

**Poem—**

# **... And His Anglo-Saxon Name Is Owen**

His smile is constant  
His manner vivacious  
He sells papers with charm  
And a pitch boy-like gracious  
He stands tall for twelve  
And he's straight as an arrow  
He was born in Nome  
Or was it Point Barrow?

He's the official newsboy  
Of the TIMES known as  
TUNDRA

He's still very young  
And brim-filled with wonder.  
He talks with coherence  
And still runs each mile  
With the passion for living  
He's loving and learning  
All this without guile.

He's a lifeblood example of  
a native child  
Though Western-school taught  
Still draws his polar bears  
Caribou and Kayaks  
with crayons and paper  
From his earnings, store bought.

Yes, our Ahlouahnak's exquisite  
And I smile with delight  
As I picture him bravely  
Horse-seated: A KNIGHT?

So you see, even me  
Doesn't know the equivalent  
of Eskimo's brave men's  
Right nomer: ambivalent?

To say "valoir" Owen  
Is French for value AND  
Rhymes for the premise OF  
Our "TUNDRA TIMES."

**—DARCY LEWIS**