

Jay Byerley

Summer 1953, eighteen-year-old college freshman working on a salmon trap out of Petersburg. Out early in the cool morning to see the sunrise across the bay. Sudden movement in the water twenty feet off the head log; a pod of eight or ten Orcas break the surface. A beautiful moment in an almost perfect world. They belong, deserve any and all protection we can provide.

Eighty-six in a few weeks. Mostly memories now, but want to stay alive with our ocean-dwelling kin. Please discontinue the scrubbers!