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*Ed. Note: Isaac Piscoya, 27, was one of the three men who lost their lives in a boating accident off Nome July 1. He and three others, Robert (Bib) Tevuk, 26; Mark Bockman, 25; and John Scott, 26; were on a fishing trip and had planned to go to Sledge Island to gather eggs if the weather permitted. Scott survived the incident.*

*At the time of his death, Piscoya was planning to attend Bates Technical School in Tacoma, Wash. He had been with Kawerak and also with the Eskimo Walrus Commission. Bockman a Stanford University graduate, had returned to Nome for the summer following studies at the University of Washington. Tevuk was one of the better young ivory carvers in the Nome area.*

*The following poem was submitted in Piscoya's memory, as well as for all such young, promising men whose lives are lost due to unforeseen tragedies.*

#### FOR ISAAC

He could barely see fifty feet  
But he had that vision of a different kind;  
I watched him working with young  
Native kids, white kids too,  
Encouraging them to reach and climb  
Though he couldn't stay with his own paths,  
Going always two ways. Watched him  
Staying straight, taking care of  
homesick ones - maybe you never saw  
that side of him?

Somehow, he was always one foot  
in the "programs", one foot in his boat,  
Taking his creative burning outside,  
Learning something new, and always  
Coming home to where he found  
Calm, and manhood - On the sea.

Two favorite sayings I was always hearing:

"Hey, you want to hear an idea?" and

"Let's go up the coast!"

So I'm not speaking just of Ike,  
Am I? But of all the young men  
Like him full of human beauty,  
Spirits gone unsung, who never  
Made the big League,

Our paper world have no time  
for tender-hearted hunters.

"The sea yields up its dead"

When will we yield up acknowledgement  
to these torn ones, Isaac Piscoya  
And all the others?

N.M.M.

Nome, July 3, 1979