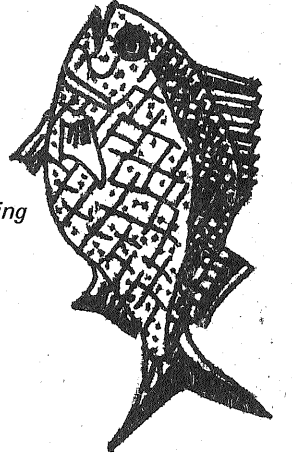


A little bit of inaccuracy
sometimes saves
Tons of explanation.

H.H. Munro, Whale Bay, 1931.

a mere 25¢



A Special Broadside to Gillnetter Pete Smith & Farmer Nancy Sogge!!

Happy Wishes for Love to Bob & Jamie in Harris Harbor aboard their Bridal Boat the Han-Shan!!!

To the Hayes' in Whale Bay, Happy Wedding Wishes & our Love t'y'all!!

The Community of Southeast

arranged & rewritten by Dan Hobson & Bob Banghart
Juneau & Douglas Island

for what its worth
log driftin in here
thick & wet
old-timers, when in fog
i rummin by the seat of their
pants
sound the horn
then count the seconds
before the echo
10 seconds = 1 mile
& now,
lookin thru these
misted windows
clap-board shacks
caught in the hollows
with smoke,
trailing their warmth.

SQUID À LA SHINOLA

Submitted by the Right Honourable Emir,
Charles Dumbaugh,
Whale Bay, September

It was cold. My fingers fumbled in the inch thick frost, which buried the crates & dared my digital stamina to uncover. The entire freezer room was sub-zero; my ears and nose began to follow my fingers into that gangrenous oblivion of frostbite. My lungs breathed—but not too deeply—in this ammonia-chilled dungeon stacked with corpses of frozen fish—ah-hah! . . . Eureka!! Japanese calligraphy, Oriental runes written in red, rose on the crisp

cardboard boxes beneath the frost. I kicked the box free from its snowy tomb and fondly slammed the freezer door shut, walked the echoing length of the cannery past the hollering manager, and began preparing supper. . . Devilfish. . . Calibari. . . Squid.

Squid is the cheapest and best meal this side of Singapore—but only if you buy it as bait from a cannery, these days. Of course, if you buy cannery squid, you're running the risk of ptomaine poisoning from the multiply thawed critters. . . but that's why God put pet dogs on the face of the earth: "Here puppy, puppy. . . nice puppy, here's supper. . . yummy, eh!" Then you pop the squid in the oven and if puppy is still frisking around when the dinner guests arrive—time to eat!

FLASH. . . from our stringer in Davis, California

A NEW DIMENSION IN THE SQUID FISHERY DAWNS

by Donald F.L. Hayes, AP, UPI, CCD.

Mother Technology has found a new method of cleaning squid. In the sophisticated restaurants that hazard their reputations and offer squid à la shinola among their exotic cuisine, special squads of scullions must spend hopeless hours cleaning squid for the discerning clientele. These restaurants, surrounding the Big Sur region, must pay up to \$1 per pound for squid gutters. Well, one person was dissatisfied with the abominable slavery that is held over the persecuted squid gutters (simple peasants, who know no other trade), one man who believed that the price of squid should be reduced to within the charge card of Everyman, one inventor who suffered the depths of shame and mockery by securing a research grant from the Federal Government to invent an *automated squid squeezing machine*. He has succeeded. This machine was put before the amazed U.S. Patent Office just this spring and will reduce the price of squid gutting to a mere three cents per pound. But, this device does not stop there! No—those limpid cephalopods are turned into white filets that are guaranteed to entice the discerning American housewife. Where, in the past, those waving tentacles sent her screaming into the pork chop section of the market, yummy squid patties, squid fritters, squid soup, and squid cacciatore will no longer be the comestible domain of Italians, Galicians and Nipponese citizens only.

The benefit of a revitalized retailing of squid will also have repercussions in our fishing fleets at sea. In the past only 15,000 tons of squid had been caught off the California coast, and those few tons had been exported primarily to European and Oriental markets. The estimated sustained yield for the California coast, with the new market of Americans resulting from the squid squeezing machine, is 600,000 tons. This will be a shot in the arm, indeed, for our flailing fishery that has known better times! (see page 2)

To Prepare:

First: You must grasp the body (about the midriff) in your right hand and the tentacles (about the eyes) in your left hand. Then you pull them apart.

Second: You reach into the body with your index finger and thumb and pull out the transparent, plastic-like feather that runs the length of the body and acts as a primitive backbone.

Third: You now squeeze the innards from the limpid body like a tube of Colgate, washing out the remaining viscera with water and an eager index finger.

Fourth: Taking the tentacles with a knife, you cut them through just between the eyes and the beak. This leaves you with a beak in the midst of the tentacles, which you pop out like a parrot's nose.

callin us in
callin us back.

v geoff orth
pt. baker 8/76

Fifth: Having boiled up some spinach and untopped a package of ricotta cheese, cottage cheese or cream cheese (depending on your budget), you mix the chopped spinach and cheese into a paste and stuff it into the squid bodies.

Sixth: These stuffed bodies you now lay in a pan of red wine of your own discretion—along with the tentacles and remaining paste—and cook at 350 degrees F. in the oven until pink and tender.

The result? A nutritional delicacy that is tastier than steak and lobster for 1/10 the money! Drink with Guinness Stout in a darkened room with a banging radiator on Saturday night for the full effect of a traditional fete of Squid à la Shinola!

Years ago we used to eat the traditional Saturday night feast of squid and stout, back in the old country, back in Shinola. It was cheaper than even beans and franks—39 cents a pound! Then folks began to discover the delicate lobster-like flavor of squid à la shinola people began rushing the fish-mongers on Saturday afternoon for the delicacy, and of course the price skyrocketed like a fuel-injected octopus. It finally peaked (where it soars still nowadays at about \$1 per pound), I had long since converted to an economic diet of coffee and doughnuts.

It was more than just the demand that propelled the price of squid like a flatulent cuttlefish. The price of cleaning the rather unique corpses posed an economic hardship on the purveyors of fine squid. Restaurants must pay up to \$1 per pound to squid gutters—and that is a terrible task indeed, as any of the old Southeast squidders will testify!

(see article this page)

