

— Poem —

*Our Advertising's down,
and circulation's slipping.
We know now our problem,
cause it's you we're missing.
Fred Stickman, where are you?*

*The ladies, they won't read us,
the men, they've gone fishing,
Our mail is all love letters,
cause it's you we're missing.
Fred Stickman, where are you?*

*Doyon smells like roses,
and T.C.C. is drifting.
Fish and Game is riding high,
cause it's you we're missing.
Fred Stickman, where are you?*

*Howard's table's empty now,
'cept your friends just wishing,
you'd hurry up and write now,
cause it's you we're missing.
Fred Stickman, where are you?*

—Tundra Times Staff