries' about corruption at the University of Alaska had merely itched the surface of a belly gangrenous with chronic appendicitis. I wobbled out of his haywire citadel overlooking 2nd Street with another headache coming on, left for the airport with only a pocket of loose change for coffee and a phone call for a borrowed ticket home to the 'Chief Seattle'....to hide in the foc'sle & scream into the night (thank you Barbara).

'Time to get up!' the freshly on-duty 6am cop tapped my boots, 'Customers coming in, can't have this place looking like the Salvation Army!' I felt like a seedy shanghai'd sailor in the salvation navy.... The cop ambled on down towards the Alaska Airlines Desk, with their slogan, 'We've got Alaska Cornered'.



Ribes Bracteosum
Dougl.—Stink Currant. Saxifragaceae.

Gloria Barclay
Douglas Island

1-2.5 m (3-8 ft) tall; stems unarmed; leaves large, 5-7 lobed, lobes toothed at edges, underside dotted with tiny resin glands; flower raceme 8-30 cm (3-12 in) long, erect, 15-50-flowered;

flowers purplish to greenish; berries black, glandular; strong odor.



UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA
COLLEGE, ALASKA 99701

And that, folks, was the last I saw of the University of Alaska Scandal — fleeing bankrupt into the sunrise with a borrowed airlines ticket clutched to my throbbing, hungover head. It cost us 2 migraines, 1 pistol, 2 weeks of fear & loathing, and the embarrassment of possessing an article that no one wanted. See, having no funds to publish 'Archipelago No. 2', we offered 'School for Scandal' to other media mongers in Alaska. They said:

The Daily News Miner: 'got our own man on the job.'
The All Alaska Weekly: 'we're not that kind of a newspaper.'
KTOO-FM: 'Gone fishing, back in time for legislative funding.'
The Alaska Advocate: 'sorry, lost the article.'

So much for breaking one of the most twisted tales of the decade. Jan & I went to work swamping for a mining company on Admiralty Island....diving for abalone off Biorka Island....and selling bagels on street corners. Finally, we got the coin to publish a paper. Then, when the tale hit the streets in May.....it raised not so much as a crossed eyebrow. Well, since the article didn't raise a spontaneous blast of rage or anguish (only a demented chuckle or 2), we sent copies to the affected (or afflicted) people:

Commissioner of Education: 'For better or worse, the University of Alaska does not fall within the jurisdiction of the Alaska Department of Education. Thanks for the copy of 'Archipelago'. I enjoyed reading the issue. Your request for an 'official response' to the article should be directed to the Postsecondary Commission.'

Postsecondary Commission: 'The Director will not make an official reply'.

University of Alaska: 'The President does not believe the story is deserving of any comment.'

Governor Jay Hammond (press secretary): 'The article, which was both well researched and well written, was very comprehensive....specific questions concerning the management of the University would be most appropriately directed to the Board (of Regents)....The Governor has great faith in the American justice system, and is confident that inappropriate actions will be rectified.'

A Friend: 'I think you are beating a solid drumhead in your crusade to get a conflict of interests investigation going. You must recognize, however, that the whole matter is such an embarrassment to the public, the legislature, and people possessing a general sense of good will toward the UA, that the general response is going to be to try and ignore it in the hopes it will go away....I agree that an alternative selection system for the Board (of Regents) is in order — or at least a better check and balance system for the present one.'

Oh wee i oh-h-h.....a round robin of contradictions.....a mobius of madness.....oh well, we're only taxpayers. So, I took the Skull & Crossbones of the University to Alaska's 'roving predator, prowling beyond the campfire, waiting for the precise moment to attack' — the Ombudsman. He concurred — there was 'food for investigation.' And that is where the Jolly Roger that Jan & I stole from the University of Alaska is now — in the mill of justice in Anchorage with the Ombudsman.

Will Justice prevail? Will Right flourish in the high wind over College like a noble banner of citizen education? Or will that banner be a mud splattered skull & crossbones hung over the Board of Regents' closed meetings.....Rich Schmitz of the University's 'Polar Star' hit a nail on the head when he suggested that Jay Hammond would do well to appoint Darth Varder as the next Regent.....consistency.....

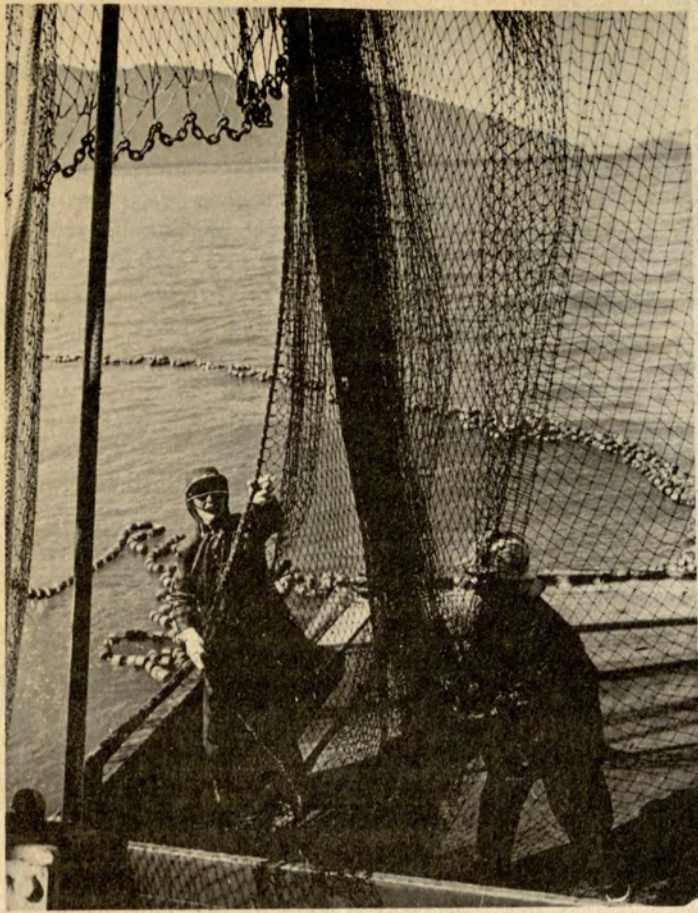


photo by George Figdor
Paradise Cove

Seine Netting
Petersburg

TUNA FISHING

~Christie

Spitting sea,
Hogging us all each night,
We stumble above you,
Hug the stern of our whiny boat
With bruised thighs.
Spitting sea,
We extricate blood-eyed fish
From your grey fists,
Our gloved hands clenched too,
Praying for taut lines,
For tons of tumbling tuna.

We stare, meek like those shocked swimmers,
Clogged with want, to turn home,
off Vancouver Island 1973

A Day at the Cannery

by E. E. Simpson

Ketchikan, Alaska

Sept. 5, 1977

100th Anniversary of Sitting Bull's
Death

Get up with the birds so you wont be late cuz they wont wait for you on the line. Its grey and raining and you have to walk of course to the other end of town but you're glad for the work even if they only pay you \$4.24 an hour at Whitney/Fidalgo (NEFCO-New England Fish Company) in Ketchikan, Alaska.

You hear the ear-splitting whistle which tells you you're late so you break into a run for the last two blocks and arrive breathless and sweating. You rush into the dressing room and throw on your fish-blood-stained white butcher's smock and your plastic apron, push your hair up inside your white scarf, pull on your rubber boots and run out into the huge, cavernous warehouse which is stacked full with a hundred thousand cases of gleaming gold tincans filled with salmon—sockeye, humpy, coho, king and dog. . . You race through the warehouse and throw open the swinging doors to the main cannery where all the other workers are already busily engaged in their monotonous menial tasks. You get to your station on the mainline just as the cans begin piling up because of your tardiness. The supervisor eyes you reproachfully—if you had been much later the conveyor belt might have been shut down while they waited for a replacement for you (and there are plenty of down-and-outers hungry for your job hanging around the gate all day)—if they had had to stop the line even for a few minutes you probably would have been fired because they dont like stopping for anything, especially a stinking peon like yourself. At the cannery, time is MONEY and if you cant keep up with the frantic tempo YOU get canned.

You have been assigned to the patch table. Your job is to inspect full cans of fish before the lids are sealed on. You must pull all the flawed cans off the constantly moving conveyor belt and "patch" (cut and trim and refill) them if: (1) any bones are sticking up above the top edge of the can which might keep the lid from sealing, (2) any skin is hanging over the edge which also would prevent a tight seal,

or (3) if the can is not full enough you must take it off the line and put more fish in it so it weighs one pound. You are provided with incredibly dull scissors which make it quite a challenge to cut off the overhanging bones and skin.

The belt is moving fast at the rate of three cans per second so you are dealing with 180 cans per minute and you must "patch" approximately 1/3 of these. It is a rather insanity-generating job. The noise of the machines which hydraulically seal the lids on the cans is deafening. They sound something like miniature pile-drivers pounding out a racky rhythm of three beats a second—BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! All day long so loud you cant talk to the person working

close beside you—if you want to carry on any sort of brief conversation you must put your mouth very close to the other person's ear then scream your words for all your lungs are worth. But even then chances are they wont hear you and they usually holler back: "Huh?" "What?" "What did you say?" So you just give up and go back to cutting off the offending bones and skin with the oh so dull dull dull scissors. You dont really have time to talk while you're working anyway. You dont even have time to pick your nose. Three cans per second is a lot of cans—you've got to keep your eyes on the line of speeding cans even while you're fixing other cans—you must keep your eyes on the line all the time—with one hand you pull off the bad cans while with the other you fix them and put them back—your hands never get a moment of rest between

breaks and neither do your eyes—all day long cans cans cans, three cans per second, 180 cans per minute in the deafening din BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! You cant talk, you cant think you cant daydream or spaceout—to be a good worker you must merge with the machine, become an extension of the automated beast—to endure you become a robot functioning frantically at the mad tempo of three beats per second. BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! Your entire body vibrates to the beat—your bones rattle, your mind shatters. It is a mild form of torture—inhuman—criminal! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! All day! And far into the night!

But you need the money so you go back day after day into the pounding purgatory—handling fish, breathing fish, thinking fish, stinking of fish. For just a little over four dollars an hour. Its not worth it you think but your alternatives are few because you're (a) a hippie weirdo, (b) a stereotyped Indian, (c) a musician with a busted kazoo, (d) an editor on the dodge from the Internal Revenue Service (e) all of the above. . . who has trouble getting jobs. You spend the day staring at cans cans cans until you lose your sense of identity and all sense of reality until nothing exists but cans cans cans, BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM! BOOMBOOMBOOM!

You must work until all fish unloaded from boats that day are safely gutted, chopped up and crammed into cans, bones and all. Sometimes during the peak of the season you work 16 hours or more each day with no days off. You're losing sleep and losing your mind but you're making time and a half in overtime (\$6.36 per hour) so you think you're getting rich an who needs sleep or sanity when you've got a chance to make a couple thousand bucks for the summer?

The cannery building is a simple drafty structure with a cement floor, tin walls and a tin roof. A long wide building, it ex-

Petersburg Seining

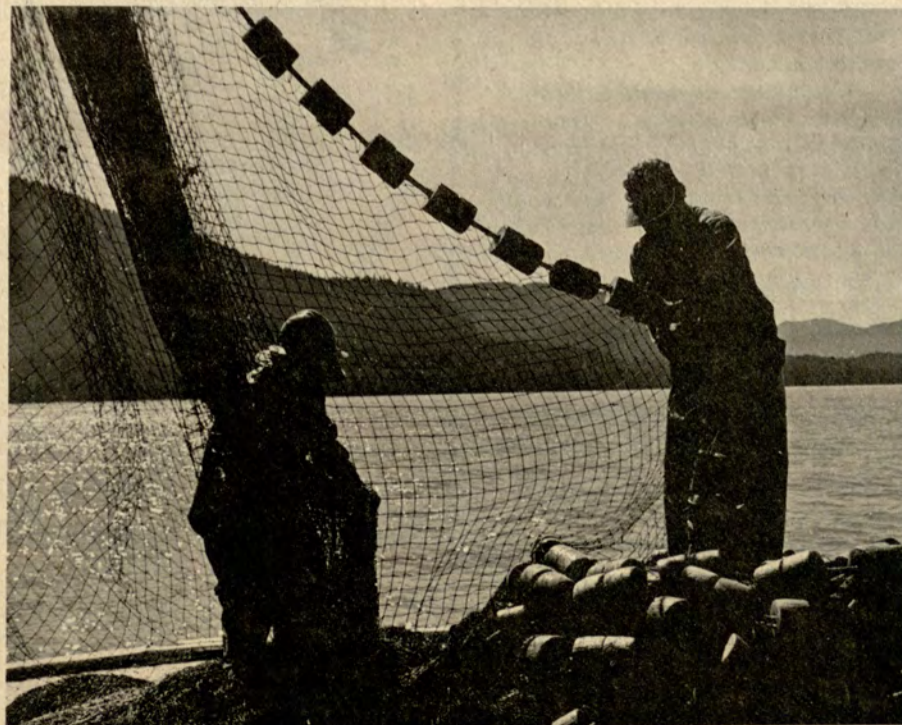


Photo by George Figdor, Paradise Cove

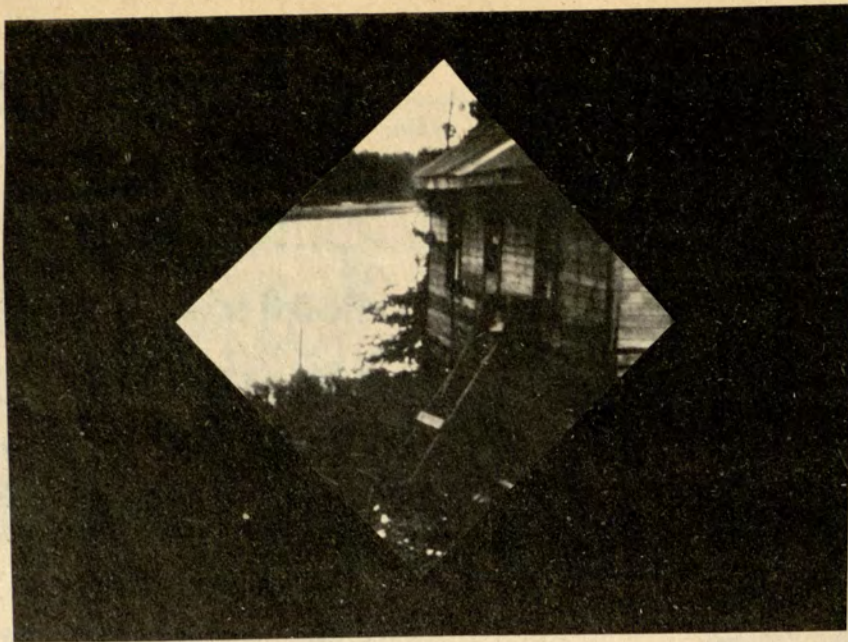
(continued on page 8)

A Day at the Cannery

(continued from page 7)

tends from the dock where the fresh fish are brought in to the highway out front where tractor/trailer rigs haul away the finished product. A pound can of the stuff sells in grocery stores for something like a minimum of \$4—there are usually two lines going on at the NEFCO cannery processing 360 cans a minute for a total of about 260,000 cans during an average 12-hour day. At \$4 per can that's about a million dollars a day.

Fishpacker boats (usually about the size of tugboats but sometimes much larger) take on salmon from fishing boats out on the fishing grounds then when full return to the cannery to unload. The conveyor belt starts outside on the dock at the rear of the cannery and conveys the fish through a series of ingenious machines and exploited workers (who have jobs only because machines haven't yet been invented that can work as cheaply as human labor) which jointly remove the guts and scales, chop off the heads and tails, scrape off the slime, separate the roe from the guts and put the eggs on another conveyor belt which transports them to the "egg house" where they are packed in salt to be made into a low-grade caviar. (Rumor has it that the egg house alone pays the operating expenses of the entire cannery—a good worker can pack a 25-pound box of eggs in 5 minutes—12 boxes an hour. These boxes are shipped to Japan and are worth about \$400 per box when they leave the egg house. Thus, one good worker is making the cannery \$4800 an hour. By the time the eggs are repacked in Japan into one-ounce jars which sell for from \$10-\$15 a jar, each box is worth close to \$4000. At that price, one worker is handling about \$48,000 worth of eggs each hour. It seems extremely unjust that a worker is paid about \$4 an hour to make somebody else filthy rich. (Somebody is



Yakutat

Photograph by Crystal Tack

making a bundle but it sure isn't the worker.)

Once the eggs have been removed, the gutted, headless tailless salmon ride the conveyor belt to the "filler table" where workers feed them into the chopping/canning machine which chops the fish into can-size chunks and stuffs the pieces into cans along with some salt and preservatives. (One day a worker on the filler table got disgusted at the poor quality of some of the fish so she threw a half-rotten humpy on the floor in protest but a supervisor picked it up and put it into the chopper with a warning to the worker not to "waste" any more valuable merchandise. The cannery already paid the fishermen for the fish, so according to their reasoning if they don't put it all in cans, no matter how decomposed it might be, they are losing money, even if they have to poison a few unsuspecting Japanese or Hoosiers they are for damned sure going to turn a fat profit.)

After the fish is machine-fed into cans it rides the belt to the patch table where the finishing touches take place. Then into the lid-sealing machine and on to the end of the line where humans load the sealed cans into huge steam ovens which cook the fish until the bones are soft. Then the cans are stacked to cool and await shipment by boat, by truck and by plane to all parts of the world—not to feed the hungriest people but to those who can afford a luxury item.

Throughout the inside of the cannery near the ceiling are fluorescent blacklights glowing an eerie purple all day and all night. You don't know why they are there—you never get a free moment to ask. You come to work at 8:30 a.m. You get a fifteen minute coffee break at 10 a.m. (the cannery provides free coffee and tea and stale cookies), you get an hour off for lunch (you provide your own lunch), you get another coffee break at 3 in the after-

noon, an hour for supper at 5 p.m., another 15 minute coffee break at 9, again at midnight, and again at 3 a.m. if you work that late which sometimes you do. You are expected to show up punctually bright and early the next morning no matter how late you worked the night before. Just one fuck-up and you're canned; no second chances—there are a dozen desperate unemployed people dying to take your job.

But not everything about the cannery is a drag. For example, some of the machinery is quite old, dating back to the establishment of the cannery in 1914, and is prone to frequent breakdowns. The cannery owners hate breakdowns because they are losing money but to the workers they are the greatest "breaks" of all, moments of pure joy because you get an unexpected reprieve from the overwhelming noise and madness and you go outside and light up a cigarette or maybe even a reefer if you're lucky and bless mechanical fallibility. Maybe the sun is shining brightly by now and you watch the water sparkle and wish you could go fishing or mountain-climbing but instead the line starts up again with a roar and you must plunge back again into the damp dim fishy depths of the diabolic, loud, oppressive food factory. Your feet ache, your legs ache, your back aches from standing all day on the hard concrete floor. Your hands are sore and blistered from cutting bones and skin with those ridiculously dull scissors. Your eyes are swimming your head is spinning from watching the endless parade of cans cans cans...

But at last the final shrill ear-piercing whistle blasts mercifully relieving you from your dreary duty and you're stumbling wearily homeward thinking of nothing but sleep and all the way you see visions of golden cans dancing before you. Finally thankfully home, in bed, you fall into a deep exhausted slumber only to dream of cans cans cans...

Seasons of sowing and sawing, milling &

mulching -- Seasons of cider and syrup,

of hay and the harness -- Seasons all

playing leapfrog to my typewriter here in Alaska.....with love 1887.....1977.



Aunt Lou and Uncle Lawrence at The Farm in Belgrade, Maine about 1915.

Togus Pond, Maine.
April 1977

Dear Barry

My father left home in St. George, Quebec for the U.S.A. when he was a young lad of 17. He arrived here in Maine with other young men from Canada. In Augusta he met my mother and got married, and they moved on to Livermore Falls where I was born. He worked as a machinist at the paper mill there. He would be called out at all hours of the night to go fix some machine which was out of order...he no more than get to bed when some one would come after him to go back to fix some other machine. He didn't have much rest. Even though he had built a new home, he got tired of working like that. So he bought a farm in Belgrade, Maine, even though he only had a driving horse and a wagon. No farming tools to work -- he had to do everything by hand. Both my mother and father worked hard. They planted a large garden and mother canned a lot of different vegetables and fruit. Us 7 kids in the family picked all sorts of berries for my mother to make jam and jellies. In the summer, my father would get up at 3 am to mow hay by hand before the sun would get too hot. The whole family helped -- it took about 2 to 3 weeks before it was finished. Then it was harvest time & us kids would stay out of school about 3 days to help to pick potatoes.

We also had lots of cows. Mother made sometimes 25 lbs. of butter a week which you could buy for 25 cents a pound. For eggs we got 10 cents a dozen. Mother made her own bread, doughnuts, cookies & pies.

In the Fall, my dad used to go and thresh grain for other people, and he would make cider in our cider mill.

In the Winter months he would cut wood for the house, which was about 20 cord; and he also cut another lot to sell. He did this the old way --didn't have thing to work with like they have today. This hard wood had to be dry. so it would stay under cover until next winter when he then would take it to market and sold it for \$8 a cord. It would take him 3 hours to get to town with the horses and wood. It was 10 miles. Sometimes a bad storm would come up while he was gone and when he would get home his eyelashes and moustache would be all frozen with ice along with the horses. It was a hard trip.

In the Spring, Dad made maple syrup and maple sugar and saw lumber for himself & other people. He used a saw run by horses walking in a harness in a circle. I can't remember the name of that machine.

These are some of the things I remember from so long ago, Barry. They are good to know.

love,
Aunt Lou

The Archipelago is a non-profit cooperative journal creating a sense of COMMUNITY in Southeastern Alaska. We owe our existence to those who share with us -- ideas, articles, poetry, essays, music, photos, drawings and ohh-h yes... Money. We need subscriptions and donations. Thank you in advance, Archipelago

You bet!

I'd like to subscribe. (\$11 for 24 issues)

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'Listen, kid, for 11 bucks you too can have a subscription to 'Archipelago'!'



"Gimme back my kids quarter!"

Last February, I was earning my daily bread as a cab driver in Boston. I awoke one bitter cold morning to find a large manila envelope stuffed halfway through the mail slot in the front door of the apartment building I lived in. The envelope contained a note and what appeared to be a small circular of some sort.

The note turned out to be an obscene one, obviously written by some demented crank. How he had come by my address I could not imagine. After reading that note, I was surprised, upon glancing through the circular, to find articulate, sensitive articles with excellent illustrations—to make a readable and informative journal of art and literature. This journal was (of course) the debut issue of *Archipelago*.

Archipelago and myself have changed since February. It's been a rocky road for both of us. We're both in the same states now: Alaska and confusion.

Much of *Archipelago's* original energy and direction have dispersed. Folks who were involved with them then, are now directing their energies into new fields of worthy endeavor.

Archipelago's third printed issue finds itself sustained by the efforts of contributors and the yeomanlike industry of only one of the original cast of characters.

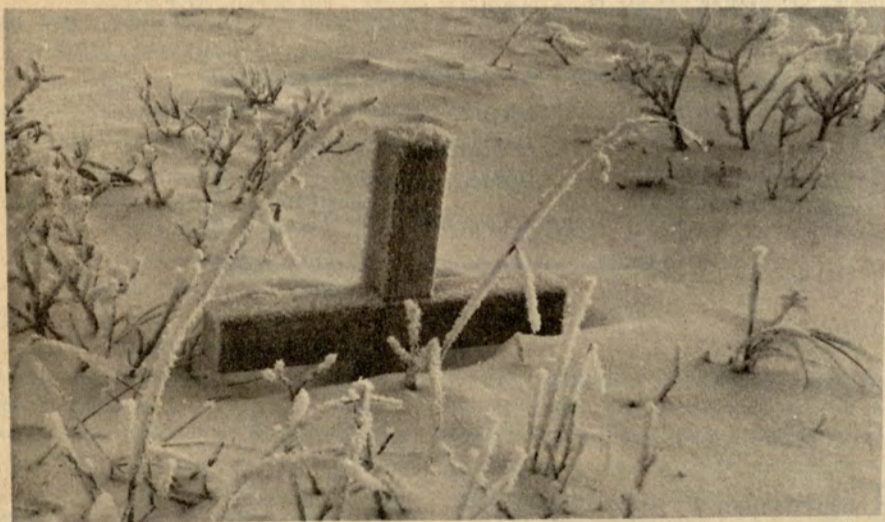
With trembling hands, slurred speech, wandering mind, and a nervous tic beneath his left eye, the intrepid Senior Editor—badly in need of a beer and one month in the asylum of his choice—has put the third printed issue of this paper together. It hasn't been easy. This brings us to the bush I've been beating about 'til now. He—I dare not say WE for fear of lawsuits—is in need of a compass heading. What should *Archipelago* become? Supposedly it was created for you all out there in Southeast Alaska. What would you like? Do you want political articles damning the established order—or calling for the National Guard to establish order? Is there a demand for poetry and song? Information on homesteading, perhaps? Reports on artistic and crafty people in the area? Would you like to know how to raise guinea fowl? or play the bagpipes or where to learn to play them? or none of the above? or...all...?

If you want to know anything at all, please tell us. If you already know and would like to share some knowledge, please DO! We can't begin to be a serious journal without your contributions—we ain't the New York Times. We are one overworked, basically unstable person in need of encouragement, financial aid, articles, songs, thoughts, poems and ideas. We thank those of you who have helped in the past and beg you all for help now and in the future. Although it's been said many times, many ways, it always comes down to "Community" involvement. Please help in any way you can.

Our new address is:

Archipelago
 c/o Chilkat Press, Port Chilkoot
 Haines, Alaska

Bob
 Business Manager



photograph by Crystal Tack

The sun comes out ten minutes a week
 This is no place for the frail or the meek
 There are wolves and bears and businessmen too
 The former don't hurt you but the latter sure do
 The wind and the snow will chill to the toes
 The outrageous bills will bring deeper woes
 The oil and the garbage, the lights and the water
 Will come to so much you must sell off your daughter
 The costs of it all will cause you to wonder
 Why not be a pirate and live off the plunder
 So buy you a business, raise price to the rafter
 Spit on the poor and live ever after ~

anon.

John Svensen is a notorious high altitude adventurer of Southeast's peaks, icefields & society. A veteran mountaineer, his trails and techniques with pen and alpenstock are legend. His "Dock Sketch" is a view of an "Abalone's Everest." For ascents of mountains, icefields or sensitive sketchpads: John Svensen, School of Alaskan Climbing and Preservation, Box 953, Auke Bay, Alaska.

ARCHIPELAGO

Volume 1, Number 6
October 1977

THE AFT END

Thanks for looking after our late, erstwhile, en route staff—Jan & Jim—on their ways to Taku. . .all of you thanx & love between Ketchikan and Juneau.

"Don't you write anything for the paper?" asked a decrepit cannery worker in Petersburg of me, the itinerant baggiping paperboy. Announcement: all unsigned articles are written by the Senior Editor—have been, will be.

signed: The Senior Editor

Notice: A person in Port Alexander wrote me a letter asking about co-ops. I lost the letter. schmuck. yeh. I'm sorry. Write me a letter again. I will answer right away (last time you caught me with one foot in a plane flying to Kotzebue). I have a book for you on co-ops and advise you to write Ralph Buzzard of the Petersburg Consumers' Co-op.

If anyone has old editions (No's 2 and now 3!) of ARCHIPELAGO and isn't saving them until the corn cob is gone, we'd really be happy to get some back for recycling. Thanks.

The masthead says this is the 6th edition. . . "wow!" sez you. "time sure goes by fast when you're having a good time." Anyhow, Jim Gordon & I celebrated September 18th, "Gold Day" (per the Governor's proclamation), by producing a 1/2-hour radio-show/cassette of "Gold and the Rush Thereof." The tape costs \$1.50 (minimum) & our time was long & laborious (but with consummate skill & production). One edition of ARCHIPELAGO costs 50 cents & so by elementary slide-ruling, the tape = 3 editions.

A Paper with Teeth: Our papers are read by those they concern. (See "School for Scandal," page 6, this issue.) Any articles that accuse, abuse, or ridicule are sent to the defendant for comment (which oftentimes is a "click" and dead air on the phone line or a deaf-mute secretary). So, we do more than push the newsprint out the press here!

We are writing up a grant proposal for the Winter of '78. It will be a conference for alternative organizations in Southeast—to get together and discuss networking, cooperation and channels of communication between each other and with the public. Would any interested folks/organizations please write us a letter stating interest in participation, for inclusion as support in the proposal and for help with the conference plans.

Wow. . .thanks. . . I wrote a list of folks to thank for everything from stitched trousers to bagpipe money to carpet space and on into smoked salmon and homebrew dinners. . .wow. . .thanks! As Bob said, looking at the list, "Hell, that'll take up a whole page, continued into two editions!" So, to all you folks, thanks & I've got a hug for you to go with the paper!

photo by Ms. Terwilliger



standing (l to r): bill, bob;
kneeling (l to r): christie, nancy;
seated (l to r): justin, edward the bear, barry;
in the woodpile: marlene.

Fill in the spaces, make funny faces and SNAP!

"Publish!" s/he cried and ran screaming from the barroom.

Archipelago is an occasional journal, totally independent and owing no allegiance to anyone, a non-partisan forum for south-eastern Alaska, from Yakataga to Tongass.

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calligrapher & poet: christie
patron & savior: nancy sogge

Please post any Classified or Unclassified Ads or Announcements to us at Archipelago. Commercial Ads = \$7 per column inch. Unclassified Ads = 50 cents for any reasonable length. Announcements are "on us."

Subscriptions = \$11/24 issues.

Brooke Kocsis: Thanks for the beautiful calligraphy in our last edition.
Peter Smith: Thank you with fove! for bringing ARCHIPELAGO and the Senior Editor from the depths.

Phyllis Barbour and her dad: Hi, y'all, down in North Carolina (beyond Ketchikan, isn't it?). . .hope you're all sharing a happy reunion and shrimp!

the dealers
(north to south):

borealis book shop — fairbanks

the book store — homer

the chilkat bakery — haines
sourdough pizza

baranof bookstore — juneau
hearthside books
alaska music company

the healthnut — petersburg

the resource — ketchikan

old harbor books — sitka
new archangel

alaska wilderness expeditions — wrangell

& sundry dealers in the villages,
camps & coves

Yes we made a mistake at the top of page ten
It's a bood thing we caught it in time to apologize for it.