

Providence don't fire no blank cartridges, boys. So remember, when you're settin' there, as confident as a Christian with 4 aces, a Smith & Wesson beats them 4 aces every damn time!

Mark Twain in his, 'Visit to Sitka, Alaska', 1897.

When 'Archipelago' was being born in the bilges of the salmon troller, 'Chief Seattle', the senior editor got hungry. He was trying to establish a news paper empire with a \$38/week unemployment check. It was Thursday. The week's check had just come. It was raining. 'Hell', he thought, 'I haven't had a steak for a decade of months.' A quick trip to Foodland produced 2 tiny London broil steaks, all swaddled in glossy white butcher's paper and smeared with a greese pencil to the tune of \$4. He gleefully clambered back aboard the 'Chief', slavering with anticipation. He placed the package atop the hold hatch & went below to crank up the engine and stove. As usual, the engine had another attack of senility and the stove blew up with a puff of soot that made Vesuvius look like the Sitka Mill during an NEPA investigation. 1/2 an hour later, the senior editor crawled back on deck looking like a Welsh coal pony. Drooling in hungry anticipation, he heard 2 ravens call. A sign. Lo, there on the hatch cover lay a bloody package that looked like a clumsily gutted sheep. 2 ravens perched atop the pilings by the tips of the trolling poles, 20 feet above in the mist. Bits of red meat fell thru the rigging from their slovenly feast.

Alaska is a steak. All the opportunists, multi-national corporations and do-gooding mass believers peck off chunks of Alaska atop their own private pilings. All Alaskans want is a well deserved meal, but all we're getting are the bloody remains!

Last November, the business manager of 'Archipelago' met the senior editor at 'Lulu White's', a Dixieland joint in the South End of Boston. The senior editor had just fled Sitka (see the back page), had just got off a 747, had a great need for beer, and he wished to confer with the paper's economic advisor (who suggested Bolivia). The Car-Hop refused to let us in. We were clean and well mannered. However, we were dressed like Southeast Alaskans -- we still wore our only foot-gear -- fishing boots; not unlovely in appearance. While we stood arguing decorum with the Car-Hop, he opened the door for 3 well dressed ladies. The ladies wore knee-high boots, too; but fashioned out of rayon instead of rubber. These boots were made in Japan from rayon that was formed from pulp that came from Alaska cedars in Southeast Alaska. It was amazing to see an Alaska cedar walk into a Boston disco; but when we explained this 'Alaska Connection' to him, the Car-Hop looked at us with an expression of fear and pity. He quickly stepped inside and shut the door.

Alaskans are getting the door shut on themselves hard and fast these days. It's up to us to open and shut our own doors. As George Shaw said in Sitka, 'It is a question of your food and lodging, and therefore part of your life. If you do not settle it for yourself, the people who are encouraging you to neglect it will settle it for you; and you may depend on it, they will take care of their own shares and not of yours, in which case, you may find yourself some day without any share at all!'. And this is so true, whether those deciders are the Fisheries Board, Alaska Lumber and Pulp or the Sierra Club.

Jay Hammond said in his Budget Address of 1977, that we cannot have a quality environment until we have a quality economy. However, a quality economy is not the same as a quantity economy. Since the pipeline dollars, Alaskans have gotten hooked on the quantity of money like a desperate junkie. Now the pipeline is gone, Alaskans are ready to rape, maim and mutilate for their fix of bucks.

In Sitka, last July -- a year ago -- at the d-2 Hearings, Seiberling was asked about alternatives to multi-national corporations based in Seattle, Tokio, Seoul, Vladivostok or Portland. What about co-ops? What plans has the government got to help off-set the desperate economy of a land-lock-up? Seiberling is a good man who has seen the terror that a coal company can wreak in his land. However, his reply was as stupid as the testimonies of the mill workers and the Sitka Assembly (which no doubt suffered in their translation from the Japanese). 'Yes,' he said, 'co-ops are very good; you have very fine arts and crafts co-ops here in Alaska.'

Ohmygodinheaven.....what we need are hardcore industrial co-ops. We need working people's co-operatives in timber, mining, agriculture, fisheries and food. The namby-pamby view of co-ops died with Whistler's Mother. Shrimp are bought from the fishermen at 90 cents per lb. They are sold to the Seattle public at \$6 per lb. Alaskans can't get them. Timber is cut in Southeast, lumbered Outside and sold back to Alaska at a 5000% mark-up. Shrimp and Cedar. But the gears are shifting down & out of high-powered big business -- gearing down to us individual Southeast Alaskans. Things are happening this year for us! Read 'Archipelago'. Come to the August Conference and see how you can help yourself help Alaska.

Free land for Alaskans

BY KRAIG SCHWARTZ
Juneau

The Governor's Office is suffering from pre-land-rush hysteria (perhaps hallucinosis); the Department of Natural Resources is grasping for time and programs; fear rests in the heart of many the bureaucrat; but, Mike Beirne (pronounced 'burn'), candidate for Lt. Governor and legislator from Anchorage, is determined that Alaskans should have and deserve land. Free land -- 30,000,000 acres of it -- is the offering of the Beirne sponsored initiative that will appear on the ballot this Fall. If passed, this initiative will enable most Alaskans to eventually obtain good sized pieces of land.

This is not an homestead act! There is virtually no sweat and toil involved. Pure and simple, it is a land give away program. If you have resided in Alaska for 3 years or more, you merely stake out your claim on state land that is vacant, unreserved and not appropriated. You then file your claim and pay the filing fee of \$75 to the State Division of Lands. Upon completion of a survey (you have 5 years) the land is yours. In fact, if you hurry, you can be granted title 90 days after the filing date.

Does it sound sort of like the 19th Century Land Rush days? Well, it sure does! Beirne's initiative seems too broad, too sweeping and potentially plagued with serious problems. However, the initiative has set a fire in the Hammond Administration. Hammond, trying to steal Beirne's thunder, is proposing several land disposal programs that are currently being evaluated in the Legislature. Unfortunately, the various Administration proposals are rather limited. Some of the Administration proposals combine various disposal approaches -- homesteading, outright purchase, and a limited give away program. But, the total amount of land in the Administration proposals that will be available for disposal is about 50,000 acres per year. Considering that there are 450,000 people in this state, that amount is very modest. So modest that it appears that the Administration is not seriously empathizing with the land hunger of Alaskans.

Under the Beirne Initiative, if all 30,000,000 acres of land are given away, that will only put 8% of of the State's land in private ownership. Under the Beirne Initiative, it may take 15 years to give away 30 million acres. Under Hammond's various proposals, it will take 600 years! I don't think the mortals of this election year have that much time.

So, as voters, we are left with the choice of Beirne's initiative that will give all 3 year residents at least 40 acres (20 in Southeast) or supporting the Hammond proposals and hoping that some day you just might get some land. The choice seems quite clear --

the Beirne Initiative is the only way that Alaskans can secure land in the immediate future.

In many ways, this choice is a regrettable one. Beirne's initiative does have some serious problems. But, it does meet the land needs of Alaskans and should be supported for that reason. The Hammond proposals fall far short of satisfying Alaskan land hunger. However, we should be aware of the problems and shortcomings of the Beirne Initiative:

1). It has been argued that the residency requirement of the proposal may be unconstitutional. The argument here is a complex one and will be fought out in the courts. However, states have always had the right to set residency requirements for its citizens who benefit from use of that state's resources, i.e., residency requirements for colleges and universities. Also, it is important to note that the 'Hippie Homestead' Act passed in 1977 has been implemented and has not been challenged as being unconstitutional (it also has a residency requirement).

2). Limited land will be available in Southeast. This is a very valid point. there is so little State owned land in Southeast that it is quite probable that many residents of Southeast will be unable to obtain land. Their only alternative will be to obtain it in the Interior or the Southcentral Region, if disqualified by a land lottery system in the Archipelago.

3). Much of the land is very remote and will result in many problems. The initiative provides that the State will be exempt from providing normal services for 15 years; and, because of this, people will suffer hardships, leave the area and sell their land. The argument continues and suggests that speculators will end up with the land and eventually land prices will be very high. This is not a sound argument. If people leave because the land is remote & because of hardship, how could it have that much speculative value? Also, putting 30 million acres on the private market will quadruple the current level of private ownership. This fact alone should have some impact on keeping land prices down; after all, the states with the greatest amount of private owner-

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Illustration by John Svenson
Auke Bay



'Waterfall' by John Gerecht, Whale Bay

Worker Control

by Bob Storrs
Kupreanof Village

In view of the often-expressed desire of the State to invest portions of our oil revenues in projects that promote the development of renewable resource industries with an eye towards local control and economic stability, I urge you to lend an ear to this brief diatribe—vague and unorganized as it may be.

I'm a fisherman—not a lawyer or an economist—nevertheless, a long-standing interest in worker ownership and other co-operative forms of production and distribution caused me to view with astonishment and pleasure the attention now being paid in Alaska to some of the ideas of Luis Kelso. While interest has been expressed in variations upon his General Stock Ownership Plan, we should also be looking closely at his Employee Stock Ownership Plan and other ideas that might facilitate employees sharing co-operatively in the ownership of their businesses.

It is time to examine the possibilities of legislation to provide mechanisms whereby the state could make or guarantee loans assisting cannery workers, co-operatives and/or fishermen's co-operatives in buying out their processing facilities. While such a program could well be applied to other sectors or the economy (i.e., expediting such transfers of ownership as took place at the Daily News-

Miner, or reacting to the possibility of future divestitures in the forest products industry). As a fisherman, I see it particularly as an opportunity to stem the shift to foreign ownership of the Alaskan processing industry and do so in a manner that could increase capitalization and production in the industry at a very critical time.

Such a program would be particularly important at this point because it could provide conduits for the financing of a locally-owned bottomfish industry under the various programs available only to co-operatives, i.e., The Production Credit System and the Bank for Co-operatives out of Spokane. In fact, without a program, such as this (and/or something akin to the proposed Co-operative Development Bank) the recommendations presented by the Interim Committee on Resource Matters as outlined in their report *The Potential for Developing an Alaskan Bottomfish Industry* would be largely hamstrung by the lack of facilities eligible for involvement in PCS/BC financing.

In addition to such financial advantages, worker ownership would tend to provide for the maximum distribution of benefits and incentives and diminish the possibility of labor-management confrontations at a time of growth, when the in-

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FREE LAND by kraig schwartz

(continued from page 1)

ship generally have the lowest land prices (in many cases, those states with the highest population densities).

4). The land, via speculators, will end up in the hands of large oil and mining (or logging) companies and result in a rip-off. This argument has the same validity, but is not a cause for alarm. The sub-surface rights belong to the State. Thus, a corporation interested in oil or mining would still have to deal with the State. At the least, these corporations could still use these speculative lands as staging areas. Southeast, though, may encounter some problems with logging companies. Logging companies could conceivably buy up parcels of land from individuals and log them for a handsome profit.

5). General social upheaval will result from the long-run implementation of the Beirne Initiative. This is based on the assumption that hordes of people will swarm to Alaska for free land—particularly if the residency provision is struck down. This assumption seems to be based on a lot of 'ifs'. Even if the residency provision falls, I'm sure that the lawyers or the bureaucrats can either stop or delay the implementation of the initiative until the election of 1980, at which time the voters could again address the issue. If social

upheaval seemed to be immanent, I'm sure the voters would act accordingly.

6). Environmental impact may be heavy, particularly to game populations. This argument is one of the strongest strikes, in my estimation, against the initiative. Game species in many areas of the state are now in a precarious situation, particularly moose and caribou. The addition of many newcomers (in some areas) will only increase the hunting pressure on these animals. Not only will this put pressure on the game of the State; but it may become a source of bad feelings from Natives. They are struggling to maintain their age old lifestyle in a modern technology. And, increased competition for already scarce game is not going to set easy with them. One point to remember, though, is that, as with sub-surface resources, the State still maintains management of fish and game, whether the land be State or private.

The Beirne Initiative does present some serious questions and problems. However, the opportunity for a more qualified and sound proposal is past. People want land NOW. Not in 1980, not in 1982; they want it now! Meanwhile, the Administration is scurrying around to piece together a disposal plan that will hopefully dissuade voters from supporting the Beirne Initiative. They (Hammond) should have come forth with a disposal plan a long time ago. Hammond blew his chance to promote meaningful land reform in Alaska. The land situation seems to be an all or nothing proposition.



Birds, Eggs Lie In Their Nest
in Spring
Pale turquoise fragile eggs
Small nuggets of life

A whisper of hope
of a song
A promise of birth

A dream to fly
in ether azure altitudes
in sun and rain and wind

TESTIMONY OF CROSS SOUND
HAND TROLLERS DEFENSE ASSOC
BOARD OF FISHERIES ~ APRIL 8, '78
by Jamie Chevalier

I am Jamie Chevalier. I am a hand troller, co-owner and operator of the fishing vessel, 'Han Shan', and I am speaking today as representative of the Cross Sound Hand Troll Defense Association. We have a membership of 165 hand trollers, power trollers, crew members and biologists who have unanimously endorsed the following principles:

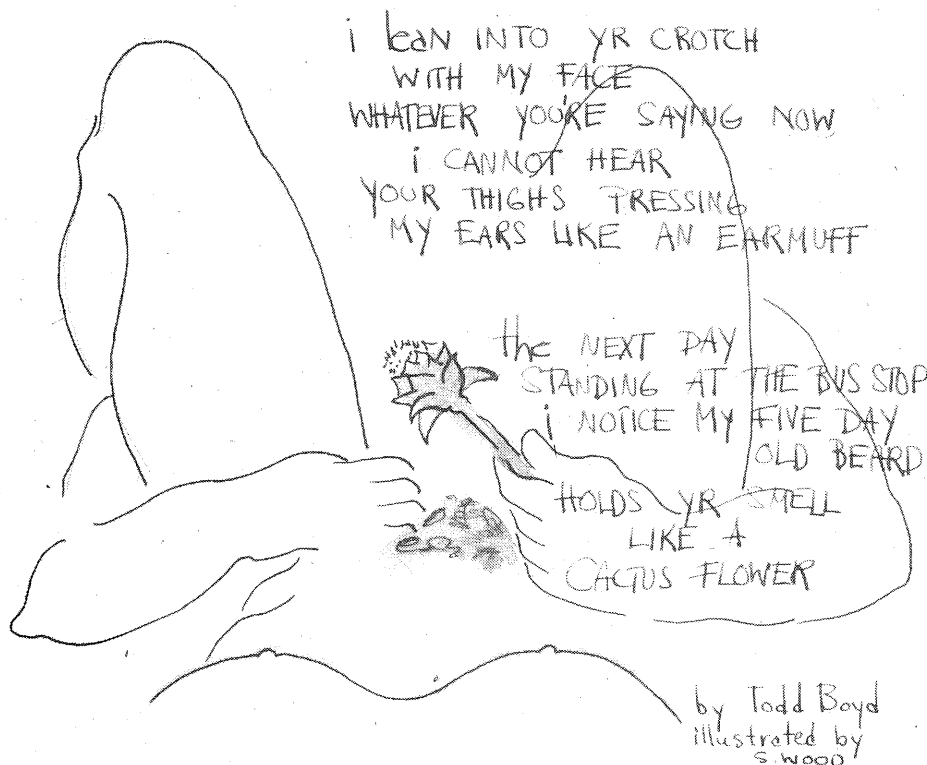
- That
- 1). Hand troll is a traditional, viable fishery.
 - 2). The traditional troll gear of hand powered gurdies and trolling poles is necessary and proper to the fishery and must be retained.
 - 3). Hand troll is the only open-to-entry, low investment fishery & must be defended as such for our children and our children's children.
 - 4). In order to provide for the health and increase of salmon stocks, we support protection of spawning and nursery grounds, spot closures when necessary, and stream rehabilitation measures.

Our testimony on these subjects is guided by our determination to keep fish and not money or personal prejudice, the central concern. We look to the future, and offer our experience and suggestions to the Board in the hope and expectation that later generations will inherit abundant, balanced fish stocks, as well as a traditional hand trolling way of life. We speak to you, our fellow fishermen and citizens, in a spirit of inquiry and good faith. This issue has many interwoven parts; I will try to be clear about both the parts and their interrelationships.

That hand troll is both a traditional and viable lifestyle is clear. Boats with hand powered commercial troll gear were the original troll fleet; followed in the 1920's by boats with mechanical gear; and, around, the 1940's by those with sport type gear. We have an unbroken tradition stretching from the turn of the century to the present, with entire villages established and supported primarily by hand trolling. The diversity of gear in the hand troll fleet has more to do with the fisherman's preference than with efficiency (or lack of it). Sport gear has traditionally worked on king salmon in inside waters. To restrict us to sport gear (or the inside waters), as in some of the proposals before you, today, would thus concentrate hand troll efforts primarily in those areas, placing us in competition with sport fishermen and putting unnecessary pressure on native king stocks.

As for Limited Entry, we realize that the Board does not, itself, administer or propose it. However, we assume that your considerations of the hand troll issue will be comprehensive. Quite simply, we find Open Entry to be the heart of our fishery. We believe that the introduction of either bureaucratic or market criteria to answer the question 'who shall fish?' would distort our fishery past recognition and disrupt a web of controls and relationships—both biological and social.

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WOMEN HELP BATTERED WOMEN

by Barbara Bondi
Juneau

Aggravated assaults against women in Alaska for 1976 were 31.6% higher than the average for the rest of the United States. Alaska ranks 8th in the Nation for aggravated assaults against women. 70 - 80% of all these aggravated assaults are between family members.

Rape in Alaska in 1976 was 75% higher than the entire U.S. average.

50% of all violence is in the home.

Never in Nome has there been a successful prosecution for a battered woman.

In Anchorage & Spenard in 1977, 3.3 calls came in per day to their shelter concerning domestic assault. And in Ketchikan for 1977, 1/2 the reports of assaults were of a domestic nature.

In Bethal, 75% of the assaults occur among the same family members. The doctors see 5 battered wives per week. For every 12 calls reporting assaults to the Bethal Tundra Woman's Colition, only 5 are reported to the police.

Juneau Committee on Assault Against Women helped 77 victims last year.

There is a definite lack of numbers for guidance because there is no seperation between domestic and 'public' assault, and so many domestic beatings and violence go unreported.

Data extracted from Representative Lisa Rudd's speech to the District Attorney's Conference in Fairbanks, 8 June 1978.

The movement to assist women who are victims of domestic violence surfaced as a result of the 1975 International Tribunal on 'Crimes Against Women', held in Brussels, Belgium. As a result, one of the first shelters was established in London by Ms. Pizzey, called "Transition House." Shelters began in Boston and then on the West Coast with Dell Martin in San Francisco. At present there are 40 throughout America.

ALASKA

In 1977, Alaskan Women responded to this need to address issues of domestic violence with a conference in Anchorage. This conference was sponsored by 'Abused Women's Aide in Crisis' and the topic was 'Violence in the Home.' The concerned women voiced the ideas and problems faced by themselves and others in Alaska. This conference initiated ac-

Bottomfish: Will it founder or flounder?

by Larry Cotter
Juneau

Permits Please

A major policy statement by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has opened the doors to foreign processing of American caught fish within the U.S. 200 mile limit. The policy announcement said, in essence, that there was no legal way (under the current Fisheries Management and Conservation Act, which established the 200 mile limit) to forbid U.S. fishermen from selling their catch to foreign processing vessels. Furthermore, the statement made it clear that this policy does not effect only bottom fish, but that all other species harvested within the 200 mile limit could be sold, as well, to the foreign factory ships. In testimony before the Senate Commerce Committee in Washington D.C., James Walsh, deputy administrator for NOAA, said, 'We will approve each application (for permits from foreign countries to buy the fish) if they are consistent with the conservation policies of the Fisheries Management and Conservation Act.'

As of this time, 2 such permits have been issued: one to a joint venture between Bellingham Cold Storage and a Russian company, and the other to the Korean Marine Industry Development Corporation and R.A. Davenny & Associates -- an Alaskan businessman. Both ventures deal with the harvesting and processing of bottom fish.

The policy has been hotly contested by both the processors -- who fear that they cannot compete with the low cost operations -- and fish processing workers -- who fear they will lose out on work opportunity as a result. Also, Senators Magnuson, Stevens and Gravel, with Representative Young, have all introduced amendments to the Fisheries Management and Conservation Act which, to varying degrees,

would forbid foreign processing of American caught fish -- IF there was American processing capability and desire to buy those fish.

The heart of the problem is a twisting maze of fishermen desires, processor desires, fish worker desires, and the continued desires of foreign nations dependent to a large degree on American fish for food and their economy. The one thing they all have in common, though, is the desire for bottom fish -- the life blood of the heart.

Fish Pipeline

The term, 'bottom fish', is a general phrase referring, naturally enough, to fish that live near the bottom of the sea. The quantities of bottom fish within 200 miles of Alaska are enormous. The annual harvest since 1975 has been in the vicinity of 1.8 million metric tons, or roughly 4 billion pounds. The total catch of bottom fish within this area is larger than the combined domestic harvest of all fish throughout the rest of the United States put together. Yet, in 1975 American fishermen harvested 0.5% of the total bottom fish catch, and by the end of 1977, that amount had climbed to only 0.7% -- the rest of the catch going to foreign fishermen.

As an example of just what bottom fish could mean to Alaska, last year's total salmon harvest amounted to only 3% of the total bottom fish catch within 200 miles of Alaska. Governor Hammond has said that the State will need an additional 130 processing facilities and 800 new fishing vessels to meet the demand. Additionally, the Alaska Fisheries Development Corporation (a group made up of fishermen and processors dedicated to the development of the bottom fisheries) estimated that, if, by 1985, American fishermen are harvesting 25% of the current foreign catch adjacent to Alaska, there will

be 17,000 new jobs in the industry. In such hot-spot bottom fish areas as the Aleutians, the State is investigating potential economic impact, taking into account the possible need for a new State ferry system, schools, support industries, food distribution, etc. It is possible that within a decade the amount of revenue derived from the fishing industry in Alaska could exceed the revenue obtained from oil and gas.

Problems

There are problems. Time is of the essence. There is danger that the industry could become based out of Seattle, with huge processing mother ships accompanied by a fleet of smaller fishing boats harvesting and processing the fish without ever touching base in Alaska. An example of this is the 13th Native Regional Corporation's plans to build a group of processing ships to be utilized especially in the Alaskan bottom fishery.

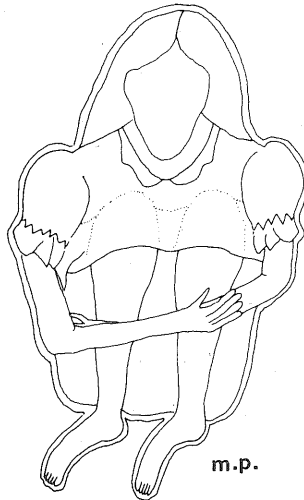
The real problem, though, is economical -- compounded by the need to move fast. The type of boats necessary for bottom fishing range anywhere from \$1 million on up. New processing facilities will have to be built, and existing facilities expanded and modified. Harbors will have to be enlarged. Training schools for both fishermen (how to catch the fish and maintain the quality) and fish workers (how to operate the new equipment necessary for processing the fish) will have to be established. And, to top it off, bottom fish has a poor economic yield -- both for the fishermen and the processors. Thus, the stimulus for the expansion of new processing facilities awaits the proven availability of a profitable market. This is where the significance of NOAA's policy statement on foreign factory ships hits home!

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tion that led to the formal introduction of legislation to fund the pilot project of a shelter in Anchorage. This legislation passed the House and Senate and was signed by the Governor in July of 1977. It appropriated \$200,000 for a shelter to provide safety, emotional support, counseling and technical aid in the assistance of victims of domestic abuse of women.

At this point, other groups around the State that had begun locally, responded. Centering on Anchorage, an informal network grew up of concerned women in Alaska. The distances involved between Alaskan communities encouraged this sharing of ideas and resources, and in October 1977 an informal networking conference was held in Anchorage of all organizations involved in aiding sexually assaulted and domestically abused women. Another conference followed in

February of this year, which resulted in 5 different areas requesting funding from

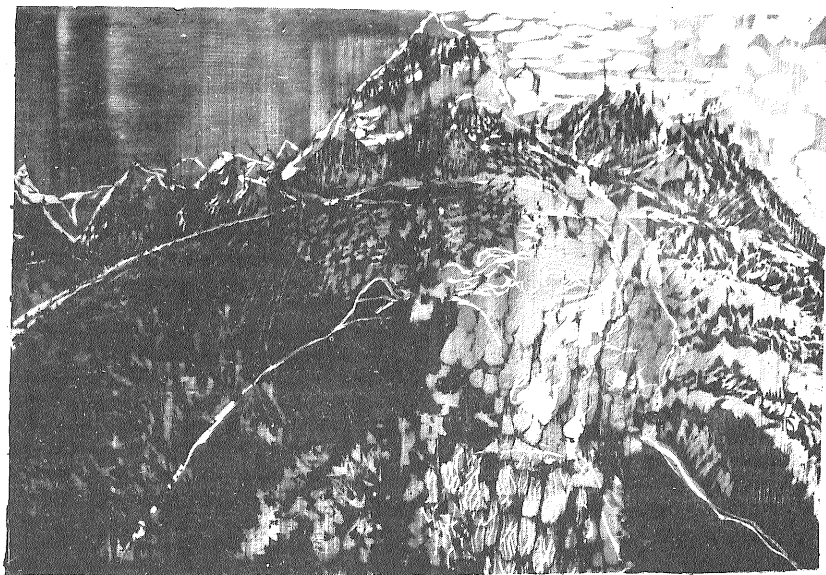


they received an LEAA grant of \$8000, which was increased to \$16000 last February. Their services include a 24 hour crisis line (586-1090), victim advocacy assistance, coffee and emotional support, referrals and community education. If the Governor signs the bill for a shelter, JCAAW will receive a pilot shelter project in the Juneau area to which women may come from all Southeast communities, villages and camps to stay for up to 2 weeks. If the situation warrants, the battered woman may then go on to Anchorage for up to 30 days to the shelter there or return home or connect with other women's services in the West. At the moment, JCAAW intends to sponsor a course at the University of Alaska in Juneau to train advocates in such issues as: legal and civil matters of domestic violence, criminal matters of rape, assault and battery; medical assistance, alcoholism and law enforcement.

Petersburg: A newly-formed Social Services Advisory Board is in existence. Their contact is: Harriet Thompson, the Alcoholism Director. It consists of representatives from various agencies such as social service, day care, probation, youth advocate. They plan on establishing a shelter for all seeking safety.

Ketchikan: Women in Safe Homes-- Box 6552, in the basement of the First Methodist Church on Main Street. Contact: Phyllis Bardonski and Barbara Babcock. This volunteer group has established a network of safe homes for battered women. They have trained volunteers through already existing programs of Mental Health, Social Service and the center for staff development. If the governor signs the legislation for funding, they then will be able to hire a coordinator for volunteers. Their crisis line has been run in conjunction

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'CONTEMPLATE MY MOUNTAINS'

woodblock & asking
by Kate Boesser
Gustavus & Silver Bow Basin

Contemplate my mountains. Stop and leave Silverbow Basin, also known as Last Chance Basin, undeveloped. It had its day, outlived its rape and industry from the gold mines that riddle its innards and scar its face.

There's talk of Juneau's City Council inviting industry to Last Chance Basin, laying it open to possibilities such as wider roads, bigger tour buses, unauthentic Tlingit dance houses for tourists, more parking, picnic tables, planned recreational spots, more signs, more noise, more pollution.....

STOP! Leave what little is left of Juneau AS IS! for hikers, joggers, thinkers, and those who appreciate quiet beauty, both Juneau people and visitors. Let's offer tourists what is real should they chance upon our Last Chance Basin.

Please. Contemplate my mountains:

legislature for continuing their local efforts to help battered women. This legislative funding will provide for the augmenting of 4 areawide programs in Alaska, all inter-connected with Anchorage. The organizations have been carrying on with volunteer help for this needed community action, without funds in the past. The funding will greatly facilitate a needed service to Alaska that was begun by dedicated volunteers.

SOUTHEAST

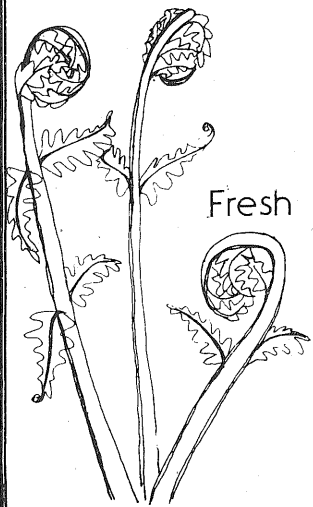
Juneau: Juneau Committee on Assaults Against Women (JCAAW)--Room 503 of the Goldstein Building on Seward Street, 586-1090, contacts: Barbara Bondi and Karen Robison. Their program has been run solely with volunteers. In 1977

'Archipelago' will host a conference aimed towards the promotion of cooperatives and alternative life-styles at the Southeast Alaska State Fair in Haines this summer. The Fair will be held on August 18, 19 and 20. Representatives from food co-ops, FM community radio stations, fishery co-ops, women's organizations, logging and tree planting cooperatives, farmers and lumbermillers, as well as other alternative minded people from throughout Southeast will join together to share points of interest and concern. We will investigate potential points of 'Co-op cooperation', & shall establish 'The Southeast Co-operative Association', which will distribute a 'Southeast Trade Directory', showing how Southeast Consumers can get Southeast Products and Services.

There is a tremendous need for increased communications between us folks of the Alexander Archipelago. Bring your friends, your music; and bring -- if it's possible -- an entry for the Fair. This will be a real gathering. See you in August!

(for further information write us at 'Archipelago' -- C/o The Chilkat Press, Haines, Alaska. 766-2388.

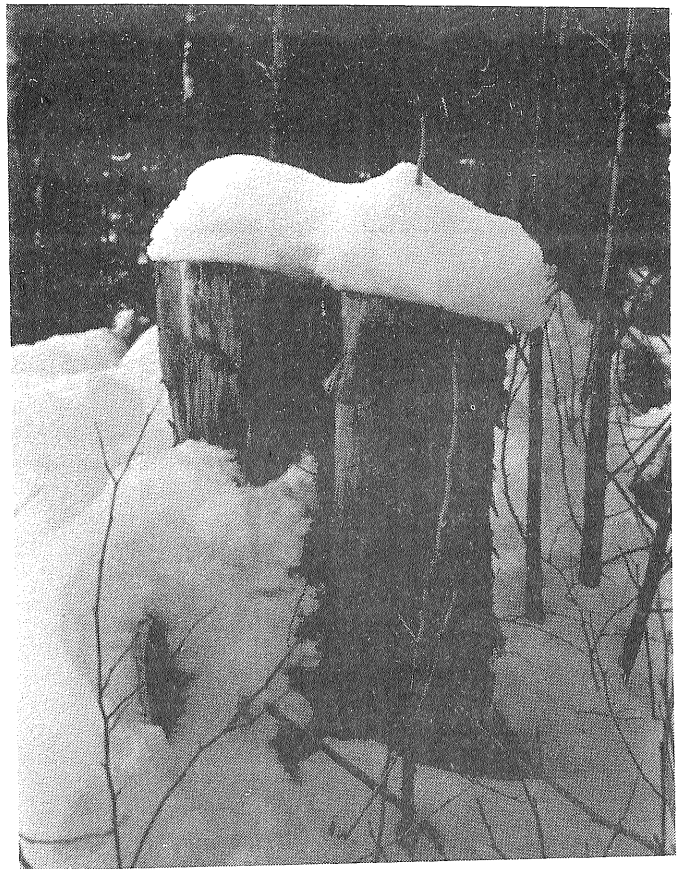
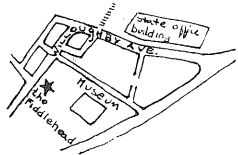
the fiddlehead restaurant and bakery



Homemade Baked Goods
Vegetarian Specialties
Gourmet Hamburgers
Fresh Seafood when available

open daily:
7 am - 10 pm

Local Art Work For Sale



'Trees' photograph by Marlene Miller, Kupreanof

Dear Editor:

I would like to offer a few ideas concerning Alaska's efforts towards a land act.

I don't understand why we try to avoid giving land to people who really want land. People who really want land will put energy into the acquisition of that land. The ownership of land is not a right, though. It is a privilege -- and privileges are not given -- they are earned. Earned by thinking, planning and working; not by being

in Alaska for a long time, having a family, needing a place to be or being rich.

A lack of respect for 'given privileges is a natural human reaction. A person who is given land for reasons, which are beyond his control, does not have the respect for his land that would be generated by working for that land. If a person has no respect for the land he owns, there is no reason for that person to respect any land around him.

Making the ownership of homestead land contingent upon the fulfillment of certain requirements will help create a

respect for the land and for the government bestowing the land. These requirements need not be elaborate or impossible -- just a few possibilities:

--1 to 3 months per year residency (compliance would indicate a desire to fulfill the responsibilities of owning land, but would not eliminate persons with job responsibilities in a city). A residency requirement on the land would eliminate a need for a building requirement, as residence is difficult without some building.

--A detailed description of land and boundaries. A person could accomplish this during the 1-3 month residence. The Division of Lands should make available a checklist of necessary data. Included on this list could be the publication numbers of the many pamphlets available concerning cisterns, drainage, timber selection, etc.

--No clearcutting or other permanent damage to Alaska's resources should be allowed. Timber removed for building and sale should not exceed a percentage of the total timber. (A large enough percentage to allow for buildings and possible crops, but small enough to create a need for serious planning before timber removal).

--In the case of large acreage, as suggested by Representative Beirne, the ownership of the entire acreage should be contingent upon the careful and the thoughtful use of the first 5 acres for a period of 5 years.

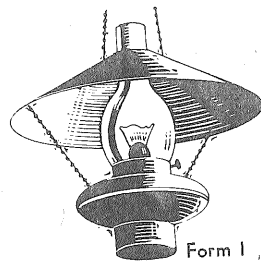
The land in question in the Governor's proposals is not enough to supply all Alaskans with 'free land'. There must be some restrictions. The restrictions above will not eliminate anyone who really wants land. They will cause those people who want land to deserve land. And a man will cherish, protect and respect land that he has earned.

A proposal, asking people who want land, to earn the land requires work from our government, as well as from our people. But governments, like people, gain respect for themselves and for others only through work.

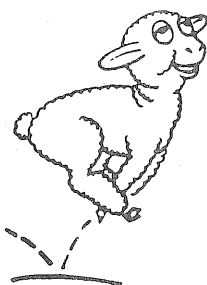
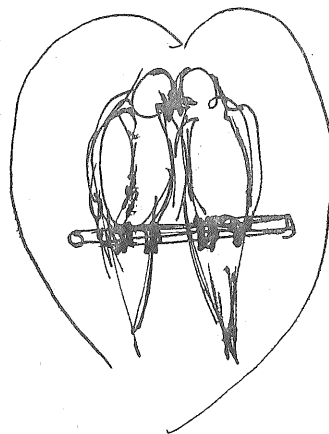
Many do not support a free land giveaway because they are against people acquiring State lands. I think that many have worked for what they have and consequently respect themselves and their property. I think they argue the 'free giveaway', not the individual ownership of State lands. I also think that simple restrictions will meet with approval of the people of Alaska, as all people either believe that they work for what they get, or try to appear as though they do. They would only eliminate people who do not want to earn the privilege of owning land -- speculators and destroyers of the beauty of the Alaska homestead.

Please help allow us to earn the privilege of owning a piece of Alaska.

Sincerely,
Jacqueline LaRue,
'Little Beaver',
Harris Harbor, Alaska.



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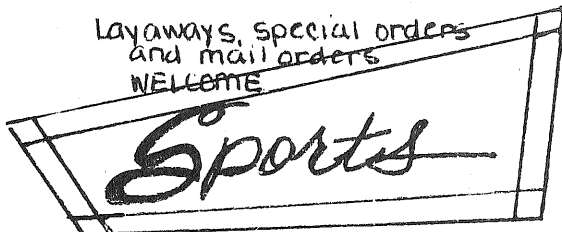
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tonight i write from a place enclosed by mountains
some of which rage at being there
stuck to the land

statues of sunlight and granite
and grace
that remember the early fire
and embers of the earth

and i live in a place surrounded by mountains
where the sea barely reaches the land
in a cosmic tongue
stretched to
its fullest
passion

sid o. morgan
juneau

and the feeling of old fire
heats the ground
filled with a mountain tension
of mountains wrenching away
from this land and gravity of this land
where only hardy and sulphurous and innocent
things survive



Steamer 'Canada' at Long Bay, by Dyea. sunk 1898
photograph by jeff brady,
skagway.

Last August, Jim Gordon at Ktoo-FM & I produced a radio/show cassette about the Klondyke Gold Rush -- before and after -- an alternative view with interviews, dramatization, historical narrative and music. It was offered to 'Archipelago' readers as edition no. 3, 4 and 5 (with Southeast songs on the flip side). Well, this tape has gone on to further fame and glory. Jim submitted it to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's Local Program Competition. It took 2nd place in the nation. We still have not distributed it as edition 3, 4 and 5. But it IS coming! Keep your cassettes tuned in for this treat.

Herbal Handbook for Farm & Stable

by Juliette de Bairacli Levy

Many folks in Southeast Alaska raise goats and poultry for milk, meat and eggs. We hope that by raising our own food we will also raise the quality of the energy giving stuff we consume.

But to get the best from our animals, they must be the epitomy of good health. Our animals look healthy; if they don't, we call the vet. And the vet fixes them up with a powerful dose of this or that wonder drug. We are happy because our animals are with us again & looking good. But what else is circulating in our animals' systems?--filtering into the meat thru the blood? Some portion of that chemical dewormer goes right to you. How much nicer to be able to use herbs to maintain your animals' health as well as to treat their maladies.

The knowledge of herbs & animals which would allow us to successfully raise our livestock herbally has been nearly lost.

Instead, we are taught to rely on the injection into animals of all manner of poisonous materials in the name of science. Juliette has written the first and only English handbook on herbal medicine for the farm & stable. She is an internationally known British herbalist who's treatments have been tested and proven to work. Her book includes chapters on the gathering & preparation of medicinal herbs, herbal treatments for sheep, goats, cows, horses, dogs and poultry.

In answer to the many inquiries for Juliette's herbal preparations, a small company has developed under her tutelage. Until recently, one had to send to England for Natural Rearing Products. Distributorships have been let in the United States so that the products & literature is now more easily obtained.

by Stephanie Scott
Haines

You may order Natural Rearing Products from Stephanie Scott, Box 173, Haines, Alaska.

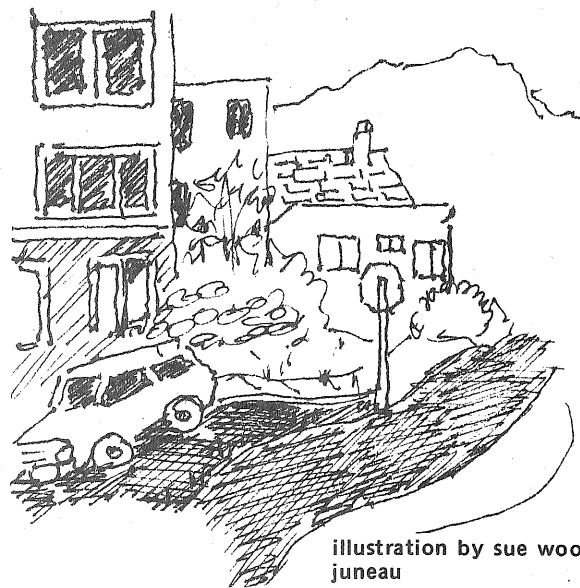


illustration by sue wood
juneau

JUNE IN JUNEAU

summer inches in
pretending forever
pretending was-always...

and the girls of summer
summon the eye like
flowers waving in the sun

the impeccable blue
of their eyes and the sky
promising everything

and as the wheels humm
rubber on clean asphalt
we sail windswept into space:

the sun-bright channel
the awesome fixture of mountains
the space --- of mind and air

and here is time, god
stretching like a road into dream
one and same and summ

and here is time, god
stretching like a road into dream
one and same and sum
a road of sunlight
into summerday...

by HWM

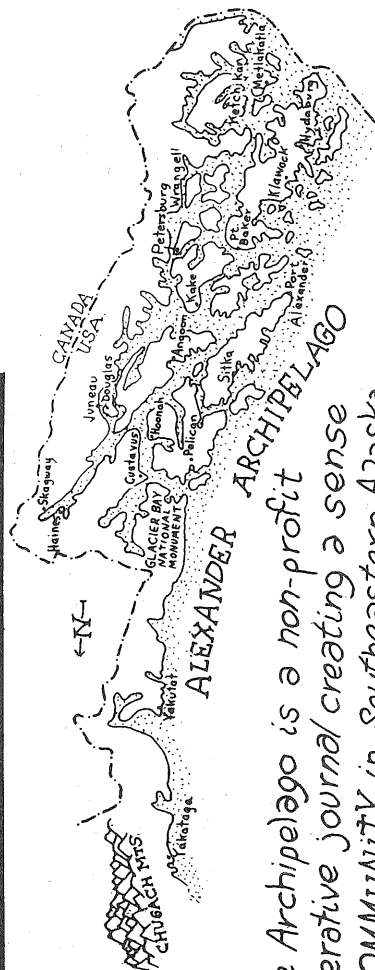
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BALLOT

November 7, 1978

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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 oh-h yes..... Money. We need subscriptions and donations. Thank you in advance, Archipelago

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OPEN THE CIRCLE

Tonight, the magic number is ----7----
 Numerology, like most of the mystical, tends to fade into and out of fashion. And yet, no matter what the status of that particular cult, the number ----7---- is always a pretty significant digit. It gets remembered....i mean, you know....Mickey Mantle had that number, Zsa Zsa Gabor has had -- or will have -- that many husbands....and so on.....
 But, tonight, just how significant 7 is, remains to be seen -- on the monitors of KTOO-TV's master control room. In the studio of Juneau's newest, and yet-to-be, television station, 6 mad-cappers are creating skits for the next performance of,

Ah-h, the Open Circle, that improvisational theatre group that's been accumulating the characteristics of a Southeast cult phenomenon. Recipe:

at least 1 off-the-wall idea
 blended with maniac imagination
 and peppered with twisted insights,
 salted with a greying head and laced generously with talent.

by Walter Krauss
 Juneau

THE OPENING—A CIRCLE DANCE

by Lee Harris

An open challenge
 to find
 the moments
 that meet
 & form our own world
 in time
 which connects
 with others.
 An encounter everytime
 touching
 Not often with senses
 or sensibility
 But with our minds
 which we continually rediscover
 can travel together
 to many different spaces
 we've never been
 before.
 We find ourselves
 as we move
 thru time
 Fleeting seconds
 of contact
 spread out
 & become
 shared
 with those
 who listen/watch/wait
 for something
 to happen
 patiently.

Always a dance
 to find
 points of balance
 which let us leap
 ahead
 playing
 new lines
 out
 to pull us along.
 Not looking far
 ahead
 for vision
 has variations
 we can't find
 if we look
 for them.
 New directions
 grow
 from awareness
 tuning into
 this space
 & time
 turning corners
 as the light
 flashes
 from the other side.

Back near the end of 1976, Lee Harris, a born and reared Juneauite, brought 2 Outlanders, John Wilson and Walter Krauss together for the purpose of an after-dinner show for the Alaska Municipal Leaders, soon to convene in Juneau. By the time of the show, 10 performers had agreed on, 'The Open Circle' as a moniker.

That first show was a pretty loose stew. We began tightening the strings of the show. Workshops began; inspirations were plentiful, but the numbers were never really certain. Tony Armlin's, 'Flypaper' is always one creation sure to please:

'Bzzzzz', one fly would intone, as it flirted with the intoxication of the lethal flypaper. 'Thwup!'-- the paper would nab it -- for eternity....'Bzzzzz', would come another fly, just in time to hear the first one pleading for help. And then the 2nd one would be suckered in (misery loves company!). The 2 of 'em would struggle and 'Bzzzz' for help. A 3rd fly would arrive, be lured onto the imaginary death trap, and then the 3 would 'Bzzz, Bzzz, Bzzz' until finally, in unison, the 3 'buzzed' 'Taps'. Lights Out.

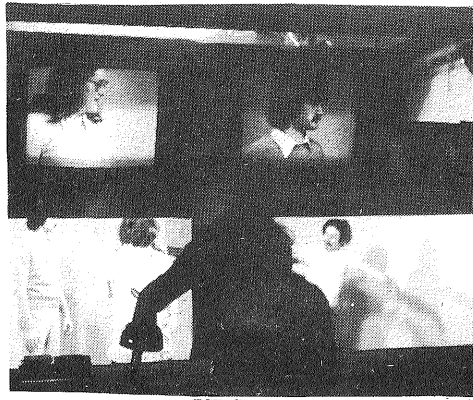
This and scores of craziness were worked out in the burgeoning workshop sessions. John Wilson came up with the running encounters between Sherlock Holmes and his favourite nemeses: confounding mysteries and dumbfounding cocaine. Didi Ryall catapulted her sailor-tongued school marm to Open Circle prominence. Jeff Brown raided the State Legislature, sitting in the galleries and noting our public servants' quirks, and gave the Open Circle its satirical edge. And I was uncorked to spin out, 'What's Your Limit?' -- a vision of life as a TV game show.

The numbers began to solify -- around 9. Steve Nelson, the youngest and most luminous, was instrumental in carrying us on through 15 Open Circle performances -- mostly at the hospitable Occidental (now, Crystal Saloon) Bar. The support of happy and enthusiastic crowds spurred us on to a tour to Sitka with singer, Terri Tibbit. And then.....our energy drained like an ebb tide. We returned to Juneau and we, each of us, repaired to our own private furies, never certain we'd meet again.

That was May of 1977.

(to be read aloud!)

(declaimed by Walter in the 1 am of a May morning at the New York Tavern on South Franklin Street -- for smiles and happy beers!)



THE OPEN CIRCLE

All of this
 is we
 the one, two, three
 of the frogs in a waterfall, I
 All of this
 is we
 All of this
 is we
 the one, two, three
 of the frogs in a waterfall, laughing
 at the round of the ring
 of the wondering why
 that the past, the present and the future
 are funneling through the Eye
 which all of us here are sharing.
 we, of the one, two, three
 who care
 who cares
 who's caring
 about all that there is to see,
 about all that there is to be;
 about all that there is
 is we.



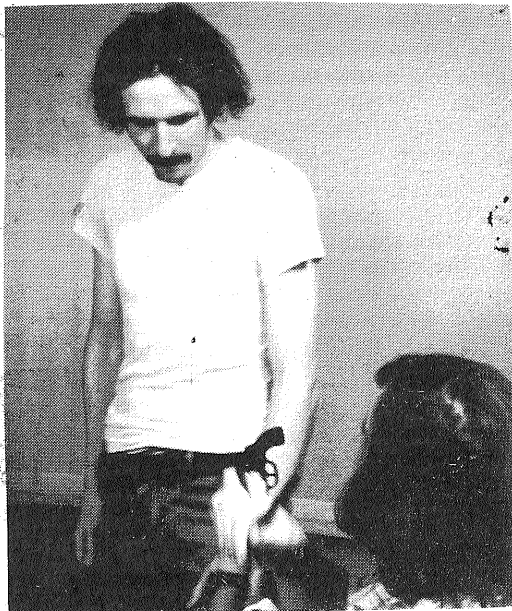
John and I had gone through the Summer of 1977 with 88 performances of the 'Stroller White Show' up at the Gold Creek Mining Museum; Steve had teleported to Northern California for a retreat; Jeff had taken a very early retirement from the Coast Guard, Didi went over to the Juneau/Douglas Little Theater where Er-line had taken over as the managing producer. It was Tony who managed to keep us all in touch. He produced a series of radio shows called, 'The Pulsator' for which he needed all our voices. So, we'd meet, from time to time, with our voices, but rarely with our eyes. No one felt too comfortable with questions about The Open Circle's future.



And then it was there -- resurrected and reformed -- our 16th performance at the Crystal Saloon -- with a fatter hat being passed than ever before.

And here we are...to the numbers ---7--- tonight...the TV studios at KTOO as our workshop. No titular leader, everyone feeds into the managership, decisions made on impulse by one or another and generally trusted by one and all....the changing never stops, even the numbers. Hmm..what's that they're working on now?--looks like Tony and Steve are pieces of toast. And Didi's pouring on peanut butter. An interesting sandwich...could be an omen...maybe the number is changing, to 3....

3 happens to be the channel KTOO-TV will use in Juneau when it goes on the air this Winter. As to The Open Circle, between now and then, well, Who Knows. But one thing's for certain. In magic, it is definitely known that circles do get on well with the number 3. Right?--unless you're into alchemy, in which case, 3 is only the beginning. And that's another story!



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Food, Fish & Alternatives

by associate editor
Kraig Schwartz

Self-sufficiency with food and energy certainly do not appear to be priorities with many Alaskans. Alaska produces less food now than it did 20 years ago. Alaskan oil dollars keep the Alaskan consciousness removed from the reality and the problems of food quality. Fortunately, there are some bright spots on the frenzied plain of Alaskan consumer culture.

In Southeast many people are resisting the rolling conventional consumer-production thunder. Food co-operatives and agricultural ventures are emerging as viable alternatives to multinational controlled food production and consumption. Food co-ops are thriving in Juneau, Sitka, Petersburg, Wrangell, Ketchikan and Gustavus. Reasonably priced, high-quality food is now reaching the tables of perhaps as many as 1000 families in Southeast. Not only are these families (and individuals) benefiting from quality and price; but they are educating themselves and each other about food production, food consumption, nutrition, and alternatives to Safeway, IGA, and your local Wender Bread dealer.

Food co-ops alone, though, are not going to be able to solve the basic problems of food production. Agricultural ventures in Southeast and democratic control of the fish processing industry are necessary, if we are to gain control over the food production process. How often have you been able to afford the purchase of Alaskan seafood? Shrimp at \$6 per pound, Salmon at \$5 per pound, Abalone at \$8 per pound . . . all of which make seafood available only to the rich. We should be eating our own protein-rich seafoods on a regular basis. Unfortunately, the distribution process is controlled by large multi-national corporations. Shrimp is purchased from fishermen for 90 cents and resold to the public for \$6. Much of this is due to international demand, but I think Alaskans deserve a first crack at their own food resources.

Fish co-operatives can do much to get seafoods to Alaskans; get higher prices to fishermen and limit the power of large multi-national food corporations. If fishermen can catch the fish and distribute it through local cooperatives—all of us will benefit.

Fish products are the largest sources of food in Southeast, but agriculture has much promise also. We can't grow warm weather crops here, but there are many vegetables well suited to the climate of Southeast: potatoes, carrots, cabbage, greens (spinach, chard, lettuce, etc.) broccoli, cauliflower, celery, beets, turnips, and many others. Numerous people garden throughout all areas of Southeast and have demonstrated that vegetable self-sufficiency is an attainable goal.

The people of the Mt. Bether Bible Center in Haines are actively pursuing a goal of self-sufficiency. They raise a majority of their own food, including vegetables, milk, eggs and meat. They are raising 6 acres of vegetables this year, including 3 acres of potatoes. Under construction is a 100 foot long green house which will be used to start plants in the the Spring and to raise smaller quantities of warm weather vegetables such as cucumbers and squash. They also raise a small herd of goats that keep most of the numerous children supplied with fresh milk. Their eggs and pork come from home reared chickens and pigs. All in all, they are making great strides towards food self-sufficiency.

The Mt. Bether folks also supply all of their own home heating fuel and lumber. Their houses are constructed from lumber produced in their small mill. Their snug and modest homes are heated with wood cleared from their land for their gardens.

People like the Mt. Bether folks are relating to the world in a realistic and sane manner. Their life is simple, their wants are modest, yet they seem to be in tune with the future!

Only when food and energy production is democratic, decentralized and people-oriented will the world become a sane and happy place to live. Regional diets and economies will waste less energy, promote local control, exorcise the multinational corporation from our midst and promote stable communities. Join a co-operative! Grow food! Start a Co-op! We have Everything to gain!



illustration by peter goll

COMMING & GOING AT ONCE

*Shadows showing
shadows:*

*a grey gull
glides
through
the hemlocks.*

*On the inside
our cedar house
breaths & watches.*

*The kids collect
stories & dares;
the fireplace popples.*

*I glide between
everything:
spruce & hemlock,
the greens & blues
given me by the
ravens, gulls & eagles,
the red-grained breathing
of the inside cedar:
the solarsystems
between everything.*

from tyler henschaw,
petersburg.

FISH & WORKERS

(continued from page 2)

by bob storr
kupreanof village

dustry will require optimum labor stability and productivity. Workers do not go on strike against themselves.

It would be necessary for the State to try to identify businesses or—more likely—subsidiaries or individual plants that might be subject to the relatively straightforward transactions that employee or co-operative ownership would also be necessary into scenarios for co-operative ownership that would involve something other than a pure ESOP-type transaction, among those being:

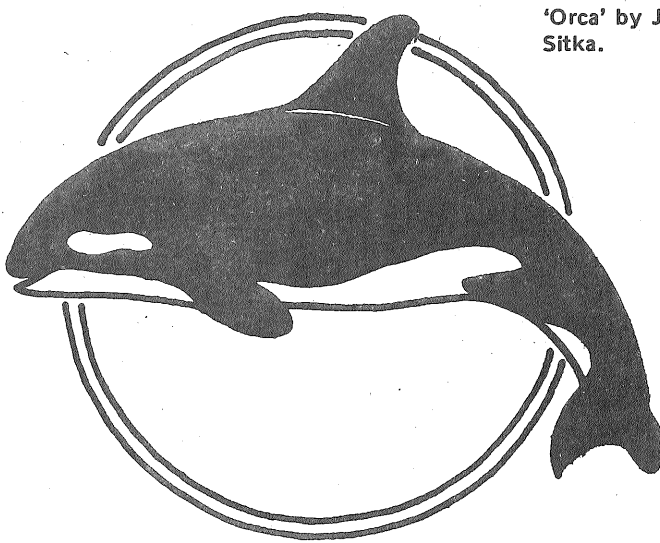
—The outright purchase of new or dormant facilities by either fishermen's co-operatives or worker co-operatives . . . perhaps on the model of some of the successful plywood co-operatives of the Pacific Northwest.

—The purchase of controlling shares in existing facilities. Less than total equity ownership would require the establishment of some guidelines as to what exactly constitutes legal co-operative ownership (particularly for PCS/BC financing of future ventures.

—The purchase of full share in a portion of an existing facility, i.e., co-operative ownership of one aspect of production. A workers' or fishermen's co-op might, for example, own only the cold storage operation, or only a bottomfish line. This could perhaps be done in the form of a shore-based joint venture, serving to guarant the company a supply and the co-op a market for a given period of time. While such arrangements would be less than "pure" they too should at least be investigated.

Arguments that if such transfers of ownership were viable then financing would occur naturally throught the free market system are to an extent spurious for two reasons:

First—The free market system has been to a great degree distorted by the collusive actions of the foreign processors and their government. In fact, the co-operation between these various companies and their government-sponsored agencies may well be great enough to, were the documentation available, provide grounds for divestitures.



'Orca' by Jane Eidler,
Sitka.

*Once I met an otter
it climbed onto my float
to nibble on a fresh caught fish
I watched it while I smoked
I didn't move a muscle
'cept for puffing on my pipe
it stayed close to the water
until the moment ripe.*

*Aboard the Coast Gaurd Cutter
across the dock from me
a seaman set down his lunch
then went to take a leak
up the cutters painter
that otter then did fly
to steal that bag of goodies
and did it all so sly
Down the starboard weather deck
at a seemly lazy gate
Evading crew and captain
it made a great escape*

*It dove into the water
in teeth the booty clamped
I chuckled because it got away
to feed upon my ramp
Two hard boiled eggs one cup cake
some bread and a piece of meat,
it appeared to be enjoying
that pilfered human's treat*

*My heart went to that creature
of courage truly proved
I slowly went to light my pipe
& was spotted when I moved
it snapped into the water
took refuge in the brine
When I went to pick up the mess
a strange treasure did I find
A marijuana cigarette
a very well rolled joint
the middle firm and even
the ends spun to a point*

*Again I saw that otter
Again it climbed my float
Again it eyed the Cutter
I watched it while I smoked*

G.I.'s Organize

by Bob Thompson
Juneau

Disinheritance

The Vietnam War marked the beginning of a big change in our armed forces. More of its members than ever before were educated. This meant that more of them were aware of the history of past wars, where officers sent the lower ranks off to die in stupid and often meaningless battles (like the Somme and Verdun in World War I, where 100's of thousands died for a few yards of soil, while the officers watched from the rear; or like Anzio Beach, where American troops were nearly wiped out due to poor planning). When these same things started to happen in Vietnam, the troops were ready. When the officers flew overhead in helicopters and called the troops cowards for not fighting harder and then flew back to the officers' club for a cold martini and a steak, the enlisted people sweated and died. It wasn't long before the enlisted people started shooting at the officers in their helicopters. And soon they were even refusing to go out and fight at all because they realized they had more in common with the communists than with the officers.

Today

The big leap in consciousness brought on by the enlisted people's struggles during the War brought in a quiet period in the enlisted movement from 1972 to 1976. Many of the G.I. groups that were active then are still struggling. The officers have tried to reconsolidate their power thru increased oppression, but this has just led to higher levels of AWOL's and desertion than during the war years—the struggle is again intensifying. Enlisted people are fighting for better living conditions and a wage that keeps up with inflation. The enlisted men and women are finding that the military isn't keeping its recruitment promises (if they ever intended to.) They don't teach you a trade—most women are pushed into clerical or service type jobs, and most of the skills they teach can't be used outside the military (with the exception of the police.) Overseas, our troops question their presence in countries that don't need or want them there. And the basic struggle against the class nature of the armed forces continues to be a focus.

Feudal Legacy

To understand the current state of the Enlisted People's Movement, we must take a quick look back at the military of the Middle Ages. The Feudal Period of history is where the current class origins of our military began. Kings, Dukes, Earls and Knights were the leaders. Serfs and Slaves were the lower ranks. Blind obedience was the order of the day. The competency of the leaders could not be questioned. The use of 'Sir' and the salute was the way of acknowledging your lower and inferior position in the military. This basic relationship carried over to the non-feudal periods and was adopted by the big land owners who led our continental armed forces. This pattern has continued right up to the present day. When, down thru history, the lower ranks have rebelled against this oppressive system, the officers have used terror (floggings, hangings, and firing squads) to maintain control. They can still do this thru their control of the so-called "military justice system," wherein they accuse, prosecute and pronounce sentence upon the lower ranks.

"During World War I, England's Australian allies were assigned to some of the most rotten areas of the war; they fought on the European perimeters at particularly dangerous points while the British command gave them little support or praise. The English people, generally, viewed the Australian troops as quaint provincials. In 1915, the British command made an ill-advised decision to invade Turkey, considered one of Germany's weaker allies. They chose the Gallipoli Peninsula, a sandy, hilly, and very well-defended area in western Turkey, as the invasion site. In January 1916 they sent hundreds of thousands of Australian and British soldiers to Gallipoli; the heavily armed, well-positioned Turkish forces cut them to pieces. After 10 weeks and more than 250,000 casualties, they were evacuated. Military historians consider the Gallipoli Campaign to be the worst military blunder of World War I. It was small comfort to the Australians that Britain finally came to look upon her as an equal and a partner as a result of the campaign.



"Veteran"

Linocut by Irving Marantz

Alaska

Before we take a look at where the enlisted movement is going, let's look at some G.I.s in Alaska.

In Southeast, we aren't aware of the large military presence in Alaska, like when you are traveling up north. While visiting friends, we drove the Richardson Highway from Anchorage to Fairbanks. This trip gives you the feeling that you're in an occupied country. You pass 3 army forts and 2 air force bases. You ask yourself, 'are they here to protect us or to protect the interests of the multi-national corporations from us?' A friend wrote a story called, 'CS&BC on the Tundra', wherein he told about a 'pretend' war that was fought last year to defend the pipeline. Millions of dollars were spent for the brass to find out that it couldn't be defended. But the officers in their heated tents thought it was good practice, while the enlisted people got frostbite and some froze to death out on the tundra.

All over Alaska there are little radar sites and Loran stations where enlisted people are sent for a year at a time. Mostly they're out there so the brass can sit in their War-Rooms and dream about the next war, and the tankers can

(continued on page 13)

every year a memorial holiday is observed to honor the dead of Gallipoli. ANZAC (Australia-New Zealand Army Command) Day always includes a parade of Gallipoli veterans. After watching this 'pathetic yearly event', as he calls it, Eric Bogle wrote 'And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda'.

"Now and again a song is written that just overwhelms everyone. It appears somewhere, and within a short period of time it is being sung by dozens of people in several languages.

ever written." "one of the finest anti-war songs

The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Now when I was a young man I
carried a pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Murray's green basin to the
dusty outback
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in 1915, the country said, "Son
It's time you stopped roving, there's
work to be done"
So they gave me a tin hat, and they
gave me a gun
And sent me away to the war

Chorus:
And the band played "Waltzing
Matilda"
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And 'midst all the tears, the flag-
waving and cheers
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
How the blood stained the sand and
the water
And how in that hell that they called
Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs to the
slaughter
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd
primed himself well
He rained us with bullets and
showered us with shells
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown us
all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

Chorus:
But the band played "Waltzing
Matilda"
When we stopped to bury the slain
We buried ours, and the Turks buried
theirs
Then we started all over again

And those that were left, well, we
tried to survive
In a mad world of death, blood, and
fire
And for nearly ten weeks I kept myself
alive
Though around me the corpses piled
higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me
arse over head
And when I woke up in my hospital
bed
I saw what it had done, and I wished
was dead
Never knew there were worse things
than dying

Now when I was a young man I carried a pack
And I lived the free life of a rover
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in 1915, the country said, "Son, it's
time you stopped roving, there's work to be done"
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun
And sent me away to the war

Chorus:
And the band played "Waltzing Matilda"
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And 'midst all the tears, the flag-waving and cheers
We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day
How the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs to the slaughter
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Chorus:
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Then we started all over again

And those that were left, well, we tried to survive
In a mad world of death, blood, and fire
And for nearly ten weeks I kept myself alive
Though around me the corpses piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I woke up in my hospital bed
I saw what it had done, and I wished was dead
Never knew there were worse things than dying

Chorus:
For I'll go no more waltzing Matilda
All around the wild bush far and free
To hump tent and pegs, a man needs
both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

Then they gathered the sick and the
crippled and maimed
And sent us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind
and insane
The brave wounded heroes of Suvla
And when our ship pulled into Circular
Quay
I looked at the stumps where my legs
used to be
And thanked Christ there was nobody
waiting for me
To grieve, to mourn, and to pity

Chorus:
And the band played "Waltzing
Matilda"
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered; they just stood
there and stared
Then they turned their faces away

So every April my old comrades
march
Reviving old dreams and past glory
And I push my wheelchair out onto
the porch
And watch the parade pass before me
The old men march slowly, old bones
stiff and sore
Tired old men from a forgotten war
The young people ask, "What are
they marching for?"
I ask myself the same question

Chorus:
And the band plays "Waltzing
Matilda"
The old men respond to the call
But as year follows year, more old
men disappear
Someday no one will march there at
all

Coda: (To the tune of "Waltzing
Matilda")
And their ghosts can be heard
As they pass by the billabong
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me"

Trees to Rayon — A look at Pulp Mills

by John Osness, chemical engineer, Sitka

A tree in Southeast Alaska is looked at from many angles. Some people admire the aesthetic beauty of the beast and send praises to the appropriate nature god; numerous others admire the potential economic return of such goods as lumber, pulp, toilet paper and toothpicks; still others have complicated mechanical devices that measure angles necessary to compute the number of board feet in the creature. Now, the angle that I'm going to look at, being as totally objective as I can, is what it takes to turn a tree into a rayon product. Some people say that there are a few places in Southeastern Alaska where this happens. Well....they are wrong!—the mills in Southeast logs into pulp, not rayon.

A log is a cylindrical object of organic nature, bereft of any contact with the earth. A log can be found in many places throughout Southeast Alaska, but is mostly seen chained together in bunches, awaiting delivery into a mill. The log consists mostly of cellulose (the main fiber), lignin (the natural glue that holds the cellulose fibers together), and water.

In the mill, the log is debarked, chopped up into chips, mixed with an acid that removes the lignin, treated with a bleach to clean it up and adjust the fiber length, and — finally— squeezed dry to produce 'pulp'. This pulp is then shipped off to Japan, Mexico, Taiwan, Korea and other countries where it is then processed into rayon. Rayon is just reconstituted cellulose. It goes on to become the tread on your neighbor's favorite tire, your mother's second cousin's brassiere strap, and —now and then — it even gets into your shorts!

There is a diagram included with this writing that sort of explains what happens chemically and mechanically in a pulp mill. If you run into someone else working at one, they will probably tell a different story, depending on their role in the operation. My job was chemical engineer at the Sitka mill.

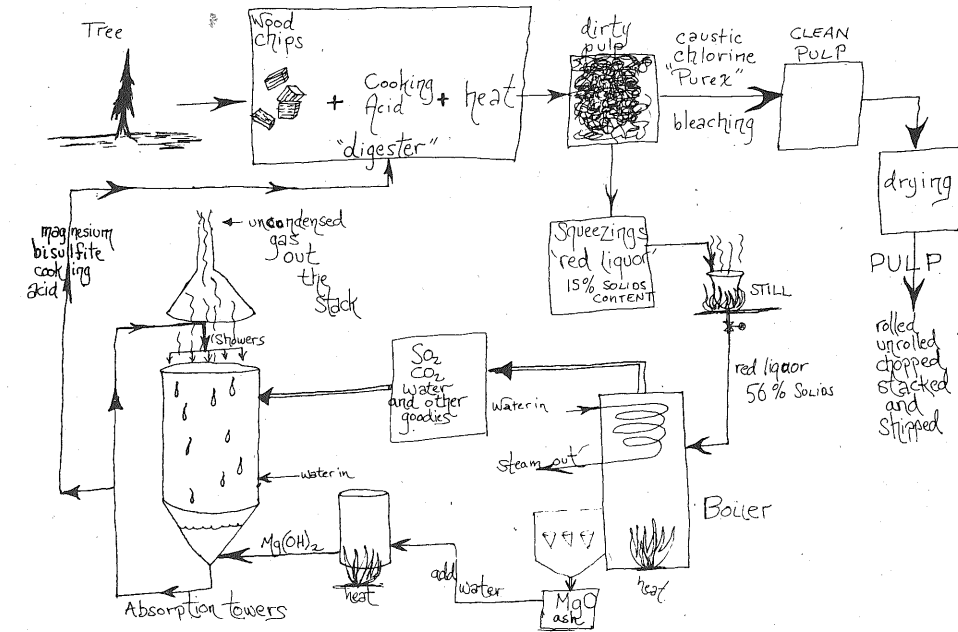
The diagram starts off with a tree. It is delimbed, debarked and chopped up into chips. It is interesting that most of the 40 million gallons of water used per day in your average Southeast Alaska Mill is forced through high pressure hoses to rip the bark off the tree. This water is then squeezed out of the bark and dumped into your local storage basin, i.e., the ocean. The bark is burned to produce steam in a boiler.

The log, when chipped, is run through a set of knives that are rotating at what seems to be the speed of light. These knives reduce the tree to millions of the proper sized chips, about the size of a square quarter. The chips are then thrown into a big vat about as tall as the Russian Orthodox Church in Sitka. In this 'digester', acid is added and the whole mess is cooked. The cooking breaks down the bonds that hold the wood together and you are left with cellulose (the main wood fiber) and 'red liquor' (the left over acid-lignin mixture). I'll explain what happens to this red liquor later.

After cooking the chips and squeezing out the red liquor, the cellulose is then sent off to be bleached. It is reddish brown in color and has the consistency of soggy toilet paper. At the bleach plant, more chemicals are added. Chlorine is first added to remove more lignin. After this is squeezed out, sodium hydroxide — 'caustic' — is mixed in to adjust the cellulose molecules' chain length (a molecular green chain!). And then something chemically equivalent to Purex is added in copious amounts.

The chemicals squeezed out of the pulp are sent on their merry way either to treatment or to salt water storage.... the ocean. Pity the poor fish that gets zapped with that. But, then, also remember that it's diluted with that 40 million gallons of water per day, which is about 1.7 million gallons per hour, or 30,000 gallons per minute, or about 462.96 gallons per second, or.....

The pulp is pretty white and clean, now. It is next run out onto a big flat table about as long as the airport at Ketchikan is



wide. There is a device that distributes the pulp evenly on this table where there are other devices that squeeze and suck out the water, so that what is left is a fairly flat and continuous sheet. (This typewriter also sucks, but the process isn't quite the same), This sheet is conveyed on rollers through a hot vacuum dryer, after which it is rolled up and rolled out (along with a few ham sandwiches, candy wrappers and occasional cigarette butts) and chopped up into little neat piles for shipment to god knows where.

I won't pretend to be god and say where this pulp goes, but I can hazard a few guesses that will probably be pretty damn close. Rayon production is labor intensive, so my guess is that it goes to places where labor is cheap: Mexico, India, Taiwan, Thailand and other 3rd World countries. Some is shipped to Japan for production, but, due to rising labor costs, Japan is becoming more of a shipping nexus.

So much for macro-economics.

Well....rayon is produced from pulp by a process that I won't go into too deeply here. Caustic is first added to the pulp. After aging, carbon disulfide is added and xanthation occurs. This step helps in maintaining a normalized chain length for the cellulose molecules. More caustic is added and the whole batch is set to ripen. After ripening, which adjusts for viscosity or the density of the goop, the mass is shoved through a spinnerette into an acid bath.

The spinnerette part is like shoving pancake batter through a buckshot riddled stop sign — you get long stringers (except that the rayon stringers tend to stay together better than pancake batter). All this magic produces rayon fibers which are then spun.

There is another part of the story that hasn't been told. Some of you are still wondering where the acid comes from and where the red liquor goes. Even after reading this next part you may still wonder.

The red liquor is converted into acid by means of a chemical recovery cycle. The red liquor is first boiled down in a gigantic still to remove most of the water. It goes into the still with a 15% solids content and comes out with about 56% solids content. The solids consist of magnesium, sulfur and lignin. This mixture of 56% solids is then fed to a boiler and burned. The magnesium is not combustible, so it drops to the bottom as an ash — magnesium oxide (MgO). The sulfur is converted to sulfur dioxide (SO₂), which, with the evaporated water (steam) goes up the stack and on to further treatment. The lignin is combustible and provides most of the energy to keep the boiler running. It breaks down to carbon dioxide, water and other combustion products.

Here is the tricky part of the chemical recovery process. The MgO ash is collected, mixed with water and converted to magnesium hydroxide (Mg(OH)₂). This is then added to an absorption column, of which there are several. The absorption

RENDITION OF GLQRY
wrecks, relics, ruins
girders, pumps, pistons, rails
the headlong freeze and eloquent collapse
of palsied iron,
imperial with satire
under a settlement of dust.

there is a vanity of the living for the lost
the misshapen, abstract, and inconsequential.
an antiquarian craze
for the laughter of forms,
with their servitude relaxed
and reconceiving
from random time
antic grace. P.F. Juneau

column is a big tank where Mg(OH)₂ and a lot of extra water is run through showers at the top and sprinkled down the length of the column. The hot gas from the boiler is also introduced into into the column. Sulfur dioxide in the gas, by contact with the water, turns into sulfurous acid — a liquid that can eat a hole into just about anything (except, perhaps, Don Young's so-called heart). The sulfurous acid mixes with the Mg(OH)₂ and water to form the magnesium bisulfite cooking acid, which is added to the wood chips to make pulp. However, not all the sulfur dioxide, steam, carbon dioxide and other particles can condense into the water phase of life; this residue goes out the stack. These are the large stacks pooping out steam and stink into the air.

The magnesium bisulfite process is used in Southeast Alaska. Other mills use different chemical bases like calcium, sodium and ammonia in their cooking acids. All, however, use sulfur. The magnesium based process is perhaps the best of the lot, considering the almost full recovery of chemicals. Even so, every day, about 80 tons of sulfur and magnesium oxide are lost to the seas and air of Southeast Alaska.

Next time you go by a pulp mill with your middle finger raised in mock salute, there might be a minor inkling as to the workings of the vast machine. This, however, only strikes the surface. There is a group industrial mind inherent in the functioning of this machine, and to defy that mind is to defy our ever-escalating consumerist nature. The group mind is that which always agrees to whatever will keep the paycheck rolling in, no matter how macbre it is. There have been some changes in this ethic since the 1800's such as OSHA, union negotiations and other regulatory actions; however, the group mind still exists to perpetuate itself by peer pressure (the sheep principle) and through the boss/worker dialectic. What happened in the alienation of the conservation people in Ketchikan to the extent of losing jobs and homes brings to mind the nightmares of the Everett Massacre where outsiders were shot and insiders were run out of town during the anti-Wobly uprisings.

Tis hard to think of shortages during days of plenty.
Wonder when the sulfur reserves will run out?
Possibly before the Forest Service's 50 year contract?

pax vobiscum o.f.o. wilde
Chukchi Herders of Reindeer
emasculate the stag
with their teeth
Goodbye fawns
The Clerks of Alaska
emasculate their children
with a hasty or
at best
hesitant
stroke
of
a
razor sharp
pen
roderick

When General George Patton and the 3rd Army came to the Concentration Camp at Buchenwald, they stopped. Patton ordered that 1000 neighborhood civilians be taken on a tour of that facility. The MP's forced 2000 neighbors to go on the tour. The repeated protest was, 'We didn't know'.

What is happening in Southeast Alaska, or America, or the world that you don't know about, today?



'Buchenwald', photograph by ms. Bourke-White

The Glass Works

by JUDI GREGORY

The men at the GLASS WORKS have provided something new for Southeast: its first shop for selling and making stained glass products. To understand how this came about, we have to go back a decade or so.

Before moving to Juneau, John Pabor lived 10 years in Austin, Texas. He tried several different fields and jobs -- many different jobs: 3 years in working with the Children's Psychiatric Unit, 9 months in Europe....Then he began repairing antique windows from Europe for the Renaissance Glass Co. Gradually, he began to make his own designs. During Bruce Elliot's 11 years in Austin, he had short involvement in a variety of creative fields, and spent the last few years there doing music therapy with patients at the State Hospital. There, he met John, who got him started with stained glass. Together they ran a small shop out of their garage, doing commission work for about a year. However, both began to feel restless, when an Alaskan entered their life -- Don Bryant from Gustavus, an old friend. He convinced John and Bruce that they should stop over in Alaska while on their around the world tour.

John and Bruce got to Juneau in March of 1976. They had hoped to set up a shop here, but there was no available space then. Bruce left town and continued on his trip around the globe. John spent the better part of a year as a Juneau mailman. Then he heard of a downtown shop opening up. Quickly, he scraped some money together, wired Bruce in Europe and began ordering supplies and equipment. He moved into their shop on South Franklin Street on June 1st, 1977, with 8 commissions and no glass.

After Bruce returned, the shop began to expand. John says, 'It's a partnership in every sense of the word. We don't have separate duties -- it's not compartmentalized; we ask each other for advice. It's really more of a co-op.' John and Bruce both submit designs to a prospective customer. The customer decides which one s/he likes best, and that one chosen builds the piece. They take pains with their work so they can feel pride in the finished product.

Bruce, talking about why they wanted to open the GLASS WORKS, 'Many people dream of working for themselves -- I always had. It eliminates the middleman. When you're working for someone else, you usually can't see the direct results of your work. Working for yourself makes you more responsible for your own life.' They both agree that they couldn't have a regular job 'to fall back on' because 'if it's important enough to do a shop at all, it should be done full time'. They are willing to live way below poverty level so that most of their profits can be put back into the shop to buy more glass and equipment. They enjoy doing any job with stained glass but derive their greatest pleasure from being allowed to use their creativity -- to really put part of themselves into a design.

One of the questions they are asked most often is, 'Where do you get your ideas from?' The answer is, 'Everywhere!' -- from pictures in books, sunsets, or from the piece of glass itself, not to mention the customer's imagination. John says there's no idea that can't be done with stained glass! -- as long as the limits of the medium are understood. Working with glass is, after all, a delicate task and sometimes adaptations must be made in the design or in the glass to achieve the desired effect.

Do you stain the glass, yourselves?', folks commonly ask them. Well, here is how it goes! The color and texture are added as part of the actual process of making the glass. A colored ball of molten glass is blown -- either by hand or by machine -- into a cylindrical shape. The ends are cut off, creating a tube of colored glass. A scribe is made down the side of the tube and, as it's heated, it cracks down the scribe -- creating a sheet of glass. Another way of doing it is to roll the glass -- by hand or by machine -- into a flat sheet. The making of the glass, itself, is an art. John and Bruce feel that the best of the hand blown glass, called 'antique', comes from Germany. The colors and texture of this 'antique' are difficult to work with, but create their favorite effects. 'Opalescent' glass from Oregon -- another of their favorites -- is made by mixing 2 or 3 colors together, 'like a marble cake', then rolling the glass out on a sheet. Because of the recent popularity and revival in stained glass, many new types of glass have been developing -- like glue chip, where a special glue is used to chip off parts of a glass sheet to make it look like a December frost on a Tenakee window.

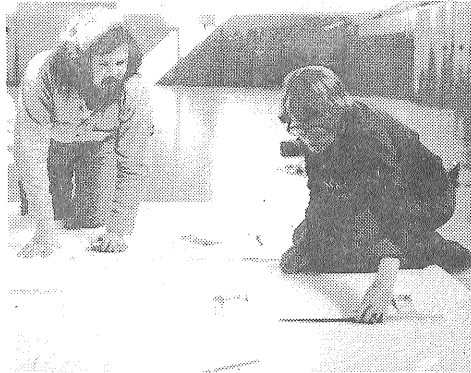
Then, given this glass, and the shop, there is a long and careful process involved in making each window. 1st, a sketch is made of the chosen design; this is simplified into an outline drawing and blown up full scale. The pattern is laid out on a light box, the chose glass laid out atop the pattern, and the pieces of glass are cut by following the outline of the pattern through the glass -- the 'English Method', John says. Preformed channeled lead is cut and shaped, with each piece of glass fitted to the others with the lead. Each joint of the lead is carefully soldered together on both sides. Then putty is applied between the channels of lead to hold the pieces firmly in place. Whiting is rubbed over the whole window (to absorb moisture from the putty, add a patina to the lead and to polish the glass). Finally, a wooden frame is made to finish the window. If the window is for a part of a house, they install it themselves. An amazing record has been set by them, having shipped their windows and designs all over the United States, not one has been damaged (that is proof of the care in their work -- even in the shipment!).

The Teen Club approached the council with an idea of establishing a memorial to their founder, Zach Gordon. The council decided on a stained glass window for the Juneau Memorial Library. Designed by Rie Munoz, built by the Glass Works and framed by H.V. Pedersen; this hand-blown 'antique' glass from Germany was installed in 9 panels on June 18th. So, you can see that the Glass Works is becoming a successful business and will be around for quite awhile. Both John and Bruce feel happy to be doing something they enjoy in a place they feel part of. Their success is based entirely on their own hard work and skill. They still haven't done all the travelling they want to, they're still 'on' that 'round the world trip, but.....

well, Juneau is home now, and both John and Bruce now have a chance to express themselves in their chosen medium: Stained Glass, at the Glass Works.



John and Bruce glass-working with artist Rie Munoz for the Juneau Library tribute to Teen Center founder, Zach Gordon.



Juneau--Dr. Joe Sonneman, an economic consultant here, recently filed for the Democratic nomination for United States Senate.

Sonneman, who holds a Ph.D. in government from the Claremont Graduate School, has long been active in Alaskan Democratic politics, having served as Finance Officer for the Democratic State Central Committee, member of the Southeast District Committee, Vice-Chairman of the Juneau Precinct, delegate and alternate to conventions both state and national, and as a voter registrar.

He has had a varied career, which has put him in touch with many aspects of Alaska. He got his start in Alaska fighting a forest fire along the Yukon River, spending the rest of his first summer here working for the Bureau of Land Management in the construction of an isolated mountain trail 100 miles north of Fairbanks. He returned to Alaska to research his dissertation -- on changes in budgeting styles from the receipt of the \$900 million oil lease bonus sale on the North Slope in 1969. He supported himself by commercial shrimp fishing, teaching graduate courses in 'Economics and Public Policy', working for the State as a budget analyst, a departmental internal auditor, and by being a reporter and broadcaster in the coverage of Alaska's Legislature and Administration for a state-wide news show. Since 1974, he has been documenting the construction of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline (from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez), using an old 8 x 10 view camera (in the style of the Gold Rush photographers), and worked on the line as a member of Operating Engineers. Since the fall of 1977 he has been living and working in Juneau as a consultant in economics, government, administration and finance.

'People often want to know why candidates are running for office in the first place,' Dr. Joe notes, 'and there are several reasons: 1st, it is too important a position to just give away or let slide; 2nd, the Democrats who I had wanted and asked to run -- John Rader and Bill Egan -- had personal reasons for declining; and 3rd, Ted Stevens is not an appropriate person to be representing Alaskans in the United States Senate. I believe he prefers not to listen to Alaskans' concerns, and some question has arisen lately about his campaign financing tie-ins with money of questionable origin. Persistent rumors have suggested that he may be connected with the 'Korea-gate' scandal in a less than wholesome manner. Stevens was originally appointed to the Senate by a Republican Governor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bob Bartlett. His frequent opposition to Democratic Senator Mike Gravel means that Alaska's votes in the Senate often cancel out each other, leaving Alaskans without an effective voice in Washington.'

Politics usually works backwards,' Sonneman continued, 'politicians usually come around and tell you what they think, and then you have to decide whether or not you like what they say -- whether or not you can believe and trust them to do what they promise. Instead, I'm asking YOU to tell me what you think the Senate should be doing for Alaska and for the United States. If elected, we will be working together to get YOUR ideas through the U.S. Senate. What do YOU think needs to be done? Write or call:

Dr. Joe Sonneman
324 A South Willoughby
Juneau, Alaska.
586-1238

.....and if you should choose to include a contribution to help me take your messages to other Alaskans, our chances of winning will be that much greater!

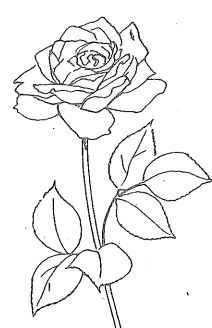
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illustration Sue Wood

steve biko - another martyr in south africa

by Todd Boyd

AND HE STOOD UP
WITH THE THOUSAND BLACK FACES
SWEATING IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN
HEAT, THE NIGHT
AND HE SAID THE WORD
VIOLENCE
AS THOUGH THESE PEOPLE
WOULD KNOW
WHAT HE MEANT
AND FOR THOSE WHO COULD READ
THERE WAS A PAMPHLET
THAT SAID THE WORD
VIOLENCE
WHICH WOULD BE READ TO THOSE NOT THERE
AND WHISPERED TO THOSE
WHO COULDN'T COME

LATER THAT NIGHT
THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR
THAT HINTED OF THE WORD
AND HE WENT WITH THEM
TO SIT IN THEIR CELL
WHILE THEY SAID THE WORD
VIOLENCE
AND WHEN THEY FOUND HIM DEAD
IN HIS CELL
HIS SKULL BROKEN
AND CALLED IT SUICIDE
SOME OF THE BLACK FACES
WHO HAD HEARD HIM SPEAK
A FEW HOT NIGHTS AGO
BEGAN TO THINK ABOUT IT.

BOTTOM FISH

by Larry Cotter

(continued from page 3)

Foreign factory ships operating within the 200 mile limit do not have to comply with various U.S. standards and agencies such as OSHA, the Environmental Protection Agency, or the Food and Drug Administration. The maintenance of these standards on U.S. vessels and facilities traditionally increase the overhead costs of American production. Neither do the factory ships have to deal with comparable American labor costs (the Korean wage average is about 30 per hour), which further lowers their overhead. They avoid major transportation costs, taxes, etc.; which in the end result allows them to market the product at a far lower cost than a U.S. competitor.

And it is not as if there is a lack of market for bottom fish in the U.S. Last year, the States imported 600 million pounds of bottom fish - mainly from Korea. To add insult to injury, the Koreans have a law which forbids the importation of bottom fish to Korea, closing off this potential market to American processors.

Foreign factory ships, buying and processing American caught fish, serve the dual function of serving the American who is desirous to expand his/her fishing and economic horizons, while at the same time allowing a foreign country to maintain a stranglehold on both their American fish harvest and the International Market - at a slightly higher cost. The result to American processors is 'unfair competition' and a lack of defined stimulus to enter into the bottom fish processing realm. In both the immediate future and in the long run, foreign processing could be a disaster before the fact for the State of Alaska, since it could inhibit the necessary financial input by the various processing companies to fully move into the bottom fishery to the degree necessary to promote expanded growth of onshore facilities.

Foreign Threat

The Fishery Management and Conservation Act maintains that there be a maximum biological yield of a particular species in a particular area and that American fishermen have the first crack at that yield. However, the Act also maintains that if American fishermen are not able to harvest the full amount of the maximum biological yield, then the remainder of that yield will be allocated to foreign countries.

This means that either American processors buy the total American optimum yield (the amount allocated to American Fishermen) at a potential loss (due to the lower overhead costs of foreign processing, and thus a lower price on the International Market), or they refrain from buying those fish. This latter choice results in a lack of stimulus for the American fisherman to harvest the species, resulting - in turn - with the default of accepting the U.S. optimum quota and the allocation of those species to foreign vessels.

Between a Rock.....

So you have a tangled web of conflicting desires and needs within the industry, with NOAA coming out in favor of one group which sets itself up against the others - and politics coming out in favor of the others. It is a big game, with a lot at stake, and the State is in a position to either gain a renewable resource 'pipeline', or lose a golden opportunity to provide both year-round work and enormous revenue.

In a sense, the 3 groups involved in the fisheries - processing companies, fishermen & fish workers - are thrown against each other with each group wondering why the other isn't making some move to enter into the bottom fishery. The processing companies want the fish - yet feel unable to justify the expansion costs due to the potential loss. The fish workers want the work and are unable to understand the concept of foreign processing when they are laid off for such long periods of time. And the fishermen want to catch the fish, yet are unable to find a willing buyer at a price which is economically feasible to them - other than the foreign companies.

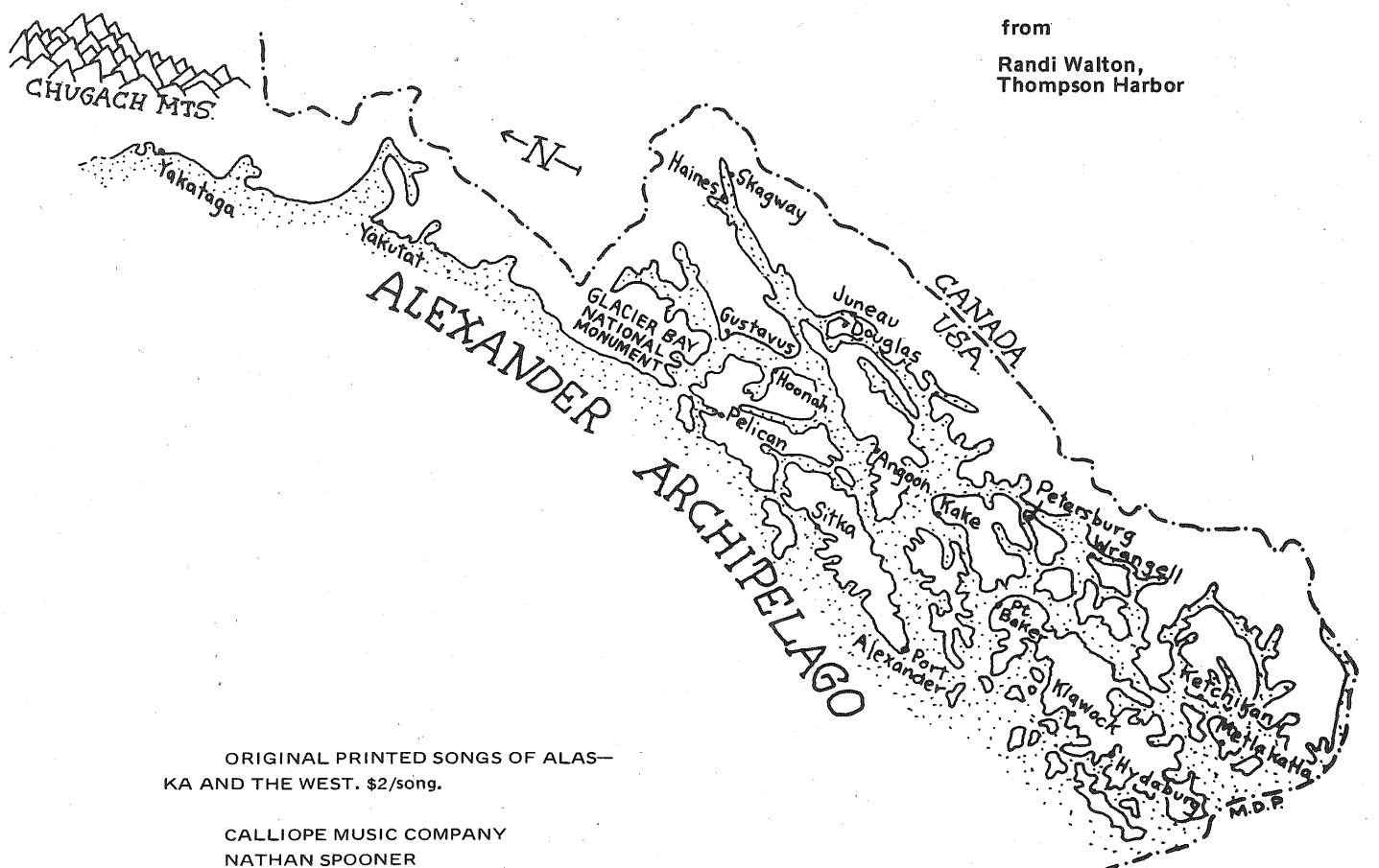
It is an issue which effects us all, and should be followed closely.

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To an Old Lover


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Rolling across our space,
Spring fed moss on a rock by the stream,
Verdant ferns smelling of life,
Spring birds soaring across a blue and white
calaidascope,
Motion on motion,
Turn my face to the warming sun,
Your body flows into mine,
Crushing new grass beneath
Til its green blood mingles with mine,
Catch these words
And images you did not see
That spring day
And remember

from
Randi Walton,
Thompson Harbor



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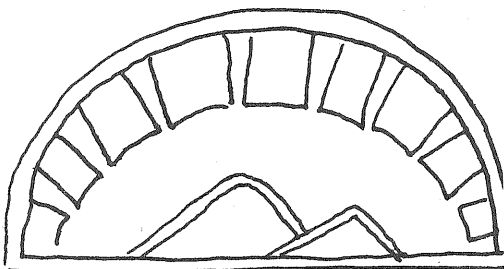
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THE GLASS WORKS



John Pabor
 Bruce Elliot

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 Juneau, Alaska

The road that ran down the southern most tip of Petalania was a narrow tricycle rutted path that wound through a meadow and then gently down the bluff to the shore. On both sides grew tall straw grass that in places came all the way up to your eyebrows.

Kishli was an unusually beautiful little girl with long auburn hair falling nearly to her waist, and her eyes were a soft bewildering brown, very large with small flecks the color of meurochrome, and her face as delicate and alive as a gypsy moth. On the tip of each ear she had little elfin points and her nose was petite and on her chin a slight cleft which she claimed she had dented herself on the last fall off her trike.

It was a cold morning. Kishli was dressed in a canvas coat made out of an old sail. In the pocket over her heart she kept an auburn eyelash that was her mother's, knowing that next to the human heart, an eyelash was the most fragile thing that a person had, and that carrying one in such a manner was an expression of love.

Under the coat was a grey sweater tucked into a pair of brown pants, and in her pants pocket she carried a shaker of salt.

& it was sea salt
 essence of ocean
 & with her was always
 the drift of the sea

Now the sea salt was a very special thing reserved for young seagulls because they were usually slower and more trusting than the older ones, for if you could sprinkle some on their heads, they would fly up and do acrobatics especially for you and then fly down and perch on your shoulder like a friendly parrot and be able to teach you their language instead of you teaching them yours, which is 5 times as hard.

It was a damp morning and the sky looked like foggy finger paint, and the sun that was trying to burn through, like a match through a sheet of paper looked surprisingly like Kishli's red balloon.

For she always had it with her tied to the handle bar of her tricycle and in case of emergencies such as a hurt knee or just if she was extremely lonely, she would tie on some extra string and send her balloon far into the sky like a round kite, and special people knew about the signal would come and help her out or just keep her company. But she only used it for special occasions.

And so on this day, Kishli was walking along in her wooden shoes which were usually filled with sand or fell off when she skipped rope with pieces of rubbery seaweed, but today she had no time for games for she had a plan so beautiful, she trembled with excitement. This was a perfect day to tame a seagull, for the sun looked nearly like her red balloon and everybody knew how much a seagull likes the warmth of the sun on its feathers. And it stood to reason that the closer you are the warmer you are, logical enough for a seagull who must be pretty smart, otherwise they wouldn't be so hard to tame, and because it was a cold day, you would think they would choose the closest sun.

And so Kishli set off, balloon in hand, across the shallow dunes toward the top of the bluff, for she felt that the higher she was the better the chances and the seagull wouldn't have to fly as low, and beside she could hide in the tall grass.

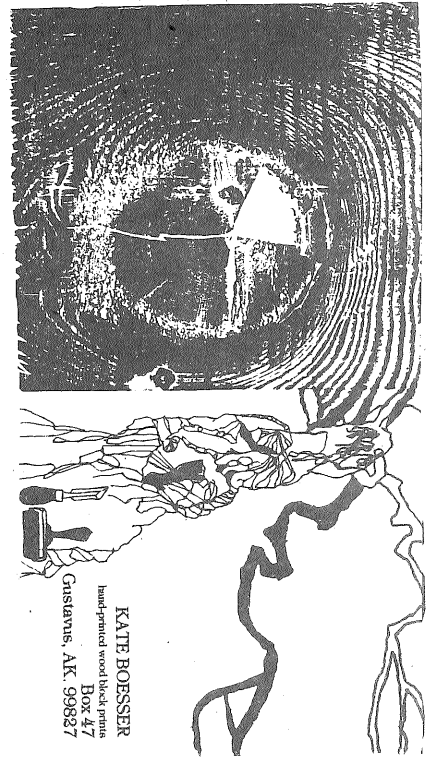
And as she walked, she sang a little tune --

*o seagull o seagull
 you were once
 so blue and grey
 but flying through
 clouds and ocean spray
 have made you white
 o seagull
 one gentle seagull
 please fly my way*

Upon reaching the tip, Kishli carefully concealed herself in the grass and gently began raising the balloon aloft. Her eyes searching the sky with all the calm of a diamond cutter. All of a sudden, a large grey seagull with a bad face flew by and pecked at it, barely missing. Kishli, fearing for its safety, started pulling it in and all the time keeping her eye on the gull.


The large bird rose to a great height and then dived for the balloon which Kishli was frantically pulling to safety, her heart beginning to pound and threatening to break like a small perfect twig, and all the time the evil gull getting closer. She stood up yanking at the string, helpless tears draining the childhood from her face, pulling the balloon nearer and nearer, but not fast enough, with sobs shaking her body in total disbelief that anything of such beauty would want to destroy something beautiful. But it was too late and in anguish she covered her eyes and with her elbows pressed the eyelash closer to her heart.

And then something very magical and wonderful happened. Instead of hearing a terrible bursting noise, there was only a quiet sound. And looking up between her fingers she saw the red balloon still intact, and falling silently down like pollen dust and landing near her wooden shoes
 one silver feather.



THE OPEN ROAD
 fine Art and the Un-Usual'


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FLORIDA ROOTS
(For Sandy)

She follows her latest husband's
jobs and non-jobs
and ideas of jobs,
each time wringing
chapped hands over
forgotten pots and
pillowcases,
even rags -- hard to come by
in a new house,
a bare apartment.

Each time
she plants a garden 'down back,'
hoeing and weeding,
watering,
shooing off birds
from the sanctuary.

The rent comes due---
another move.
Behind stretch perspectives
of hoed rows,
converging at the horizon.

At her heels spring
green shoots.
On the horizon---
waving tassels
and swollen vines.

from
Ann Fox Chandonnet
Chugiak

BATTERED WOMEN

by barbara bondi (continued from page 2)

with the social services crisis line, but next month they will have a separate phone number. Publicity has greatly increased their effectiveness. Their calls for aid have risen from 1 to 25 in the last month.

Sitka: Women Unlimited, has been responsive to the needs of rape victims and other women in need. Contact: Candy Rutledge.

All in all, everyone in Alaska will benefit from the issues raised by these efforts to break the cycle of domestic violence. These social and legal remedies shall facilitate the larger goal of educating the community and family members towards a good life in Alaska.



illustration by peter goil

HALLOWE'EN
(meanwhile the breasts hid the heart:)

wrench my heart out
for i like it
noted the lacquered lady
to her friend, the lascivious gentleman
who slides his cane up ladies legs.

lay your cards out
aces diamonds
laughs a lady mime of mine
to my eyes, blue pair of torn sunshine
never one's dark side should show.

line my eyes out
painted, tainted
from last year's lure of ladies
all for me, love arranged itself graciously
by a man fast and off the scale.

ross a tune out
blackkey piano
tap a barefoot harmony
on the floor, music for the strange and inky
ragged souls dancing down hallways.

AMALONE
juneau



HAPPY SOLSTICE WEDDING
to Laura & Bob on
DOUGLAS ISLAND!!!

May the moon & sun keep
keep you in their light
like this solstice did!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JANE
away up in McKinley
Park. Hurry Home!

GI'S Organize
by bob thompson

(continued from page 8)

haul out the profits for the big corporations. In Southeast, we see the Coast Guard doing important work with old and almost worn-out ships. Ships that have terrible living conditions, they say lack of money is the problem, but they have plenty of money to help the oil companies. But the enlisted never make the papers, so their problems can be put off until later.

The Alaskan enlisted people, as do all G.I.s need the support of not only themselves, but also the support of people on the outside. A group of people called, The Enlisted Association has just formed to fight for the rights of G.I.'s. If you can help, write to:

The Enlisted Association
Box 1291
Juneau, Alaska 99802

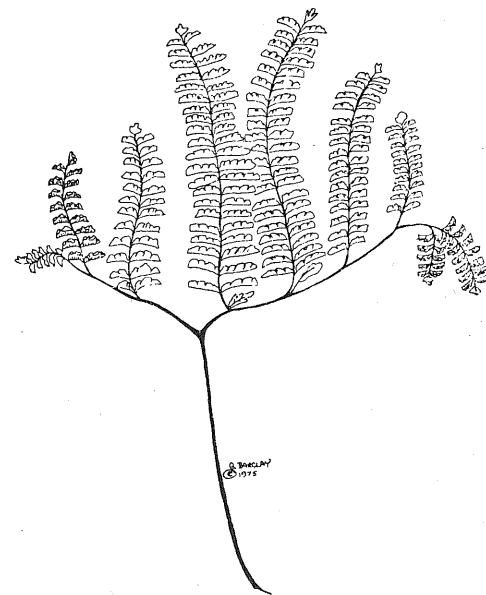
How Come?

Some might say, 'Why should I help? They enlisted, didn't they?' Well, it's true that the draft is over and all the enlisted people have volunteered. But an economic draft has brought most of the present folks into the armed forces. Alaskans well know, jobs are scarce and the military says they have jobs. But only if you're willing to accept various types of serfdom, either the mental serfdom through the constant reminder that you're treated as an inferior or the actual serfdom of the military's more oppressive situations. So you can see

that there is a multi-level struggle going on—parts like the struggle for better conditions and the fight for democratic rights which are for the explicit benefit of enlisted people. But the critical fight the fight to end all imperialist wars (like Vietnam) should be important to us all. Enlisted people have said they are not going to fight any more wars for the benefit of the rich people of this country. This is a fight that is going to need all of us, military and civilians, if we are to stop wars like Vietnam from ever occurring again. We are all going to need to struggle together!

Screw-ups: Dan Hopson, not Hobson, our Juneau stained-glass banjoist.

someone complained that the lily depicted as an eatable in the 2nd edition is a rare beast & shouldn't be eaten. Don't eat the last lily!



MAIDENHAIR FERN
Adiantum pedatum L.

fronds solitary, 20 - 70 cm. long; stem shiny black; blade branched in pairs; leaflets thin; sori marginal, on the back of the pinnule.
Used by the Indian peoples as healant -- to be drunk for upset stomach. Use just the leaves (dried or fresh with water as a decoction or an infusion); Do Not use the stems.

illustration and notes by Gloria Barclay, Douglas.

Barry H. A. Roderick
PIPE MAJOR,
Sunset Bredge Highlanders
message: 586-1843

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The Wife & Other Poems. 48 pp, 28 poems, illustrated. \$2.50 ppd. from the poet, Ann Chandonnet, Box A, Chugiak, Alaska.

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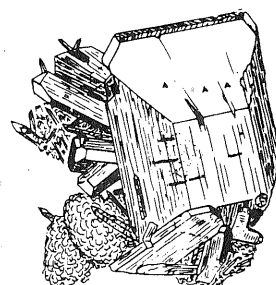
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HELP!!!! --last March, Melanie sent us a nice batch of sharings. However, the only address I could decipher was 'Snohomish, Wn.'. Do any of you folks know if Melanie is back home in Southeast?

Where are you, Melanie? Please write us. the editor

Hello There!

Even though I am here in Washington, my heart is in Alaska. When a friend in Port Alexander sent me an issue of 'Archipelago', I never felt closer to home. It was getting a letter from home saying, 'Hey, I'm still here but look what's happening while you're gone!' So first of all, let me congratulate you on the finest paper I have ever read!

Second, I have some friends in Port Alexander who have some tremendous recipes that I know everyone at home enjoys, like for oven pancake or halibut kiche. Here's one, now:

Lovingly, *Melanie Moats.*

(from Judy Wallin's kitchen in Port Alexander)

OVEN PANCAKE

Beat: 3 eggs until foamy and lemon colored.

Mix: the beaten eggs with 3/4 cup milk and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

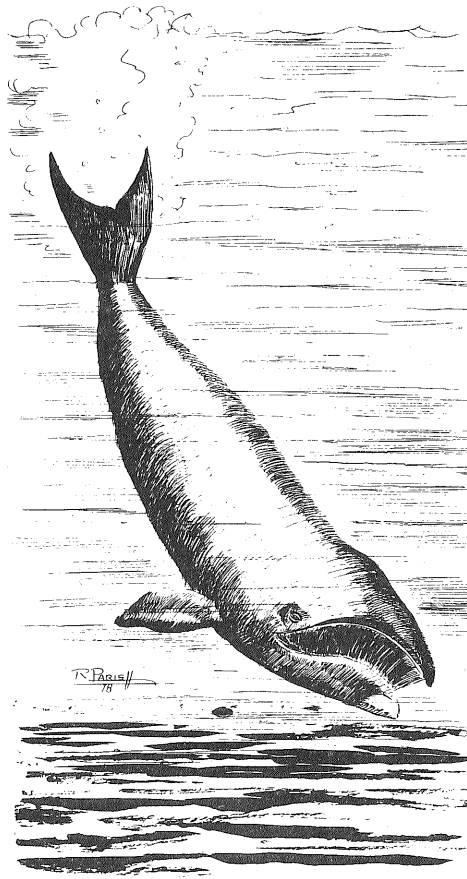
Add: 3/4 cup flour (use whole wheat pastry flour, but unbleached white or wheat are 'o.k.') and beat until smooth. Batter will be fairly runny.

Melt: 1/4 cup butter in a 2-3 quart iron skillet (or 2-3 quart flat pan that is oven proof) in hot oven. The pan should be hot when you pour in the batter, but watch carefully, so you don't burn the butter.

Pour: batter into melted butter.

Bake: in hot (375 - 425) oven for 20 - 25 minutes until puffy & brown -- it should puff up like a giant popover.

Serve hot with blueberry syrup or jam & yogurt. This recipe serves 2 people. To serve 3 or 4, make sure you use a LARGE pan (3-4 quarts). If your pan isn't large enough, the pancake won't puff up right (a wok works well).



'Whale' by Bob Parish, Juneau

Excerpts from the HARBOR NOTES

Harris Harbor, Alaska.

Weather Watch: Rain today, mostly dark tonite, lighter tomorrow.

GRID SINKS: The Harris Harbor grid sank recently in a dramatic display of nature at her most violent. A reporter for this paper, Barry Rodpiper, was standing on the dock watching boats being painted and repaired when he noticed the water rising rapidly around the grid.

'Luckily, most of the boats floated off before they sank,' said Rodpiper. Rodpiper, now a skeptic-turned-believer-in-nature said, 'In the space of about 6 hours the grid was completely covered with water!'

Local officials are meeting today to discuss plans for refloating the cumbersome structure, which could take 'several weeks', one informed source said.

YES BAY SOLD!!: The Yes Bay, former luxury yacht to numerous presidents & high government officials, was sold recently to Juneau Harbormaster, Fred Baxter.

The Yes Bay was, until recently, used as a teredo research ranch and home for many barnacles.

Mr. Baxter, when asked about his hopes for the future of his new ship said, 'I hope the son-of-a-bitch sinks -- soon!'

Fred, always the joker, elaborated on his plans for turning the ship back into a 'pleasure dome', 'This town has needed a casino for years,' he said, 'and I'm just the one to give it to them!'

Harbor habitués feel that Fred has been 'giving it to them' for quite some time now, but they declined public comment.

HARBOR NOTES, 'The Liveboard's Soundingboard', is published at the Editor's -- The Honourable Johnstone G. Jameson -- whim, is distributed when the Harbormaster is out to lunch (which is most of the time, reports the Editor), and is subscribed to by the utmost consternation of Float no. 1.

SOURDOUGH PIZZA

HAINES

no humble pie

SOURDOUGH NATURAL FOODS, TOO!!!

- brown rice
- flours
- beans **ORGANIC**
- nuts
- dried fruits

RUMINATION

the angular black head of a cow sleeps in the grasses that remember his back with soft returns when the wind tides.

P.F. Juneau

FLASH!!!!!!

Harris Harbor, Alaska: The Unwanted Guest.

Dave and Dianne Tanner have an unwanted 'guest' aboard their boat. Dave, noted throughout S.E. Alaska as a fine electronics expert and an inveterate tinkerer, was working on a depth sounder recently when the noble Fjord began wildly rolling in the wake of a 38' pleasure cruiser passing the Harbor entrance at 12 knots. A number of Dave's storage bins of electronic and mechanical parts fell to the sole of the boat along with a case of D-cell batteries. What happened next is unclear, but when the smoke cleared, a small creature--made entirely of transistors, diodes, springs, nuts & bolts; fused together and powered by the errant case of D-cells--was advancing on the Tanners. They managed to secure the door to a forward compartment of the boat, and are now awaiting rescue by a specially trained tactical bomb squad from the L.A. Police Department being flown in soon.

Dave was heard to remark through an open porthole, 'I knew I shoulda got rid of some of that junk.'

Better luck next time, Dave.

(from the 'Harbor Notes' of Editor and erstwhile publisher John G. Jameson).

post scriptum: Dave and Dianne were, indeed rescued. But not before their creation ran amok, eating 1 russian wolfhound, making toothpicks of the Cinnibar's boom and attempting to give the harbormaster an enema with a length of 6" sewage pipe.

'A broomhandle in a washtub...', Edgar Metasalushun of the fishing vessel 'Han-Shan' was overheard to remark, fecally.

Anyhow, liable for the damages wreaked by the bomb squad at the Red Dog, Dave asked for his card to be placed with us:

DAVID H. TANNER
DIANE S. TANNER
OWNERS

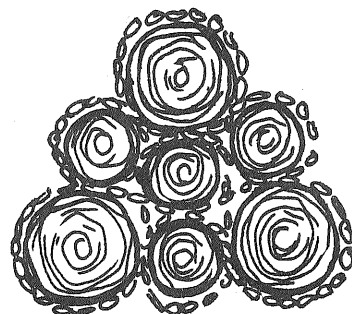
Marine Electronics Service
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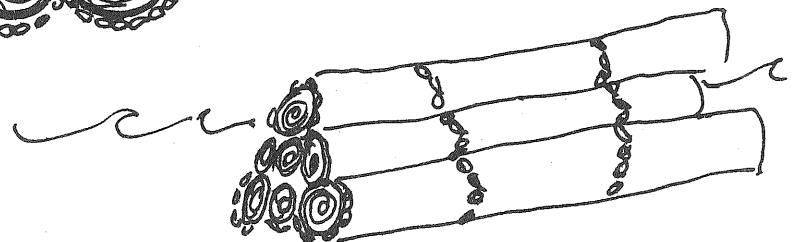
BOX 621
DOUGLAS, ALASKA 99824

F/V FJORD
WYZ 6326

Bezemer's Breaker Breaker



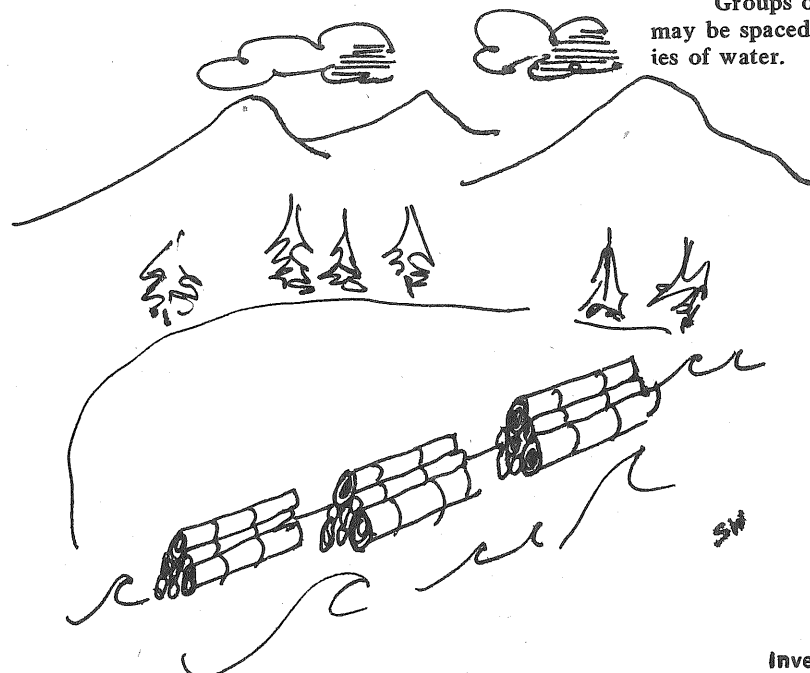
You take 3 large logs and 4 smaller logs. You bundle them as in the end-diagram. The smaller logs act as buffers between the larger logs. You chain these logs together, per the diagram -- 3 series or 3 chains.



Then at either end and in the middle you bundle all these logs circumferentially.

You then anchor this bundle to the bottom of any waters you wish to protect from wave action. The Breaker Breaker comes in especially handy in busting up larger waves -- it chops them like a limp wristed onion dicer.

Groups of these Breaker Breakers may be spaced in series for larger bodies of water.



Invented by Paul Bezemer
Craig, Alaska

Illustration by Sue Wood

~HANDTROLLER'S LAMENT~

I'm a fisherman of the sea, mist and glaciers
 Got no land bound home, with no one am I numbered
 Driving seas and gentle bays were always my ways
 I never cared for a landlocked slumber

*I'm a fisherman of the sea mist and glaciers,
 Got no land bound home, with no one am I numbered,
 Driving seas and gentle bays were always my ways,
 I never cared for a landlocked slumber.*

*Oh, we knew the woods and the moorage places,
 And the wild swans passed when winter time was over,
 Then we'd haul our gear and to sea we'd steer,
 Those were good old times for us trollers.*

*On the fishing grounds we would hunt the silvers,
 For a month or two, for time was not our master;
 Then, away we'd sail with them Falltime gales,
 To the bars and hot springs on a stiff Southwester.*

*Sometimes we'd meet all them other trollers,
 For the news and swappin' fishing information;
 At Rosie's Bar, we would all be there,
 All the people of that trolling nation.*

*All you fisherfolk of the sea, mist and glaciers,
 Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover,
 Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,
 Your trolling days will soon be over.....*

(continued from page 2)

**HANDTROLLERS
 JAMIE CHEVALIER**

Hand trolling fills a role midway between all-out commercial and subsistence uses. 96% of our permit holders are Alaskans, as opposed to 49% of seiners, 71% of gillnetters, and 76% of power trollers. Many hand troll people live in rural areas. For many people, it is their only source of necessary cash -- a modest, but satisfying and sufficient, source. Last year, our per-boat average income was under \$2,000, with the top ten boats in the fleet averaging \$15,500. Any scheme to limit entry -- and I've read or heard about a dozen now -- would necessarily exclude the young, who have no other recourse but welfare or displacement to the cities. They can afford neither the money to buy a limited entry permit nor the time to wait for their name to come up in a lottery or bureaucratic list. Unlike, for example, the crab or halibut fisheries, the troll fishery does not afford young people the opportunity to amass capital as a crew member and eventually buy a permit. The price of power troll permits is now up to \$20,000. And the average crew share for a season's work aboard a power troller was around \$1000 last season. Basically, it is a fishery for singlehanders, couples or families. The trend in the power troll fleet is already clear -- the permits I know of changing hands this year have all gone either to highlevel professionals who intend to fish as a hobby or to hand trollers who have fished for several years.

We are limited now, as fishermen have always been -- by our ability, our willingness to do long hours of hard work, by the wind and sea and by the abundance of fish. Because we are primarily a fleet of very small craft, and because we are not a capital intensive fishery, these natural controls are decisive. The last 2 seasons were unusual, both for their high catches and abnormally mild weather. Under normal conditions of wind, sea and rain, the hand troll catch will drop. In a year, with low returns, the fleet will shrink; because, while our investment is low, it is not often undertaken lightly, and many fishermen do not have the credit or the financial margins common in more lucrative fisheries.

Limited entry has increased effort in effected fisheries. I know power trollers who were making \$800 and \$1000 days last year but didn't have any money to save for the winter because it was all going to the banks to pay off their power permits and the big boats they had to buy to fish hard enough to pay off the permit. That's a lot of fish who will never see the creek, and yet none of it goes to real income for the fisherman.

We are convinced that any scheme to limit entry in our particular fishery would produce a fleet of stable size and more intense effort, leaving the fish unprotected by natural cybernetic controls and distracting effort and funds from proper regulatory endeavors.

We urge the Board to affirm, in the strongest possible way, your authority and ability to identify and solve problems of fisheries conservation and allocation. We believe that working together CAN conserve and rehabilitate our resource, IF we choose patient research and a biological approach rather than the mirage of quick and easy economic management.

In discussing regulation, I would like to stress that the people, the land and the fish form parts of a community. Our stocks are way below historic levels for a variety of reasons: overfishing, early abortive attempts at aquaculture and management, foreign fishing, predator imbalance and habitat destruction from both improper logging and from industrialization. We must learn from and correct all of these problems if our efforts are to be successful. We propose to do our part. We trust others will accept their due responsibilities also.

I would like to review coho catch figures, since the 30% assigned to us in some news releases is a percentage of total troll take and reflects a decline last year in power troll effort on cohos. This will, of necessity, be inaccurate, because all hand troll figures include fish caught by sportsmen in salmon derbies, and figures are unavailable from the Sport Division on total salmon derby catches; so these I cannot correct.

In 1976, the power troll fleet caught 53%, the hand troll 11%, gillnet 18%, and seine 18%. In 1977, power troll took 41%, hand troll 18%, gillnet 21% and seine 20%. It should be remembered that hand trollers harvest only 2.4% of the total Southeast salmon catch; cohos are our bread and butter. If the net fisheries are allowed an incidental catch as large as that we struggled for, I question whether we can indeed be much of a threat.

In view of the combined effect of increase local sport and commercial troll effort, the 23% increase in area gillnet catch over last year, and the poor escapement counts for the Berners River, we recommend that the Board and the ADF&G regulatory staff consider a modification in the area 15C boundary which would close the area inside a line from Pt. Sherman to Little Island to all commercial fishing during statistical weeks 35 through 40. We encourage the Board and the Department to recommend daylight openings in the Lynn Canal and Taku areas, and we request you to discuss with the Sport Fish Division ways to lessen impact on fish after they have entered fresh water. I would like to bring to your attention the account in the 1976 Coho Research Annual Report which documents 900 spawners entering the Chilkoot Lake through an ADF&G weir, 450 of which were subsequently caught by sportsmen.

Finally, we ask the Board to wait for the several programs I've named to produce some data and for trends to emerge clearly. According to every ADF&G researcher I have talked to, the cohos caught in Alaska are virtually all Alaska-spawned. They are therefore subject to no allocations other than your own. We are a diffuse fishery and, as such, are precisely manageable. Fish are caught a few at a time; ADF&G can watch landing slips for trends and take proper action.

If, after a year or 2 of study and observation, you deem it advisable to take major regulatory action, we hope you will avoid those which defeat their goal by producing more intense effort. We ask you to consider carefully the value of a low-invest

While Jamie was up to Anchorage testifying for the handtrollers at the Fisheries Board, Ward Eldridge of 'Her Highness', Jackie La Rue of the 'Archipelago', and Barry Roderrick of the 'Archipelago' set down over a bicker of ale and concocted the following song. They pinched a bit from Ewan McColl's song and tune, 'I'm a Freeborn Man' (& god alone knows where Ewan pinched his ideas from!) -- that's the oral tradition for you. Anyway, we figured that would be a try at sympathetic magic to help Jamie out. Guess we figured wrong. 3 days later, we found out that the Fisheries Board screwed the handtrollers. Else, maybe we figured right & that last verse is coming true....gawd, let's hope not. Let's hope that our grandchildren will be hand trolling in Southeast and laughing at our pessimism. But will take work to organize!

ment entry level fishery such as ours. We provide for more people and kill less fish than any other commercial fishery. Surely we can conserve both the fish and our tradition. According to the ADF&G Organization Review 1977, 'There is no overall fisheries management policy, or formal coordination between the 3 fisheries divisions.' I realize the burden this puts on the Board. Let this meeting be a start at assessing current knowledge and deciding how to fill the gaps.

First, to define hand troll beyond doubt, we support the Alaska Trollers' Association proposals prohibiting use of or access to power other than the body.

We would also remind the Board that it was the clear intent of the North Pacific Fisheries Management Council to exclude hand troll from Council waters. This has deprived us of several traditional hand troll areas -- off Graves Harbor and around Forester Island, for example.

We applaud the Board's actions in December to institute 8 new area closures in order to protect local king salmon runs. Streams which can be shown to have come under especial stress should have protection. We support measures to ensure the highest possible shaker survival rate, such as the abolition of treble hooks, and the suggestion put forth by the ATA that fishermen identify, publicize and avoid concentrations of small kings. It is neither economic nor ethical to put pressure on those fish.

Cross Sound Hand Troll Defense Association has organized and conducted seminars in Juneau, and we expect to have them in other towns, also. Some of the major topics these seminars have treated have been how to avoid catching shakers, how to use single and barbless hooks and how to release fish without harm.

I understand that funding has been secured for an ADF&G troll observer program. We welcome observers on our boats. We hope that they will talk with many fishermen on boats large and small; many fishermen have very precise qualitative knowledge about everything from feed patterns to the timing of runs. To provide another format for the sharing and quantification of this knowledge, we have submitted a proposal to the Alaska State Grant Program for the purchase and processing of ATA logbooks for handtrollers.

Logbooks, along with the coded wire tagging studies we will be able to investigate over the next couple of years, should give us some basis for coho management. As it is, there is only one fluorescent painting study, during which the investigators had trouble distinguishing the marking ink from natural algae, no experiments were run to determine indelibility and wash off rates, and the investigator himself reported the method as unsatisfactory and unsuitable for management use.

I talked to the ADF&G biologists several times and they told me they had few reliable escapement counts, with none even attempted in the Stikine and other major producing areas. The escapement counts available show escapements on most north Southeast streams to be fairly stable, with the exception of the Berners River.

In conclusion, I would ask the Fisheries Board to direct their attention to our lifestyle of hand trolling, to look beyond their own personal fisheries of seining and gillnetting and power trolling, to consider that us low folks on the totem pole are the first of the Alaskan food chain. To eliminate us would be to eliminate Alaska's golden rule of self-sufficiency and independence.

Sincerely,

Jamie Chevalier, President,
 Cross Sound Hand Troll Defense Association,
 187 Gastineau Street, Apartment no. 2,
 Juneau, Alaska.

Old Harbor Books
 Box 1827
 Sitka 99835

Peter Goll submitted this cover illustration of 'Loon in Lynn Canal' from the Islands of Greece. That was several months ago. Then, lo, in the midst of this edition, Peter & Sherrie arrived home to Haines from their trek to the Turkish Coast. While Outside, Peter spent several months studying with the noted anatomist and artist, Robert Hale in New York City. While in that fair burg, Peter also opened a very successful art exhibit on Lexington Avenue. So, between studies and voyages, Peter should be bringing home some generously inspired artwork. Just now, though, Peter and Sherrie are building a home on their land in Haines. Welcome home!

50 cents

ARCHIPELAGO

Volume 1, number 7
Summer 1978

Archipelago is a monthly journal, totally independent and owing no allegiance to anyone; we are a non-partisan forum for southeastern Alaska, from Yakataga to Tongass.

Please address any and all correspondence, advertising, articles, poetry, subscriptions, illustrations and letter bombs to:

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for our Associate Publishers

Thank you - Xraig + Sue +
Chapron + Michael +
Jack !!

Malfeasance With a Heart of Gold

'The first thing I would do', said the business manager to the senior editor, 'is to fire you.' He then made a decidedly rude noise, up-ended the quart of homebrew that had just come over the pass from Whitehorse, rolled over in the barley and snuggled himself to sleep by our prostrate typesetter. Overhead, Orion hunted the bear across the light years; out in the depths of Chilkat Inlet, porpoise hunted for herring; and in the Sogge's barn, the senior editor searched his bankrupt soul for dollars and sense.

Be that as it may. 'Archipelago' came out last October. Robert the business manager jumped ship it Juneau. His parting words at the Ox on Hallowe'en were, 'Thank god there's a place

for all of you -- Southeast's the biggest lunatic asylum I've ever seen!' Fiddler John and Marlene the typesetter & me left for Sitka, then. Little did I think I'd run into Robert so soon after, that hairy little souse.

In Sitka, 4 envelopes caught up with me. They had been following me through Southeast like affectionate albatrosses. In Sitka they hung themselves around my neck. Bills. Bills with letters that read like,

Dear Sir:

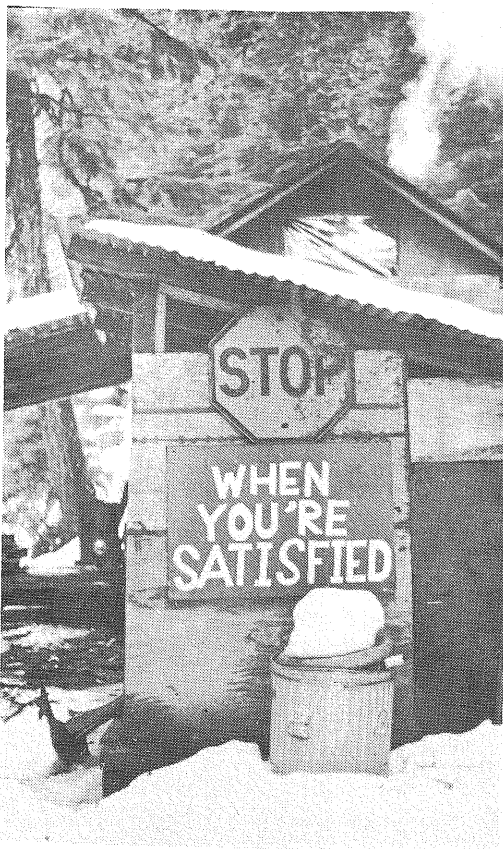
If you have paid the enclosed bills, please ignore the enclosed summons.

No jobs. No housing. 15000 pages of unpaid newspaper. Creditors beating in the door like giant shrews on a hashish bender. It was raining. I smiled. I waved, 'off to Petersburg to sell papers...'. I borrowed \$\$, and flew non-stop to Boston, the Baked Bean Towne. There I met Robert the business manager (see article on page 1).

Over the next 6 weeks, I performed music on some of the most sophisticated street corners the East Coast has to offer. I was jailed only once, by a Chinese cop who dredged out a musty law from 1673 that prohibited music being played within 500 feet of a church (fine, in 1673, but nowadays there are churches every 300'). Good friends put me up and put up with me, and after 6 weeks of bagpiping all the Sitka bills had been paid!

So, here we are again. All the rumor mongers who said we were kaput were, of course, dead wrong. DON'T Believe 'em! -- If 'Archipelago' croaks, I'll tell you myself. We are going strong. Thank you for your faith in sticking by us.

As to our last batch of staff: Robert is working on an assembly line for Polaroid in Boston. Marlene is hand trolling out of Elfin Cove. John is performing fiddle with Banish Misfortune in Anchorage. Me & the 'Archipelago' are travelling thru Southeast gathering stuff for the next edition in August. So, write and subscribe and support us, the paper that supports you:



'The Typesetter's Shack' by Marlene Miller, Petersburg



ARCHIPELAGO