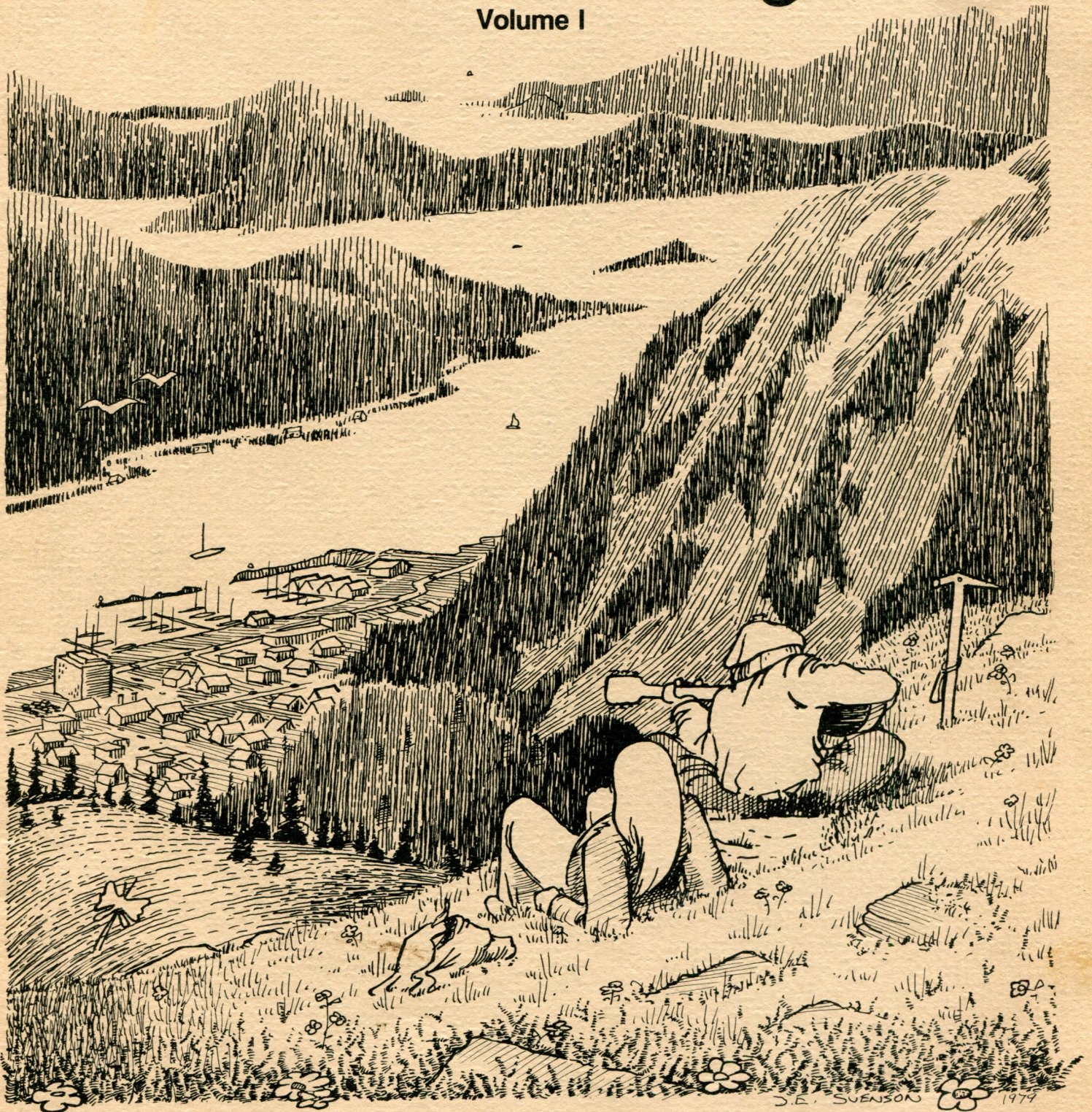


Folksongs of Southeast Alaska
and the Yukon

Panhandler Songbook

Volume I



By The People of Southeast Alaska and the Yukon
Illustrations by John Svenson
Preface by Governor Jay Hammond

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and the Yukon

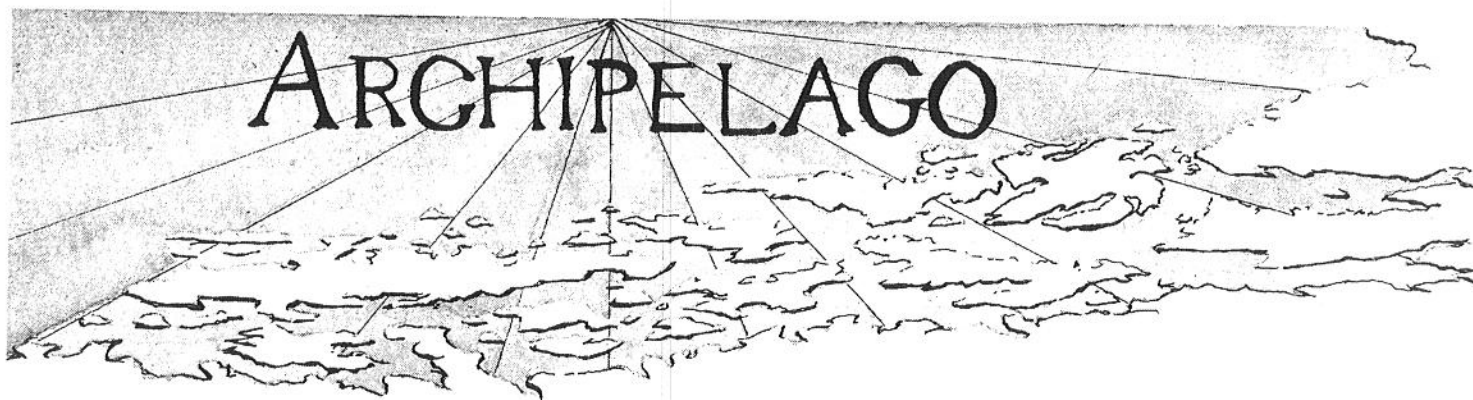
Panhandler's Songbook

Volume I

BY THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHEAST AND THE YUKON,
with the help of:

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"This project is supported by a grant from the Greater Juneau Arts & Humanities Council, and includes financial support from a grant from the Alaska State Council on the Arts, the City and Borough of Juneau, and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency."

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All photos by Nancy Ratner (except as indicated).

All song intros are by the composer or the editor; otherwise indicated.

CATALOGING IN PUBLICATION DATA:

M Panhandler's songbook / by the people of South-
1672 east and the Yukon, with the help of B. H. A.
.A5 Roderick, senior ed. and collector and
P3 others. Juneau : Archipelago, Inc. 1979
100 p. : ill. ; 28 cm.
At head of title : Folksongs of Southeast
Alaska and the Yukon.
The project is supported by grants from the
Greater Juneau Arts and Humanities Council,
Alaska State Council on the Arts, City and
Borough of Juneau and the National Endowment for
the Arts.
1. Music, Popular (Songs, etc.)--Alaska.
2. Folk-songs--Alaska. 3. Folk-songs--Yukon
Territory. I. Roderick, B. H. A.

ARCHIPELAGO

Vol. 1 Numbers 13-27 inclusive

— Archipelago is an occasional journal, totally independent and painfully non-profit. We work thruout the Community of Southeastern Alaska — The Alexander Archipelago — from Yakataga to Tongass, and occasionally trespass into the Yukon and B.C. The Senior Editor may be reached, once in awhile, at:

Orders: (\$6.98 + 50¢)
Box 1402
Juneau, Alaska 99802

Barry Roderick, Senior Editor
Archipelago, Inc., Chilkat Press,
Port Chilkoot, Haines,
Alaska.



**PANHANDLER SONGBOOK
TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Chapter 1 OUR ARCHIPELAGO

Introduction by Barry Roderick, Port Chilkoot	10
"There's a Preacher" by Chris Kennedy, Whale Bay	12
"Travels with Martin" (a story) by Bob Pavitt, Juneau	13
"Conversations with a Moose" by Eric Michaels, Whale Bay.	14
"The Snow Storm (Metelitsa)" traditional Russian.	16
"The Fiddlehead" by Banish Misfortune, Sitka	17
"The Southeast Weather Song" by Ward Eldridge, "Her Highness", Harris Harbor	18
"Bell Island Blues" by Betsy Martin-Lewis, Haines.	19
"Franklin Street Friday Night" by Brad Matsen	20
"Juneau Jig" by Dan Hopson, Juneau	21
"Guitars in N�rge" (a story) by Lonesome Pete, Sitka	21

Chapter 2 FOLKS AROUND SOUTHEAST

Introduction: "Cat Man of Duncan Canal" by Barry Roderick, Port Chilkoot	22
"Dirty Dick" by Richard & Thomas Paul, Port Alexander	24
"Trollers" by Kathy Hazard, Hobbit Hole, Inian Island.	25
"Down on the Farm" by John Palmes, Juneau	26
"Monday Morning Blues" by Star Mullen, Juneau	27
"Jim Knull & His Shop" (a story) by John Jamieson, Juneau.	28
"All in the Camper" by Jim Richards, Skagway.	29
"Jig in the Shoe Shop" by Nathan Spooner, Haines	30
"Sitka Strip" by Jay Hammond (arranged by Dan Hopson)	31
"Eaglecrest" by Al Eagle, Juneau	32
"Frogs in a Waterfall" by Walter Krauss, Juneau	34

Chapter 3 EXILE MIGRATION & PROTEST

Introduction by Barry Roderick, Port Chilkoot.	36
"Dilemma Repeated" by Jim Cabbage, Icy Straits	38
"License Song" by Lonesome Pete, Sitka.	39
"Ice Blue Mendenhall Glacier Blues" by Bob Pavitt, Juneau.	40
"Ex Post Facto" by Bob Sylvester, Haines	41
"Soapy Smith" by Al Oster, Yukon Territory.	42
"Obsession with Linguistic Oppression" by Sophie Zimmerman, Juneau	44
"Banjo Jim Faces Draft Charges" (a story) by Max Fraser, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.	44
"Alaska Busted Blues" by Banjo Jim Erkilitian, Whithorse, Yukon Territory	45

Chapter 4 FISHERIES & THE SEA

Introduction: "The Last True Hunters" by Kres Krestensen, Chatham Straits	46
"Job in McGrath" by Jaqui LaRue, Aurora Basin	48
"Cold Storage Mary" by John Lager, Juneau	49
"Alaskan Runners of Rum" by Edgar Metasalushun & Bubba Olsen, Taku Inlet	50
"Handrollers Passage" by Jaqui LaRue, Barry Roderick, & Ward Eldridge	51
"Slow Destruction of the Simbo II" by Terri Tibbett, Sitka.	52
"Trolling Hopes" by Linda Danner, Harris Harbor	53
"I'm a Fisherman" by Jackie Jones, Douglas Island	54
"Ward Overboard" (a story) by Ward Eldridge, Harris Harbor	55
"Hook & Line Fishing Blues" by Annie Howell, Fairweather Grounds	56
"Norwegian Seaman" by Paul Roseland, Spenard	57

Chapter 5 RAILROADING & MINING

Introduction: "After Gold" by Jim Gordon and Barry Roderick	58
"Hard Rock Reel" by John Ingalls, Juneau.	59
"A. J. Mine" by Sue Kilka, Juneau	60
"Diamond Miners" by Bruce Horowitz, Juneau.	61
"Pickin' Gold in Gold Creek" by Al Eagle, Juneau.	62
"Diggin' " by Steve Hites, Skagway.	64
"Ballad of the Yukon & White Pass Route" by Tim Morrissey, Dyea	66
"Bidin' Your Time" by Chris Kennedy, Whale Bay	67

Chapter 6 THE FOREST FOR THE TREES

Introduction by Barry Roderick & Larry Edwards, Sitka.	68
"Basket Bay Blowdown Blues" by John Schnabel, Haines	70
"Reforestation Blues" by Larry Edwards, Sitka.	71
"Forest Service Song" traditional, Port Protection.	72
"Salt Water & Chain Saws" (a story) by Tom & Richard Paul, Port Alexander.	72
"Loveliest of Trees" by Bruce Horowitz, Juneau	73
"Faint Forest Highway" by Patrick Marsh, Gastineau Channel	74
"Rain Forest Reel" by Bob Banghart & Dan Hopson, Juneau.	75

Chapter 7 OIL SLICKS & POLITICS

Introduction by Kraig Schwartz et al.	76
"Greasy Whitehouse Blues" by Chicken Ridge Rowdies, Chicken Ridge.	78
"Bottomfish Come All Ye" by Kres Krestensen, Chatham Straits	79
"Alaskan Realities" by Rick Wright, Douglas	80
"Jingle Spills" by Dan Hopson, Juneau	81
"Nip & Tuck" by Jay Hammond (music by Dan Hopson)	82
"They're Moving the Capital" by Steve Lind, Juneau	84
"Three for a Dollar Blues" by Paul Disdier, North Douglas	85

Chapter 8 LOVE & CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER

Introduction by Bob Sylvester, Haines.	86
"Mechanic's Love Song" by Banjo Jim Erkilitian, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory	87
"Ben My Chree" by Steve Hites, Skaguay.	88
"59th Parallel Blues" by John Jamieson, Aurora Basin	91
"Gold Creek" by Eric Michaels, Whale Bay.	92
"Waves of Chilkat Sound" by Barry Roderick, Port Chilkoot.	93
"Twist Top Cap" by Billy Horner, Crystal Saloon & Ballroom	94
"Liberal Men Blues" by Barbara Bondi, Juneau.	96

KARMA: PURE AND SIMPLE

Folk musicians are a prophecy and a warning. They are a reaction and a symptom of our society — our society with that .300 slug in its back. But folk music possesses, also, a power.

A 17th century saying quoth that one "cared not who had the making of the laws of the land, if only one could control the printing of the ballads." All the minorities added together make a majority, and these folksongs represent a quorum opinion of what's happening in our fjords and lakes and lands. When we try to forget painful thoughts during the day, we dream about them at night and wake up sweating in the morning; crying in the sunrise, laughing in the dawn and singing thru the day. The managers who run our society repress these feelings and thoughts in favor of button down lyrics celebrating love and commerce in popular geographic romance. Folksongs represent so much more that not only our hearts, but also our governments, should be listening to. Shelley recognized poets and singers to be the unacknowledged legislators of civilization. If we understand this power, we possess the skill to make our dreams and songs of the day become realities. We are guiding our culture thru our song. Our freedom lies in our songs.

Barry Roderick,
Port Chilkoot



photograph by Airlie Strasser

POPULIST MANIFESTO

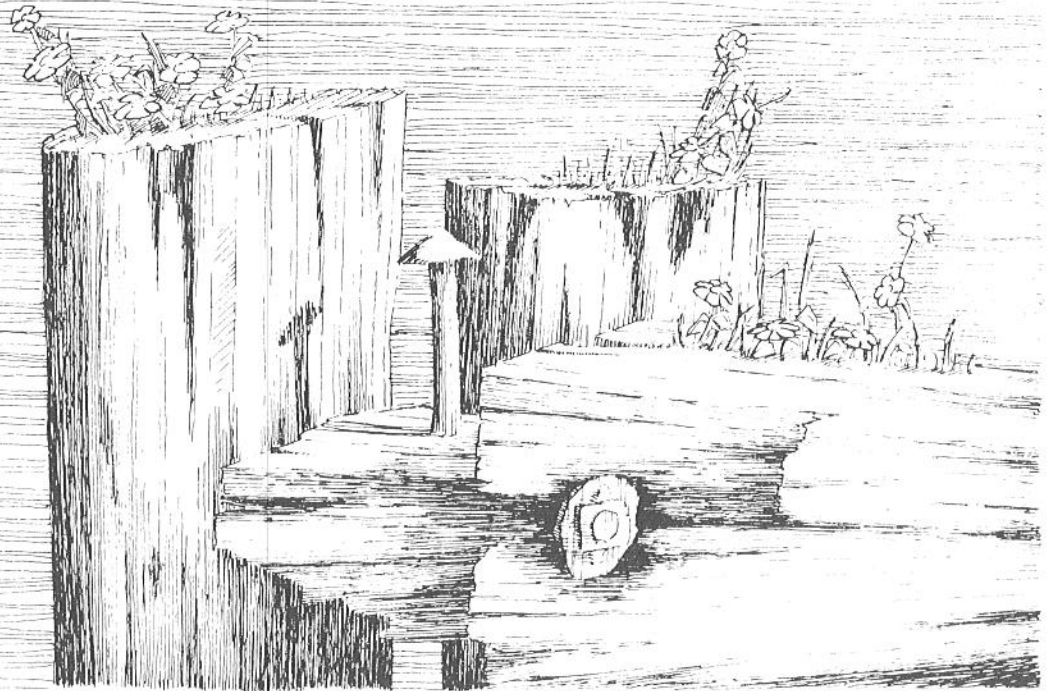
Found by Christie on the bathroom wall
of the House with the Sinking Roof
San Juan Islands, May 1978

Singers, Poets, come out of your closets,
Open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed-up too long
On your closed worlds,
Come down, come down
From your Russian Hills and Telegraph Hills,
Your Beacon Hills and your Chapel Hills,
Your Mount Analogues and Montparnasses,
Down from your foothills and mountains,
Out of your tepees and domes.
The trees are still falling
And we'll to the woods no more.
No time now for sitting in them
As civilization burns down its own house
To roast its pig.

No more chanting Hare Krishna
While Rome burns.
San Francisco's burning,
Mayakovsky's Moscow's burning
The fossil fuels of life.
Night and the horse approaches
Eating light, heat and power.
And the clouds have trousers.
No time now for the artist to hide
Above, beyond, behind the scenes,
Indifferent, paring their fingernails,
Refining themselves out of existence.
No time now for our little literary games,
No time for our paranoias.

Our Archipelago

1



We are indeed south-east of Anchorage and Fairbanks (and now, Willow). But what would we call our land here – by itself and unto itself, from Tongass to Yakataga and from Skagway to Ketchikan? The map-makers call us the “Alexander Archipelago.” Archieplago is “an important sea studded with islands and coves,” which the Russians named after the Czar who gave up his throne to become a monk. Thus, we call our land “Archipelago” – our own sea, laden with islands and volcanoes between the glaciers and mist, making love to the mountains. When here, we are home. In the mist and seas of southeastern Alaska move eagle and salmon, moving in the sunset and moonrise. The mountains are magic and the glacial floes drift our spirits to a haven. Southeastern Alaska.

In September of 1976, 16 of us gathered on a friend’s carpet over plates of salmon egg chowder. The flowing questions fought the food for our mouths. “What sort of alternatives live in Southeast Alaska? What’s Kupreanof Village? Where’s there going to be land when reclassification comes? What alternatives exist to big mills and barging companies when you want some timber to build a home on some of that land that should be opening up somewhere pretty soon? What’s d-3 Land? Who’s going to develop what industries, and what sorts of pollution will they drool into our bays? On which islands are the wolves vying with hunters for deer, and the bear competing with fishers for salmon? What in the world is being planned in legislature, in the state and federal departments, in the Purity Bakery and the Red Dog Saloon by our Public Servants?”

None of us knew. All we knew was that we weren’t happy in the slightest with what was happening in southeastern Alaska with our lifestyle. Hell, we didn’t even know WHAT was happening in our neck of the woods. The newspapers don’t tell us – beyond neurotic, superficial facts; the radio and TV are mere anaesthetics for our painful ignorance; our legislators and public servants are dancing bears of fearful politics . . . rumors run as rampant as giant amphetamine bats in a hallucinogenic sunrise.

We escape to Alaska and the Yukon from the epidemic of Rat Fever stateside. But to what?

Dedication

The Panhandler Songbook happened because of friends and their sharing. We'd like to dedicate our book to our first friend in the project —



Joe Kinch, skipper of the "Ouzel", Harris Harbor,

as well as to our growing group of friends thru-out Southeast and the Yukon:

Alan Partridge
Jay Stencinmueller
Jacki and Jeff Funderburck
Sandy and Connie Griffith
Kraig Schwartz
Bob and Jamie Chevalier
Jonathan Sperber
Marlene Miller
Ed and Becky
Roy Pihlman
Stephanie Scowcroft
Kathy MacDonough
Marika Partridge
George Hoyt
Rick Meredith
Chilkat Press and Bill Hartmann
Kathy Hazard
Ruth and John Gerech
Jim Cabbage
Dan Monroe
Sitka Rose and friends

Sid Jerrel and Kathy Rundy
Anne Moore
Carol Crater and the Department of Communications, Diocese of Juneau
Michael G. Williams
Sarah Robinson
Virginia Eggert
George Figdor
Mike Affleck
Floyd Barton
KTOO-FM
Airlie Strasser
Janet Lumiansky
John Jamieson and the sloop, "Cinnabar"
Tom Blumenshine and the Alaska Empire
Juneau Arts and Humanities Council
Paula Scavera
Al Eagle
Bruce Horowitz
Nancy and Irvin Sogge
Various saloons around Southeast
Bob Sylvester

Lee Harris

FESTIVALS AROUND SOUTHEAST

The Gustavus Goat Roast — sometime in August.

Leonardo Da Vince's birthday — Juneau, every April 14 at the Crystal Saloon.

Tenakee Crab Feed -- September.

The 4th of July -- Pelican.

The Southeast State Fair -- sometime every August, Haines.

The Farago Folk Festival in Faro, Yukon Territory — August or September, shortly after the Southeast State Fair.

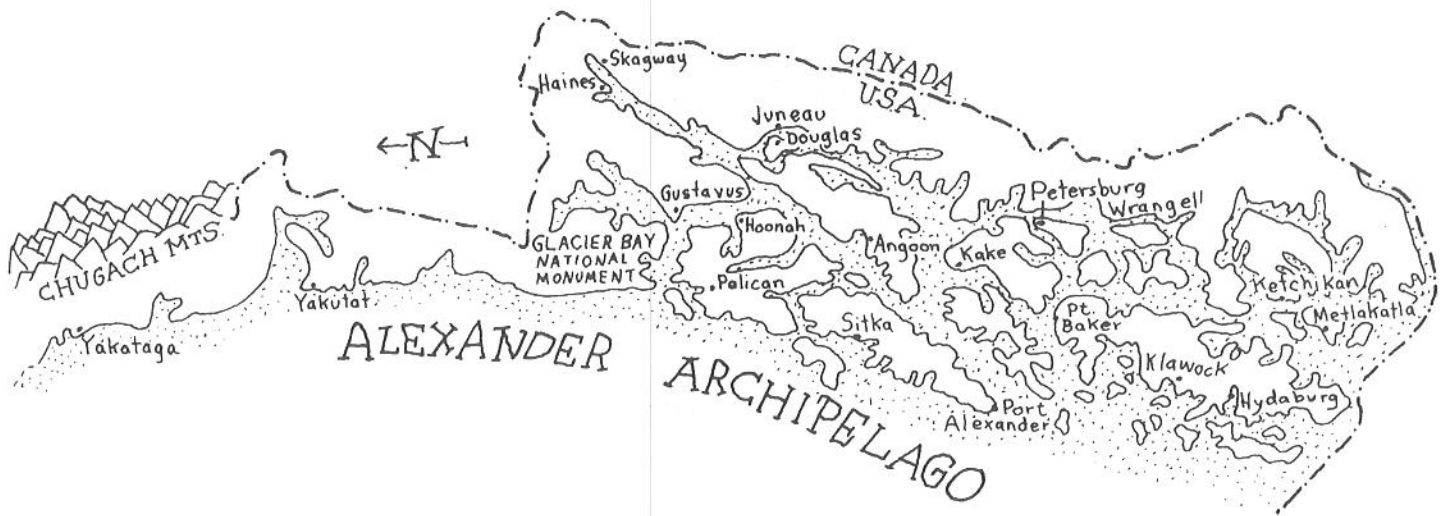
The Sitka Summer Music Festival -- every June.

The Little Norway Festival — Petersburg and Kupreanof Village, in May.

The Whitehorse Sourdough Rendezvous — February, Yukon Territory.

Alaska Day — Sitka, every October 18.

The Southeast Alaska Folk Festival -- Juneau, in March.



Preface

Alaskans take pleasure and pride in the great diversity and richness of the land and resources in our state. Much of that diversity and richness is reflected in the people who populate the state and the cultures they have developed. Folk music is without doubt a most important part of that culture. It is a means to capture some of the natural beauty of the mountains and fjords; some the heart-catching, breath-stopping or just-plain-fun facets of the lives Alaskans lead. It enables us to pass our feelings and places and moments on to others, both now and in the future.

I am pleased to see this compilation of the contemporary and traditional folk music of Alaska, and to have made a small contribution to it.

Alaskan folk artists show a wide array of talents, an array that is reflected in the music contained in this songbook. Through projects such as this, we are assured that many beautiful songs will not pass away unheard and unshared. Rather, we are assured that this important part of our culture will be recognized and, even more, will continue to grow and evolve.

We are indeed fortunate that here in Alaska we have efforts such as this songbook that help us recognize a facet of our lives that can make us pause for a moment, take a deep breath, and know there's something there to help enrich our lives — the music of the people we live and work with.

Jay Hammond
Governor
State of Alaska

Introduction

KARMA ON THE KLEHENI

Bullets went off all around us. A late wake up; but, Jesus, what a wake up. Gunfire and the crackle of flames with Dennis running naked thru the room, pulling his glasses over his ears and screaming for water like a castrated banshee.

Walt's house burned down. To the ground. Malfunctioning drip valve on the stove . . . a normal catastrophe. Five cases of ammunition exploded, leaving the bear guns black twisted tubes in a skeleton house. Walt and the boys couldn't even shoot supper anymore.

Irene and I went green picking along the banks of the Kleheni next day to get some greens for Walt. Suddenly, she pointed upstream, "Look! A Cinnamon bear. Off the end of that island." Grabbing my old 12 ga. side-by-side, I went upstream; beating thru the birch streambank, eaten alive by a river mud mouth set with devils club fangs. Fresh meat for Walt (poachers can always use a good excuse). No bear. I stumbled thigh deep across to the island. No bear. But a moose stood at the other end of the island, eye-balling me like a hungry cyclops. Hmmm. 'Twasn't moose season. Belligerent, though. Figuring a song might soothe her off the ford at her end of the island, I layed into the first verse of "DYNION YR HARLECH" – Men of Harlech -- a Welsh battle song:

Wyl y goel careth un yn fflamio,
A thaffod y tan yn blyddio . . .

Now, I've sung and piped to porcupine, sea lions, bear, humpback whale, chipmunk and harbor seals many a time. They generally cock their heads and then howl, listen or run. This time, though, on the second verse, the moose lowered her head and charged. At point blank range my shotgun misfired with the loudest click I ever heard. The second chamber exploded and the moose dropped, 10 feet away. Dead. When we butchered her out we found a .300 caliber round in her back surrounded by gangrene. Someone wounded her a week before and an atonic Welsh war song elicited justified rage. She fed us folks at Moose Valley for 2 weeks -- when the game warden wasn't around.

An awful lot of balderdash floats around Alaska about animal attacks: authoritative advice on carrying a .44 Magnum, horseradish and garlic poultices, a 12 ga. over-and-under, hand grenades, or good karma with temple bells. Harumph! Y' never know when a moose is carrying a .300 slug in its back. And that's the same as with folk music in Southeast and the Yukon. We have a society that is as hurting and disoriented as that wounded moose. Society is always as hurting and unpredictable as that bullet wracked herbivore. We don't know if our lifestyle is a primed shotgun or a busted one -- but our life depends on it firing that split second once. Folk music can provide that sensitivity which allows us to survive the world around us.

OUR OWN

Last Fall, when we just started collecting folksongs for our book here, a friend came into the production room at KTOO-FM in Juneau. We reminisced and rambled about Maine for awhile til he thumped his fist down and exclaimed, "Damn. I wish we had some Downeast type culture here!" During the six months since that day, folksongs dribbled into the Senior Editor's backpack scribbled on manila envelopes, bar room napkins and toilet paper in ink, crayon and spattered with beer, blood and salmon slime. And now, six months later, we can retract that wish and say, "Bullshit! We got a huge folk tradition here -- a first rate class A one!" Songs from Port Alexander and Dyea, from fishers and farmers, about loves lost and looked for, campaigns run amok, sung in cannery shanties and around beach fires of dry-ky in talking blues, madrigals and gaelic modes.

Folk music cuts across all occupations, ethnic groups, ages and lifestyles. The swath it cuts lies over such fertile ground that, as soon as the singing scythe has sheared the crop, new growth springs up and the hay becomes mulch for future crops of singers. Folk music forms the roots of a regional temperament and becomes

a medium for social change, for venting spleen against anything from the 13 inches of rain last October to the wretched taxes this April, for expressing the passions of misted tenderness and wanton carousel, description of historical events — evoking everything from gentle smiles or guffaws to sobs and the expression of some whimsical thought or tune that popped into one's head whilst washing dishes.

Cecily asked over moose and potatoes up on the Chilkat Peninsula, "What's a folk song?" Folksongs have as many worthless definitions as Alaska has lobbyists. A folksong or folk tune is anything used by the folk around these parts. A sonata played by Jackie on her bassoon in the galley of the "Little Beaver" in Harris Harbor is "folk"; a jazz riff jammed between bebop bagpipes and flute with Jim Pepper at the Crystal Saloon is "folk" — as much as burbling "The Ball of Kerriemuir" in the fish hold of "Her Highness" after six quarts of Ranier in ANB Harbor by Sitka. What we **do** is it — **folk**.

However, many beautiful songs pass away, unheard, unshared. Once sung, the song is gone. In a bureaucratic era like ours, where the printed word is gospel, the ephemeral creations called "songs" remain obscure, unless recorded in the fashion of the establishment — in print. The Tibetans venerated the printed word. Christian missionaries took advantage of this veneration and imported piles of mass — produced Bibles. The Tibetans showed t'other end of their prosaic veneration by using the Bibles as boot soles. The **Panhandler's Songbook** is a departure from the oral tradition. Folk songs are intimate expressions in our land and sea — not being meant for wide public display, they are sung in warm situations to friends. This very intimacy loses the songs to the wider audience of Southeast, an audience that could profit from their wisdom of warmth. This book is a book of folk music by folk musicians for the folks of our Archipelago and the Yukon.

FACES: FOUL AND FAIR

The faces and stories of colorful characters, young and old, abounding in our region need to be recorded and heard now. The faces and personalities from South Franklin Street bars to the Pioneer Home in Sitka reflect the diverse nature of our population, seasonality of work and the rugged remoteness of our country. The youngsters now kicking around the Archipelago and learning about life, singing about their fortunes and failures, are the raw material for tomorrow's historical figures. Unless this valuable human resource is tapped now, it will fade into musty memories and half-forgotten recollections distorted in print 50 years hence.

In addition to its colorful folks, Southeast Alaska and the Yukon are rich in history. From Lingit history and legends through the Russian Era, Territorial Days and on into Statehood; heroic tales and tragi-comedy have all come down to us as part of our regional heritage. Today, more than ever, history is being made here. Alaska lies on the edge of precipitous social and economic change — the capital move, gas development, bottom-fishing and processing, and other booms, boons and bombs. We sit poised on the edge of a historical chasm that we can never recross. Now is the time to document this side of the crevasse; and the songs of the people — the folk — say it best.

The regional flavor of Southeast and the Yukon possess a great appeal to Outsiders who come from areas where mass culture has erased regionalism. Here, in Alaska and the Yukon, they find an area of moss-covered rain forests, halibut jackets and rubber boots, ravens and eagles, fjords and glaciers, salmon runs, wilderness cabins, totem poles and all the magic that makes this region unique. Among Southeast Alaskans and Yukoners there grows a living tradition: in the lifestyles of logging camps and boat harbors, in the letters to the editor and in the songs sung by everyday people. Our regionalism provides cohesiveness between Southeast communities; by making this folk music solid in black and white print, our traditions will grow.

Documentation for folk music in our region in the past has been little better than U.S. Forest Service stats — hit-or-miss-once-in-awhile-perhaps. This is an initial attempt to encourage our craft of folk music in Southeast Alaska and the Yukon Territory. Gaps peer out in glaring cracks. God, women's rights, Native, erotica, etc. . . . your own personal sensitivities will see those spaces quick. This book represents a mere six months collection of folk music joyfully and easily given to us publishers. In our half-a-year we received enough songs for three volumes instead of just this one. However, costs of additional pages limit our book size and therefore the amount of material contributed. The choice of songs was an excruciating task that went on right up to press time. So many great compositions we left for the next volumes. This book of folk music of our Panhandle of Alaska and the Yukon is a start. You will find a blank page or two inside. Send us your own folkmusic — share it with your comrades in our islands and forests.

The ferry from Seattle touches Ketchikan, a gam of whales, mist — all these things the singers of South-east sing about — a beer at the Red Dog, snow in the mountains and rutabagas in the garden. The snow, the mist and the gam of whales were here before even the Tlingit came. In 1741 the Russians touched down; followed by the British, “Boston Men” and many others.

Alaska and the Yukon have been prostituted for their riches since the Russians and British discovered them in the 18th century. The United States bought the keys to the brothel in 1867, when an impotent Czar could no longer protect his prostitute in the New World from the encroaching British mob. During the Gold Rush of 1898, America began pimping for Alaska in a big way, leasing her out to the highest bidders in American business. But the street people of Alaska became jealous of the closed shop of federal administration, and in 1959 broke the monopoly of the District of Columbia through Statehood. These entrepreneurs now make the images. Before, Alaska had been what it was — image and reality were the same: an unorganized and undeveloped wilderness. Consolidating their power, these developers say that Alaska is still a “frontier” — the “Last Frontier.” Urban Alaska is the last frontier in the same sense that the Lower East Side of New York or Al Capone’s Chicago was a frontier. Although Alaska was violently forced into prostitution in 1741, changed hands in 1867, sweated overtime in 1898 and subcontracted in 1959; it is only now, in this decade, that the raw and infected wounds of her violent bondage are coming to lite.

If Alaska dies, what happens to her pimps and to us? Are we her customers? Or lovers? Is this anyway to treat a lover?

When you stop to look back and see all those days of dreaming of the future
And say then, That was my life. And if any new days are to come,
it’s now time to move.

— J. P. Donleavey

Time to move, but where? Sing a song and see. It’s we who make the difference.



**Barry Roderick,
Port Chilkoot**

The one thing I've noticed, because I'm doin' a lot of hitch-hiking and talking to people on ferries and in barrooms and dingy motels, is that everybody has their tale to tell. Like everybody's experiences . . . everybody has their story and reasons. There's legitimate reasons for d-2 and against d-2 and everybody has their reasons that are backed up by their own experiences and its all interconnected and everybody has their story and everybody's right, y'know.



photograph by barry roderick

There's A Preacher

Chris Kennedy

There's a preacher a teacher 'lectrician and a
 bum a dancer and a waitress a gypsy and a
 nun with their own little world their taste of
 heaven and hell their reasons to cry and their
 own tales to tell of kind days just roll
 by and the reasons grow

stronger when someone a-grees and the stories grow
 longer when you find that they please and the ground gets shaky when your
 reason's fall through we all need a few sentences that we can call
 true.

Of kind people they found, thieves who deceived them,
 Of friends who stood by and children that need them;
 Why they love their home town, how they voted and why
 -- Our stories make up our days, and the days just roll by.

And when people from different highways sit down as we do,
 Share their stories and their reasons -- what they've lived to be true;
 A discovery rings thru like a Sunday morning bell
 -- The truth lives in us all like a penny in a well.

Let's toss our pennies 'gainst some old brick wall,
 Maybe we can make some sense of it all.
 And if we don't.....well I don't care, we can go for a beer,
 There's a friendly saloon and it's not far from here.

Where there's a preacher, a teacher, electrician and a bum,
 A dancer and a waitress, and a governor's son;
 In their own little world, their tastes of heaven and hell,
 Their reasons to cry and their own tale to tell.

TRAVELS WITH MARTIN

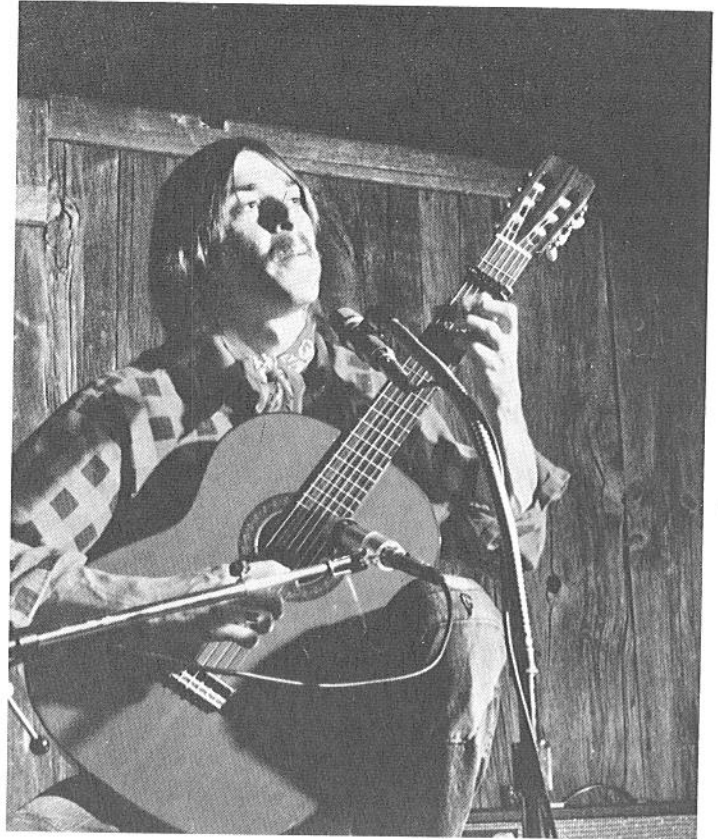
"I have a Martin guitar -- a D-18 -- that I picked up in Sarasota, Florida in a hock shop for \$140 back in the early 60's. 'Course, it came with us to Alaska and goes like everywhere with me. It's been to Siberia and to Barrow and it's been around every nook and corner of Alaska and the Yukon. In 1970, I had occasion to go back East on business and I was close enough to the Martin plant at Nazareth, Pennsylvania to go back and visit and bring the guitar for some needed repairs. Mr. Martin -- C.F. Martin IV -- who is still very active in the business -- took me to lunch and was very interested by the fact that I had come all the way from Alaska to get my guitar repaired. The Service Manager, in looking up records on the thing, noticed that I was from Alaska and he said, 'Have you ever been to Juneau, Alaska?' I said, 'Yes, indeed; I used to live there.' He said, 'Well, I guess your guitar has kinda come home.' His records showed that the guitars made in 1957 -- as mine was; the spruce for them had been purchased in 1953 from the Columbia Mills, which used to be on Montana Creek Road here in Juneau until it burned down. And so, my guitar has actually come home, and it's just kinda fun to know that a part of me as that guitar is to me is native to these parts and is really of northern derivation."

Bob Pavitt
 Juneau

It was Halloween night at the 'Red Dog Saloon' (or at the Crimson Cur, as some say). Everyone was all costumed up, rowdy and generally having a 'high ol' time.' I was just sitting there dressed like a folk-singer 4000 miles from home. I was with my traveling companion Frank, an artist from California. He was busy sketching the interior — so conversation was light.

Then I noticed this fellow at the far end of the bar. He appeared to be talking to himself, but I knew that couldn't be true because that's strictly a Toledo trait. So I looked around and, sure enough, on the wall, directly across from this guy was a stuffed bull moose. He was gabbing with this moose! Boy, was I relieved. I'd begun to think the guy was nuts.

All around the bar there were other creatures poking their heads through the walls — bears, caribou and Dall rams to name a few. Well, Frank still wasn't talking and I, being a little juiced and not from Toledo, decided to chat with a few of these creatures. I logged the conversations and by the end of the night I had 6 poems written down. I didn't think much of it at the time, but the next day when my head cleared — lo and behold — "Conversation with a Moose" was born.



Photograph by Steve Cull

Conversations With A Moose

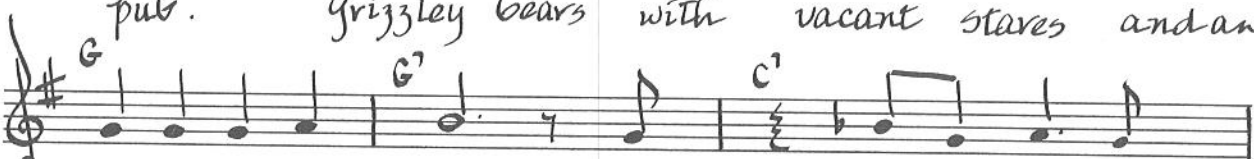
eric michael's



Halloween and it's quite a scene at the Jumptown Frontier



pub. Grizzly bears with vacant stares and an



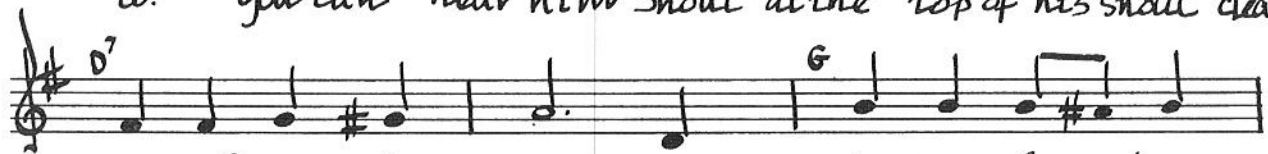
eight track over dub And on the wall a



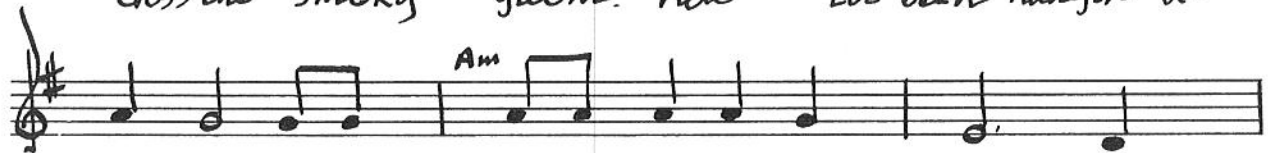
big ol' Dall ram speaks when he's spoken



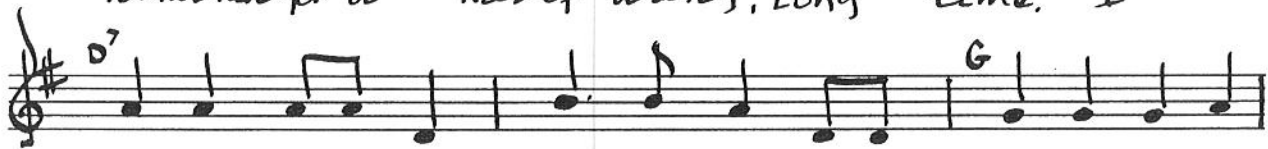
to. You can hear him shout at the top of his snout clear a



cross the smoky gloom. "Now I've been hangin' a-



round here for a hell of a long, long time. I



might be kind of a wall flower but at least I speak my



mind It ain't easy bein' stuck here when your



heart's so far away Well I'm a little different

than the



rest of these folks. I've got a reason to stay.



Wagon wheels and poker deals on a rainy after noon



Pay your dime and bide your time at the



Old Red Dog Saloon

Hangin' around the piano, and acting kinda weird,
 Is an old bull moose with no caboose and some peanut
 shells in his beard.
 He was debating with some folk hero from the last frontier;
 My antlered friend was spoutin' Zen and I couldn't help overhear:

Now a logger staggered toward me and suddenly he veered,
 And I noticed, as he passed me by, there were peanut shells in his beard.
 As I jumped to leave, I snagged my sleeve on a trophy caribou,
 Who said, 'Mister, if you've got a minute, a parting word or two:

'I lost my intellectual antlers back in 1952,
 And I've been in a rut, now, for about a year or two.
 And since that rutting season ended late last week,
 I've been here drinking beer; so I guess I'm up the creek.

'Now life ain't always easy -- in fact, it's sometimes rude;
 And the secret to being happy is to have an attitude.
 And treat it like a lover, hold it to your breast,
 Then grab a drink -- never think to disregard the rest.

This is a traditional Russian American song that Bob Pavitt found, sings, and gave to us to use. It was popular, reportedly, in Sitka in the 1840's.

The Snowstorm - Metelitsa

trad. Russian

Vdol' po u-li-tse ma te-li-tsa me-tyot,
 Za-me-te-li-tsej moj mi-len-koj i-
 dyot. Jy po-stoj po-stoj, Kra-
 sa-vi-tsa mo-ya, Da-j mne na-glya-det-sya,
 ra-dost na te-bya.

Along the street, a snowstorm sweeps;
 In the snowstorm, my darling walks along.

CHORUS:

'Stop, stop, my Beauty,
 Let me gaze, my Joy, on you;
 Stop, stop, my Beauty,
 Let me gaze, my Joy, on you.'

Na tvoju-li, na priyatnu krasotu,
 Na tvoju-li, chto-l', na beloe litso.

Krasota tvoja s uma menya svela,
 Issushila, dobra molodtsa menya.

On your, on your pleasing beauty,
 On your, on your white face.

Your beauty has driven me out of my mind,
 Has consumed me -- a fine one.

Aboard the Columbia in lower Lynn Canal in 1976, Rusty played mandoline on one staunchion and I played Highland pipes on the other. An audience gathered to listen and the purser came to offer us a midnite swim if we didn't stop and let the tourists sleep. So, while the tourists slept and the purser fumed, Rusty taught me "Se Beag, Se Mor"; and I taught him "Craggs of Glen Allen". A month later a bunch of us jammed. We played the remnants of the tune I taught Rusty. The tune we recorded came from Scotland 200 odd years ago. It wasn't "Craggs of Glen Allen" anymore.

I was flat broke in Juneau in the Fall of 1978 trying to raise money to get this folksong book off the ground. While drinking my 17th refill of coffee at The Fiddlehead Restaurant in Juneau and wondering how to pay the bill, a flash came. I'll sell them a folksong . . . unnamed . . . we'll call it . . . ah-h, inspiration . . . "The Fiddlehead," after the restaurant. I got \$100 and paid the coffee bill, and the folksong book is here now. Such is the oral tradition. (P.S. Eat at The Fiddlehead: good grub, good coffee and good music!)



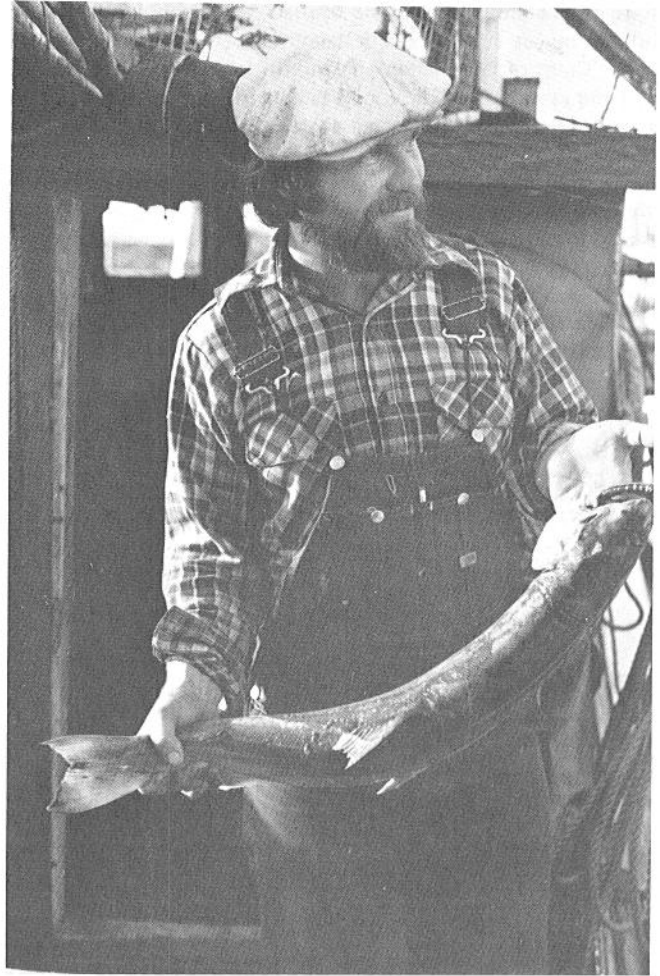
photograph by Marlene Miller

The Fiddlehead

vanish misfortune

The musical notation consists of ten staves of music in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line across the staves. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the tenth staff.

Gordon Bok, a folksinger from Maine, is popular with the Harris Harbor crews of expatriate New Englanders. Gordon did one song about prevailing winds in the Gulf of Maine and the weather they bring. Kathy Hazard, over hot chocolate aboard "Her Highness", asked Ward if he could do the same with the winds in Southeast. So, Ward did. This is the song he came up with. Learn it and you won't sink — if you follow the song with patience.



Southeast Weather Song

ward eldridge

south wind's rain and west wind's clearing, cold old north-west
 winds the fog brings in. one bell, two bells
 don't go grievin' all my bad times past and gone a-
 rec.

Here's a dulcimer song. My dulcimer is crippled these days and it hardly stays in tune for more than one song . . . Last Winter my husband, Lonnie, and I were caretakers at the Bell Island Fishing Resort. It's about 50 miles northeast of Ketchikan. The island itself is about 5 by 12 miles and we were the only human inhabitants for about five months. Mail day was always our big excitement of the week — to get news from friends, to get our fresh produce and to rest our eyes on another human being for a few moments; a reminder that the rest of the world was still in existence. Bell Island Blues was born one morning when we ran down to meet the plane, and it didn't land. We watched it circle low and then with an apologetic tip of the wings, it left us there. They couldn't land that day. Bell Island Blues is a celebration of our island life.



Bell Island Blues

Getsy Martin-Lewis

*I've got things on my mind and I've got the time, to
think all those thoughts that I think are fine and I give you my word that I
listen well so sit yourself down you've got lots to*

DULCIMER Tell.

CHORUS:

Well, that water's too rough, the plane won't land,
Guess I don't get no mail from the mailman.
This island is still where I want to be,
The news costs too much when the blues are free.

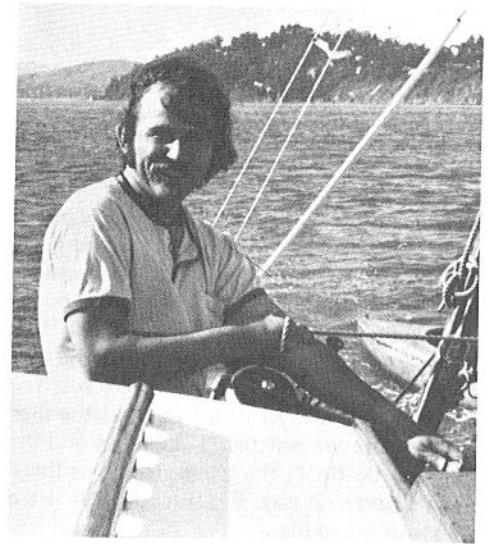
We got jagged horizon, black as nite,
And here comes the moon with its full white lite.
Diamonds of snowflakes, that sparkle deep,
Go dancing beside the singing creek.

We got water that's crisper than mountainside,
And canyon walls higher than the birds glide,
Silence that's older than Abraham
Comes whistling down on the cold North Wind.

Brad Matsen has been writing novels and short stories for about 15 years, but as far as I know this is his first "keeper" song. He has an excellent guitar style and is a pleasure to listen to, especially after a carafe or two of Carlo Rossi's finest. He's been in Southeast Alaska on and off for about 12 or 13 years, and during the "off" times he summed up his feelings about being away from Alaska with this postscript to his letter:

"If you are fortunate enough to have lived in Newport Beach as a young man then you are truly lucky, for Newport Beach is a moveable snack."

John Jamieson
Harris Harbor



photograph by john jamieson

South Franklin Street Friday Night Brad Matsen

Throw out your bait, then you sit and wait, hopin' against hope for a
 bite. Shuffle your feet then you take your change off the table on
 Franklin street Friday night. Baby don't you know it costs too much to
 play the datin' game, senior mem, oh, this is my mom, you ^{don't respect} me in the
 mornin'.

Heading for home,
 And you ain't alone,
 But you're easy and travelling light.

She's an old friend,
 And she knows your name and hat size:
 Franklin Street, Friday Night.

I used to whistle the 2nd eight bars of this to myself as I walked to work along Fritz Cove Road back in the Winter of 1970-71. The rest was added later. The octave leap at the beginning of those 8 bars always reminded me of the visual leap one experiences on first seein' Juneau and the mountain looming over it.



Juneau Jig

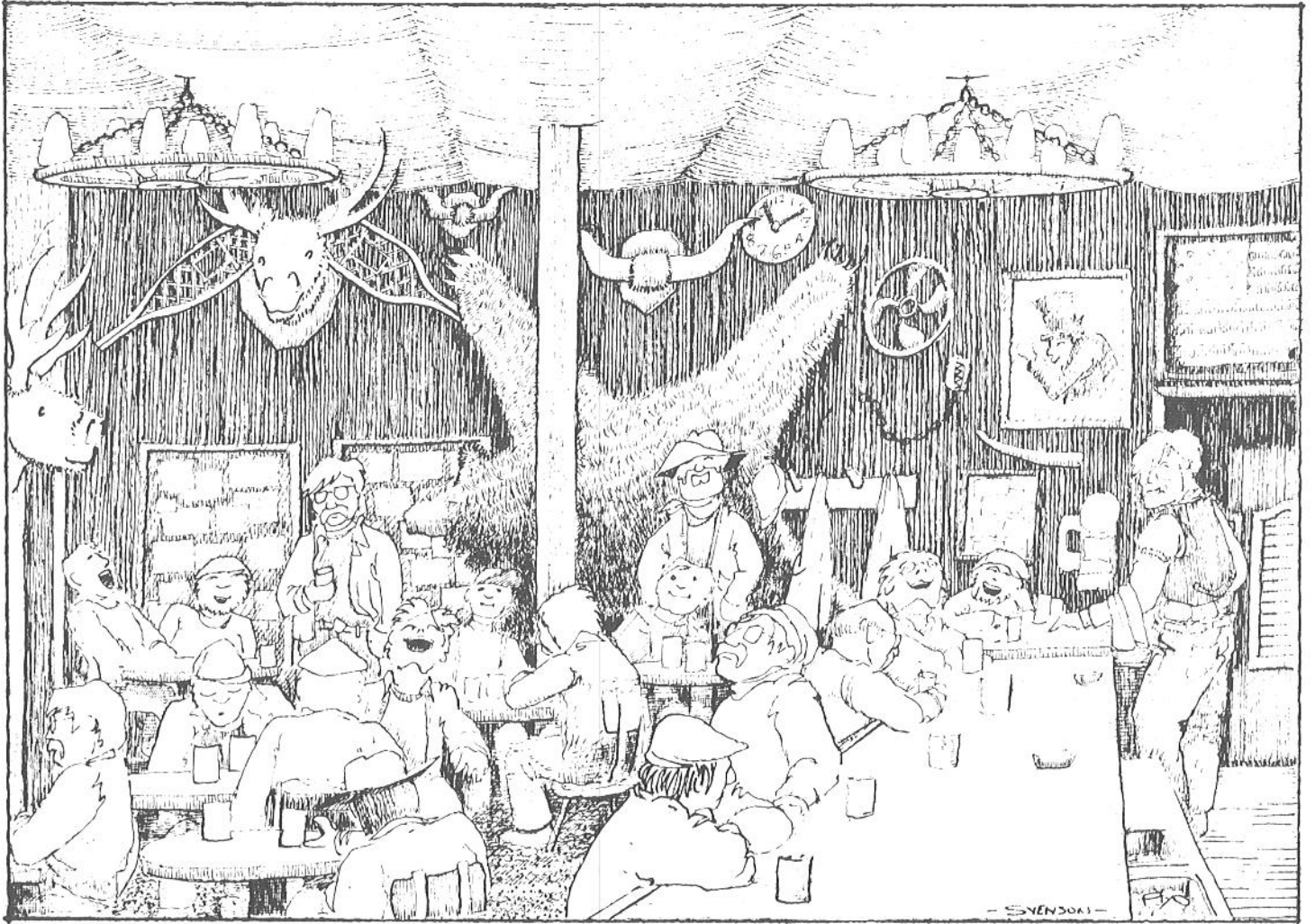
dan hopson

GUITARS IN NÖRGE

Y'know and when I was a kid in Norway, only the Salvation Army played the guitar. I started in when I was a kid listening to the Salvation Army back before the turn of the century; I thought it was the most beautiful sound and harmony. So I went home and asked my mother if she would buy a guitar. Ya, that's for women only, the guitar, but I started to play. Ya, and when I was a kid we started playing and singing and we went out on picnics when I started to be 14 or 15 with girls – long and beautiful lakes like in Norway – and having the girls pack the guitar for me because I was ashamed to pack it – men never played the guitar, you see.

**Lonesome Pete
Sitka**

Folks Around Southeast



The Cat Man of Duncan Canal

The gas tank read full. The skiff left Kupreanof Village. In Duncan Canal, when the tank read one half, it turned around. Enough gas to return to Kupreanof. But Gary and Karen spied a plume of smoke rising from a space in the sprucetops: a cabin in a clearing. They beached the skiff and hiked up a dim trail.

An 80-odd year old troll-like troller invited them into his cabin for tea. They set down in the shadows. He disappeared into the pantry to prepare the brew. Slowly, as their eyes adjusted, they met the gaze of 150 pairs of eyes peering at them from behind 50 years' accumulation of nets, lanterns and oilskin.

They remarked on these eyes to the old fellow over tea. He allowed as how, yes, those eyes belonged to cats — some very special cats. Cats he'd bred special: chocolate spotted Siamese. He went out back and returned with a slab of liverwurst. And a skinning board. On the skinning board lay two skun, cats — rather, two stretched cat skins.

Over liverwurst he explained, yes, every couple of months he'd kill a couple of the felines and send their skins off to a furrier down South. Someday, he asserted, chocolate spotted Siamese skin coats would catch on and THEN, then, he'd make a mint. They all slept on the same bed — the old man, the 150 cats and their kittens.

Folks around Southeast and the Yukon are like those cats — never knowing when they're going to be stroked or skun.

Desperate Dreamers

Directness breathes here; a product of getting your feelings bludgeoned. Directness halts any confusion. A friend applied for the job of puller aboard a troller once. "Crew share 10%," the skipper said, raising his eyebrows over her body like an erotic caterpillar. She asked him point blank, "Am I supposed to fuck you? Cause if that's the case, I want 90%. If this is prostitution, I want top Reno rates." She did not get the job.

Mixing friends can be as lethal as the nite that Bob the Bass and I polished off a pint of apricot brandy, washed it down with a couple of six-packs of Tuborg headache beer, and then smoked a joint or two of Mexican dope laced with that favorite paraquat poisoning of Uncle Sam . . . we woke up the next morning "talking to god thru the great white telephone" (barfing in the porcelain toilet) and a migraine the size of Mt. Jumbo. I begged Bob to put a .300 round into my medulla oblongata to relieve the pressure, but he couldn't move.

"People shouldn't be so quick to throw out their parents' outhouses" continued Dave Mummy. "On our farm in Ohio we had this beautiful 2 seater outhouse. It used to be a real test of friendship; that . . . what I mean . . . how many people would you set on a john with and still be able to function? That outhouse was the best yardstick of friendship I ever grew up with. But my brother threw it out a couple of years ago. People should be careful about throwing out their parents' outhouses. They might lose more than a toilet seat."

In September of 1978, a group of Iranian extremists were reported by our infallible press to have trapped a crowd of innocent peasants in a movie theater in Tehran and set fire to the building after welding the doors shut. Hundreds of people died in the flames. Recently, it was revealed that the Shah's secret police coordinated this grotesque murder in an attempt to incriminate the opposition.

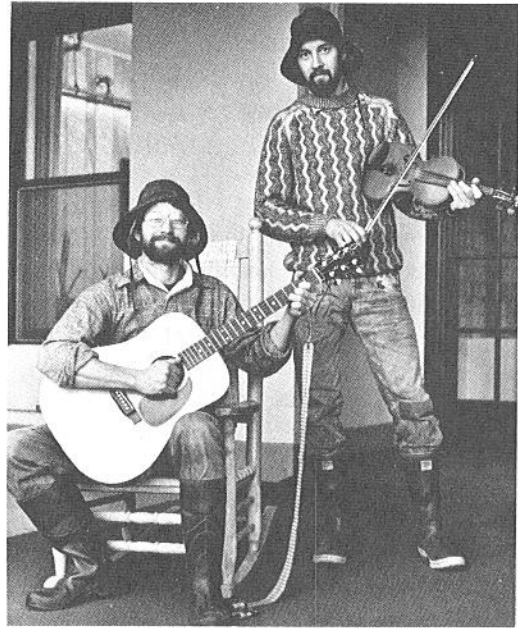
Whether we talk about cats, Mexican dope, toilet seats or crew shares; it is a fact that we are an endangered species. A movement is afoot to cage the beast of wild spontaneity like those Iranian victims. Let us beware. which folks? us folks. sing these songs and see. And remember: Necessity is the mother of strange bedfellows.

**Barry Roderick,
Port Chilkoot**



Alan Partridge & Terry Shephard, Sitka.

Okay, my name is Tom Paul and I'm with my brother Rick and this song is "Dirty Dick." It's about a somewhat legendary character in Southeast Alaska. He's from Port Alexander. And this song was originally written as a birthday song and the verses we're singing are just the bare minimum – anyone can make up any other verses because there are stories of Dirty Dick that can be easily made into verses for a song. If you'd like to pick up some stories to make your own verses to this song, the best place to go would be the Pioneer Bar in Sitka, 'cause they know Dirty Dick there better than anywhere else.

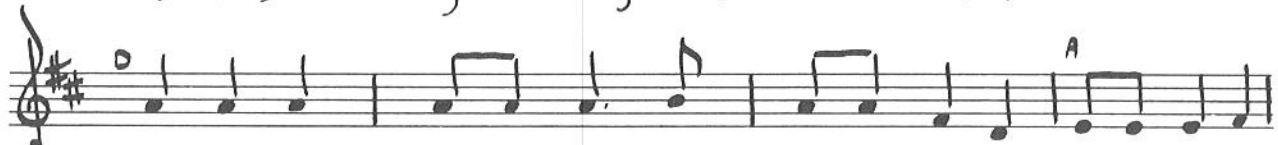


Dirty Dick

richard & thomas paul



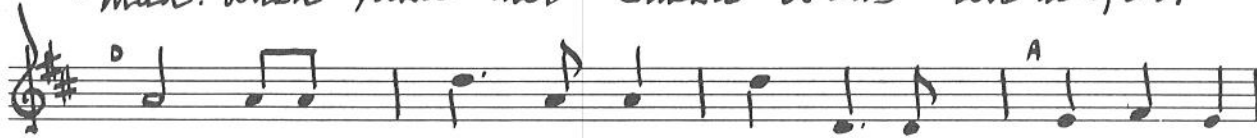
It was some years a-go down in old Ketchi-



kan. Dick was lookin' for a woman, who was lookin' for a



man. When Dickie met Chuckie it was love at first



sight. you could tell because Dick bought the drinks that first



night. Dirty Dick, Dirty Dick, your fingers are so



thick, your hands are as strong and as hard as a



brick. If you had not left those forests of



Maine it's a cinch Port Alex - an' der would not be the



same.

As a fisherman you're great,
No one can compare;
When you're out there,
The fish really haven't a prayer.
Just one thing keeps the salmon from being so few
- And that's your addiction to Tully's homebrew.

Foreman, firechief, father of 4,
And your house is never too full for 1 more.
You're good with a chainsaw, be it Stihl or Homelite,
But why must you run them in the middle of the nite?!

We've searched the world over,
Trying to find someone of your caliber,
Another of your kind.
But try as we might,
There's none to be found,
Goddamn if you're not the last one around.

Written off Yakobi Island pulling on the "Amalie L."
July 1978.

Southeast Trollers

Kathy Hazard

Tune: Michael Row The Boat Ashore

Diana bought her own boat,
Hallelujah;
Sistered the timbers so it would float,
Hallelujah..

With the help of her friend, Ward,
She rigged the gear and placed the boards.

Found a puller with a power permit,
They didn't get along, they'll both confirm it.



So Diana found another puller,
And now she is a handtroller.

She's hauling her lines in by hand,
Arms as strong as any man's.

The mountains are green and the rest is grey,
And the fish are calling for her to stay.

Seas grow wild and the sky brings rain,
Southeast Alaska's her domain.

John Palmes, with mellow voice and rhythmic sway, picking his weathered Martin guitar, has entertained folks for years in Southeast Alaska, singing songs from The Carter Family to Hank Williams to Bob Dylan . . . as well as many original songs. John's versatility on such other instruments as violin, mandolin, harmonica and autoharp led him to become involved in an "Arts on the Move" program at Cape Pole, where he taught music in 1977. Currently, he is traveling South in search of larger musical worlds to conquer.

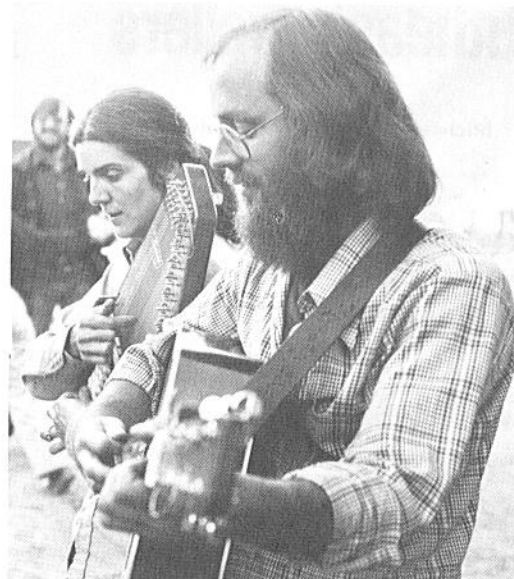
— Dan Hopson
Juneau

Down On The Farm

John Palmes

Down on the farm Pigs and the chickens
 scratchin' in the barn Got a pile of bills just as
 long as your arm But how you gonna keep it?
 Down on the farm
 A chorus
 Cock-a-doodle doo - Yo-dle le he he - Yo-dle
 le he he . yo-dle le he he eh.

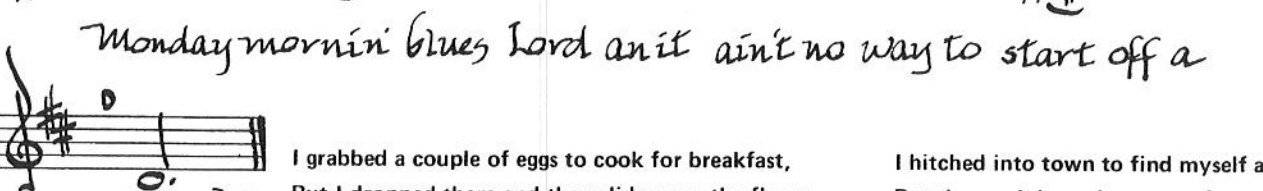
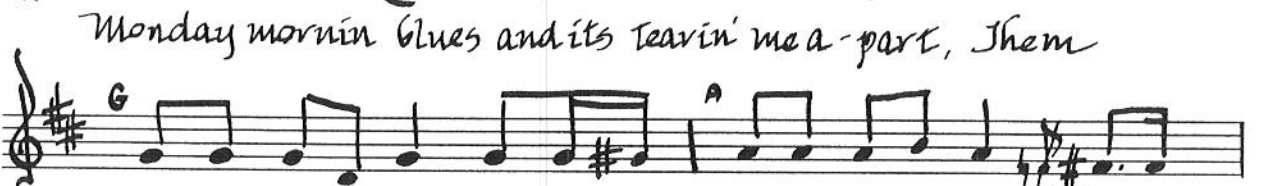
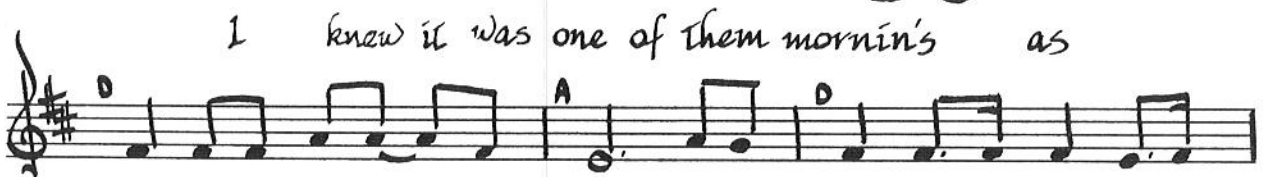
Workin' all de day,
 Countin' all the eggs that a rooster can lay;
 And if it don't rain gonna make
 Your pay cuttin' on the hay.
 Bustin' the sod,
 Throwin' out the rocks and breakin' up the clods,
 Just you and Mother Nature, like 2 peas in a pod,
 Trustin' in God and the lightnin' rods.
 Sowin' your seed,
 Eatin' all the taters and smokin' all the weed;
 Jest like Mr. Tater Bug, happy as you please,
 Takin' your ease.
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 Hoein' the row and choppin' out the weeds;
 Sun so hot your're prayin' for a breeze,
 Down on your knees.



This is a song that a friend of mine, Pat Smith, and I wrote in Juneau, Alaska. She and I are from the same town in Kentucky — Moorehead, Kentucky — an' the 2nd Monday we were here, we wrote this song 'cause it was really a bad Monday. I mean, it was a *bad* Monday.



Monday Morning Blues



week D.C.

I grabbed a couple of eggs to cook for breakfast,
But I dropped them and they slid across the floor;
The toast was burned and the coffee was weak,
This Monday mornin' cookin' is a chore.

I hitched into town to find myself a job,
But the work interviews were few;
So, the only thing I'm gonna do right now
Is visit the Crystal Saloon.

Jim Knull & His Shop

The Sweet Banjo Factory . . . even the name sounds nice. Sunshiney meadows filled with wildflowers, the lilting sound of a hand-crafted dulcimer and guitar, backed by a frailing banjo player. Even backed by a washtub bass. Nothing like it . . . soothing the savage beast and all that.

Something new has come to Juneau. Out the road about a quarter mile downstream from the highway on the Mendenhall River is a real live factory. A banjo, guitar, mandolin, dulcimer, hurdy-gurdy factory. Hurdy-Gurdy?!! Yup, even one of those for when you feel you need a little droning in your life. A nice place. Someday, I'm sure, Jim Knull wants to expand the place by leasing a few hundred acres and erecting a chrome, glass and steel edifice capable of producing a thousand guitars a day . . . but maybe a couple of windows in the walls of the yurt would be nice for the time being.

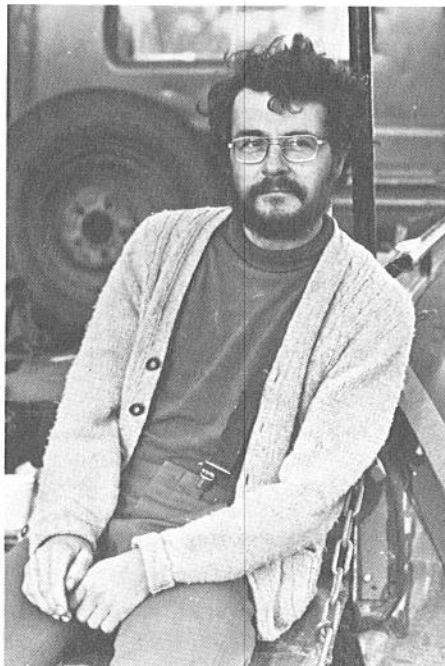
Jim Knull is the main force in Sweet Banjo. He grew up in the Seattle area and got his start in craftsmanship by boosting hubcaps off his neighbors' cars when he was fourteen or fifteen. Later, he was off to Juneau and a stint at the Auke Bay Fisheries Lab. At the same time, he taught a course in woodworking at the Juneau-Douglas Community College at Auke Lake. Through everything he's done has run the central theme of attention to detail and quality workmanship. I asked him once, about a year ago, what color stain he was going to apply to one of the instruments he was working on. He stiffened a little and said, 'I never use it. If I can't find the wood with the right color that I want, then I won't build the thing.' Attention to detail . . . soft hand-rubbed finishes, natural wood colors, walnut, rosewood, ebony, and even good old faithful fir. I suspect that he could produce a fine instrument out of used plywood, cement forms and bailing wire, but that will have to be another story.

CO - OP - ER - ATE: to act or work with another or others to a common end . . . Some people come to Sweet Banjo with only a vague idea of what they want to build or learn to build, others come complete with pocketsful of chisels, diagrams and lists of mail-order parts suppliers.

Most any Wednesday night, at the Ox on South Franklin Street, Sparky Sparkle plays the banjo he made (he didn't make the banjo there, but that's where he plays!). Most of the time, June Hall strums her dulcimer near a crackling fire on North Douglas. It was made for her by her old man Paul, with Jim's help. Lots of rosewood and a spruce top that would make the people at the Martin Guitar Company break into tears. Jim made a mandolin for his daughter, too. Dan Hopson has started a banjo, and when I was out there, he was bending the wood for the pot into the form, glueing it up, smiling. It sure feels good in the yurt on the banks of the river.

The Sweet Banjo Factory, essentially, is an alternative to flimsy mass-production instruments that look like part of the grillwork from a '53 Buick and sound about the same. It's learning how to use some tools that are quickly becoming antiques. It's how to pound, bend, and shape brass; pick the direction of the grain in a piece of oak; or shape rosewood tuning pegs on a drum sander and wood lathe.

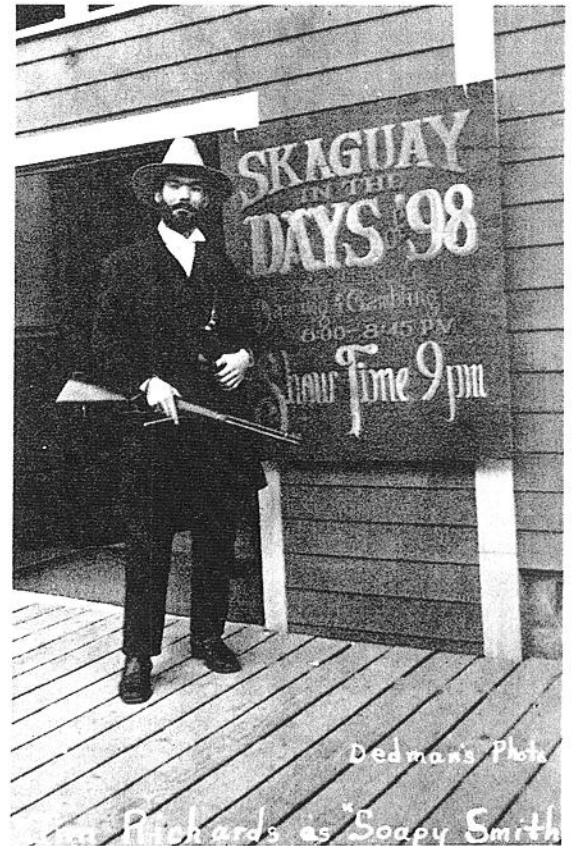
Visitors are welcome any time, as are questions or just plain curious folks. Don't be annoyed, though, if you find yourself with a broom in your hands or holding a piece of wood gliding through the bandsaw. That's co-operation!



John Jamieson
"Cinnabar", Harris Harbor

This song is by Jim Richards. Good old Jim Richards is now on the Skaguay City Council. Think about that when y'hear this song, folks!

— Steve Hites
Skaguay



photograph by Barbara Kalen, Dedman Photo, Skaguay

All In The Camper

Jim Richards

Tune: Woody Guthrie's talking blues

Well, if y' wanna get to Heaven, I'll tell you how to do it:
Grease your feet in a little mutton stew,
Slide on out of the Devil's hands,
Ooze on over to the promised land,
And take it easy.
And go greasy.

Well, these people they came from the South one day,
And they said they had a month to stay;
They come up to see this great land,
Dreamed of stayin' and makin' a stand.
They got their mother-in-law with 'em,
— All in the camper.

In a Winnebago, they says air tight,
They sit inside and they watch the light:
All thru the morning, noontime, too,
Way into the nighttime -- it's daylight, too....
Mightee peecuuliiar
—All in the camper.

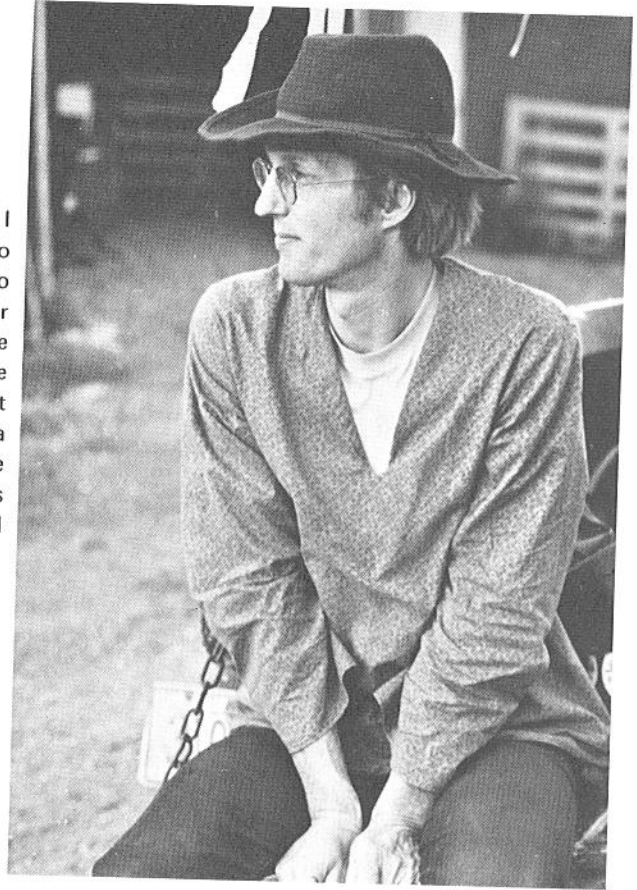
They drive their Winnebago off in a daze,
And sit right down with the TV haze;
They pop the knob to number 13,
But there ain't nothing on the TV screen:
Little bits of snow,
test patterns
—All in the camper.

Well, they drive thru Denali,
Where the freaks call 'em peeps',
'Cause they never seem to get out of their seats.
They're snappin' pictures thru the camper window screen,
Gonna show all their folks all where they been:
Denali
Anchorage,
Fairbanks
—All in the camper.

Well, now they're down to just one big week,
And the camper sounds like one big squeek,
Flat tire, midnight, Mile 1254,
Seems like a long time before...
They got out of that camper.

"I used to play the blues; but then, one day in Berkeley, I looked down at the cowshit on my boots and knew it was time to play country." That realization supposedly jostled Nathan into roaming around the West. Jan called him up in Ketchikan last year to ask him about his fabled balalaika. They set-up to meet at the ferry dock. Nathan had to change his strings. When he arrived at the gate, the Taku had just sailed. He broke thru the cordon and went running down the ramp, waving the balalaika over his head like a cedar scimitar. Having secured Jan's attention on the stern of the ferry, Nathan then played a Russian-American Company medley as the gendarmes moved in on him from the terminal . . . a robin hood at the drawbridge is Nathan.

I ran into him on Katlian Street in Sitka with a guitar slung over his shoulder, searching for salmon and songs. Then, later, at the Folk Festival in Juneau last year, he was playing a slide guitar. Right now, Nathan alights in Haines with a new business, a music company and a new daughter.



Jig In The Shoe Shop

nathan spooner

A

They were living on a shoestring They were way up in Alaska

Bm E

And they always knew for certain

A

lovin' how it makes them sing.

Walking by the Family Shoe Store,
And it's way up in Alaska;
If you walk inside and ask him,
He just might begin to sing.

Write a jingle for a shoe shop,
Change the baby, now, it's morning;
Won't you try to write a song for
All the ways you want to sing.

At the changing of the seasons,
As the days are getting longer;
Still we're living on a shoe string,
And my love begins to sing.

Sitka Strip

words - jay hammond

Tune: Mountains of Mourne

The Governor missed the Alaska Day Festivities in Sitka in 1976. Here's his story about what happened.

In beau-ti-ful Sitka down by the sea my
 wife was sub-sti-tu-ting for me at a pa-
 rade cele-brating Al-as-ka day when
 sudden-ly to her im-mense dis-may she
 spotted a-mong the un-usual sights, a
 girl in what she thought were flesh colored tights, gy-
 rating a-bout on top of a car in a
 fashion seen most in a go-go bar - D.C.

Could this be a New Archangel dancer,
 Or some sort of ethnic, interpretive prancer
 Performing a rite of the coastal Tlingits,
 Exposing in public some totemic trinkets
 Not found in the every day tourist shop?

One thing for sure -- while the maiden was flip,
 Her dance was a flop;
 For the local police came and hauled her away
 And admonished her for that disgusting display.
 What a terrible thing for my wife to witness;
 To have subjected her to it I must have been witless.
 All I can say is, when all's done and said,
 It won't happen again -- for I'm going instead!

My whole family skis. I was trying to get the idea into this song of 2 melodies or 2 strings running along together kinda like skis running along together. But it's never going to be popular because I don't think you can hum it – it's impossible to hum; the melody switches from upper to lower strings and it sounds funny humming it. But here we go on 2 skis on Eaglecrest:

Eaglecrest

al eagle

The musical score consists of nine staves of music in 2/4 time. The notation is handwritten and features a complex, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The melody alternates between the upper and lower strings of a guitar. The score includes a first ending (marked '1.') and a second ending (marked '2.') that leads to a 'fine' marking. The piece concludes with a 'D.S. al fine' instruction.

fine

D.S. al fine

GCGCE
OPEN C

Al. eagle

M M M P M T MP M P M M M M

M H M T M H M T M T M M M P M T

MP M T MP MP MP MT MH M T MH M T

MP M T MP M T MP M P MP M P

MP MP MP MT MP M T MH M T

T M M MP M T MP MP MH M T

MP M T MP M T MH M T

2nd time through
end here.

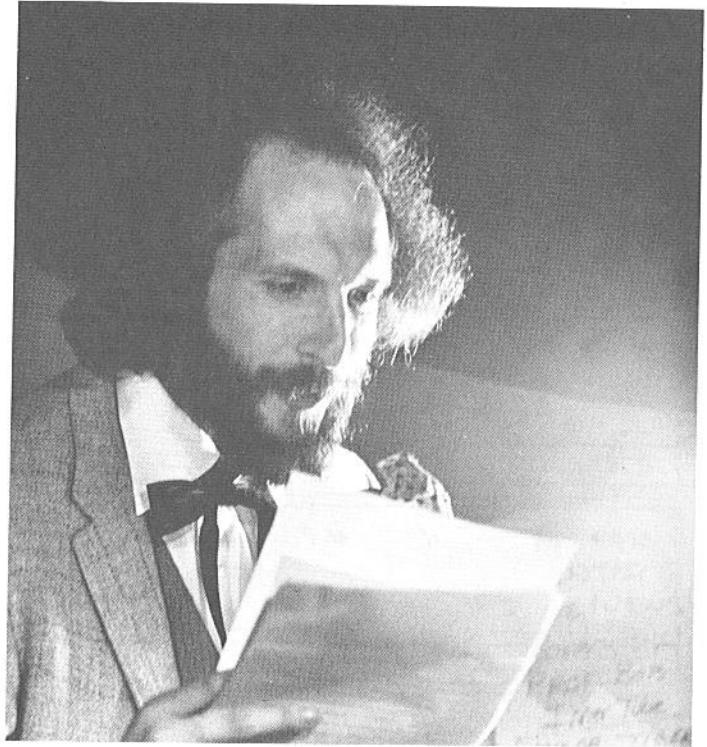
M M M M MTMP MT MM T M M T MP MT MP M

MP MT MM MP MT MMMT MP MP MP MT MH MT MH MT

MH MT MH M

Walter submitted a poem called, "The Open Circle" to our journal, "Archipelago" last year. Between the editor and the typesetter (the same person – me) his poem got mis-printed. He pointed this out to the copyboy, who doubles as deliveryboy (me).

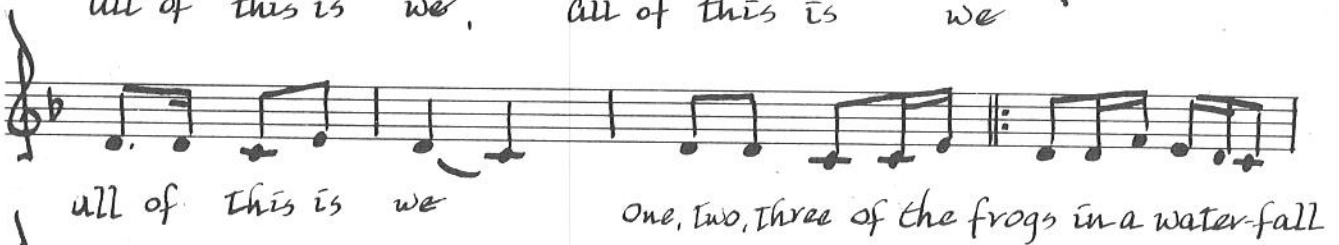
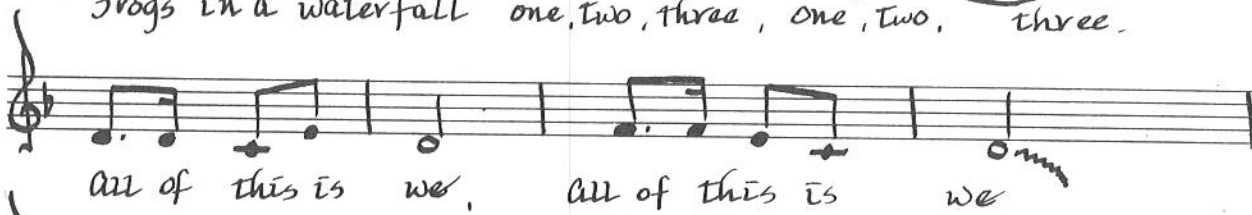
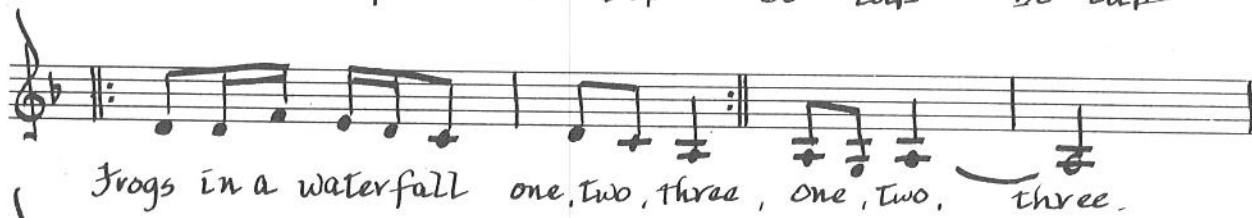
Stoicly, the Senior Editor then stepped forward (me) and suggested that the meter of the errors would better make a song than a mere poem. Sure enough, as fate would have it luck was on our side; as Edgar Rice Burroughs was wont to say. Here's the transmorgified song!



photograph by cameron byrnes

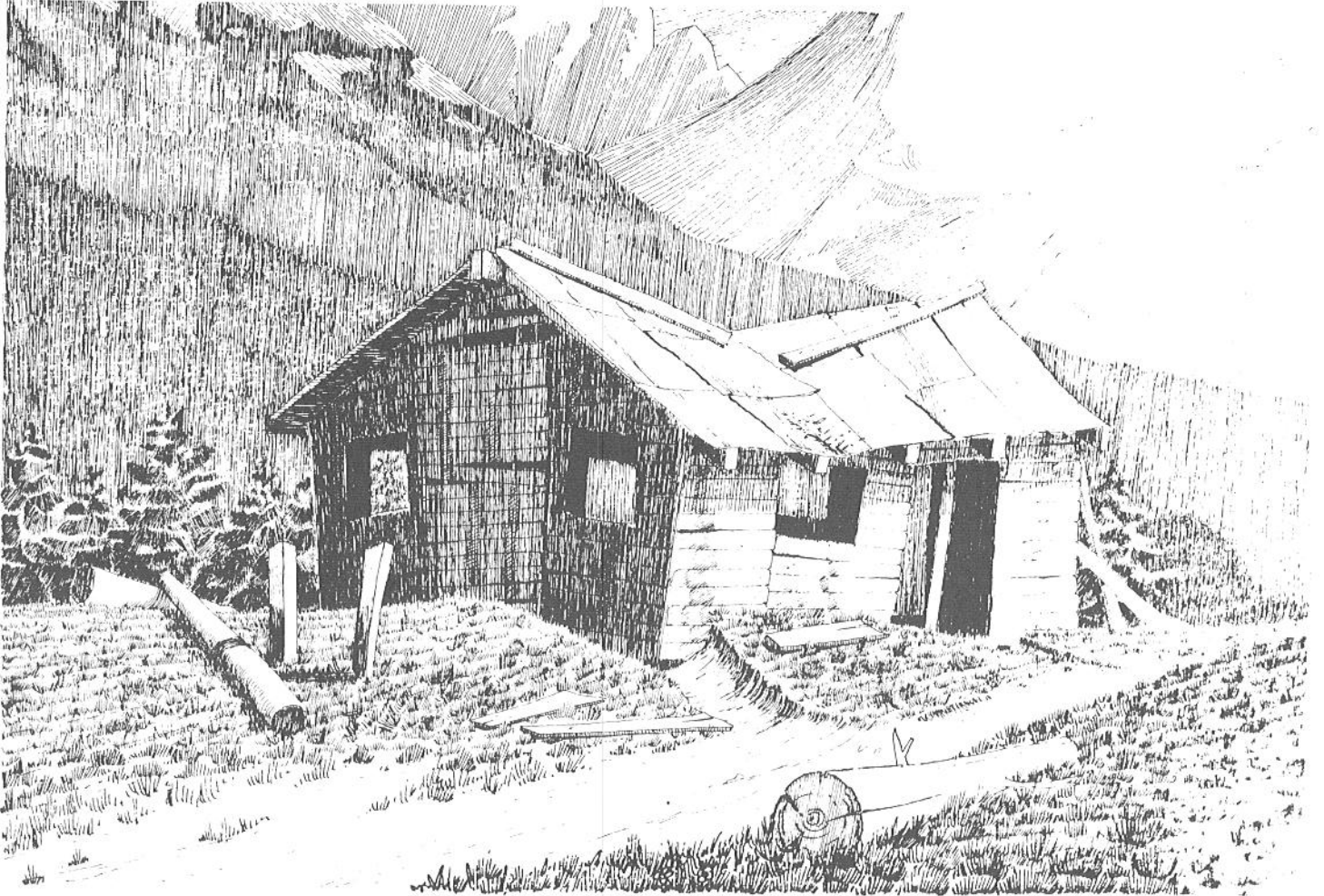
Frogs In A Waterfall

Walter Krauss



round of the ring of the wondering why, at the past and the present & the
 future are funneling thru the eye, the eye, the
 eye The past and the present and the future are
 funneling thru the eye that all of us here are
 sharing we of the one, two, three we of the one, two,
 three who care who cares who's caring about
 all that there is to be about all that there is to
 see a-bout all that there is, is we
 frogs in a water fall laughing one, two, three
 Frogs in a water fall laughing one, two, three.

3 Exile, Migration and Protest



ON THE FLATS, DYEA, ALASKA

Street music is the most honorable profession in Western Civilization. Folks can listen free or walk away fast; they can toss nickels, dimes, dope, 200 year old halfpenny pieces, cabbage, salmon or smiles in your hat; it's between you and the individuals of the world. No cover charge. Last year I got stuck, flat broke, in Boston, trying to figure out how in the world to get back to Juneau. Exiled in the Hub of the Universe. A Refugee Alaskan Reporter. I fell back on my only worthwhile trade — street music, bagpipes. On la-de-dah Boylston Street, by Copley Square, I cranked up Fergus the Pipes and layed into that hit favorite, "The Muckin' o' Georgie's Byre." It was 11:30 in the morning. Mothers and children gathered. So, I piped up, "Oh Susanah" with 12 five year olds singing in 14 keys of the C, G and F scales. A cop looked askance from his roving patrol car, so I switched to that old 7th Cavalry Fascist favorite, "Garryowen." This tune attracted a few veteran drunks loitering on the granite seats of the Boston Public Library, just as a hurdy-gurdy player with a shedding monkey set-up shop 30 feet away to cut in on a piece of the action. A normal day . . . I wish.

One man, drunker than a shithouse rat, staggered up, a ½ bottle of Glenlivet threatening to crash out of the pocket of his tweed overcoat. He screamed in my ear, "Hey, I wuz in the Marines. I wuz at Okinawa. They blew m'arm off there, but the Doc he stitched it back on." He jerked up his sleeve to show a jagged purple scar along his forearm and elbow. I inadvertently turned away and, as a reflex, went into the second tune of that set — another cavalry favorite, "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." This encouraged him. Having lost my attention, he turned to the audience: "They blew m'eye out there too. See." With that he reached up to point to his glass eye, did so a bit too emphatically, and popped it out onto the sidewalk. He fell down on his hands and knees and began to feel around, glaring up at the mothers and children with this red, empty socket like a

hangover cyclops. The children started crying, the mothers began to scream, and the eye rolled thru the crowd until the monkey popped it into his mouth and swallowed hard. I hurriedly packed up the pipes and 35¢ in change just as the Marine was strangling the monkey, the hurdy-gurdy operator was beating the drunk over the head with his hat, and a squad car squeaked up to the milling mob.

Next day, Kentucky Fried John, the Bluegrass bagpiper from Louisville, an eyewitness, told us how the drunk and the Hurdy Gurdy man went off together arm-in-arm, having killed the pint, to feed the monkey a bar of ex-lax and wait for the eye. 3 mothers were arrested for disturbing the peace.

Cod Fish Karl sat over pints of beer and laughed with us. Karl came from Nantucket. . . There once was a man from Nantucket, who had a . . . anyhow Nantucket was in the process of attempting to secede from not only Massachusetts, but also the USA. Since this idea has kicked around Alaska since its purchase from Imperial Russia in 1867, we discussed the feasibility of a Confederation of Succession. Actually, I assumed responsibility for just Southeast and the Yukon, since our Archipelago really fancies government by Washington D.C. only less obnoxious than government by Willow, and since the Yukon would love a salt water port on the Pacific. The main objections to being outposts of the U.S. and Canada lay in the fact that the price of beer was so high, one could barely afford to eat. Anyhow, negotiations quickly bogged down over matters of who bought the last round of Narragansett. The only agreement we reached before the bouncer threw us out onto the streets was that our mutual capitol should be moved ½ way between — to Des Moines.

Shortly thereafter, The Commonwealth of Massachusetts gave Karl and me Blue Tickets back to our respective nations: with footnotes about Walpole Prison, should we ever deign to incite the rabble to rebellion in Boston pubs ever again.

On the Solarium of the Malaspina, between bites of pickled eggs from the Yesler Tavern and sips of Oly from the Pioneer Square Tavern, a song off Mr. Whitekeys floated from a tape recorder:

Well, I believe they oughta leave
The Capital of Alaska down in Juneau,
Right there where it's always been;
Because the people that built the City
of Anchorage, Alaska
Should never be allowed to build
anything ever again.

A crumpled card from Kathy read, "Alaska to me isn't the land of beauty — it is a land of turmoil: the most recent place we are conquering, imperializing; appreciating as we ravage . . ." True in the telling. We come to Alaska on the run, on the lam, looking for something or trying to forget something else. If you ask an Alaskan or Yukoner what they do, or where they've been, you'd better have a day or two for the ensuing monologue. If they haven't been everywhere and done just about anything, then they'll spend two days rambling thru their dreams. Alaskans and Yukoners are the world's greatest dreamers. Just look at the projections of independence. That petition for independence back in '73 netted 10% of Alaska's signatures.

Trouble is, independence is like the problem faced by us uncircumcised members of male society — it doesn't hurt so much zipping yourself up in the brass meshes: It's the agony of having to zip back down: surprise doesn't hurt, full knowledge hurts like hell. Who wants independence? Idealists? Yes. Ecological idealists? Yes. Idealistic business entrepreneurs? Yes. Alaska is a land of such polarized extremes and fragmented dreams. How would these poles reconcile themselves after an independence? Letting the phantasm fully manifest itself, we'd be faced with the situation of Ireland in 1921, after their semblance of independence — Civil War; Gary Constantine worked an idea of Gary McCullough's into a scenario of Immigration Laws for the Republic of Alaska:

As a result of numerous disappearances of immigrants, the Third World Research Collective is making the following offer to prospective immigrants. We will provide you with a Buck knife (depending on availability) and a box of matches upon your arrival at our office in Ketchikan. Those who succeed in travelling North by their own means and ingenuity will be issued, upon presentation of themselves at our Skaguay office, Alaskan Citizenship and Naturalization Papers, along with referrals to communities seeking new members.

Anyhow, if Alaska and the Yukon's residents breed true — along Darwin and Wallace's design of Natural Selection — in 3 generations we should possess a citizenry of manic-depressive schizoids capable of rationalizing any act; even a capital in Iowa City and a national economy based on grey cod.

Dilemma Repeated

Jim Cabbage

a-las-ka, what am I to do, I
lost my heart when I was passing thru, should I
fly or take a-nother chance that
we may somehow learn to dance

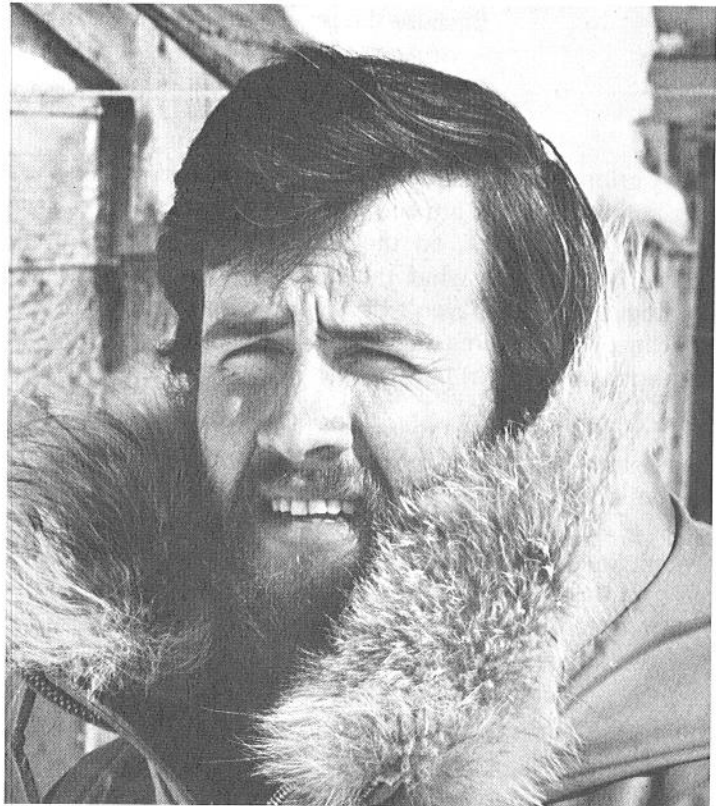
Tide's running, wind is blowing, too;
My arms are tired from paddling us both through,
To a night's quiet joy of dreams,
Where each other's soul is seldom seen.

Dreams melting, like sea ice in the Spring;
What hope can tundra flowers bring,
To a man who has seen his share
Of women who only sometimes care?

Midnight sun -- orange light through the blue --
Can change to gold any subtle hue
Of sorrow, sadness, joy or mirth;
And witness my spirit's rebirth.

It's plain to see I am still confused,
Though I thank the sky that my company's the muse,
Who can show me where the singing whales play
-- If only I won't ask for her to stay.

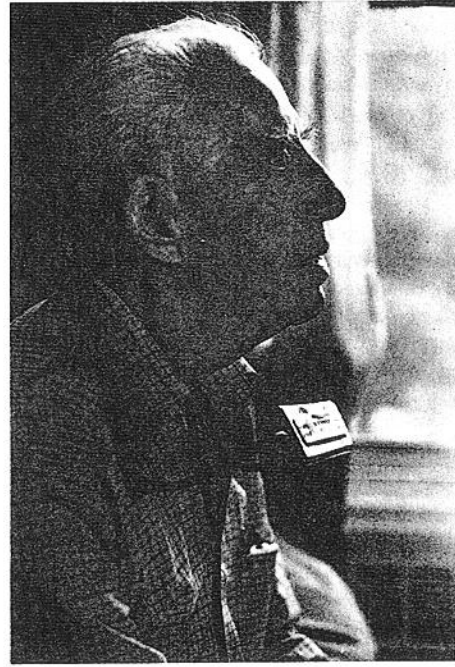
Wind's howling. What am I to think?
Pribilof night, and my thoughts are dried to ink.
I know I will always somehow sing,
And someday know what my heart will bring.



photograph by Kathy Hazard

Jim wrote this one away off in the Pribilofs. When he returned to Juneau and began singing it in our editorial office, his G string snapped. It was nite and Alaska Music was shut tighter than a frogs ass underwater. So, Jim tied it back together with a sheet bend. It worked fine. He recommends sheet bends and Southeast.

I just made this song up when they made the license for the latest permits to go out fishing. You pay up to \$30,000 to get the permit to go out and fish. I thought, "it's a damn comic, cause there's people born and raised here that has to find this kind of rig but they didn't fish in '72." They can't get a permit — they gotta go and buy a permit to go out and fish now. Money is the main thing now, y'know. When I first fish in the old days; then y'just make your own boat and y'fished. It was a Territory. Nobody asked you for a license whatsoever because the constitution said, "No taxation for no representation."



The License Song

lonesome pete

To catch a king or who you need a license, have you ever heard of such
skunk? and a day in the nearest future you need a license to
skunk.

You need a license when you get married,
Why not another one when you part?
For some pretty day in the nearest future
You'll need a license to.....ah, don't be so smart.

Don't make a fuss when you buy that license
If you figure on to go and trap.
For some pretty day in the nearest future
You'll need a license to take a..... trap

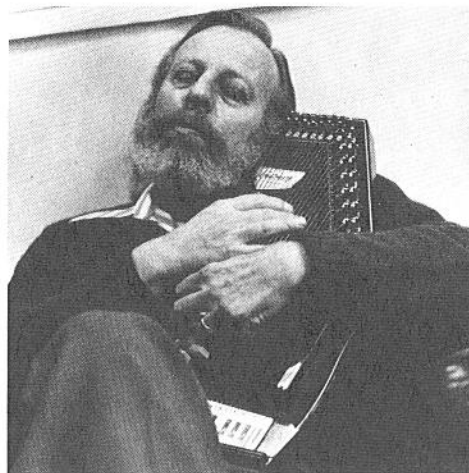
So, make a fuss when you buy that license
To climb the hill to get your buck,
For some pretty day in the nearest future
You'll need a license to.....shoot a duck.

At last you get tired of license,
And for that reason commit suicide.
The undertaker will ask this question:
"Did he have a suicide license before he died?"

Then you arrive at the gates of Heaven
Without your license—"Holy Smelt!"
Saint Peter, He'll say, "Ah, just keep going;
You don't need a license to go to Hell!"

In 1966, after 14 years as Planning Director of Sarasota, Florida, I found myself at the wrong end of a political matter and decided it was time to move on. I went to Philadelphia and got about 5 or 6 job offers and called my wife and said, "Barb, we can go to Miami, Texas, California, Memphis, Chicago, or Juneau, Alaska." She said, "Well, Juneau, Alaska sounds interesting." I said, "O.K., kid, you're on."

After about a month in this new and strange environment — we were living in an A-frame out on Fritz Cove Road — and watching the sun refusing to set over Auke Bay one evening . . . just started thinking of the differences and the trip we had had and such and started putting together what became the *Ice Blue Mendenhall Glacier Blues*. It's kinda really the story of our trip up here from sub-tropical Florida.



Ice Blue Mendenhall Glacier Blues

Chorus

C E7 F Bob Pavitt

Rainy days chilly nights mighty long way from
 Flor-i-da. I got those ice blue Men-den-hall glacier

VERSE

C F C G7 C F

Blues left Sar-a-so-ta the last of May
 shed a tear or two got a taste of that highway dust
 feelin' sad and blue Jal-a-has-see on the first of June
 on to Baton Rouge out-of-round tires on my Pontiac make it
 mighty hard to cruise.

Then on to Texas to see our friends,
Really like their pad;
6 little Conroys and their pretty Ma,
And their rag-time plinkin' dad.

Left Uvalde at the break of day,
Sagebrush and mesquite;
Saw a lot of Texas range,
Feel that Texas heat.

Drove to El Paso and took a ride
Down to old Mexico;
Ciudad Juarez is a dirty town,
And it ain't no place to go.

Out on the desert in the burning sun,
Wish we had a brew;
Gila Bend in the afternoon,
With the tempature at 1-1-2.

California -- to the town of Van Nuys,
Really need the rest;
Visitin' people and Disneyland,
As Owen and Marian's guests.

2 days really ain't enough,
When you're havin' fun;
But we gotta get goin'
To northern Cal, Oregon and Washington.

British Columbia's a beautiful place,
Even in the rain;
Fraser River is a mighty stream,
Flowin' down the mountain range.

*(Please write us for the
last 2 verses we
forgot!)*

On to Prince George and we had a blowout
Comin' down the hill;
Chuch next mornin' to thank our God
That we didn't all get killed.

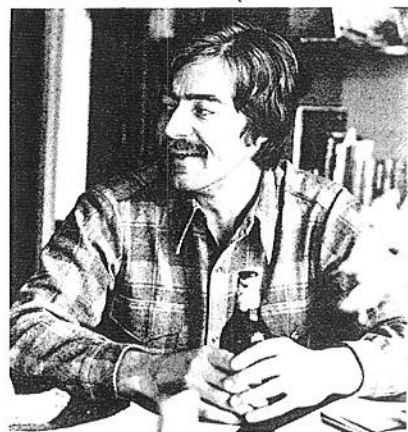
Then to Prince Rupert to meet our ship,
Rooms are mighty rare;
Stayed with the Otto's and ate their grub,
There's nice folks everywhere.

June 13th on the Malaspina,
Watch that sun go down;
Ketchikan, Wrangell and Petersburg,
On the 14th -- Juneau Town.

Finding housing when y' got 5 kids,
Gets to be quite tough;
No matter how much you're willing to spend,
You'll find it ain't enough.

Bob whiled away his few moments of lucidity in the back room of the Chilkat Press. I figured he was sucking up the dregs of the Whitehorse Homebrew from over Chilkat Pass.

Cynical bugger. No. In checking out back I found a batch of scratch paper held down by an empty MacNaughton's bottle. 4 poems were on the paper. This poem expresses the attitude of those awe-struck emigrees to Alaska so well. The sensitive handling and delicate meter reflect the quintessence of Alaskan capitalism -- both the old-guard shylocks and our younger bloodsuckers, the hipgeoisie merchants. The poem just fits a Scottish Border Ballad, "Bonnie George Campbell."



photograph by Barry Roderick

Ex Post Facto

Bob Sylvester

The sun comes out 10 min-utes a week, this is no place for the frail
or the meek; There are wolves & bears & bus-i-ness-men, too - the
former don't have you, but the latter sure do!

The wind and the snows will chill to the toes,
The outrageous bills will bring deeper woes;
The oil and the garbage, the lights and the water,
Will come to so much you must sell your son and daughter.

The cost of it all will cause you to wonder,
Why not be a pirate and live off the plunder?
So buy you a business, raise price to the rafter,
Claim it's the transport. that 'this is Alaska'.

Soapy Smith worked Skaguay, Dyea and the Chilkoot and White Pass. He came from the same mold in Colorado of the 1890's that gave birth to the I.W.W., the Ludlow Massacre, the Rockefeller cartel, the Western Federation of Miners and Big Bill Haywood. He was a penny-ante hoodlum who made it big in the small pond of Alaska during its boom of '98. Such is the case today.

I found this song on a record at the State Library by Al Oster. The company he recorded with doesn't seem to exist any more. Anyone know anything about Al Oster?

Soapy Smith

al oster

he came in to Alaska from the Western U.S.A. He
 found himself in Skaguay one cold November day. A
 deck of cards in his hand, a-gamblin was his game
 gamblin made him famous, soapy Smith was his name. He
 walked into an old saloon in the northern part of town.
 Said he had a speech to make & the people gathered round,
 climbed up on an old soap box & loudly made it known

Handwritten musical score for the song "Soapy Smith". The score is written on five staves of music in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes: A, E, B7, F#, and D.C. (Da Capo). The lyrics are: "He was gonna run the town & call it all his own, He die from the wind & cold Soapy Smith was his name and-a-gamblin' was his game. He had a dream of riches big and bold Soapy Smith had a plan, Oh, this reckless gamblin' man, He's gonna have the Klondike and it's gold."

He organized a band of men, the toughest in the land;
 No one dared to make a move against this gamblin' man.
 He planned to run Alaska, the Klondike and all its gold,
 He planned a Northern Empire, this man with a plan big and bold.

His band of northern bandits grew bolder day by day,
 They waited for the miners to come from Klondike way;
 They robbed them of their fortunes and they took away their gold,
 They left them in the mountains to freeze in the wind and cold.

Soapy Smith was his name and a-gamblin' was his game,
 He had a dream of riches big and bold;
 Soapy Smith had a plan, this reckless gamblin' man,
 He's gonna have the Klondike and its gold.

1 day there was a miner, John Stewart was his name,
 Had a fortune from the Klondike, and into Skagway came;
 He took an invitation from Soapy Smith's saloon,
 Went down to do some gamblin' in Soapy's private room.

He woke up in the mornin', just past the break of dawn,
 He searched to find his fortune, but all his gold was gone;
 He joined the vigilantes on the other side of town,
 Put an end to Soapy's gamblin' and drive him in the ground.

That night there was a meetin', Frank Reid was standin' guard,
 Soapy came to see 'em and play his high card;
 He wondered how he'd come back, alive or maybe dead,
 He knew they'd be there waiting to fill him full of lead.

There echoed thru the darkness, 2 shots rang out as one,
 And the townsfolk came a-runnin', to find both men were down;
 Now Soapy died a gambler, Frank Reid a hero brave,
 Side by side in Skagway, they lie in a narrow grave.

Soapy Smith was his name, his dream to run Alaska now is gone;
 Well he made his final stand, a Winchester in his hand,
 And the history of his name will linger on.

Sophie wrote this poem. It would fit a tune well. It certainly fits a subject of too little exercise. Try singing it, you'll wind up singing a different tune before the day is done.

sophie zimmerman

My grammar teacher told me,

2. 'Man' includes woman, too;
That is why we say 'he' to describe things people do.'

4. --No chimpanzees, or blue cockatoos could pass thru--
That sign meant males of the species humana:
So, if you're a female, it means 'Stay Out' to you.

6. What we communicate is who we are;
I'm not a man, I'm a woman, I'm glad that's true.
So, when you communicate, who we are is a human state.

7. You should include me, don't use a word that excludes me,
You should include me.
'Cause I include' you.

lyrics:
I've got those old Obsession with Linguistic Oppression Blues,
I'm in a depression because of the repression
Of my expressions and my views.

3. That day I saw a room marked, 'MEN'.
Since I was included, I walked right in,
Only to be tossed back out again.



Then from my anger came a new revelation;

5. That sign could have had only one explanation:
That sign didn't say 'ONLY HUMANS' could enter.

I don't get into words like mankind, man or he;
Words like that forget about me.

1. So I forget about words like mankind, man or he
When I talk about humanity.

BANJO JIM FACES DRAFT CHARGES

by Max Fraser

A 34-year-old Whitehorse man will appear in a U.S. court in St. Louis, Missouri next Tuesday on years-old charges of evading the U.S. draft. He was indicted by a federal grand jury in 1967 on a draft evasion charge. While helping some friends move to Alaska Oct. 26 this year Dickran "Banjo Jim" Erkiletian was arrested at the border on the nine-year-old warrant. He became a Canadian citizen in 1972 and has spent the past 10 years in Canada, and the past six years in the Yukon. Erkiletian was allowed to go free by an Alaskan judge because of a recent response by U.S. president-elect Jimmy Carter in a Playboy magazine interview to grant amnesty to all draft dodgers. He is the first alleged draft dodger case since the Carter election, and the case is expected to set a precedent.

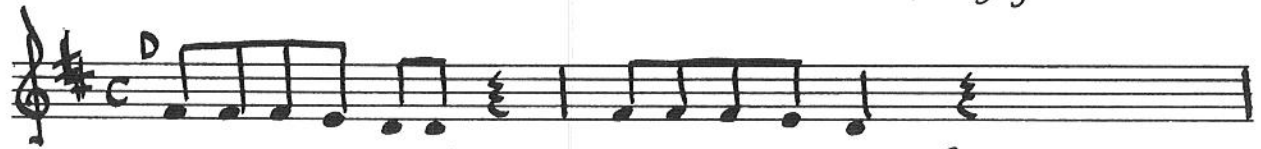
A pardon for him and others is possible once Carter takes office in January, which could end the case. Magistrate Aglietti released him also because he had no money, had no previous record, had a bachelor's degree in economics and is married with two children. The bail hearing began before the election, and Aglietti's decision was issued after it. During the hearing, the judge said he recalled a promise about amnesty for draft dodgers in Canada and Sweden by Carter. Defence lawyers then produced the Playboy interview in court, the decision was left until after Carter won and Banjo Jim went free. The decision was appealed, to no avail.

Immigration officials could have kept him for 60 days, but didn't because of publicity surrounding the bail hearing. He spent nine days in Anchorage jail, but wasn't allowed to play his banjo because it had strings on it. The prosecution tried to have him kept in the U.S., he said, but immigration officials let him go because of the court decision. Since there is no longer any draft in the U.S., he thought officials had made a mistake, Erkiletian says, "because how can they convict me of a crime that no longer exists?" But there is no statute of limitations on draft evasion indictments in the U.S. He hadn't seriously considered the possibility of being charged for draft evasion, let alone being picked up in Tok, Alaska and put in jail. Most people feel he hasn't done anything wrong, just illegal, he said.

(Article courtesy of the Whitehorse Star.)

Alaska Busted Blues

Banjo Jim Arkilitian



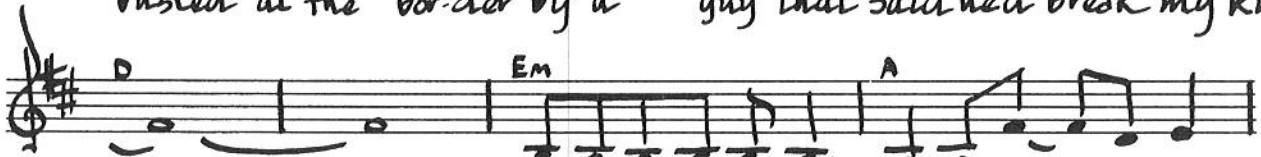
Drove up to A-las-ka , had a pan-el truck



Up the ic-y Al-can , trustin' guts & Luck. I was



busted at the bor-der by a guy that said he'd break my knees-



Howard the duck

you got no-thin' on



me.

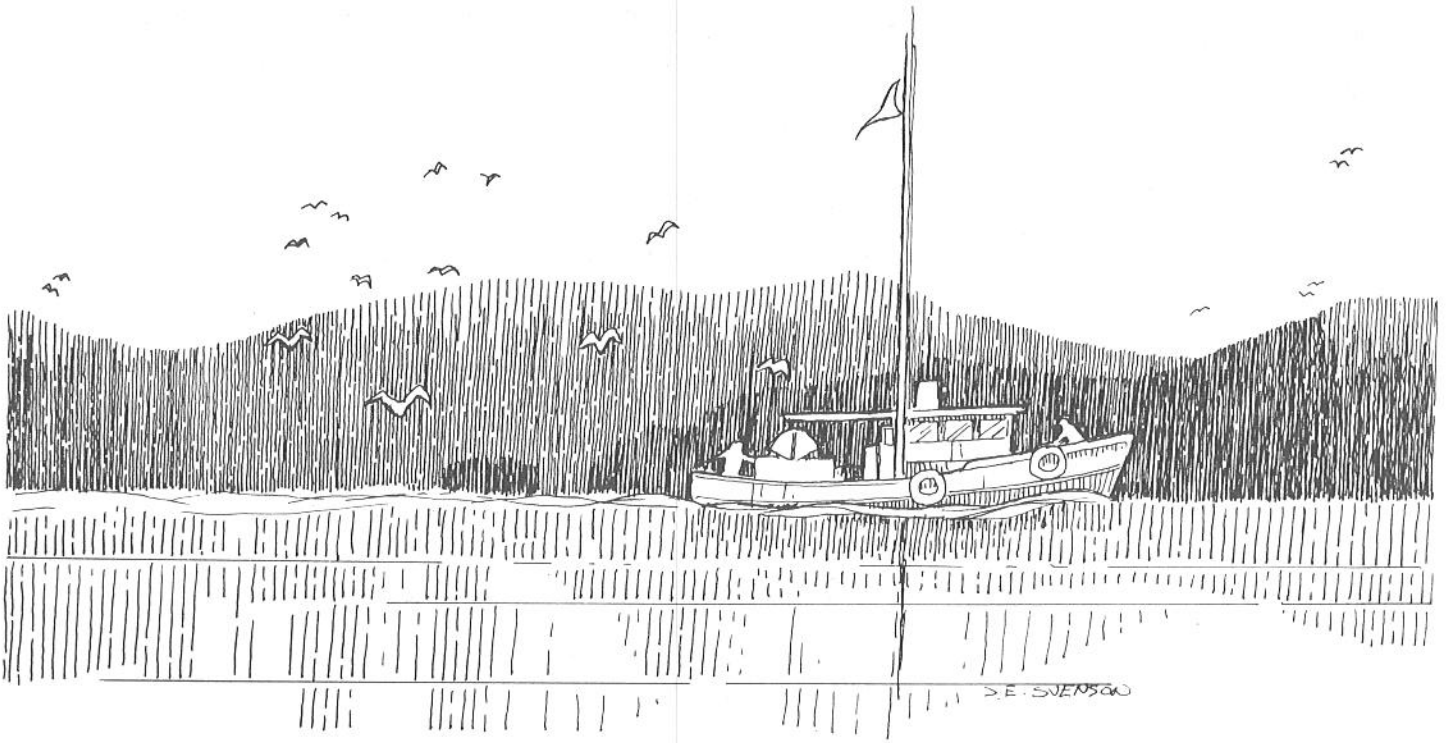
Took me to a courtroom; I said, 'Whatchya gonna do to me?'
--'Put you in the jailhouse and throw away the key!'
I said, 'How y' gonna tell all the people what's going down?
Give me a lawyer and a newsman -- I'll turn this courtroom 'round!'

The lawyers and the newsmen thought the case deserved some play,
They got me on the airwaves and I got to have my say;
Now the people can decide if what I did was right or wrong,
And I can go on playing and writin' and singin' my songs.

Gonna keep on dancin' and dreaming of a time,
When we will all be free to decide what is a crime,
When we will all be fighting to put a final end to war;
We're not a soldier nation, but we're warriors to the very core.



Fisheries And The Sea 4



If you enjoy being wet, cold, hungry, tired and often in danger; then commercial fishing in the Alaska Panhandle is the life for you.

Why do they do it? Some people say they fish because it's an independent way in which to earn a living. But the truth is that most of the fishing vessels are mortgaged to the gunnels to various banks, canneries and government lending agencies. There are laws that prevent fisherfolk from becoming completely free agents; strange laws enacted by bureaucrats and politicians who have been warm and dry all their lives.

Life is hazardous out there on the water. Every year boats and crews disappear without a trace. People have been beaten to death by giant halibut. Limbs are lost. Heads are smashed. A person who falls overboard will be dead of hypothermia within minutes. Injury and pain are axiomatic, and tales are told of fishers who work with broken arms or freshly amputated fingers.

Commercial fishing is the number one industry in the state of Alaska. It employs more people and provides more tax revenue to the state than any other industry. Yet fishing is a low status occupation. Landlubbers tell "fisherfolk jokes" . . . "This old fisher walks into a bar, see. . . ." and women who work on or own fishing craft are often viewed with disdain by the non-fishing public. What the public doesn't realize is that fishing is a difficult affair, and that to be successful a fisher must be a master of many trades. It is not just a job wherein one floats around on the water and the fish jump aboard the boat. The good fisher must be a combination electrician, welder, carpenter, machinist, rigger, accountant, navigator, mechanic and even, upon occasion, surgeon. If the fisher really gets into the big time — that is if s/he expands to a boat with more than two crew members (and more than two creditors) — then the skipper had better have more than a passing knowledge of psychology and law. Fishing has become a complicated business, and it grows more so as the years pass.

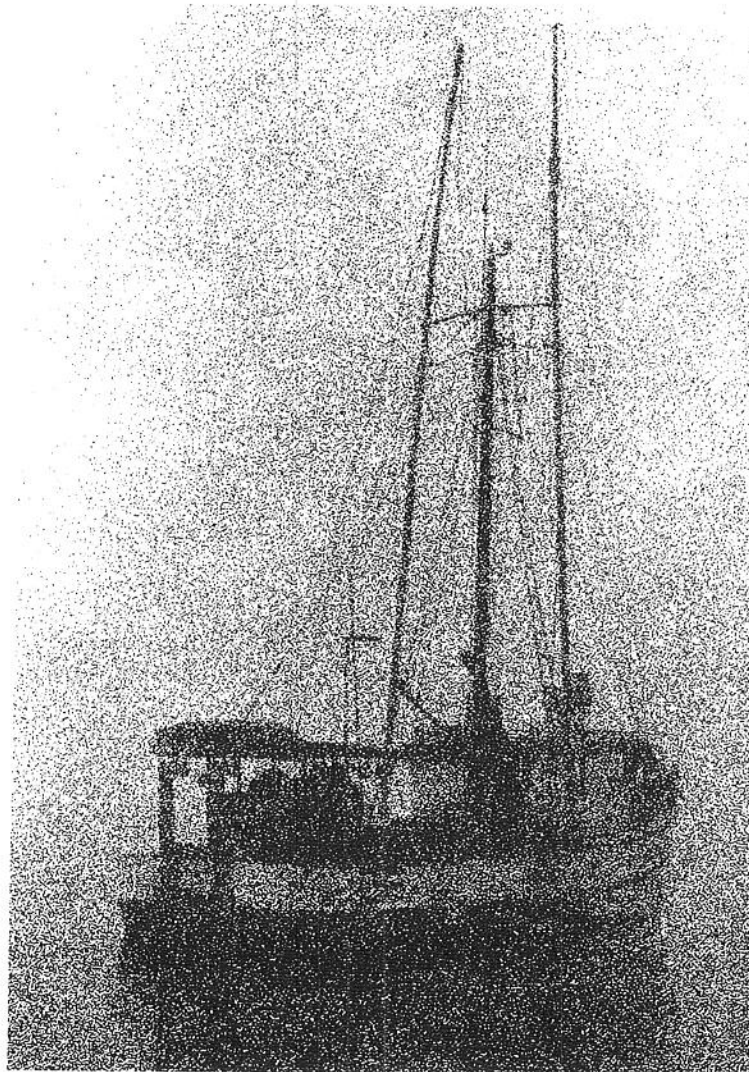
There are so many causes for failure in the pursuit of fish. Everything can go wrong. One is at the mercy of a million parts of machinery and gear. Weather can become foul — and stay foul — for weeks. Creditors can foreclose. Illness and injury can become epidemic. Schools of fish vanish or never materialize. Luck, all is luck! A fisher can have the stoutest boat, the newest and best gear, and be the most skillful practitioner of the art of capturing fish in the entire fleet, and still be a failure. The odds for winning big are better in Las Vegas. Anyone who doesn't believe in luck has never fished for a living.

There is a popular belief that big money can be made by fishing. Maybe so. There are tales of fishers who own condominiums on Maui; other fisherfolk, it is said, send their kids to expensive schools in Switzerland and spend the winter in some warm pleasure dome. Of course, nobody has ever met these legendary characters, but the tales persist. The fact is that fishing for a living is certainly not as lucrative as being a plumber, or lawyer, or physician. It's weird; a kid with a sixteen foot skiff can, with luck, make more money than the seasoned skipper with a million dollar vessel who has bad luck. Feast one season, famine the next.

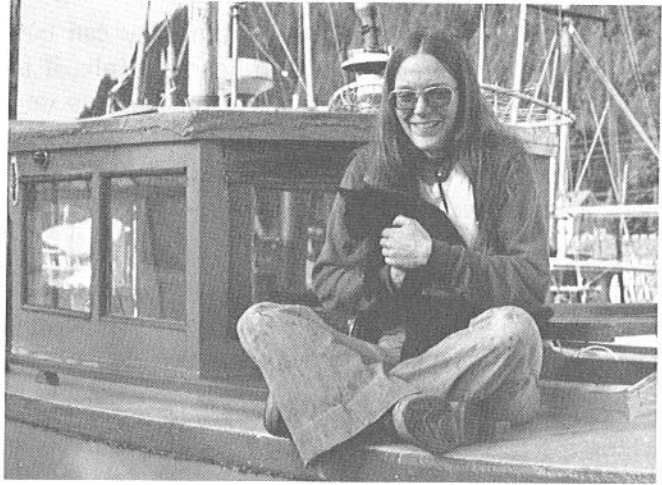
The financial attrition is tremendous. Every winter the villages and towns of the Panhandle are crowded with down-in-their-luck fisherfolk trying to stay alive doing odd jobs or existing with the aid of foodstamps and welfare. But most of them will be out on the water again. Next season will be better.

It's a strange madness, the fishing business, and it gets in the blood. To miss a season and stand on shore watching the boats go out, or walk the docks and see all the other fishing people fitting out for another season can drive a fully addicted sea hunter into terrible fits of depression. Staying ashore can leave one with a feeling of emptiness, as if life is not being lived to its fullest. The thought of longshore life, with its concomitant eight-to-five routine job is anathema to the hard core fisherman. It seems that no one remembers the hard life, of no sleep and short rations: cuts and bruises heal in time. What those who deal with the ocean for a living recollect is the good times when fish are plentiful and the weather is good; sunsets and rainbows make life worthwhile. Sharing a few drinks and tales with friends in Lituya Bay or letting it all hang out at the Fourth of July bash in Pelican. Friendship and good times amid the wildest, and most beautiful scenery in the world will sustain the hard core fisher. Perhaps that's reward enough. That's why they do it.

**Kres Krestensen,
Harris Harbor**



"Well, I'm not a fisher, but a friend of mine, who is also not a fisher, and me were talking about all the fishing people that have to go work at other things because they lost their ass this year. The only thing Dave had to do last year was a social work job in McGrath. So, on top of this social work job in McGrath of Dave's and all these fishing people talking about how they couldn't fish because they didn't have enough money, I thought it would be really ridiculous if a troller got stuck in McGrath with a social work job. So then I wrote this song." Jacqui lives aboard the "Little Beaver", a troller converted to carpenter's shop, in Aurora Basin with her bassoon, pit bull terrier and dreaded wharf cat, Katta.



Job In McGrath

jaqui larue

Hand trollin' in-side wasn't good this year, my engine broke down in south
pass. Gaff rock claimed a quantity of my gear, but I hear there's a job in Mc-
Grath. Well, I don't think there are many trees in McGrath & the mountains are so
fara-
way, leased the boat, sold the pickup, they're all that I own, but I
can't get 'em there any - way, to Mc-Grath -

D.C.

A fine year for salmon, handtrollin' was cool
-- According to Fish & Game stats --
Guess I'm just the exception that proves the rule;
But I heard there's a job in McGrath.

Well, there's good years and bad years, but I'm forced to say
That this year, well, I lost my ass;
And it seems I got nothing to do anyway
-- Just a social work job in McGrath.

Well, I'll save all my wages and buy me some gear,
And I think I can rebuild the Crown;
There's no rain in McGrath in the Winter, I hear,
And come Spring I'll be back on the Grounds.

I was just settin' in a sauna. It was getting really hot. Sweat was pourin' down my forehead. An' all of a sudden, all of the lines that were in my head, just ran together & this is what came out:

Cold Storage Mary

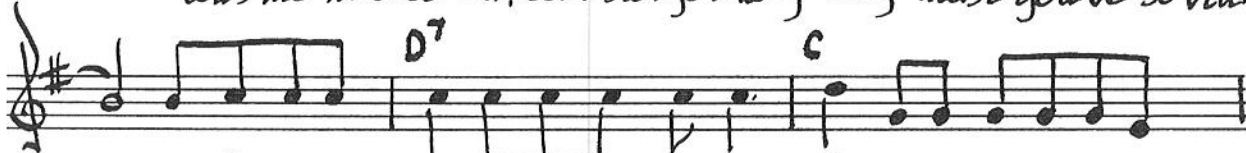
John Lager



Cold storage Mary keeps puttin' me on ice I keep makin' advances but she



tells me "no dice" oh, cold storage Mary why must you be so blunt?



And if you really love me darlin' why must you put up such a



front 7

Well, the first time I saw her was down at the pool;
I was wearin' my goggles, just a-playin' it cool.
She swam by -- her body in motion --
Goggles started t' get cloudy, head started to swim,
I was headed for the bottom, in the deep end.
And when I awoke, her lips were relievin' my hesitation;
Well I opened my eyes to see.....it was that lifeguard
bending down over me.
I'd rather jump into the pool and drown,
Than to be kissed by that teen-age clown.

Second time that I saw her was down at Percy's,
She was hungry and I was thirsty.
So I went to the bar and she went to get something to eat,
What a time we could have if I could just get her out into the street:
We could go down to the Whaler, we could go out to the Tides,
When it's late we could take a few home for the ride.
Oh, Cold Storage Mary, you wouldn't be so cold no more.
In fact, if you only knew what you were in for when you got to my door.



This song is a gem of a weird oral tradition that is not yet against the Alaska sex statutes. It is attributed to 2 squid jiggers, the last remnants of a once proud squid fishery: Edgar Metasalushun and Bubba Olson, 2 Old World old timers. But the rhythm and some phrases are reminiscent of a Maine-Nova Scotia Rum-Running song, "The Mary L. McKay"; and indeed the reference to Gerry Rocks is suspect, since there is no Gerry Rocks in Salisbury Sound and there IS a Maine logging song called, "The Jam On Gerry Rock." Since the collector, Barley Rodpiper, hales from Maine and is of Herring Choker extraction, it would seem that what we have here is a fabrication of the first water, cooked up over bottles of cheap rum in the galley of the squid sloop, "Cinnabar" by these 3 scoundrels: Rodpiper, Metasalushun and Olson. However, we shall never know. The sea and Jack Daniels has sealed their lips forever. We include this song as a warning to all collectors to beware the tin dollar of the pure folk tradition. Pollution, pure and simple. — The Editor

Alaskan Runners of Rum

edgar metasalushun
& bubba olson

Come all you hardy smugglers who run the rum thru snows who
brave the sea and dodge the law thru winter winds and blows and
you who love her driven' can listen to my song. of the
run we made from prince Rupert on the Nancy H. Delong

Oh, we hung the muslin on her and the wind began to hum,
10 brave Alaskan fishermen, chock-full of Hudson Bay Rum;
The mains'l and the fores'l lay un-reefed on that wild December Day,
As we passed by Dundas Island and slugged for Glacier Bay.

We slammed by Forester Island as the gale began to scream,
Our vessel took to dancin' in a way that was no dream;
A howler o'er the top rail, we steered No'thwest away,
But a Revenue Cutter hove in sight abaft of Cape Ommaney.

Storm along and drive along and punch her thru the ribs,
Don't mind them boardin' combers as our distance slowly gives;
'Just mind yer eye and watch that wheel', our skipper he did say,
'We gotta lose that god-damn cutter 'fore we head down Glacier Bay!'

We jibed her 'round Biorka and the skipper hauled the log,
'15 knots, b' Jesus!--ain't she just the gal to jog!
The half-canned wheelsman shouted, as the cutter gained 2 furlongs,
'Just watch me tear the mains'l off the Nancy H. De Long!'

The rum was passing merrily and the crew was feeling grand,
We kept just out of cannon shot as we rushed by Katlian;
But the skipper, he kept sober, for he knew how things did stand,
And he made us reef the mains'l as we drove out Salisbury Sound.

We laced the wheelsman to his box as he steered us thru the gloom,
But a cannon shot blew his dorymate across the straining boom,
It shredded the oil-skins off his back and you could hear him yell,
'Oh, cross the eyes of that gunner and sink'im straight t' hell!'

Another shell flew past our bows and exploded in the surf,
It blew a hemlock clean to hell and 2 eagles from their perch;
A rattlin' round of twin Vickers guns tore our dory right in two
-- It scattered the pieces across the deck and scared hell from out of
the crew.

Our skipper didn't care to make his wife a widow yet,
He spun the wheel towards Chichagof, with all our sails full set;
We passed close by the Geary Rocks and left some paint and plank
-- But that cutter in tryin' to cut us off, forgot her keel and sank.

We swang down from Cape Spencer and roared thru Icy Strait,
 We found our waitin' trollermen with thirsts we could not slake;
 In brailin' out our cargo of Jim Beam and Cutty Sark,
 We sang and danced and drank a health to bad weather, wind and dark.

(Chant):

From Canada to Glacier Bay, twice 200 miles we sailed,
 In just 4 days, my jolly crew, thru gunshots thick as hail;
 The crew, they said: 't'was seamanship', the skipper: he kept dumb,

(Sing):

But the force that drove our vessel was the power of Hudson Bay Rummmmmm.

While Jamie was up to Anchorage testifying for the handtrollers at the Fisheries Board, Ward Eldridge of 'Her Highness', Jackie La Rue of the 'Little Beaver', and Barry Roderick 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' – 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. A passing life. Murder in the first.

Handtroller's Passage

ward eldridge
 jaqui larue &
 barry roderick

im a fisher - man of the sea mist and gla - ciers
 got no land-bound home with no one am I numbered.
 driving seas and gentle bays were al ways my ways. I
 never cared for a land locked stum - ber.

Oh, we knew the woods and the moorage places,
 And the wild swans passed when Wintertime 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 Coho,
 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 glaciers,
 Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover,
 Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,
 Your trolling days will soon be over.....

The Slow Destruction Of The Simbo II

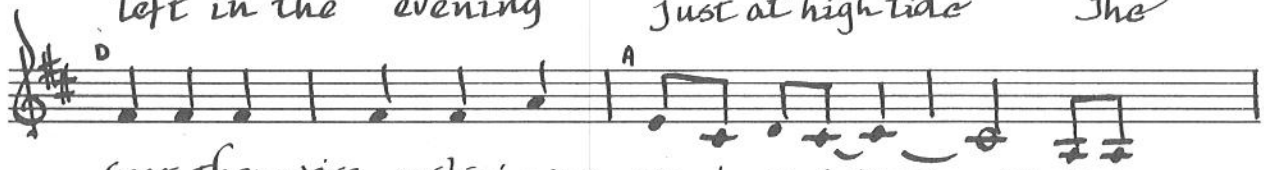
Terri Tibbett



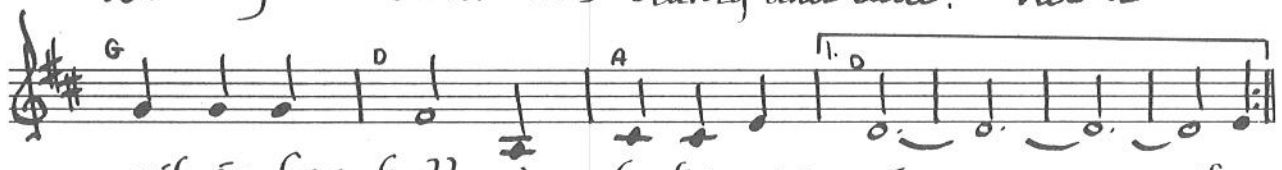
One day in Oc-to-ber two friends took a ride, they



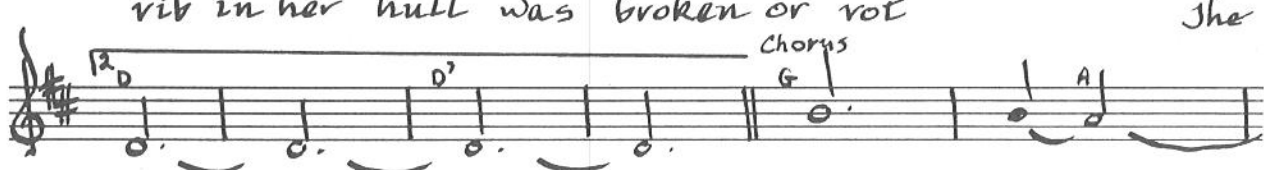
left in the evening just at high tide she



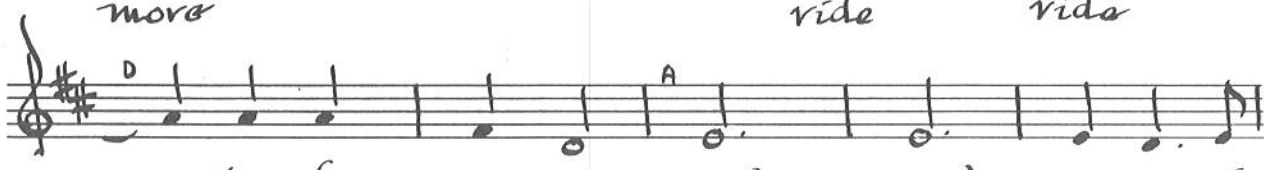
boat they were sailin' was sturdy and taut. Not a



rib in her hull was broken or rot she



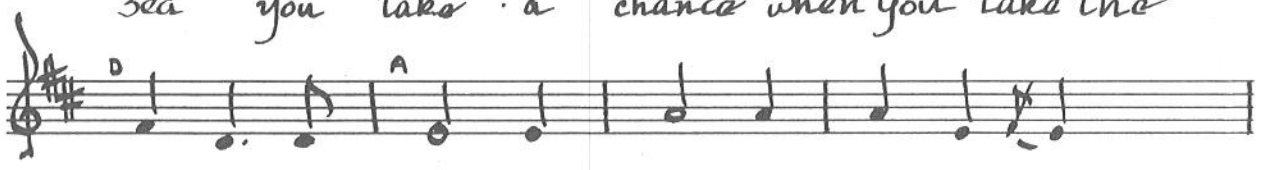
more ride ride



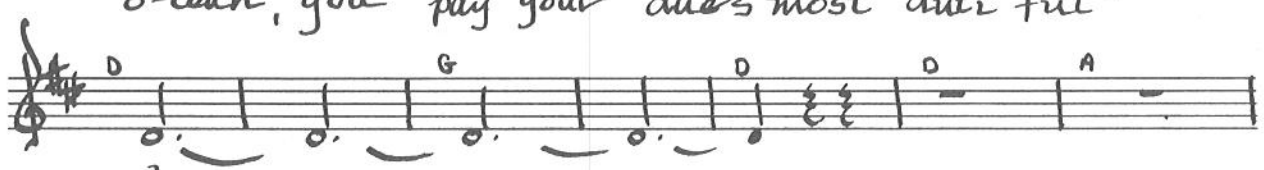
ride the o-cean sail sail sail on the



sea you take a chance when you take the



o-cean, you pay your dues most duti-ful-



ly.



D.C.

The weather was fair, the barometer read;
The ocean was calm, with slow moving swells.
They came to an island and went to the shore,
Until the the winds blew -- the calm sea was no more.

Well, we'll have to pack and get ready to go,
We can't stay here if the winds will blow.
Our anchorage is not sheltered for us to stay,
So we'll have to move on to another bay.
Well, they got in the skiff and they went for the boat;
The waves were too rough, they could not stay afloat.
The boat moved in and their luck was soon lost,
As the Simbo II landed on the rocks.

This song was written when a friend and I were stranded on an island in Southeast Alaska in October 1976. His boat went up on the rocks and we stayed for 3 days watching the sea tear it apart. This song was written in that time.

For the next 3 days, those 2 stayed alone,
Quietly listening to the steady ocean's drone.
They futilely watched as the boat was tossed
Upon the sands of the island on which she'd been lost.
For days they watched the untamed sea
Beat on the Simbo unmercifully.
An experience here, that won't leave those 2,
Is the slow destruction of the Simbo II.



photograph by robert berg

Linda sang this song out fishing last year aboard her troller, the "Chinook." She said she isn't overly fond of her melody and leaves it up to the singer to tack on their own melody. Send any tunes in that you like.

Trolling Hopes

Linda danner



So far, I've tangled my spreads,
I just lost 2 leads,
I broke the line to my tag,
And there's 300 boats on the drag.

I've got herring to thread,
And here comes another kelp bed,
I've shaken bass off all day,
And my only king got away.

By golly, it's starting to rain,
But I know I shouldn't complain
-- It beats being lost in the fog,
Like that time I ran into that log.

But I fear if this rain doesn't end,
My rain gear'll graft to my skin.
But now it's blowin' a gale,
It makes my other problems seem frail.


CHORUS:

I'm gonna pull up my gear,
I'm gonna charge out of here;
I'm going to Pelican, Pelican,
and drink a cold beer;
Buy some more gear (& Lemon Hart)
And maybe make a fresh start;
And maybe, if I'm lucky,
All my dreams will come true:
I'll catch a full boatload of Kings,
Then I'll be coming home to you.

I'm Jacki Jones and I made up this song in my head when we were trolling around Soapstone Cove on the "Myrth".

I'm A Fisherman

jackie jones



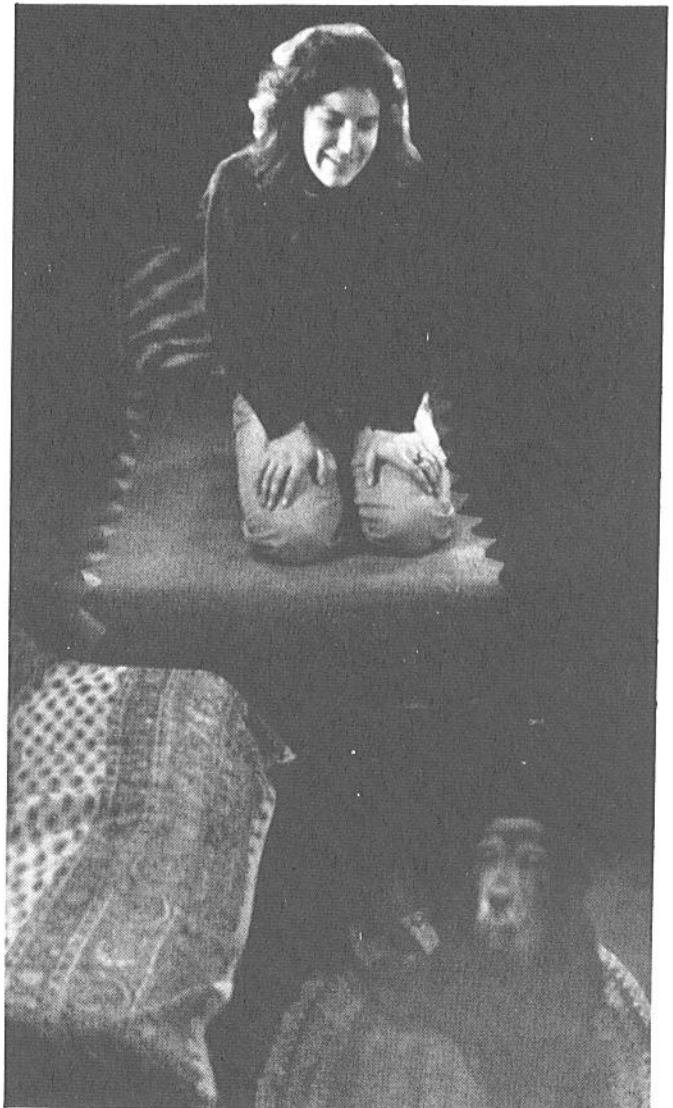
The musical notation is written on three staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are handwritten and include accidentals. Chord symbols (E, B7, G, D) are written above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive hand.

I'm a fisher-man by golly and I troll the southeast
waters when I'm full of beer don't let me near y'r
mothers, wives or daughters.

I'm a fisherman, by golly,
Though the fishin' life ain't pretty;
Through rain and gale, through blood and scale,
Y' wind up pretty gritty.

I'm a fisherman, by golly,
And I'm trolling 'round and dreamin'
- If the fish would bite, y' know I might
Spend a winter like I'm schemin'.

I'm a fisherman, by golly,
Handtrolling for a living;
And I thank the Lord, for each fish aboard
- Each a blessing that He's givin'.



WARD OVERBOARD

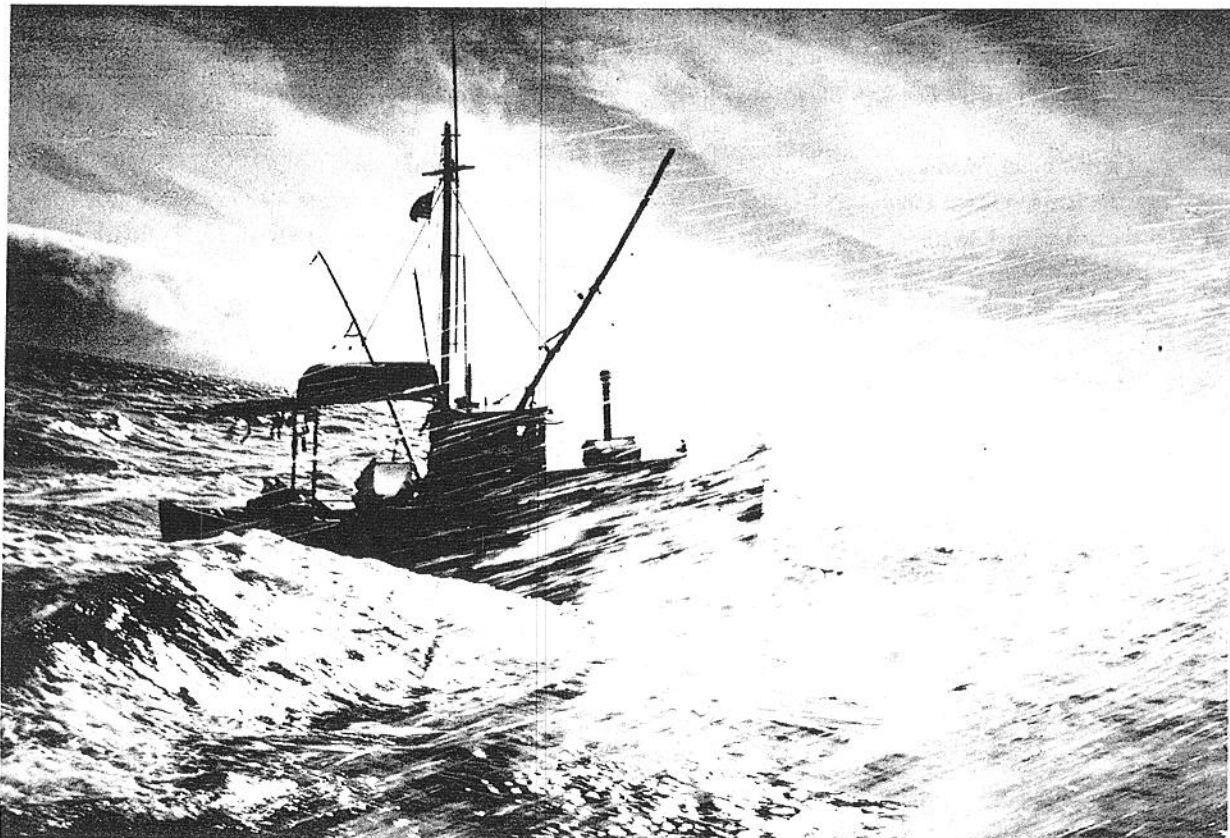
ward eldridge

Well, this thing happened back in '73. It was the first year I was fishing on the boat called the Shelly Cinead, it's called the Dawn H. now, it's a 30 foot double ender. I'd been fishing with someone else up til that particular day and we'd parted company. I went out for my first solo fishing trip; fishing had been real good, the fish were coming to me. We were in a place called the Laundry, out in the Inian Islands. As the tide began to flood pretty hard, I had to get out of there — current running faster than the boat would go. As I was in the process of getting out of the Laundry, out into Cross Sound, I had a tag line break.

The wind blew the line up into the rest of the rigging of the boat. I had to go up there and untangle it. The boat would steer its own course pretty well out into Cross Sound. I climbed up into the rigging with my rainpants on and all (it was about the last day I ever wore rainpants on a boat), and was trying to untangle this mess; tag-line was wrapped all around the rest of the rigging. Finally, I couldn't really get it untangled, so I just tried to yard on it hard enough to break it loose. Which I did. Had a-hold of the clothes pin in my left hand, had a guy wire that was holding me up in my right hand, started yanking, finally broke the breaker strap on the tag line. Of course, when I did, I fell backwards a bit. Well, it was the first year I'd had that boat, and I hand't gone thru the rigging too well, and that guy wire I was hanging onto broke, too. So, I went over backwards from up in the rigging into the water.

Mmm, there were no other boats around, no one else on the boat. It was probably makin' 3-3½ knots thru the water. When I went overboard, I lunged for the stern of the boat and almost caught it, except those rain pants acted like a big parachute and pulled back. I could feel those rubber straps just sucking me back into them, and I missed the stern by inches and watched my boat go out without me. It's funny, one of the things I was thinking about at the time — I wasn't worried about getting drowned or anything like that; it had never ocured to me — but I had \$3000 in cash on the boat, plus my boat, and it was going off without me towards Japan. I was thinking about that. So then I started thinking about how I was going to get onto the boat.

Next thing I realized, I'd grabbed a-hold of one of the trolling wires on a float bag. It was streaming out behind the boat. So I was able to catch one of those 1/16 inch stainless steel wires, hang onto that and crawl my way back up the cable, streaming out behind the boat like a dead fish trailing on a leader, flopping along the surface, my rainpaints stretched out down to my knees (I couldn't let go of the wire to take 'em off, so I had to leave 'em there). I crawled up and then I had to try to get into the boat. The prop was spinning around right under my feet, so I didn't dare stick my legs down to get a brace to pull myself aboard, and the rainpants, full of water, each leg probably weighed 50 to 75 pounds. I was trying to swing them up overboard; couldn't quite get them up. I finally got in. Then crawled along the deck like a snake to be sure I wouldn't fall overboard again, into the wheel-house, shut the door behine me — then started thinking about it and started shaking and felt cold for the first time.



Photograph by Ward Eldridge

I first ran into this song in Pelican. Folk music has served as a pastime for people doing long, repetitive tasks and the fisherman who showed me this song had lots of time on his hands as he washed and dried three heavy sleeping bags. It seems he'd spent the nite before at a party and, unable to get home, had crawled into a friend's foc'sle to sleep . . . and barfed all over the bed. Maybe ethnomusicologists should hang out in more laundromats.

— Jamie Chevalier
"Han Shan", Harris Harbor

Hook & Line Fishin' Blues

Tune: Deep River Blues

annie howell

Fishin' boat, fishin' fleet,
They just want to have a piece of meat :
I've got those Good-Bye Blanco Blues.

Rosie's Bar, open all night,
Gonna drink and holler, maybe get in a fight :
'Cause we've got those Rainy Day Pelican Blues.

They're out on the grounds, catchin' fish;
No way to get there.....guess I'll hitch :
'Cause I got those Stuck-In-Pelican Blues.

At Cape Spencer the water's so wide,
I lost my lunch right over the side :
'Cause I got those Rip-Tide-Sea-Sick Blues.

In the pit at the break of dawn,
All I can do is stand there and yawn :
I've got those 5 o'clock Morning Blues.

Hot spot hootchies and Nootka flashers,
Got to get those midnight splashes :
'Cause I've got those No-Score-Hungry Blues.

I've got a big one, it's a log,
Maybe it's a shark, why, No! -- it's a hog:
And I've got those Adrenaline-Beginner's Blues.

Peyton Place on the Fairweather Grounds,
The men and the women are running around :
I've got those Heart-Break-Heart-Throb Blues.

Way behind, in the wake of the fleet,
It's Mel and Greg an' their Silver Streak :
They've got those Fast-Mover Blues.

Eatin' brownies in the bay,
Ain't goin' nowhere -- stoned all day :
'Cause Chris has those Marijuana-Brownie Blues.

Jellyfish, snail spawn,
They keep comin' and stickin' on :
And I got those God-Damn-Jellyfish-Blues.

Lee and Tom quit using bait,
Switch to hootchies before it's too late :
Or you'll have those Fire-Cracker-Nose-Clip Blues.

Tropical Alaska, it's wet and cold,
I think I'll give in and jump in the hold :
'Cause I've got those Summertime-Heat-Wave Blues.

Red King Salmon, Fish of Fish,
We'll do our best and it will make us rich:
'Cause we've got those Hook-And-Line-Fishin' Blues.

Paul Roseland wrote this song. Paul has been the President of the Sons of Norway in Alaska and's visited his native Norway several times as president of the Sons of Norway. Has done quite a few Alaskan folk ballads. And this one recounts a true story he got from an old Norwegian countryman from the Gold Rush days.

Norwegian Seaman

paul roseland

I am a Nor-we-gian sea-man, from Norway's rugged fiords, I
am leaving my dear home and I'll re-turn no more I'm going to A-
laska, to some ic-y shore, My father was a captain who
vanished long be-fore.

I walked into a village, far in a booming mining town,
I order up a whiskey and settle myself down.
A young and pretty Native girl sat down next to me,
'I see you are from Norway,' and then she said to me:

I am a Norwegian seaman, from Norway's rugged fjords;
I am leaving my dear home and I'll return no more.
I'm going to Alaska, to some icy shore.
My father was a captain who vanished long before.

I wonder if he was shipwrecked and reached some lonesome shore.....
And as we travel westward, I think of him once more.
As we come into a harbor, on a cold November day,
We're seeking for some shelter from a windy icy bay.

Min far var fra Nörge
Min mor var født her,
Har du en røyk og en stikke
Og en Alaska jeg kan drikke her,
Kan du danse valsen
Bare spør meg om du vil,
Min Pappa var en kaptein
Og min mamma lever still.

Railroading and Mining 5



On The Right Track

The Alaska Railroad train lurched to a stop, screeching like owl talons across a blackboard . . . "If it's that same guy again . . . "the hungover conductor threatened, pressing his throbbing head against the cool steel door. It was the same guy again: a beard, 6-and-a-quarter feet high clambered aboard and plonked down in the first seat restless, after only 15 minutes, the beard began to sing songs. Pretty soon, all the respectable elements fled their seats to brood over lurching whiskies in the Club Car. He taught us rabble to sing "The Tattooed Lady," scribbled out a poem about his jazz saxophone, pulled the stop cord & jumped out in the middle of the forest near Lignite for his weekly prospecting trip under Denali. That was Birch Pavelsky.

And After Gold . . .

America's race for gold began at Sutter's Mill in California in 1848. The following year, 80,000 Forty-Niners flocked West to cash in on their dreams of an easy life. Colorado was next, and by the time the Klondike Fever caught on, many were called but few were chosen. They coined a phrase all their own – "It didn't pan out."

Southeastern Alaska: In 1880 a fuse was lit that in less than 20 years later ignited the last freewheeling American rush for dreams and gold. In the Rush lay the dreams with reality lost in the stampede; Alaska was waiting. For what, it did not know.

Juneau and Douglas City grew around the mines along the Gastineau Channel. Then gold was discovered in the Western Yukon Territory. "Within 10 days after the arrival of the gold ship "Portland", the exodus of old timers from the Mother Lode Country threatened the closing of the California mines. Hundreds of participants of the '98 Rush were grubstaked by the many mining co-operatives, placer syndicates and poor men's chances which had sprung up during that Winter.

Jack London, a literary alchemist and erstwhile prospector of the Klondike wrote, "In the Summer of 1897; El Dorado, Bear, Hunker, Sulfur and Gold Run Creeks were staked. With the exception of a very small

number of bench claims, there've been no more paying creeks discovered in the Klondike. All these Creeks were located before the people arrived who were hurrying in from the Outside. Thus, those who were in the Rush of 1898 were shut out from those creeks which would've even paid their expenses. A startling balance sheet may be struck between the cost of effort and the value of reward. \$222,000,000 has been spent to extract only \$22 million of gold from the ground. Oh, but though many of the individuals will have lost, the world will have lost nothing by the Klondike."

However, in the gold fields, it cost as much to die as it did to live. "2 men died on Clarence Berry's claim in the Winter of 1897. Their funeral expenses were astronomical. \$2000 to hire a team of 6 muleteers to take the bodies into town. The nails for the coffin went for \$8.50 a pound, and the lumber — 40 cents a foot. 2 workmen took 6 days to hack the graves out of the frozen ground and were given \$200 in wages."

"The statistics regarding the Klondike Stampede are diminishing ones. 100,000 persons, it is estimated, actually set out on the trail; some 30 or 40 thousand reached Dawson; only about 1/2 of this number bothered to look for gold; and of these, only 4000 found any. Of the 4,000, a few hundred found gold in quantity large enough to call themselves rich. And of those fortunate men, only the merest handful managed to keep their wealth."

Yes, indeed, the Klondike was an alchemist's dream of gold and transformations, but a dream where it was the gold which transformed the men and women.

Barry Roderick, Jim Gordon,
Port Chilkoot Juneau

Hard Rock Reel

John Ingalls

John Pennywhistle (Jim out at the Sweet Banjo factory names everyone by their instruments) wrote this tune in his head while hitch-hiking on a lover's birthday. He says he always hitch-hikes on her birthday, as sort of a Roadside Holiday. Anyhow, this time was special — he composed a tune for her, from Alaska — Hard Rock Reel. Happy birthday Marlo.



AJ Mine

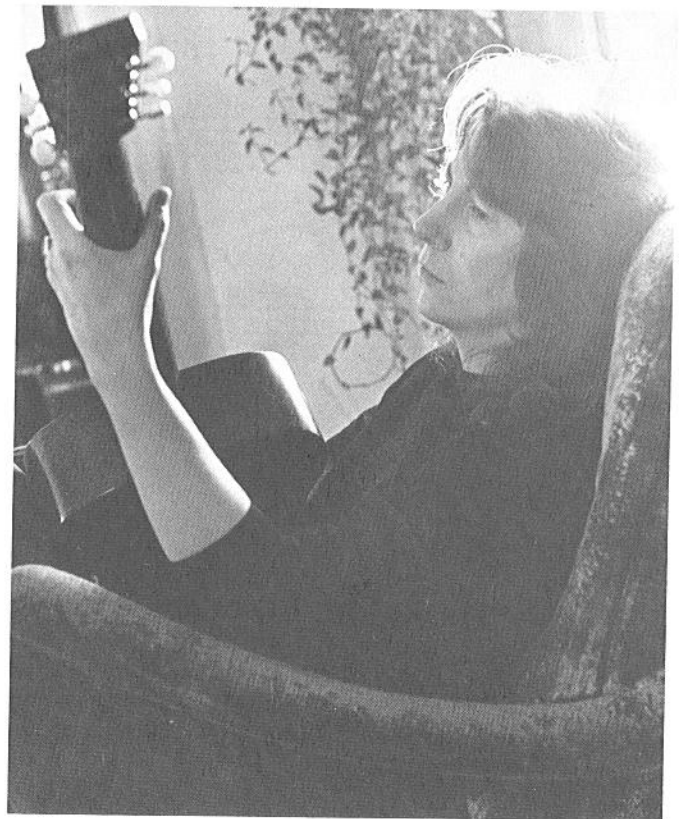
sue kilka

I went walking last night to the a. j. mine. There was
rain in the ruins and there wasn't much light. I saw the ghosts of the miners
watchin' in the mud, it sent a chill to my bones as the rusted steel moaned, it's a
spooky place to go especially all a lone I said, hey, miners, stop
rattlin' your bones.

Well, it's gettin' mighty dark. That knockin' is my heart,
Heard a loud noise in the city, nearly made me fall apart;
I grabbed a steel girder, it wanted to let go,
I slipped on a plank, nearly fell in a hole.
I said, 'I'm too young to die; yes, I'll leave and let you sleep.
When they bury me, the place won't be so dark and deep.

So I crept away backward, til I saw those city lights,
Ain't no ghost a-gonna get me, I'll put up a good fight.
When I was safely on my way, I saw them wavin' in the night.
Well, the echo never left me, but at least I was all right;
What they came for was the gold, but me, I'll have to hold on
To the memory of those miners a-slavin' in the cold.

Slave on miners, dig deep into that hill,
Well, I know you're always watchin',
And I know you always will.



I heard, once, of an older miner who'd kicked up a very large diamond stone. Sold it, bought an airplane, and had the thing flown out to him. Of course, he couldn't fly it. Wouldn't sell it. He just sat up in the pilot's seat and looked out the window. Days on end. Finally, he left the camp on foot saying he intended to do some gold mining.

Diamond Miners

Bruce Horowitz

Grass roof bamboo walls dirt floor, nothin' more.

This is the house of a diamond miner who rolls in sleep a

cross the floor.

Fifth Verse

Second Verse

Third Verse

— CODA: They never find someone like you,
They never find someone like you.

1. Ivory skin, eyes of sapphire,
Silver voice, golden hair;
This is the dream of a diamond miner,
Of diamond miners everywhere,
2. Who spend their lives in search of ivory,
Silver, gold and sapphire, too.
They never find the fairest treasure,
Just roll in sleep and dream they do.
3. And if I were a diamond miner,
Searching the river my life long,
I'd dream of you at nite-time,
And all day I'd sing this song:
4. 'You are the dream of a diamond miner,
Your every glimmer makes 'em stay,
Searching further up the river,
In hopes of finding you some day.'
5. One time a miner found a big diamond,
He bought an airplane shiny new,
He never even learned to fly it,
Just sat inside and dreamt he flew.
6. And if I were a diamond miner,
Searching the river my life long,
I'd dream of you, of you, at nite,
And all day I'd sing this song:



- Al: This isn't about anything, except it's got some neat pick-offs in it. It's a modal tuning which I like. There aren't enough good modal songs.
- B: This is a time for folk creation. A title. What is a subject it could easily attach itself to???
- Al: It's neat modal sound.
- B: A salmon run?
- Al: It's quite fast and bouncy.
- B: Maybe a schizophrenic sea otter . . . having eaten too many paralytic shellfish.
- Al: The PSP Shuffle! Y'know, the only thing that comes to mind is mosquitoes — it's not buzzy like mosquitoes but it's like swatting them, or picking them off — picking off mosquitoes. It's something bad happening to you, 'cause it's not sad. It's got to be happening fast — like your pants on fire or something. It's like running, too — it's kinda like jogging . . .
- B: Jogging when y've got a full bladder and you're on Egan Drive and cars going by . . .
- Al: A sense of urgency to it.
- B: And y'got a chain fence on the right and y-can't go anywhere . . . or a high velocity lighthouse with a short circuit that blurps on every now and then . . .
- Al: It's something in there, I see it as a kind of a dance — I see people moving quickly . . . Gold Creek picking your nose . . . no, picking gold!
- Leslie: Daddy, it's like Gold Creek.
- Al: "Pickin' Gold in Gold Creek!"



Pickin' Gold On Gold Creek

al eagle

D.C.

OK. If the Ballad of the Yukon is the Adventure in the Getting There . . . what happened to the people who got there?

Diggin'

steve hites

Wake up the morning there's so little time

get my self out of the bed head back down to the mine

fifty four above 60-nan-za Sam Lippey's claim

forty-five dollars a day all I got to my name

If I had the time

I'd write a letter to my mother and tell her that I'm on the take

I'd tell her that I made it.

They staked the claims out a full year a-go none of us knew when we

left from down be-low-

(Editor's Note: Steve Hites sang "The Ballad of The Yukon and White Pass Route" last year. We asked him who it was by. He said, "Tim Morrissey." "Where's Tim Morrissey," we asked. "Dunno," replied Steve, "but he used to be a customs agent." Then our search began. We called Customs in Skaguay. They referred us to the Alaska Repertory Theater in Anchorage. The Rep referred us to the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco. By tellin the ACT that "This is his cousin, it's an emergency," we got Tim. Tim said, "What song?" We explained. After three minutes of dialogue I sang him the first verse. "OOHHH," he said, "that thing. How'd y'ever come across that?" He was surprized to hear that his Sub Arctic Orphan had become a Southeast/Yukon hit. Steve ended his intro to Tim's song with: "If any of you have the guts to go ride that Railroad, I suggest you do. It's a beautiful way to scare yourself half to death.").

When I wrote this song I was a teacher at Bartlett High in Anchorage and working as a Summer Customs Inspector in Skaguay. Since the Customs Office is in the Railraod Depot, we were close to its workers and got in on all the "fun". This song is a product of my 2am to noon shift and an attempt to break the boredom. Oddly, I've never performed it or heard it performed.



Ballad Of The Yukon And White Pass Route

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

tim morrissey

From out of the Yukon Country, o'er the White Pass Trail,
Y'see the green and yellow, riding the crooked rail;
They're screamin' down thru Utah, past Carcross and the Lake,
And maybe they'll make Bennett, if the engineer's awake.

And then they leave Lake Bennett, and it's U.S. all the way,
Past Fraser, then at Glacier you're lookin' at Lind Bay;
But they don't see the derail that's blockin' up the line,
And just 'cause cars are on the ground, it's only overtime.

Well, 1:01 by Clifton, just listen to that sound,
And they dump the air at Skaguay, 'cause the whole thing's on the ground;
Well, Number 2's a little late, which means she's right on time,
And if the cars stay on the rail, she might be in by 9.

Old Hisman's in a motor car that Hammey just b.o.'d,
'Cause the windshield wipers're leavin' streaks and he can't see down the road.
Well, the baggage boys are loadin' freight, which makes the Union frown;
But the Company says, 'We got good men - it's hard to keep them down.'

Well, now you've heard my story all about the White Pass;
They're hauling freight and passengers and wastin' lots of gas.
My story has no moral, and certainly no rhyme,
But quite unlike the White Pass Route, it's runnin' right on time.

When the ice broke;
 Dear God, what a scene!
 I think I'll always remember it
 -- even in my dreams.
 7000 boats all set sail from there,
 Treadin' off for the Klondike,
 From the bottom of the Golden Stair.

53 below

Outside in the night,
 Smoke risin' straight against the Northern Lights.
 Down here, below,
 Cold as hell,
 Diggin' for gold at the bottom of a frozen well.

When I heard the call,
 August of '97,
 I headed North, quickest I could come.
 Booked passage on the Al-Ki,
 a steamer up to Dyea,
 And took myself up over the Chilkoot Trail.

Then down the trail to Lindeman Lake;
 That's where I built my boat
 -- Dear God, what a mistake!
 The rapids they were bad,
 Lost all that I had;
 Cut lumber for a steamboat man,
 To get another stake.

When I docked on Front Street
 With my raft and my kit,
 God knows the tears from my eyes fell.
 I was so glad to have finally arrived.
 But now I just work all day in another man's mine.



Photograph by Marsha Helton

I wrote this tune standin' on the platform waitin, "just a-waitin' for the train," for the Skagway/Whitehorse train. I started writin' it on the train on the way in, played it for some folks by the oil stove there before we hit Bennet for some stew and coffee and 3 pieces of apple pie. She had a pie there on the counter and no one seemed to object; guess I had a lotta crust for takin' it, but that's the way it goes.

Biding Your Time

Chris Kennedy

Walkin' by a train yard graveyard with tired engines & rusty
wheels where hoboes huddle to curse the cold where
hungry young men dreamt of Klondike gold where outlaws drink coffee in a
end-less rain bidin' their time for the Whitehorse train

D.C.

Oh, down in Chicago on the 96th floor,
A secretary sits and burns for the North,
Stares at a post card a friend sent back;
Mountains white with glitter by the railroad track;
She's about to fly, about to go insane
- Bidin' her time for the Whitehorse Train.

Well, I'm standing on the Skaguay platform,
Got my ticket memorized,
Thinkin' about the loves that could've been,
And who in Whitehorse is gonna take me in.
I'm singin' old songs way out of my range
- Bidin' my time for the Whitehorse Train.

Well, the tracks were laid down back in '98,
And the train'll keep chuggin' long as people keep a-runnin':
Runnin' for the gold and the clear blue streams,
Runnin' til they're old, runnin' for their dreams,
Runnin' nowhere, but runnin' just the same
- Runnin' to catch the old Whitehorse Train

Forest For The Trees 6



The name "U.S. Forest Service", in some quarters, is the kiss of death; in fact, of outright necrophilia. The theatrics in which the Service and the Forest act lie in a weird ambiguity of tragedy and farce. The Service's role is to manage the Forest. Some claim that is tantamount to sticking an I.V. tube into the femoral artery of a gopher and saying that modern medical science can feed the gopher better than the gopher can feed itself. In Southeast the wars between the Forest Service, the villagers, conservationists and timber companies have been legion and varied. A little known skirmish took place in this War of the Trees over on Baranof Island a few years ago, at Port Alexander.

Squatters are a stalwart but nervous breed. The tie-up of land by the Native Land Claims Act (section d-2), State and Federal selections, and Forest Service leases have prevented many folks from buying land on which to build their homes and raise their families. Squatters go into the forest and do their life upon Forest Service Land. The Forest Service sometimes retaliates in less than diplomatic fashion. With fire. Dirty Dick (there's a song about him in Chapter II) and his family squatted on USFS land . . . nice cabin in the woods, eagles in the trees . . . the whole 9 yards. This story came to the Senior Editor in the Pioneer Bar on Katlian Street in Sitka a couple of years ago, and with oral history being what it is . . . not to mention a gut-full of Rainier Beer . . . we give you saloon history at its most distorted:

Dick was out trolling for salmon in the bay when a friend roared up in his skiff and hollered, "Dick, Dick, they're burning down your cabin. The Forest Service's burning down you cabin!" Dick threw his bottle of breakfast overboard, gunned the engine and headed for shore. His friend's engine stalled and he couldn't catch up to Dick to tell him it was a joke; that the 2 summer rangers were just burning slash nearby his cabin; that the smoke curling up from the

ridge was only limbs and twigs and not his roof tree. As Dick headed for the dock, his mind flashed on children weeping by glowing embers that once had been a home, a home that had been denied him by the U.S. Forest Service regulations. Sure enough, there at the dock set a Forest Service skiff tied up. They were not going to get away. Dick pulled his .44 from beneath the wheel and put 5 slugs thru the skiff's bottom. Before the gunnels disappeared beneath the waves, Dick was off his vessel, and up the dock with a 12 ga. slung over his shoulder, loading rounds into his .44 on the run. As he came over the ridge, there were the culprits standing by a pile of burning brush. Dick put 2 and 2 together and came up with .44, which he leveled at their accursed breasts. As he hurled 3 landless years of accusations and frustrations at their quivering ears about land use policies and so-called management, his wife and kids appeared on the ridge to see what the ruckus was about. Their cabin was OK. It was all a joke. Hah, hah. But a joke that cost him 1 skiff and an Evinrude.

The Summer Help questioned their role in the Forest Service and their implied culpability for their government's action at this time, and left P.A. The end of the week took them to Tenakee Springs. Having earned it, they parked their new skiff under the pilings, climbed 20 feet up the low tide ladder, and adjourned to McGee's for a week's well earned beer. While they swilled and lamented their lot, word got around Tenakee who was tied up where. Everyone paid a visit to the dock. The Forest Service men returned to the ladder leading down to their skiff. Climbing in, they discovered their boat was docked right under the village outhouse.

While not necessarily true, just the circulation of this story tells of the veneration and awe that the government is held in Southeast.

Timber harvest is a center of controversy in S.E. Alaska. At issue is whether the 16 million acre Tongass National Forest is being managed for multiple use or for timber harvest, and it has been brought to a head by d-2 legislation. The controversy is a collision between 2 competing, mutually exclusive lifestyles.

Tongass Forest is more than standing board feet of timber — it is the habitat that supports Southeast's sizable fishing industry, the scenery that draws tourists, the last great home of the brown bear and bald eagle; in short, stuff that our Southeast Alaskan lifestyles are made of. Unfortunately, the best stands of timber are generally the best fish and wildlife habitat and the best areas for recreation, and those values will not flourish in even aged secondary growth forest which is managed on 100 year rotation for timber harvest.

The songs in this section illustrate part of the lifestyle collision. "Basket Bay Blowdown Blues" is about loggers reliving the frontier ethic for the last time, and their frustrations in the only remaining large wilderness forest in the nation, laboring to convert a resource for the benefit of mankind. The Forest Service Song from Port Protection is about fishermen who see dangers to their resource by timber harvest. They find their livelihood in jeopardy by perhaps a logging show in a favorite anchorage or, if unlucky, a deadhead that springs a plank or damages a propeller. Reforestation is a talking blues about wasted timber littering beaches throughout S.E. Alaska.

It is interesting that all 3 of these songs are blues, seeming to indicate that both sides feel their position in the controversy is hopeless. Loggers seem to feel that environmentalists have momentum nationwide on Alaskan issues and are unstoppable. Fishermen and environmentalists seem to feel that the Timber Industry is entrenched in the Southeast Economy and the Forest Service and that it wields insurmountable power.

**Barry Roderick,
Port Chilkoot**

**Larry Edwards,
Sitka**

Basket Bay Blowdown Blues

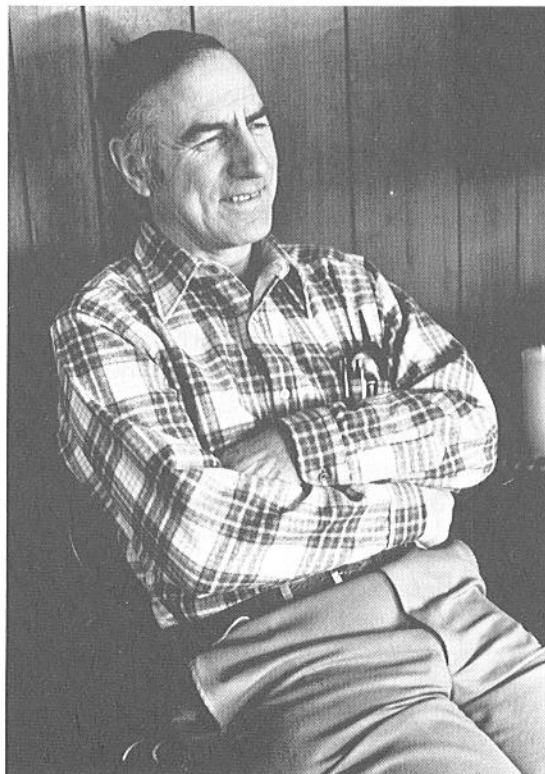
John Schmale

I've got the basket Bay Blowdown Blues. The trees are broken in two. The tower is shot, the wood is full of rot & the cows have started to chew. Oh, woe is me. Oh, woe is me. I wish to God I'd never bought a tree. Oh, woe is me. Oh, woe is me. I wish to God I'd never bought a tree -

I've got the basket Bay Blowdown Blues
 'Cause the department sent me the news—
 The show's been reappraised
 And the stumpage has been raised;
 Seems Uncle Sam is programmed not to lose.

I've got the Basket Bay Blowdown Blues—
 The stumpage is 60 times 2,
 The ranger is mad
 'Cause the show looks so sad
 And the liquor is into the crew.

I've got the Basket Bay Blowdown Blues—
 I wish someone else was in my shoes
 'Cause we can't build a dump,
 Got to measure every stump,
 And preservationists are giving us the screw.



Basket Bay Blowdown Blues reflects a frustration thru-out Southeast Alaska at the time it was written.

This song takes place in Totem National Historic Park, Sitka. Like many beaches in Southeast, the beach of the Park is choked with large logs that have floated in from logging operations. This song is about the mess and the waste of resources.



Reforestation Blues

A Talking Blues In: G, C, D

Larry Edwards

I was walking around in Totem Park,
Deep in the trees, where the pathway's dark;
Just thinkin' to myself and enjoyin' the day,
When I met a woman walkin' my way:

kind of a pretty woman
said she came from California
just seein' Alaska.

We smiled at each other in a casual way,
And started to pass the time of day;
Just strollin' along without direction,
Til she turned and asked me a serious question:

kind of a naggin' question
been on my mind a long time
just can't seem to find the answer to it.

She said, 'National Parks should be free of litter,
So why is that beach covered with timber?'
I looked where she pointed and saw she was right,
The logs had the beach covered plumb out of sight:

i said, 'sister, you ain't seen nothin', yet
every beach in Southeast looks like that
...but there is a reason for it.'

Look real close and you can see that
Every damn log is a saw cut tree;
And in this age of high priced labor,
Gettin' them here was no small favor:

takes loggers to cut 'em down
big machines to move 'em 'round
and when all that cuttin' and movin's done
those logs are worth some money.

The pulp mill claims they're so short on trees,
If they can't cut 'em all, the economy will freeze.
Everyone knows resources are limited; So...
...if this were 'waste', it wouldn't be permitted:

which leads me to 1 conclusion
those logs can't be litter
somebody put 'em there
...for a reason.

She said that seemed a logical conclusion,
But her pretty face betrayed confusion;
She thought for a minute, then spoke to me;
She asked what that reason might be:

so i told her
said i didn't know
kinda shrugged my shoulders
and gave her a feeble smile.

Yeh, I don't know the reason why
Thousands of logs are left high and dry;
A lot of man's doin's aren't really sane,
So, when I think of this mess, I give it this name:

the U.S. Forest Service
Intertidal Zone
Reforestation Project.

We sailed in and sailed out of Port Protection and met some good people living their lives the best that they can there out in the forest there out on the water . . . raising their children to respect the land.

I had the good fortune to come to Alaska via a month-and-a-half sailboat trip. On the way up we met many people living off the beaten path in small settlements. Port Protection is one such settlement, with about 12 houses. A couple of years ago some of the residents found some old obscure legislation dealing with clear-cut policies. They showed this to the "powers to be" and effected some change.

This song which they gave me reflects some of their feelings.

— Tom Hay
"Joie", Harris Harbor

Forest Service Song

traditional

Mr. Ranger, won't you take me
Down to Port Protection
-- Down by Point Baker,
Where paradise lay?
I'm sorry, m'boy,
You're too late in askin',
Ketchikan Pulp Company's
Hauled it away.

There's crab in the back bay,
And ducks are a-plentiful;
Next year's a good year for salmon
-- We'll see...
But how can the salmon come back
To the forest, and up their dear streams,
If there aren't any trees?

The Forest Service says,
'We serve the people,
We try hard to help them
-- The best that we can.'
But, tell me, who was it who
Issued the permits to
Clear cut, to ravage and
Rape all the land.

There's crab in the back bay,
And ducks are a-plentiful;
Next year's a good year
For salmon -- we'll see...
But how can the salmon
Come back to the forest
And up their dear streams,
If there aren't any trees?

SALT WATER and CHAIN SAWS

He saved some houses in Port Alexander from the torches of the Forest Service with a one man stand. The Forest Service was burning down some houses and Dick sort of persuaded them with his firearms. In the process of trying to save his own house, he pumped salt water from the ocean onto his roof to keep it from burning and it ran into his rain water — drinking water. So, he invited the culprits into his house for a drink of whiskey and water, and mixed it with salt water. They sat down and took a drink and started spitting out and saying, "Oh-uggh, this is salt water, oh-uggh!" Dick pulled his chain saw from under the table, revved it up in their faces and said, "You bet it's salt water, and yer gonna drink every damn drop."

Richard and Thomas Paul
Port Alexander

Usually, folk singers take an old, well known tune and tack on a new batch of words. Bruce, contrary to popular belief, took this A. E. Houseman poem and set his own music to it.

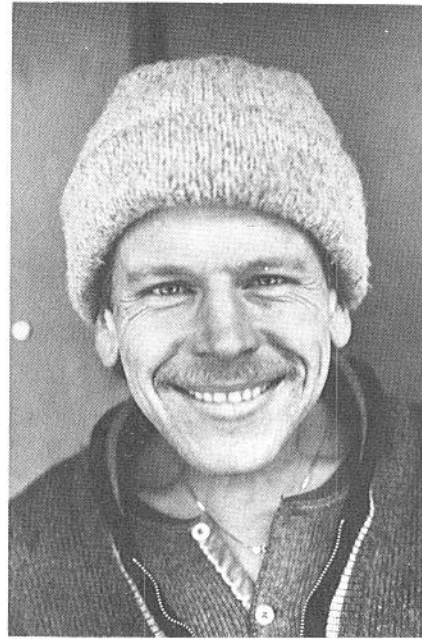
Loveliest of Trees

Bruce Horowitz

Loveli-est of trees, the cher-ry now,
 is hung with bloom a long the bough;
 And stands a-bout the wood land drive
 wearing white for Easter-tide
 (a) -bout the woodlands I will go
 to see the cher-ry hung with snow -

Loveliest of trees, the cherry, now,
 Is hung with bloom along the bough;
 And stands about the woodland drive,
 Wearing white for Eastertide.
 Now, of my 3 score years and 10,
 20 will not come again;
 And take from 70 Springs a score,
 It only leaves 50 more.
 And if to look at things in bloom,
 50 years are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

I was setting in Jackie and Ann's kitchen at the Mendenhall Apartments on this quiet morning. A line'd come every hour or so and then an answering line. Then the words were done. The basic line? . . . that eternal mortal fear of winter . . . The song — the rhythm and melody came from walking and hiking through the forest along the Gastineau Channel.



The Faint Forest Highway

patrick marsh

Once a faint forest highway whispered follow me
 please. I've deer in my meadow'n I've bear in my
 trees.

I've mist monsters rising
 From the muskeg's deep mire,
 And a million new thoughts
 Come to every campfire.

I've summits for vision,
 And valleys for thought;
 I've beaches for combing,
 And springs bathing hot.

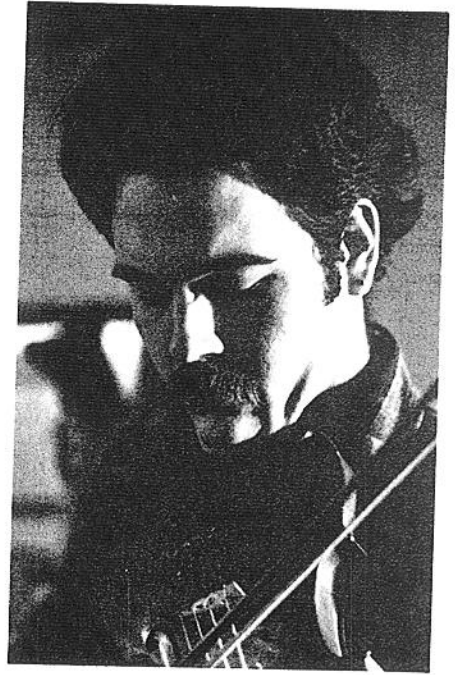
I've got cracks in these mountains
 Where you can always find snow,
 And there's sheer granite cliffs
 Where the wildest winds blow.

I'll provide your diversions,
 Your excitement and rest;
 You'll find all you need
 On my mountain's high crest.

But I can't heed forest whispers,
 They're just too damn naive;
 It's too perfect a picture
 For me to believe.

I want, also, smooth engines
 And the language of math,
 The magic of music
 And voices that laugh.

We got this tune from Bill Calder at the Auke Bay Lab, who heard it from the Deseret String Band of Utah. He only remembered the first section. So, we reworked a second section from spare slides and leftover ox-cidentals. Dan figured it to be a rehash of "The Boys of Wexford." Bob didn't care. Then, at the Southeast State Fair in Haines in '77, a guy from California showed up, who sometimes played around with the Deseret String Band down South. He played it "proper." His version was called "The Utah Trails March." We don't care. We like ours, "Rain Forest Reel" or "The Mad Muffin Mountain Rangers." Suit yourself.



Rain Forest Reel

*Bob Banghart
dan hopson*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts on G4. Chords are indicated above the staff: D, F#m, and G. The second staff continues the melody with chords A, D, G, and A. The third staff has chords D, A, D, and D. The fourth staff has chords F#m, G, and A. The fifth staff has chords D, G, A, D, and A. The sixth staff has a chord D. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Oil Slicks and Politics 7



Oil and its basic byproducts — wealth, influence and power — flow like fresh honey into Juneau's mil-dewed capitol. Most political issues are ultimately connected with oil, or at least with resource development in general. Alaska's political factions and subgroups all pivot around oil. The bird watchers, tree lovers, earth haters and red baiters, reformers and radicals — all get their sustenance from oil's glowing warmth. For it is oil that pays our teachers, employs our industrial labor force, buys the binoculars for the bird watchers and well provisions the earth haters with their vast arsenals of destruction; and, of course, provides those red baiters with all the ammunition needed to praise the glories of our wonderful system.

Only a few bush dwellers, our fishing people and a few other anachronistic souls seem to escape the bounds of Alaska's oil economy and its raging pace. Oil, though, is not the only issue on Alaska's political landscape. Land, also, is a constant issue that has permeated our consciousness daily — now to the point of confused boredom: d-2, House Bill 39, the Antiquities Act, the Beirne Initiative and on and on . . . goes the land merry-go-round. Land is an issue that touches all Alaskans — oil companies, mining companies, bush dwellers and fishing people, too. The resource exploiters want the land unlocked for their drills and shovels; the bush dwellers want homesteads; and many Alaskans must want a little piece of land for that home or vacation spot.

Land, oil, and fisheries development will remain with us as salient issues for a generation or more. But the long-term question is what will Alaska be like for the next generation or two? What will our landscape (physical and cultural) look like in 2001? If the large multi-national corporations get their way, what will Alaska be like? Will Alaska be an abandoned mine — and will the pipeline be used as a navigational aid for the military's newest missile defense system? This is a question that concerns many of us and even concerns our Governor, Jay Hammond. In fact, I think he worries about it a lot and is perhaps haunted by a not so bright image of Alaska's future. He is concerned about what he once labeled "those growth smokers," and his most perverse dream may be something along these lines:

A GOVERNOR'S WORRIED BLUES

by Kraig Schwartz

Stories were once told of rich veins of black gold,
Promises of wealth and riches spread thruout the land;
Oh yes -- Alaska would be the Promised Land!

Well, the search and extraction of that wealth
Was fast and furious,
Bringing delight to many boomers,
And thousands became delirious.

And there was no doubt
As to the Multi-Nationals' feat;
Their victory was total,
Their extraction complete.
They left with their profits and
And part of our land;

Gone was the oil,
the Minerals,
the Fishes,
the Water,
the Native Bands.

No resources for Alaska,
No jobs for the people;

Thousands with no hope
On the public dole.

Like Texas and Oklahoma
Before her
-- Alaska,

Just another dry hole.

It's sort of hard to imagine Southeast Alaska as another dry hole. But holes are more than depression, anomie and humidity; something can be done about them before they become empty and dry; something can be done -- still -- in Alaska. As Jay Hammond asserted in his Fiscal Address of 1976: we can't have a quality environment until we have a quality economy. Until we control our own destiny and stop our lands, seas and forests from manipulation by multi-national corporations we shall neither be free nor possess dignity.

S.E. Alaska has for the most part been spared the mixed blessings of the oil-drilling rigs, oil company fat-cats, boomers and roughnecks, and all the other accouterments of the oil kingdom. But still its influence is felt here. Listen to the turmoil of local politics in Yakutat as offshore drilling looms in its future. Listen to the lobbyists in the halls of the capitol in Juneau. Listen to the hum of internal combustion engines on land, in air, on water and around every Southeast town. Listen to the jingle in the pockets of those who went north and "made it big" on the pipeline -- and the sour grapes of those who could've but didn't. Listen to the comforting hum of your oil furnace. Stand in the woods and listen to a moment in the millions of years of growth and decay that produce black gold. And listen to what Southeast folksingers have to say about oil and its turmoil.

Kraig Schwartz,
Thane, with
Dan Hopson,
Juneau, and
Barry Roderick,
Juneau

The Chicken Ridge Rowdies stared into the ugly black pits of their coffee cups, stared at the donuts in their left hands and knew they had ½ an hour to come up with some folksongs — original Alaskan folksongs — protesting the federal off-shore oil leases. They did. And they sang them to the Secretary of the Interior, Kleppe at the protest on the legislature steps. Here's one of them, "Greasy Whitehouse Blues", written and de-ranged by the Chicken Ridge Rowdies.



Tune: Whitehorse Blues, C

Greasy Whitehouse Blues

chicken ridge rowdies

now look here mis-ter kleppe see what you have
done. You sold all the oil, now,
have you had your fun, Let's send 'em on back to Washing-
ton.

ARCO in the water, Shell upon the land,
Sucking up the oil, making this the promised land.
Let's send 'em on back to Washington.

There's a Ford being driven in the White House today,
By oil and big money, they're headed this-a way.
Let's send 'em on back to Washington.

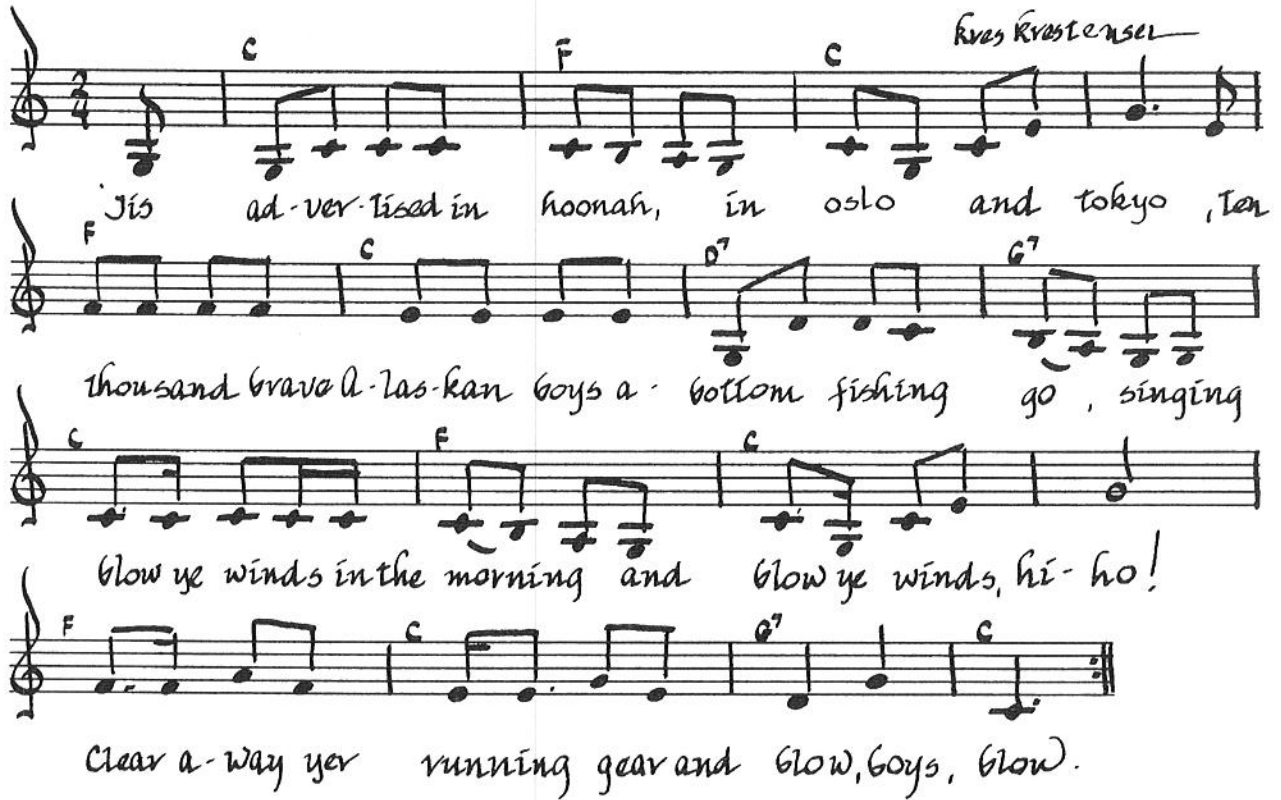
'America needs the oil', that was their battle cry;
For they must stay in power, their profits must not die.
Let's send 'em on back to Washington.

Now, no one wants the oil, so let's send it to Japan;
'Oil shortage' -- I do believe the whole thing was just a scam.
Let's send 'em on back to Washington.

No more fish in the ocean, no birds on the sea;
But there'll be plenty of gasoline left for you and me.
Let's send 'em on back to Washington.

Bottomfish Come All Ye

Kves Kræstensen



'tis ad-ver-tised in hoonah, in oslo and tokyo, ten
 thousand brave a-las-kan boys a-bottom fishing go, singing
 blow ye winds in the morning and blow ye winds, hi-ho!
 Clear a-way yer running gear and blow, boys, blow.

You go down to the banker's place to get a little loan,
 Say you'll get ten thousand tons before the season's out.

The banker lives in a big fine house that's always dry and warm,
 Too bad he can't be out to sea, freezin' in a storm.

Don't think about your homes, my boys, or for your sweethearts hanker,
 Just freeze to death way out here, making money for the banker.

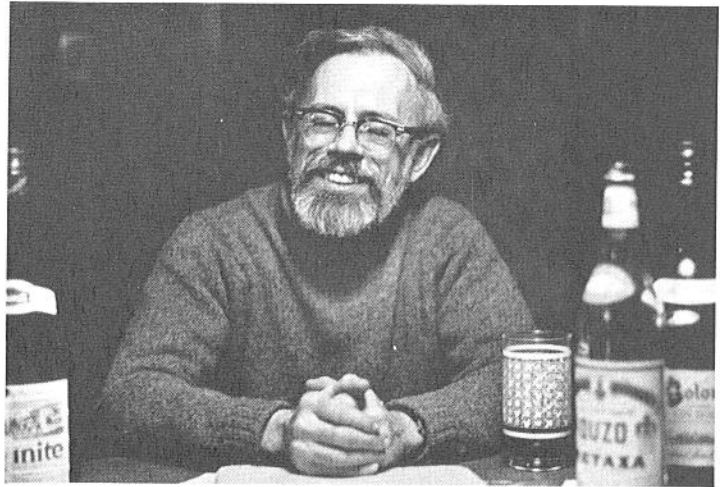
From Adak to Zarembo and all the points between,
 We'll drag the bottom with our nets and sweep the ocean clean.

If the season's bad, my boys, and we can't pay the bill,
 The banker, like a landshark, will close in for the kill.

Marry a banker's daughter, son, don't ever go to sea;
 You can do to her, my boy, what her father did to me.



This song isn't a protest song; it's a pressure release song. I was reading, early in the year, a newly written song praising the 1950's philosophy as applied today in Alaska: "Progress is more cars and people and supermarkets," dooming Alaska to repeat all the mistakes outside. It got me buzzed and, to avoid writing a nasty letter to the unconscious press, I started on this collection. It is more or less in the poetic form of Iambic Pentameter (with apologies to Sir Walter Scott and "Sweet Betsy From Pike"). If any lyrics offend, confuse or change 'em — that's the oral tradition. (Editor's note: Rick has spent 12 years writing over 200 verses of this song.)



Alaskan Realities

rick wright

TUNE: Sweet Betsy From Pike

The winds of the Arctic are bitter and cold,
They cut to your marrow and make you feel old.
We stay in our cabins at 40 below,
There's never a question that Winter's the foe.

CHORUS:

What the hell's all the fuss?
Wouldn't you, wouldn't you, like to be us?!

We call it 'Southeast', it's halfway 'Outside';
Where the glaciers and mountains are everyone's pride..
The devil's club blooms and the no-see-ems pain;
That's southeastern Alaska, the Land of the Rain.

Those guys back in D.C. are clever and bold,
They never get frostbite, they never get cold.
The House and the Senate debate on D-2,
Though about our real problems they haven't a clue.

The Natives are restless, they've had quite enough
Of sympathy, food stamps and similar stuff.
They're bound and determined to get their own land,
Then all will be happy and all will be grand.

Our lawmakers in Juneau, they have all the fun;
They drink and they bullshit and they lie in the sun.
When half a year is finished, they go home and hide,
To dream up new laws for the folks to abide.

Our candidate, Wally, is happy and free,
He'll build more hotels and pave the country.
If he got elected, we'd not have the hope
Of the swabbie who bent down to pick up the soap.

They still keep on coming, those kids from Outside;
They're here for a homestead, they're glad to confide.
They want to live simple, on the land leave their mark;
Then they find the land's taken, it's all a big park.

They wanna catch salmon and live like a king;
Gillnetting and trolling and doing their own thing.
Fishermen are the greatest -- Alaska's gentry --
But that was before our Limited Entry.

We have wild elections, it's something to see;
The primary's wide open, exciting and free.
If Hickel don't win it, you'll get a good show
Of a rotten poor loser and Edgar Boyko.

We've got lots of tundra and taiga and hills,
We've got enough ice fields to give you the chills;
But there's one thing we're lacking, there's one thing we need:
We hope that you young ladies will carefully heed!

The world is just learning there isn't much oil;
No matter who owns it or how bitter the toil.
So if Prudhoe can pump it, they'll take what they can;
Before they start learning to live off the land.

In much of Alaska the plumbing's not nice.
You get your fresh water by melting some ice;
But that isn't the limit, there's much more to pass
--When y' go to the outhouse and freeze off your ass.

If you don't like to trek through the dark and the snow,
When the internal pressure says, 'It's time to go';
There's the ripe honey bucket at the end of the shack,
Much better than mushin' all the way out the back.

I once went to Anchorage to look at the place,
You wouldn't believe our Alaskan Rat Race;
It's grubby and tired and built out of tin,
With massage parlours handy for those who would sin!

To live on a boat is a wonderful thrill,
But the dockside in Juneau gets thoroughly chill.
So wise folks avoid it, they stay down below,
While the sea smoke is boiling and Taku winds blow!

I went to the city to see the bright lights,
On 4th Street they glimmer and burn all the night.
The earthquake made room for a total rebuild,
But Los Anchorage ain't much of a lily to guild.

We come to Alaska to spend a few years,
We like to believe we're the new pioneers.
The truth it is simple, but unlikely to please,
From the rat race 'Outside' we are just refugees!

They built us a pipeline to suck out the oil,
From Prudhoe to Valdez at considerable toil.
I'm glad it is finished and picked up their toys,
For I'd gotten real tired of pointy-toe boys!

In Hood Bay in October of 1970, Dan lay awake all night with indigestion from Salmon Parmesan. Indigestion led to inspiration and he composed Jingle Spills. Hell, if Nietzsche wrote best with syphilitic migraines . . .

Jingle Spills

dan hopson

Tune: Jingle Bells

Up in the frozen North,
Of Alaska's oil fields,
Deep wells are being drilled,
Promising great yields.
The Pipeline has been planned,
And preparations made;
No time to think of earthquakes now,
The Pipeline must be laid!

CHORUS:

Oh, oil spills, oil spills, up and down the line;
Oh what fun it is to ruin Number 49, Hey!
Oil spills, oil spills, blackening the earth;
No time, now, to think what environment is worth.

The Yukon River, now,
Will have to change its name,
Black River it will be,
And oil slicks its fame.
It may not be too smart,
But the government won't budge,
'Cause every politician has his fingers in the fudge.

The Oil Barons know
That they will win the day,
As to their banks they go,
Laughing all the way.
The payroll checks roll out,
Making spirits bright,
But no one stops to notice that
The snow's as black as night.



Jay Hammond won the 1978 election for governor. In the Primary he beat the plutocrat candidate, Wally Hickel, by less than 50 votes. Hickel, having all the sportsmanship of a wounded brown bear, took it to court, asking for a new election. Hickel lost in the Supreme Court. Then Hickel sponsored a write-in campaign for the State Election. Hammond won. Hickel came in 3rd. Hickel's now down South lobbying for nuclear reactors. Hammond's in Juneau reacting to a new session.

Nip and Tuck

music by: dan hopson
jay hammond

Oh, the cru-cial point in all cam-paigns is the
moment when one "peaks". And every
cand-i-dates ob-jec-tive which he dil-i-gent-ly
seeks is to do so on e-lec-tion
day and not one day be-fore or after for
if you miss that tar-get date you'll win
naught but caustic laughter. So "peak" one should
climb a mountain but no-things quite that sim-ple,
we la-bor long and work like mad, but instead of

D D⁷ G G⁷
 speaking we just pimple Yes
 C G⁷ C F
 thirty se-ven grains of sand don't pile
 C F
 ver-y high but all it takes is
 C D⁷ G⁷
 one of them to beat the other guy
 C G⁷ C
 So my thanks to all of you "sand per-sons" who
 F C F
 piled each and every grain, then lugged my
 C G⁷
 car-cass up to the top without you I'd 've
 C
 gone down the drain



photograph by Scott Foster, courtesy of the G.O.

One of the last four sections of Initiative 1, a measure to relocate the capital from Juneau to western Alaska, reads as follows, "Sec. 44.06.180. MOVEMENT TO NEW CAPITAL. The movement of the seat of government to the new capital city shall begin not later than October 1, 1980."

Well, as usual, the government of the people is going in seat first.



They're Moving the Capitol

Chorus: steve lind

They're movin' the capi-tal, They're movin' the capital, They're
 movin' the capital of a-las-ka, Gumba, Gumba Gumba. They're
 movin' the capital they're movin' the capital they're
 movin' the capital of a-laska.

From Sitka it came one day,
 To Juneau it found its way,
 Some folks say it ain't gonna stay.
 I ask 'em why it's gotta go,
 They tell me they don't really know,
 But they're gonna move that capital anyway.

What'ya gonna do on that day?
 That day, they say, ain't so far away.
 Are'ya gonna stay?
 Are'ya gonna move along?
 What'ya gonna do while'ya sittin' here,
 With the tourists and the skiers buyin' yer beer?
 Oh, why they movin' that capital, anyway?

(End with: And depositin' it in the Fair Banks of Anchorage!)

Renoir and the rest of the Chicken Ridge Rowdies met Jerry Fiscus by Wino Alley. Jerry just came up and began fiddling with them. Then he left for Hoonah. Renoir and Bang went out to Hoonah on a painting job. They got musically reunited with Jerry and began to jam. Jerry went South and among his administrative duties was his chore to pick up some tapes to record their jam sessions. The tapes he bought were a collector's item: 3 for a dollar . . . Mickey Mouse Club Special.

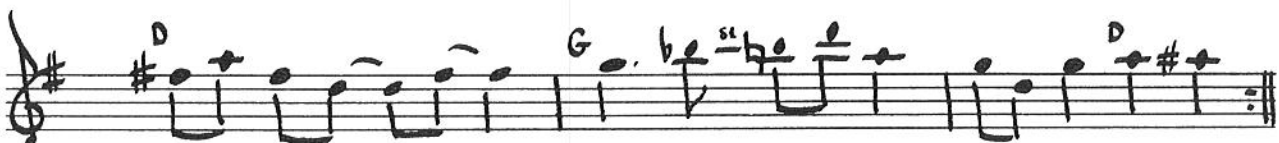
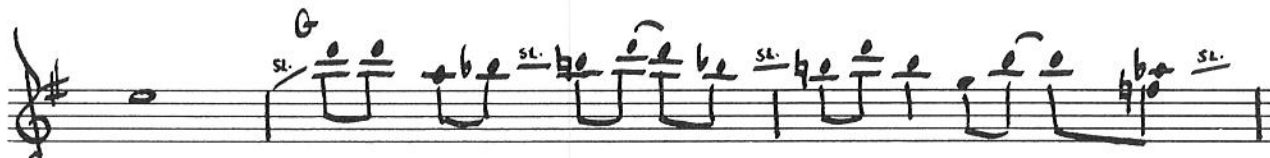
When Jerry came back and unloaded his bombshell tapes on the exiled Rowdies, Paul could only reply with, "Jerry, listen to this tune – and played "Steel Guitar Blues", that he'd practised for hours since Jerry left for the tapes. Jerry looked up from his paper bag of Donald Duck tapes and said, "I've never heard that tune before." Seems Renoir had created the whole thing out of spare notes in the back of his ear.

So, to commemorate the event, they called the accidental tune, 3 for a dollar Blues. From Hoonah.



Three For A Dollar Blues

paul disdier

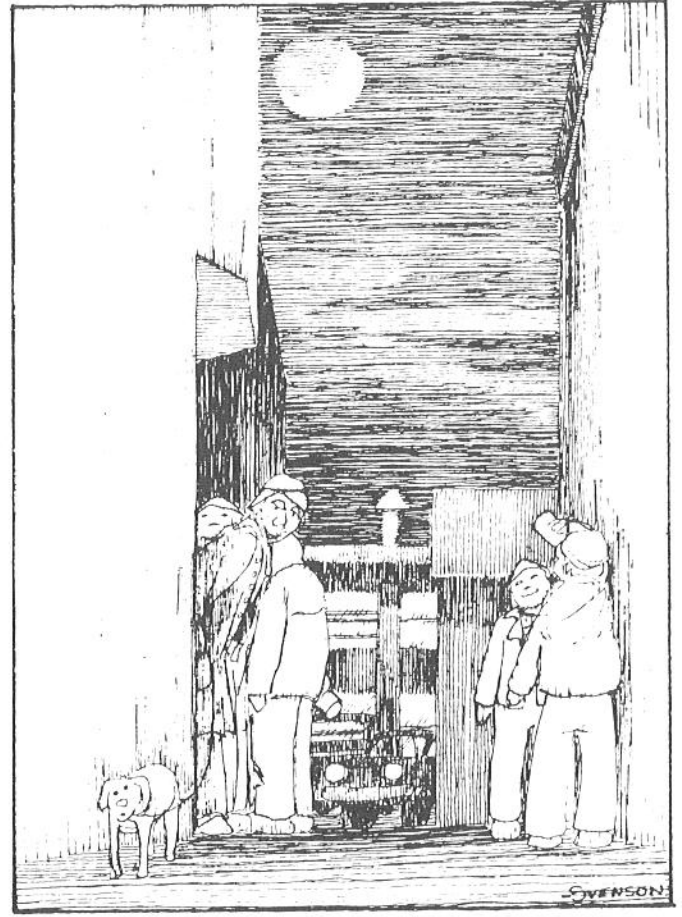


Love and Cirrhosis Of The Liver

8



- LOOKING IN -



- LOOKING OUT -

WINE-O-ALLEY

One friend claimed she had more rapport with the fish she'd just caught than the men she'd met in the last year. Does living in Southeast mean a double shot of sadness and sorrow? I suppose that being cooped up together during one of Southeast's famous two week squalls might take the starch from any romance. Many romances that flourish in the less severe climes of the Lower 48 break up on the rocks of harsh reality and twisted personality here in Southeast.

Transience. It's as much a part of Southeast as salmon and the accursed rain. Folks are always going Outside, or just back from Outside, or maybe spending the summer in Pelican or Meyer's Chuck. Face it, people are perpetually passin' thru. If you ain't goin', you just been. I should know, I've spent a year here, off and on, of the last three. Southeast Alaska was once described to me as a 400 mile long wildlife refuge, and they weren't describing the beasts of the forests and the fish of the sea.

The people who come here are free spirits, restless, adventurous. They don't fit in too well, anywhere — octagonal pegs in trapezoidal holes. How can they expect to fall into traditional relationships in this neck of the woods, in this quorum of dissent! Why? Left with an aching heart, an aching head. Why? My pet wolf? My strange friends? The wolverine growling in the attic everytime s/he went for the kelp pickles? Who could love a mere mortal when the beauty of the land and sea dazzles every waking moment? Here in Southeast we can ignore all our faults, except in our relationships.

This section, labeled by some: "The Romantic Section", might be expected to have a more ethereal crop of songs. Perhaps it would, if this were a gathering of folksongs from Southern California or Aspen,

Colorado. Love and Cirrhosis of the Liver, Alaskan Style, however, reflects the lifestyles and attitudes of the folks hereabouts; and those folks are different. How different is hard to say. The songs will tell you, if you can hear them sung by their authors.

You never know about love in Southeast. One day you're falling in love in Elfin Cove, the next you're falling off a barstool in Ketchikan. The present partner of your dreams suddenly becomes subhuman. It happens frequently.

People blame the weather, the isolation, the proximity to California and the drinking water. Whatever is blamed, it can be enough to drive one to drink.

Everyone, even the most dull minded wretch, must have composed a love song at one time or another. Not a perfect rhymed and reasoned love song, but heartfelt nevertheless. We must all deal with relationships, it's the nature of the beast. Singing a song is therapeutic; sing the damn thing out loud, with three part harmony; it takes your mind off that low life, free-loading son of a bitch and the criminal things done to you. You'll be able to smile again. You'll feel much better. "It's a scientific fact," as Casey Stengel used to say, "you can look it up."

Bob Sylvester,
Juneau

Mechanic's Love Song

banjo jim evklitian

Your hair is like the flowing grease that flows down from the trans, Your
 eyes are like the bearings rolling round the bearing pan, Your
 voice it is so heavenly sweet, it gives me such a thrill, like the
 idle of a fine-ly tuned three - twenty - seven mill -

The first time I laid eyes on you,
 Walking with a little swing,
 My mind recalled my pick-up truck
 With brand new shocks and springs.
 The first time that I kissed your lips
 And held you tightly, dear,
 It was just like feeling that surge of power
 As you shift her into passing gear.

I'm the best mechanic in these parts,
 With the best little pick-up, too;
 And you're my little crescent w(r)ench,
 Y' know I love you true.
 I love you as the tranny loves
 The oil all around her gears;
 Like my Chev, you were born in '56,
 And that was a vintage year.

I'll hug you like the planetary gear
 Snuggles up against the shims;
 I'll kiss you like a 4 barrel carb
 Jets at 4000 rpm's;
 I love you like the battery
 Loves the generator,
 As the solvent loves to dissolve the grime
 From off the carberator.

I came to Alaska from Colorado. All the songs I've written while working as brakeman on the Yukon and White Pass Railroad have told of the foul hardships, rotten road luck and cursed climate up here. That's because I've seen how a certain folksinger (whose name I won't mention, but he shares it with our capitol in Colorado) has used the beauty of Colorado to his own ends & popularized it into profit and overrun tourism. But here's one song I wrote that does celebrate the joy and beauty of our home up here.

This song is called "Ben-my-Chree". Ben-my-Chree is a very beautiful place right up on the British Columbia/Alaska border. It was established by a little old man by the name of Otto Partridge, who was part of the Klondike Gold Rush. Otto and Laura, his wife, from the Isle of Man set up this beautiful horticultural dream there by raising all sorts of vegetables and making quite a garden spot out of this place in the middle of no-where. In fact, it was so nice that they used to take the White Pass stern-wheeler, the "Tutshi", from Carcross and it would pull in there to Ben-my-Chree. All the people'd get off and go into the big cabin there and drink the rhubarb wine and play songs about the Brotherhood of Nations, as it were, with 2 flags – the Union Jack on the Stars & Stripes wall, and everybody'd toast the fact that there was no boundary line there. So, this song is called "Ben-my-Chree" and it's a love song – a love song about this country and it's for those of us that have felt this before, I guess. "Ben-my-Chree" is Manx, and means "girl of my heart". The word also means "land", and "love".

Otto died. And the old lady lived there for years with the hired hands, and then one day she packed her carpet bags, climbed aboard the "Tutshi" and left . . . with the lace still on the easy chairs in their living room in amongst the glaciers and lakes and mountains.



Ben My Chree

steve hites

Can you be my lady, let me be your lover
 you're all that I ever want to know, and the
 thing that holds us wraps and warms and mold us is this
 land of ice and snow

following first verse

listen to the wind off the glaciers in the night

Reds and Blues, greens and whites. Auroral

cur-tains in the night

We'll sing "A-mer-i-ca the beau-ti-ful" And to the

queen god save her from harm On the

boundry 'tween these lands love is all

love is all love is all that Ben-my-chree

Under-stands

And when you're gone the wind will linger o'er your

grave at the end of the Jaku arm.

cur-tains following third verse:

Under-stands following fourth verse:

Handwritten musical score for "Ben My Chree". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes. The lyrics are: "But the memories in the mind. Love of my heart joy of my soul I love you more I love you more I love you more AD LIB TO END".

Can you be my lady? Let me be your lover;
 You're all that I ever want, you know.
 And the thing that holds us,
 Wraps and warms and molds us,
 Is this land of ice and snow.

I listen to the wind off the glaciers in the night;
 Lie still and you can hear the snapping of the Northern Lights:
 Reds and blues and greens and whites,
 Auroral curtains in the night.

Nations rise and fall, faces come and go,
 And mountains will pass into sea,
 But Spring will always come,
 And, with it, flowers grow here at Ben My Chree.

Run to the dock to meet them, on the wharf you'll greet them,
 While I serve up the wine; then raise a glass to friendship,
 Toast it all around, wherever you are from.
 We'll sing 'America The Beautiful' and to the Queen,
 God save her from harm.
 On the boundary 'tween these lands,
 Love is all, love is all,
 Love is all that Ben My Chree understands.

And so they come and stand here with their eyes a-wonder
 At the writing on the walls: that Eden could be here,
 Even among them now.....they would never've known at all.
 And when you're gone, the wind will linger o'er your grave
 At the end of Taku Arm;
 But the memories're in my mind,
 They will hold me for a time.

Now the garden's empty,
 And the wind goes sighing
 Through abandoned rooms.
 No one tends the flowers,
 They bloom all alone here at Ben My Chree.
 Love of my heart, joy of my soul,
 I love you more, love of my heart -- Ben My Chree.

I grew up on farms and in Chicago suburbs and started singing with the St. Joseph Grammar School Boy's Choir when I was 10 or 11. The guitar came about 10 years later when, in the heat of the folk music revival craze, 4 friends of mine and I formed *The Shady Grove Singers*. This is the first and (so far) only "keeper" I've written. As far as love and Southeast's rains . . . Someday you stand in the Springtime rain and tell me what it's like when you're alone — otherwise, this song will have to do . . .



59th Parallel Blues

John Jamison

chorus

livin' in the forest in a cabin by a stream,
 snow up on the mountains, I thought I'd found my dream.
 livin' in the forest in a cozy cabin home, is
 just a pile of broken dreams when you're livin' all a-lone.

I can't get up in the mornin'
 Without thinkin' of your eyes,
 I can't pull the covers back
 Unless you nudge my sleepin' mind.
 My car just grinds its motor
 In the early mornin' rain,
 And the clock beside my window
 Says I'm hours late again.

Springtime is a-comin',
 And the skies are a-gettin' clear,
 But I'm in the New York Tavern
 Shootin' pool and drinkin' beer.
 An' outside on the sidewalk
 There's people hurryin' by,
 And I know I'll need another drink
 Before I go outside.

Sometimes in the evenin',
 When the night is sneakin' on;
 I think about my sweetheart,
 And I wonder where she's gone.
 If only they'd build a highway
 Leadin' somewhere out of here;
 I'd pack up my bags and stick out my thumb
 And head South for about a year.

During my stay in Juneau, I took a hike into the mountains forming the north boundary of the city. Having gone a short way from the city bustle, I started to get a feeling that I had just been transported back 100 years in time. As I walked through a valley, I was flanked on both sides by cascading waterfalls. The child of two of these falls was a crystal stream called Gold Creek. I sat on the bank of the creek for some time listening to the water murmur on its journey to someplace I'd never been. It was there at the crossroads of "now" and "then" that I also took that journey in the form of the song "Gold Creek."

Gold Creek

eric michael's

I left my love in a boulder

can - you. By the rippling banks.

of the gold creek run. As the fading

light caressed the mountains. I rode a

way in the setting sun.

And off in the tim - ber a

lone wolf was sing - ing. The saddest

song I ever heard And high up on gold

creek my young Kate was waiting.



I headed South to seek my fortune,
And lost my soul in a copper mine.
I logged the pines from Hope to Wrangell,
And found my strength in a jug of wine.

I swore that I'd return that winter,
And caught the 'Dutchman' out to sea;
But the salmon came and the runs were plenty,
And my darling Kate never heard from me.

Well the years went by
And my fortunes were many,
I northward sailed up Chatham Strait,
And up on Gold Creek a cabin empty,
And not a word from my darling Kate.

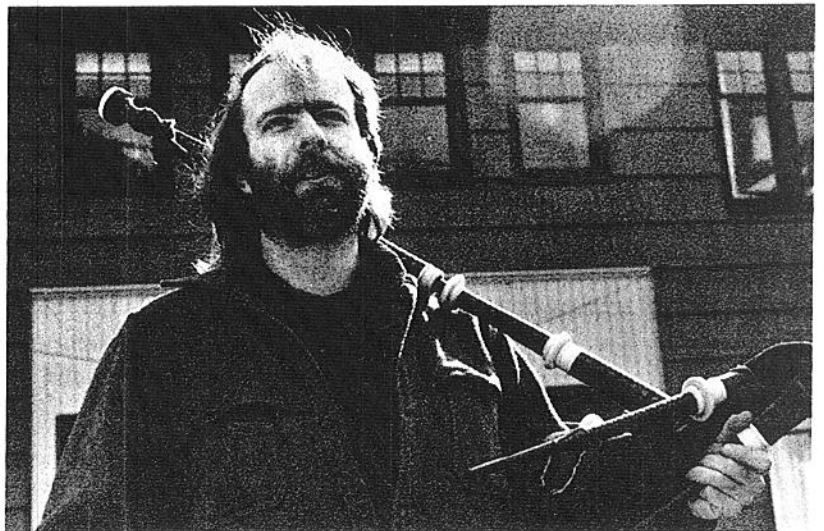
And off in the timber a lone wolf was singin'
The saddest song I ever heard;
And high up on Gold Creek no one was waiting.
Where are you, little bird,
Little bird?

A young man's love and a young girl's fancy
Will glow and spark like a cedar fire;
But when chestnuts fall and the years grow narrow,
The embers cool and the dreams retire.

When chestnuts fall and the years grow narrow,
The embers cool and the dreams retire.

The FBI was looking for me. I was broke. I borrowed a ticket out of Boston. Enroute back to Alaska. To throw the G-men off the scent, I visited a friend in St. Paul. I relaxed with Laura. No one was in the house this 1 afternoon. I felt a mite down, homesick for Southeast and hungover and frustrated by love: here, there & everywhere. A rum hangover always provides space . . . your mind wanders around looking for pices of itself & occasionally stumbles over forgotten feelings and ideas. This rum melancholia got me thinking about the closest to home I have had in a wandering career around Alaska — the Sogge's on the Chilkat Inlet, under the lee of 2 glaciers cracking and cascading down cliff-face all night with porpoise blowing in the Cove like asthmatic grizzlies . . .

One problem, though — "Inlet" doesn't rhyme with words as good as "Sound"; and, since the Chilkat empties into an "Inlet" (geographically speaking), we got a problem. But not really. The oral tradition being what it is, the inlet becomes a sound to harmonize with heartfelt feelings. Let the neurotically precise cartographers sweat this one out. I could've used *Sitka Sound*; that's correct; but Sitka's destroying itself with the ugliness of affluence — greed and construction (y'can't see the volcano across the sound from downtown anymore because of all the high rise Kentucky Fried Chicken stands) — Sitka selling out the beauty of the lands and seas for a Japanese pulp mill: a yen for bucks instead of beauty. Those precision laden folk artistes, may, though, if they like, use "Sitka Sound". But remember: the heart's meaning the Chilkat.



The Waves of Chilkat Sound

TUNE: The Lakes Of Pontchartrain.

roderick

Jo-wards A-las-ka's Spring-time, we sail from Dungeness
 Jown. A-mong the lines and dunnage, my Godroll & I lay
 down. Jo the waterfalls and eagle calls, I am now homeward
 bound, Jo rest my head and wearied heart by the waves of Chilkat
 Sound.

I roamed thru-out the countryside to mend an aching hurt
 - From the snowy Straits of Bering to Boston's noise & dirt;
 With music and with whiskey, I found hearts opened all 'round,
 But now I'm on the road again to the waves of Chilkat Sound.

In the winter woods of Wisconsin, I heard a sound so free
 - The music of a wooden flute came floating thru the trees;
 The sounds fell from the trembling lips of a lady as soft as swan's down,
 And I damn near lost my heart and dreams of the waves of Chilkat Sound.

With eyes blue-green as the flowing high seas that roll off Biorka's shore,
 And a heart that burns with the gentle heat of Mt. Edgecumbe's lava core;
 Her laughter and her warming arms in that forest wrapt me 'round,
 And I wished to take her to my home by the waves of Chilkat Sound.

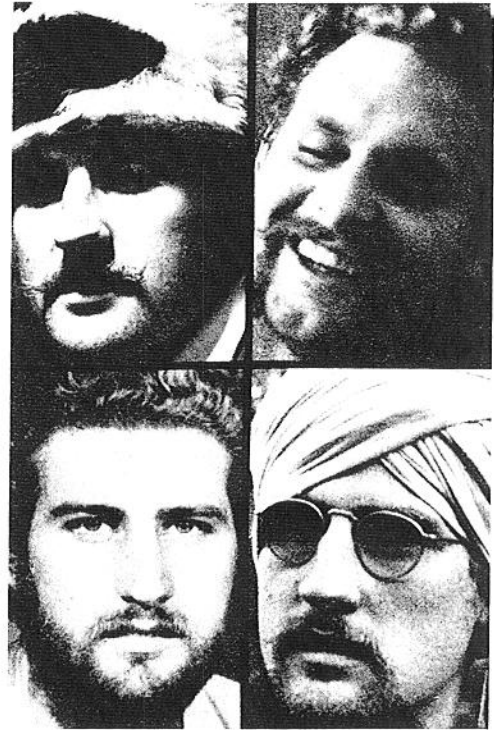
'Come you now to the ocean side, to make a home by me?
 Come you now to the forest's edge and across Alaska's sea?'
 'Oh, no, I cannot go with you, my heart and flute could drown,
 But my song will caress and comfort you on the waves of Chilkat
 Sound.'

I left Alaska without my heart, I roamed thru-out the land;
 I found it in Wisconsin's woods, held in a woman's song.
 Now, I sail along dark Canadian shores and try to understand,
 Why I love and leave and return again, alone, to Chilkat Sound.

Billy Horner was born in San Diego, California. Some of his earliest memories are of his mother driving him and his banjo to talent contests when he was 5 years old. I never heard the results of those early musical forays; but later on he did get third place in Minnesota, at Cowboy Bob's Country Bar, where there was a weekly country music contest. Billy is a natural musician, able to pick-up most any instrument in a very short time. (I think that one of the reasons he plays mandolin, now, is that they are so light, he can pick them up right away.) The only exception to this rule is the trombone, which most people wish Billy had never picked up at all.

His voice can go from gravelly Blues to operatic Tenor in the flick of a vocal chord; I've seen him quiet a bar full of loud drunks in just a few seconds. I'm not going to say much about his writing, except that it's true and honest and that you should read it.

— John Jamieson
"Cinnabar", Harris Harbor



photograph by John Jamieson

Twist Top Cap

Billy Horner

well, I'm just a man like any other man I'm ready to work all
day. Come quitten time you'll find me sittin' where I do each
day 'cause there's nowhere else but a shabby room in a
run down old ho-tel. and to go back there when it's
quitten time don't sit with me too well. you know my
friends sit there be-side me and their faces I know well.



They don't have to say a word, I know their stories well, cause if
 you sit here as long as I have there is one thing that you re-a-
 lize it's just a twist top cap bar-room stool always the same old
 night.

When there's no more beer in the bottle,
 It's closing time for me;
 It seems I find my happiness
 Next to my misery.
 Well, I thought I knew all the answers,
 But there's one thing that I re-al-ize:
 "It's just a bar room stool,
 Always the same old night."

Liberal men slip into more than their slick jobs at
 the Attorney General's Office. Liberalism is the
 hearthside of convenience and it takes neither too
 few dollars nor too little sense to learn the scam of
 affluent apathy, even of the heart.



Liberal Men Blues

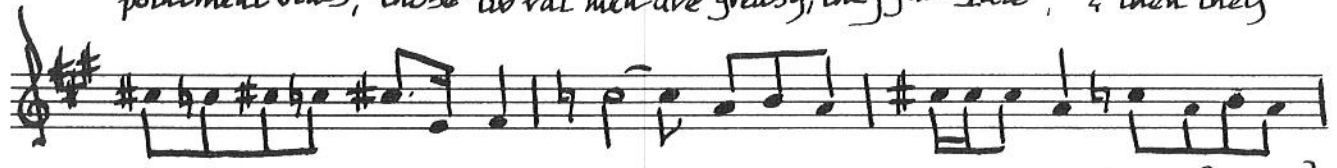
Barbara Bondi



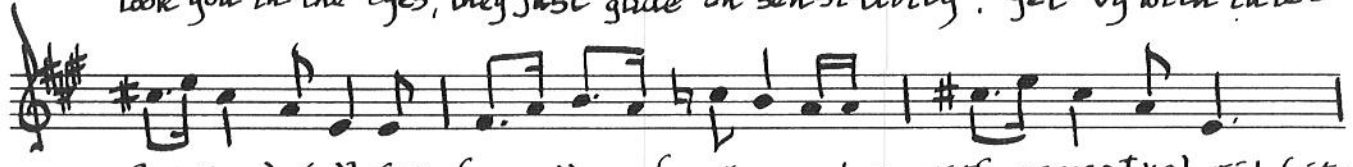
I got those disappoint - ment blues movin' nice & easy , dis-a-



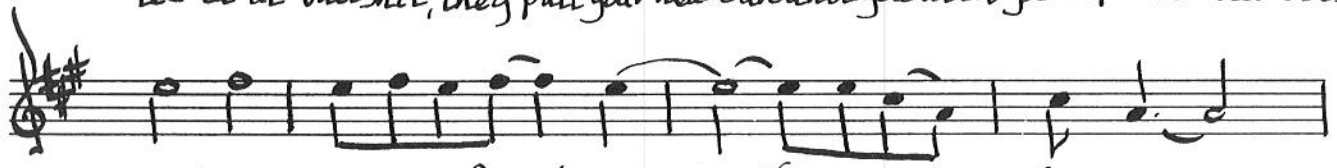
pointment blues, those lib'ral men are greasy, they just slide , & then they



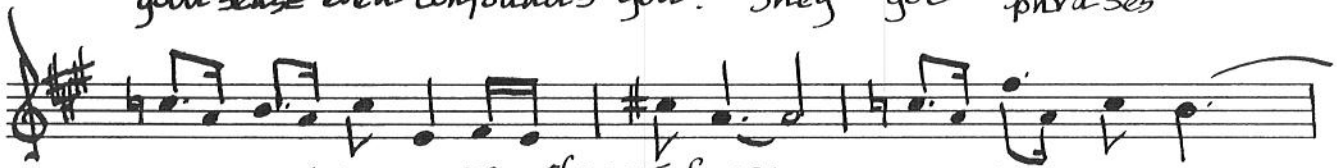
look you in the eyes, they just glide on sensi-tivity . get by with intel-



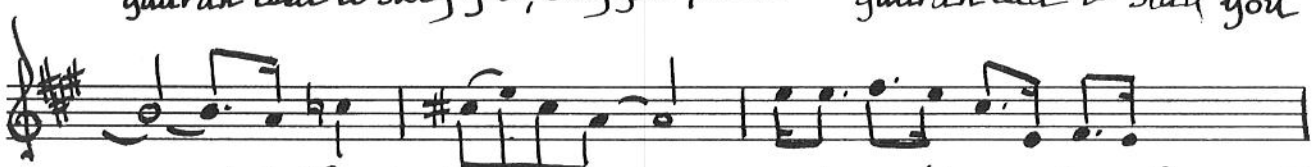
lec-tu-al bull-shit, they pull your heart around you with perceptual tid bits



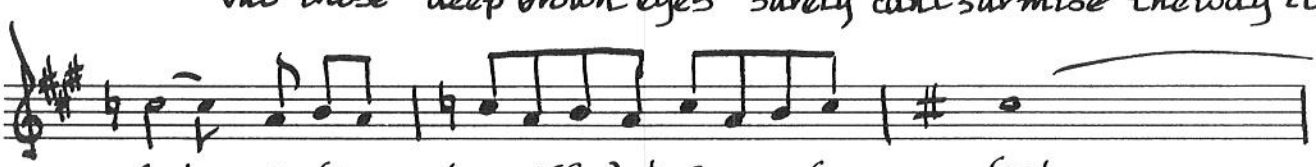
good sense even confounds you . They got phra-ses



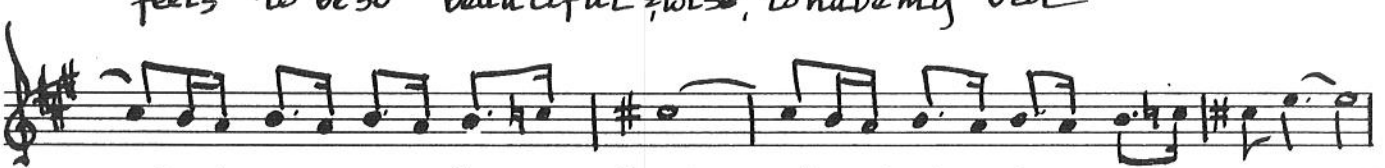
guaran teed to sway you, they got faces guaran teed to stay you



but those deep brown eyes surely can't surmise the way it



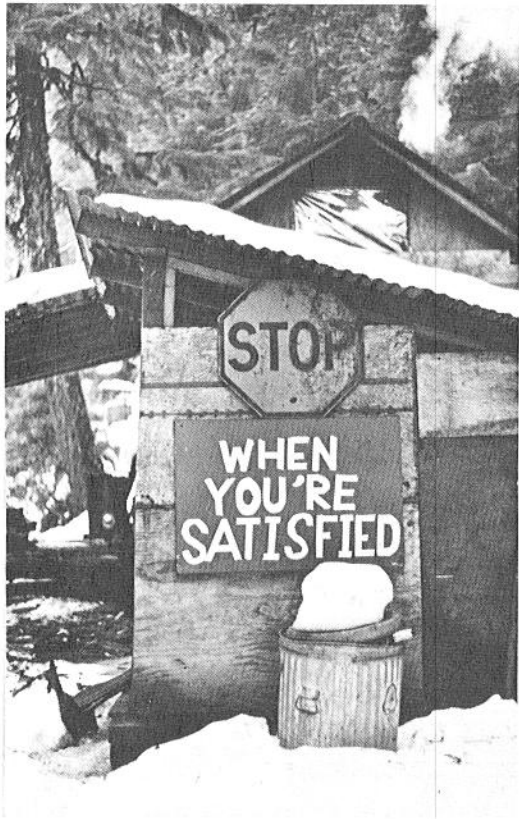
feels to be so beautiful & wise, to have my bed



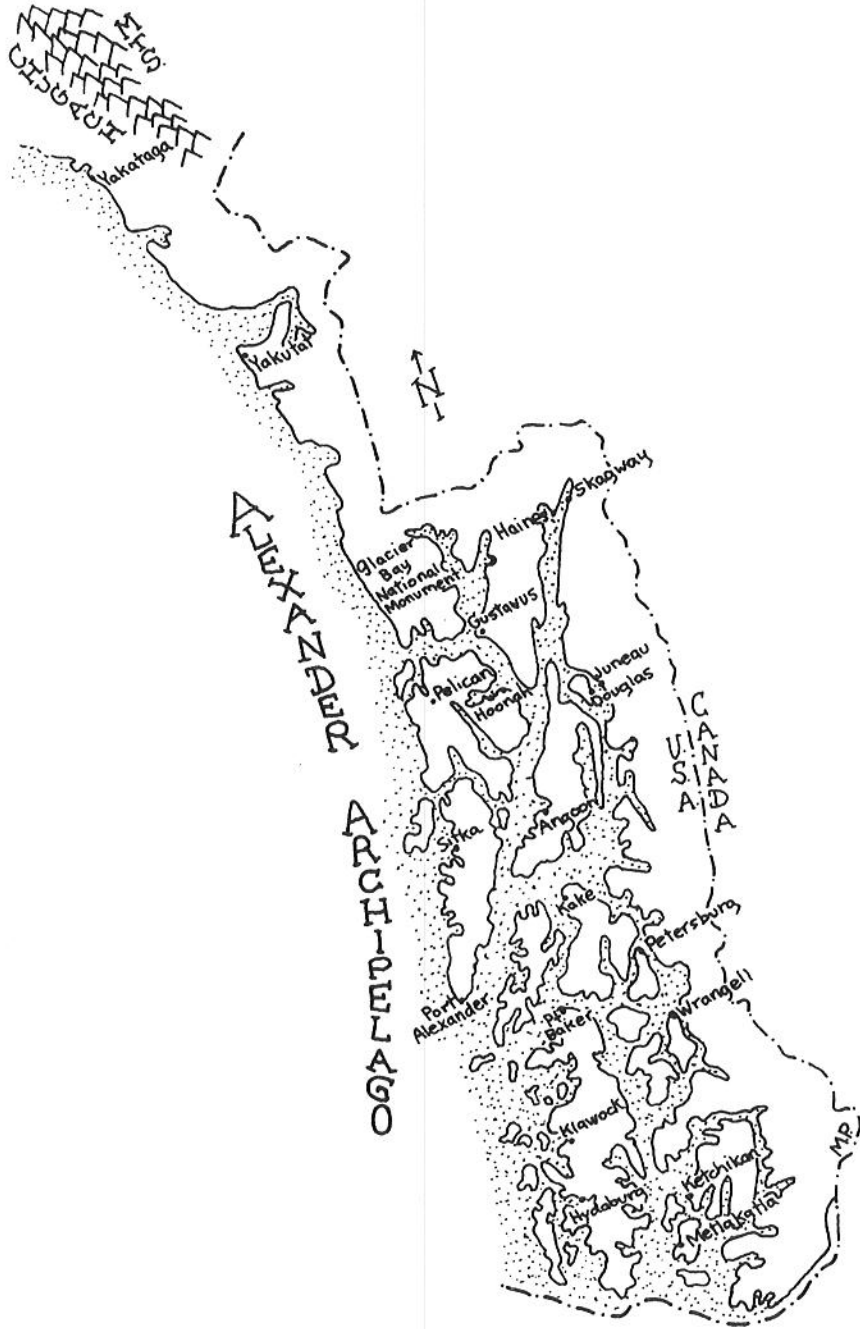
free & soli-tary & my head clear & vol-un-tary in those down-right



out-of-sight mili-tant & strident disap pointment blues .



photograph by marlene miller



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and the Yukon

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Preface by Governor Jay Hammond

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