



A Northern Cartoon Odyssey by David Mudrick

Too Far North
A Northern Cartoon Odyssey

by David Mudrick

With 61 Revised and Colored Cartoons from
the 1987 Edition, Plus 25 New Ones

Reston, Virginia
February 2025

To Pat, my eternal companion, and to the people of the Copper River Valley, Alaska

Too Far North, A Northern Cartoon Odyssey

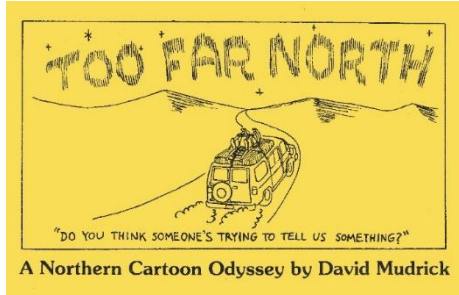
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Second Edition

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Covers and Introduction from the 1987 First Edition of *Too Far North*



Gakona Junction, Alaska
February 1987

Dear Reader,

My wife, Pat, our five kids, and I arrived in Alaska in August 1986 to experience a winter in the North. We settled in the Copper River Valley at Gakona Junction, a few houses and a hotel at the intersection of the Richardson Highway and the Tok Cutoff. Although jobs and money were in short supply, there was no shortage of humorous material concerning the verities of life in the North — the road, bush pilots, dog mushers, hunting and fishing, cabin fever, and the like.

I began "The Bush League" cartoon for the *Copper River Country Journal*, a new regional newspaper. Some people thought they were funny, which was all the encouragement I needed. Soon, I decided to collect some of those cartoons and others into the present book. I hope you enjoy them.

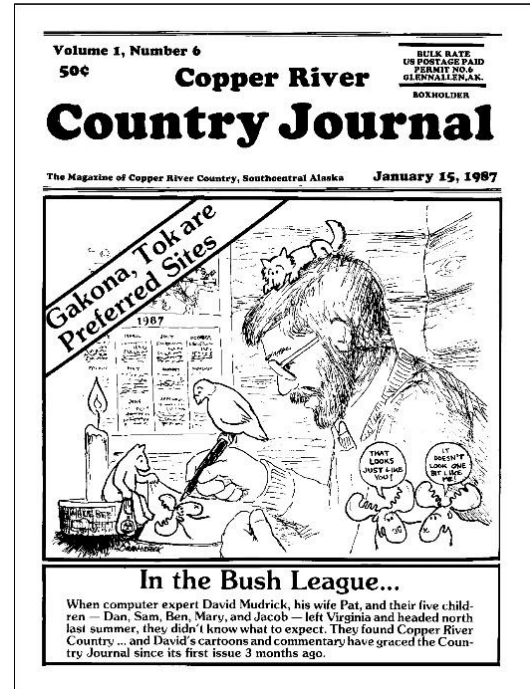
Sincerely,

David Mudrick

About this Second Edition

I started compiling the book you are reading, the second edition of my 1987 book *Too Far North, A Northern Cartoon Odyssey*, in the winter of 2021-22, amid surging variants of the Covid-19 novel coronavirus. This variant of the book includes colored and updated versions of the 61 original black-and-white cartoons, plus 25 additional ones produced mostly after the first edition was published. The reason for that book is summarized in the 1987 “Dear Reader” letter above. I created those cartoons during the fall of 1986 and the following winter in our little cabin in the tiny settlement of Gakona Junction, Alaska, a place so small that had there been room for a road sign, it would have said “Welcome” on both sides. They were executed in drawing pen on note paper, mostly by lantern light after Pat and our then five kids were asleep.

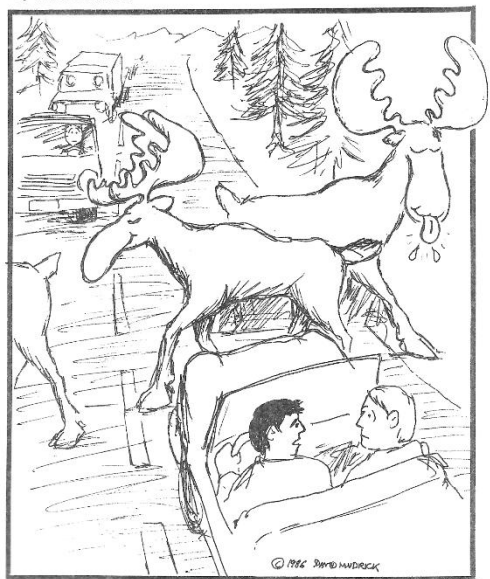
The impetus for revising the book and cartoons almost three and a half decades later was Linda and Jeremy Weld resurrecting their biweekly print newspaper, the *Copper River Country Journal*, where the original cartoons first appeared, as a website (www.countryjournal2020.com) in 2020 to combat



A cover illustration for the Copper River Country Journal during our Alaska sojourn

The Bush League

By David Mudrick

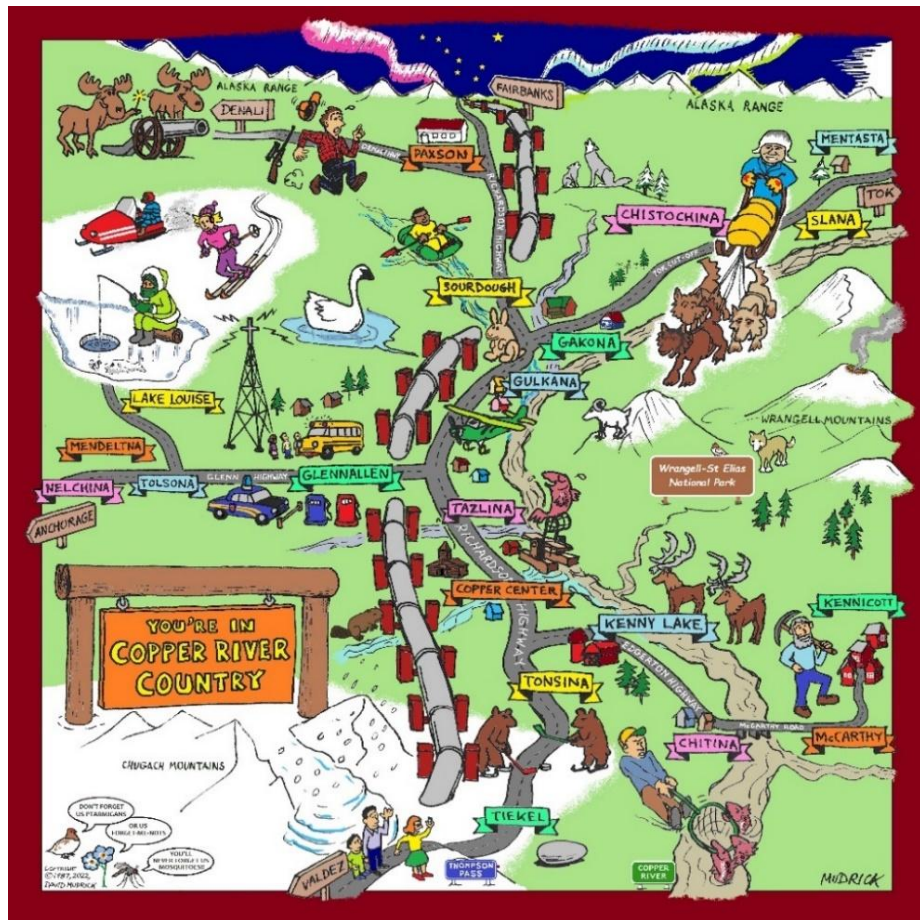


“You’d almost think they knew when hunting season was over.”

The first cartoon, which appeared in the *Copper River Country Journal* October 15, 1986, in a special introductory issue seeking advertisers prior to the paper’s publication

the lack of critical and reliable information for the residents of the Copper River Valley about the Covid pandemic. This huge geographic area, the size of West Virginia, has a population of about 2,500 people, Native and non-Native, scattered in small villages and smaller hamlets on and off the road. The Welds had stopped printing the *Journal* in 1999, and subsequently there had been no similar news source in the region. I started sending them the reworked cartoons to add humor and visual punch to the website, although the gags weren’t necessarily any funnier than when in black and white and the vehicles in the cartoons were old enough that you could still crank the windows up and down after shutting off the motor. With tourism returning to Alaska, we hope this small volume may provide a lasting reminder of the Last Frontier and its unique natural and social environment.

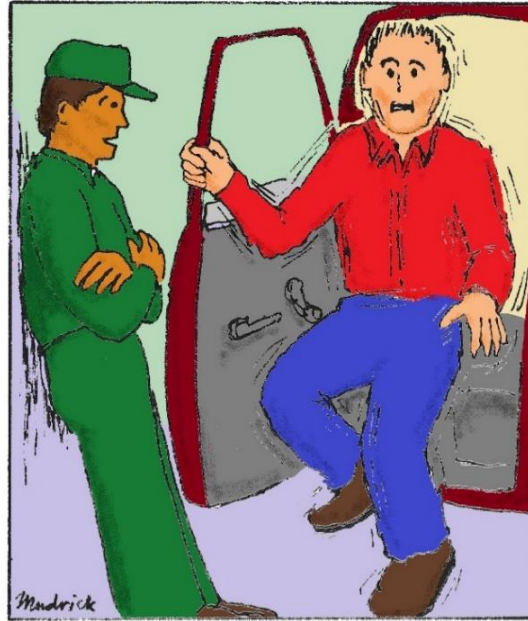
Cartoon Map of Copper River Country



On and Off the Road

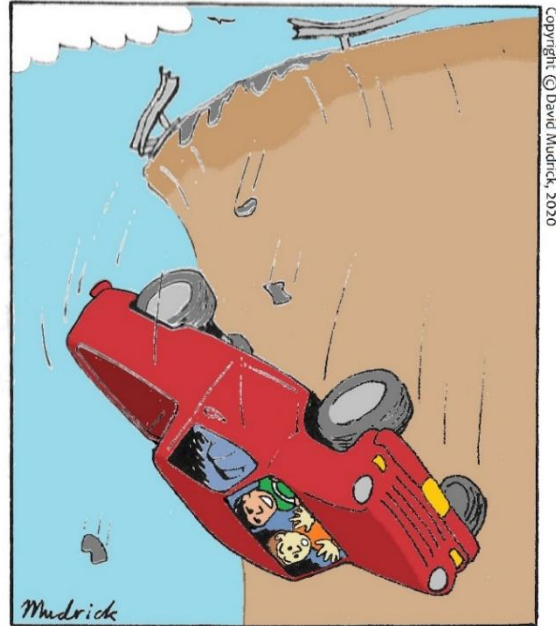
Two-thirds of the residents of Alaska live in urban centers like Fairbanks, Juneau, and Anchorage (where the majority reside). Otherwise, they live on the road, on the coast, or in the Bush. “On the road” means accessible by car or truck; “on the coast” by air or sea; and “in the Bush” by air, water, ATV (all-terrain vehicle), dog sled, snowmachine, on foot, on skis, or on snowshoes, but in all areas, accessible only if weather, terrain, and circumstances permit it.

All road surfaces – concrete, asphalt, gravel, and dirt – require frequent maintenance for rockfalls, washouts, and permafrost damage. The great majority of the state consists of unimaginably vast tracts, unpopulated other than by permanent and migratory fauna.



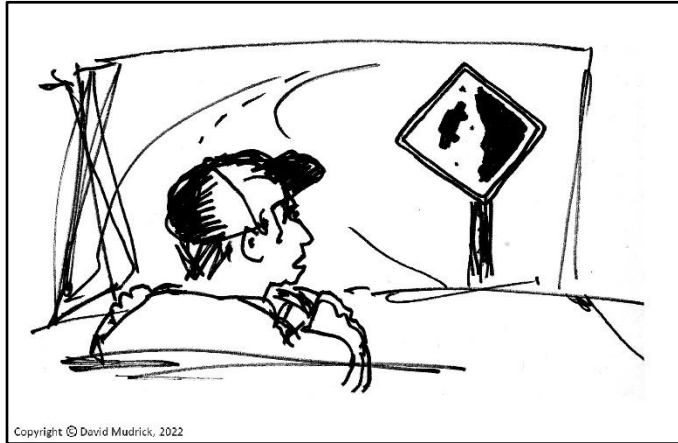
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"How was the road?"

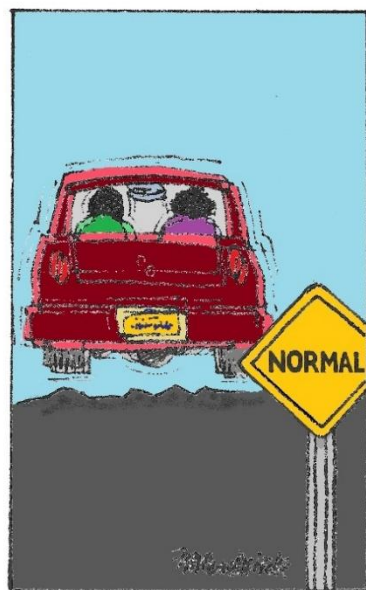


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"Don't worry, it's in four wheel drive!"



I don't remember whether or not this sketch was done at the same time as the "four wheel drive" cartoon.



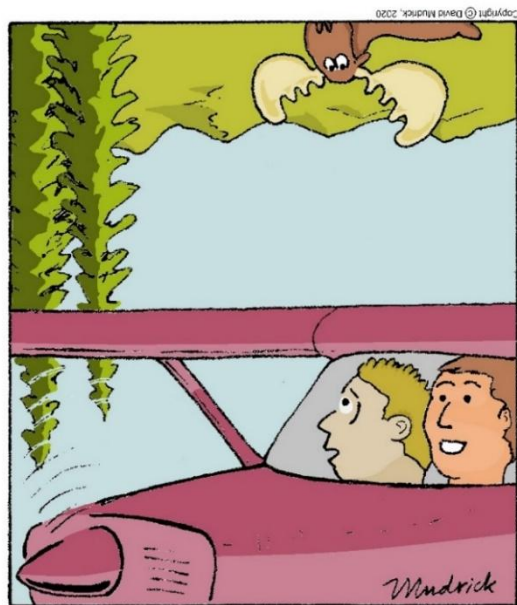
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Off the Ground

Given the lack of a statewide road system, airplanes are the lifeblood of many Alaskan communities and government and commercial operations. Local and private landing strips are very common. Despite the opportunities for airborne humor, the harsh Alaskan environment means you're never far from the potential for tragedy. The same small plane in which Jeremy Weld and I flew to Anchorage on New Year's Eve 1986 crashed onto frozen Lake Iliamna, at the head of the Alaska Peninsula, March 5, 2022, while I was working on this second edition.



"Ever notice how you can lose your sense of direction in those fog banks?"



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"...and down there, if you could see it through the fog, is the largest glacier in the region...."



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"Wire the Ayatollah not to hijack any more bush pilots!"

This 1987 "hijack" cartoon is now out of date. At the time, hijacking by state-sponsored terrorists was not uncommon, although not in obscure, unprofitable places like the Alaskan Bush. Nevertheless, even then, despite the potential for humor, I questioned the efficacy of including a political cartoon, because of the volatile nature of politics in general and the potentially short lifespan of the specific material, funny or not. Of course, I included it, anyway, but this time I'm not going to. Oops, too late. Well at least I'm not going to color it. You can wire that to the Ayatollah.



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Not sure about this one? That was true for enough people originally that twenty years later I wrote a short essay, “My Brush with Alaskan Humor - or - What's So Funny about Running into a Moose?”, which you can find in the Appendix.

Mush, You Huskies!

Throughout the state, mushing, aka dogsledding, is a popular occupation or sport, depending on your needs and perspective. However, the romance and the reality of mushing don't always mesh. During our initial weeks of touring, we watched a dry-land sled demonstration in Denali National Park. A female park ranger came over to Pat and discretely advised her not to let seven-month-old Jacob walk near the sled dogs. She said that they viewed little children not as humans but as prey. This was later corroborated by Linda Weld, who told us of having to pull her toddler's booted foot from the jaws of one of her dogs. I've heard some people say they prefer snowmachines, because if you break down, they won't try to eat you.



"Hush! Hush you muskies!... er..."



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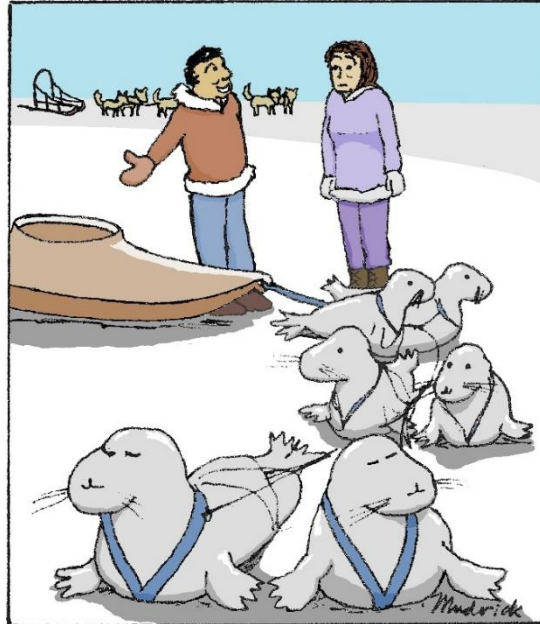
"Mush to you, too, fella!"



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"...and this is my ocean-going model."



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"I just can't figure out why she left me!"

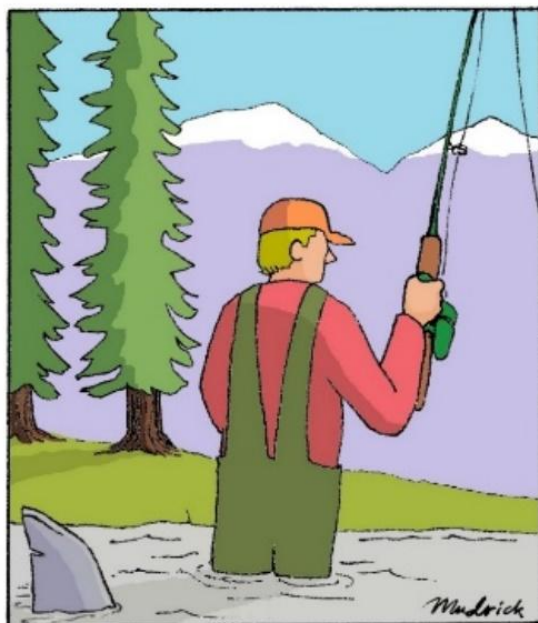
Coexisting with Nature

Some rural citizens gather edible plants and berries to supplement their diets or harvest wood for shelter, furniture, and fuel. Many use wild-animal resources through trapping, hunting, and fishing or are the beneficiaries of others in their families and communities. Alaskans must exercise a degree of coexistence when interacting with their four-footed, winged, and finned neighbors to ensure healthy animal populations as well as healthy human individuals when, say, in close contact with a bear or moose.



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The food chain

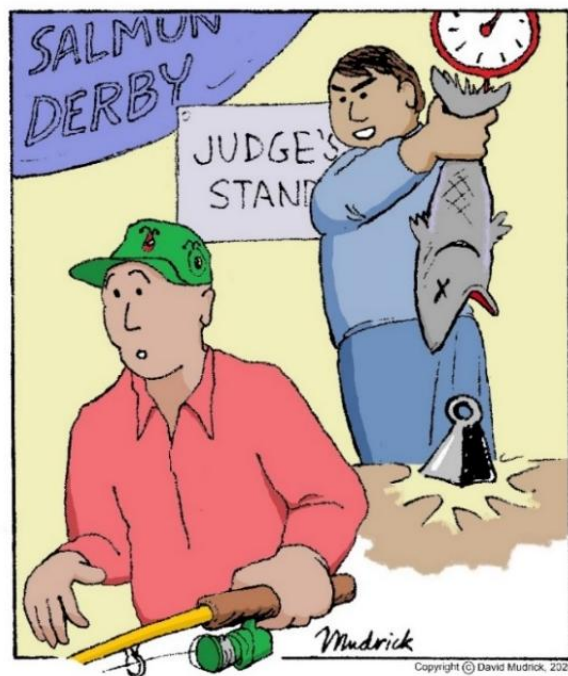


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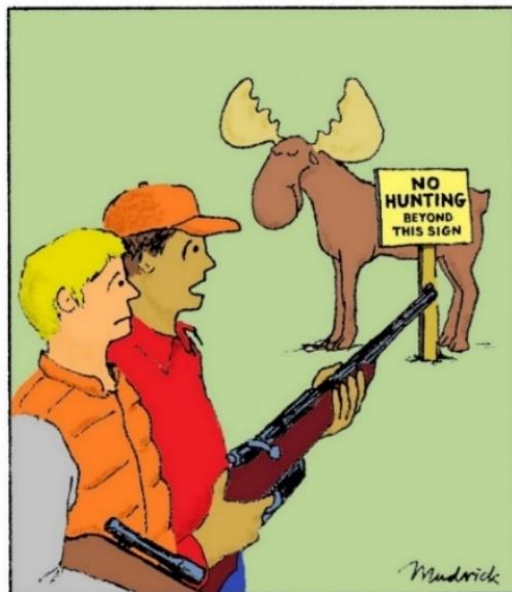


"Not so fast!"



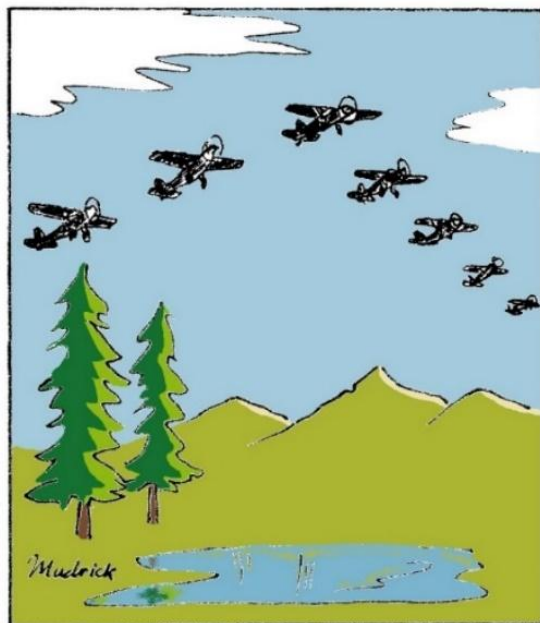
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***"I don't want your money. Just tell me
where you got your moose!"***



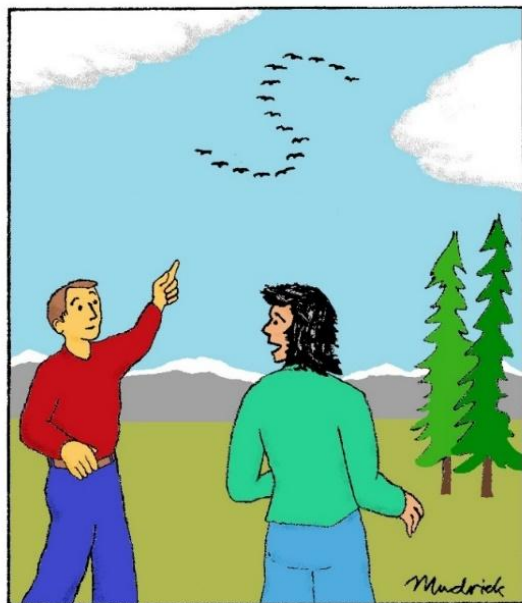
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"I suppose we could wait for him to move, but somehow I think he deserves to get away!"



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Duck hunters flying in



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***"No, those aren't geese.
They're swans."***

Animal Sign

“Sign” can mean a posted message but also an indication of animal presence through things like tracks and calls, or as with moose, high browse marks on trees and the ever-popular “moose berries”. This section is concerned with the comical aspect of animal behavior, so we will further explore the latter meaning of the word, but don’t be surprised that it starts and ends with the former.



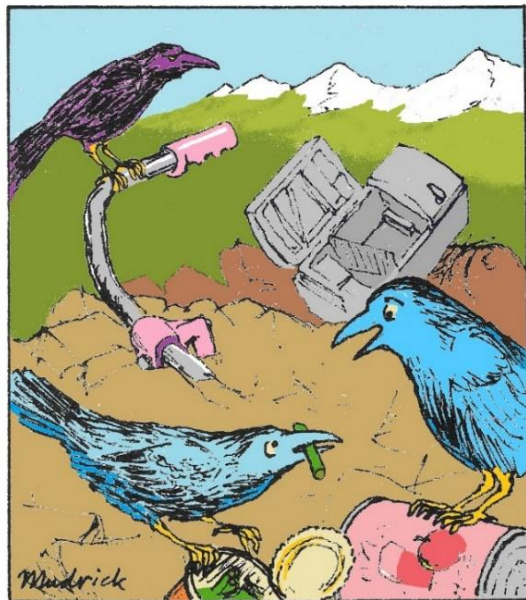
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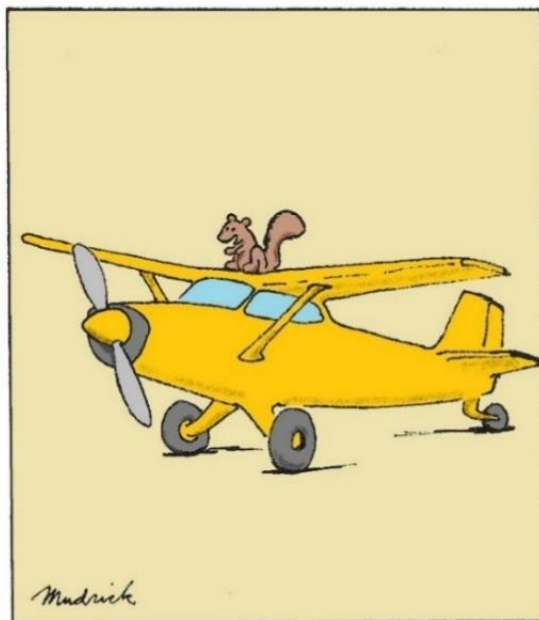
***"I only howl after eleven, when rates
go down."***

If you don't understand this cartoon, ask an older person...
maybe much older.



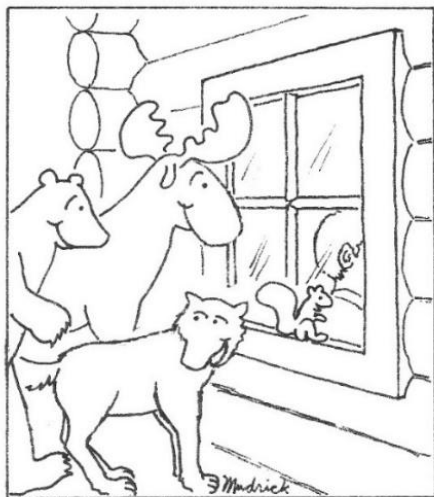
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"Don't you ever tire of eating out?"



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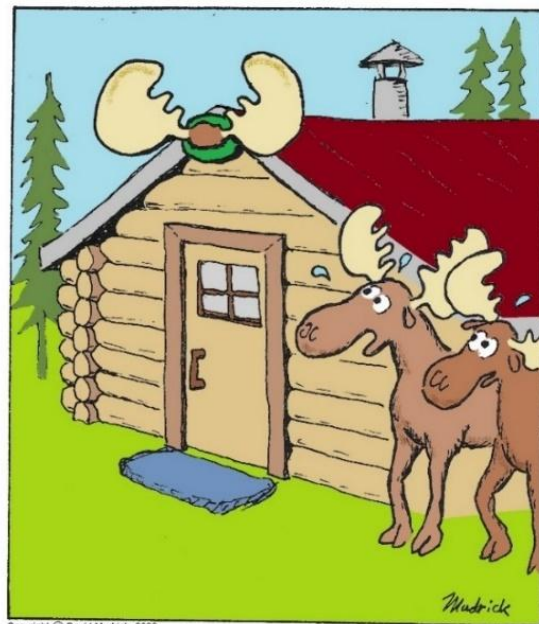
"Vroooom vroom! Rat-a-tat-tat!"



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"Hurry! 'The Cosby Show' is about to begin!"

As with the howling-wolf cartoon, I include this out-of-date cartoon, left, as an example of how you never know what the future might hold. "The Cosby Show" was hugely popular in 1987 when the book was published. I could have added color and replaced that show name with a current one, but popularity is a fickle thing, even if one doesn't fall out of it as abruptly as this one. For example, consider another popular show at the time, "ALF." Who?



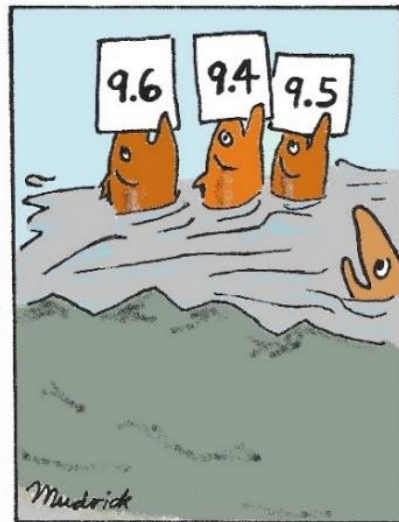
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"Headhunters!!"

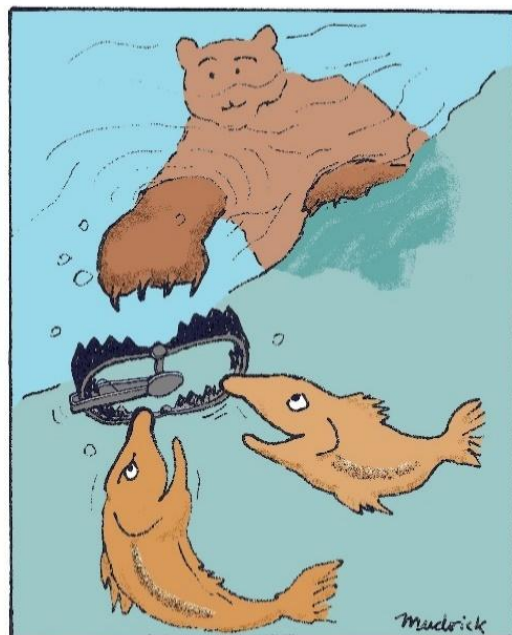


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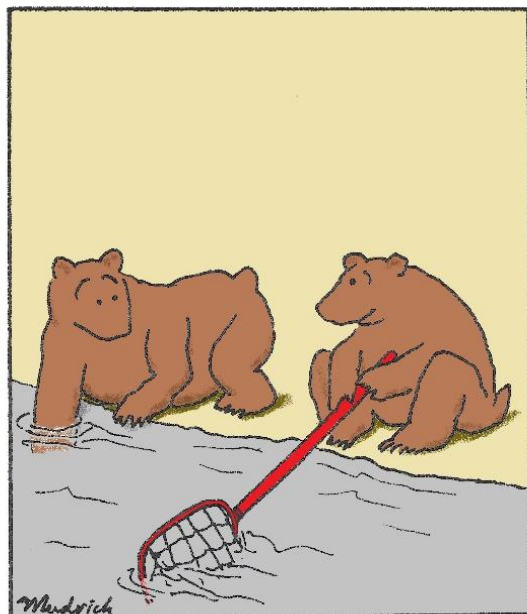
***"Get born, swim to the sea, grow up,
return to your birthplace, spawn, and
die.... There's got to be more to life
than that!"***



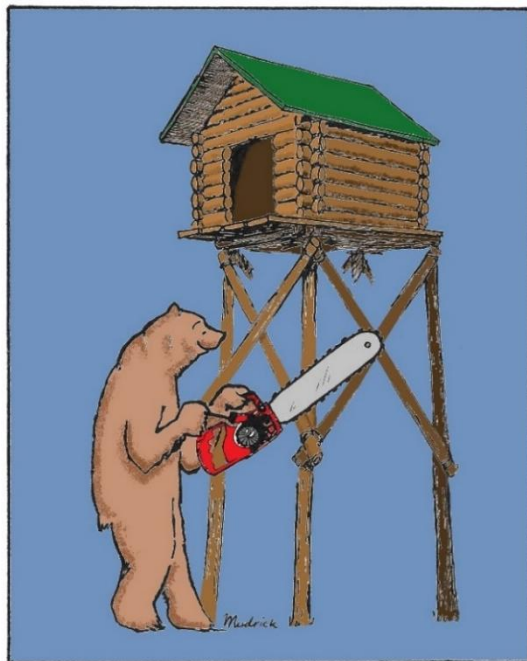
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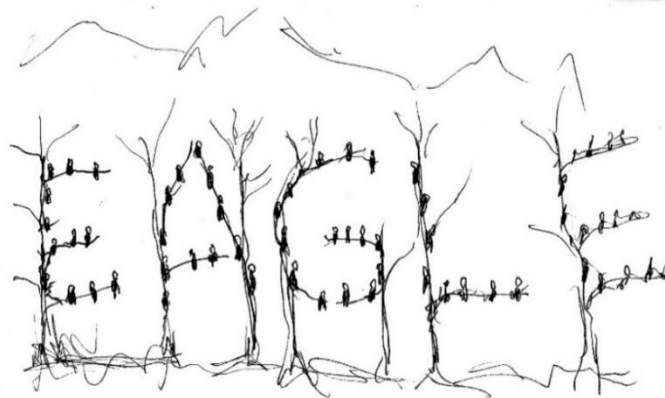
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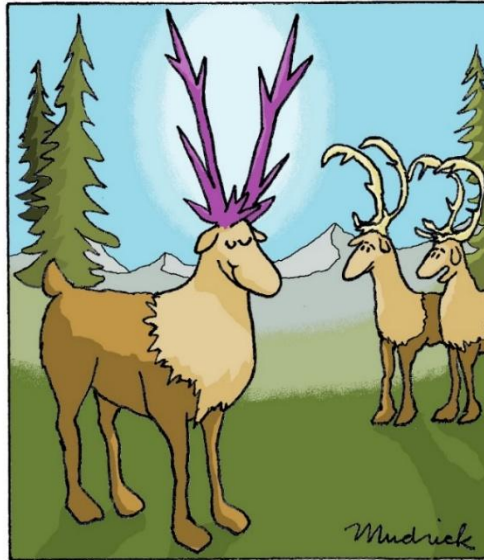
"Last one in the hot spring is a polar bear!"

If you are wondering what kind of bears are in these cartoons, this 1987 sketch will only add to the confusion.



"THE LARGEST CONCENTRATION OF BALD EAGLES IN THE WORLD OCCURS ALONG THE HAINES HIGHWAY DURING SALMON RUNS. THESE MAGNIFICENT BIRDS ARE EASILY IDENTIFIED AS THEY PERCH IN THE CANYON."

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"I think it's called 'punk'..."



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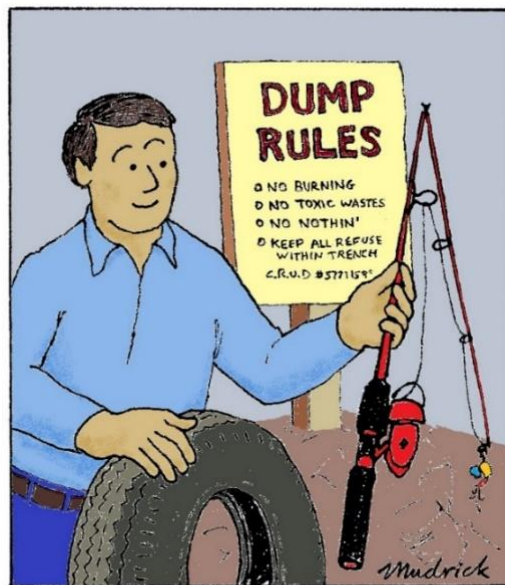
People Sign

Like anywhere else, Alaska has its share of unique customs and idiosyncrasies that may not be familiar to a new arrival. However, if one is attentive and practices discretion, he or she will sooner or later learn the local lingo and practices, or, if not, decide to leave town rather than risk offending a largely armed populace.



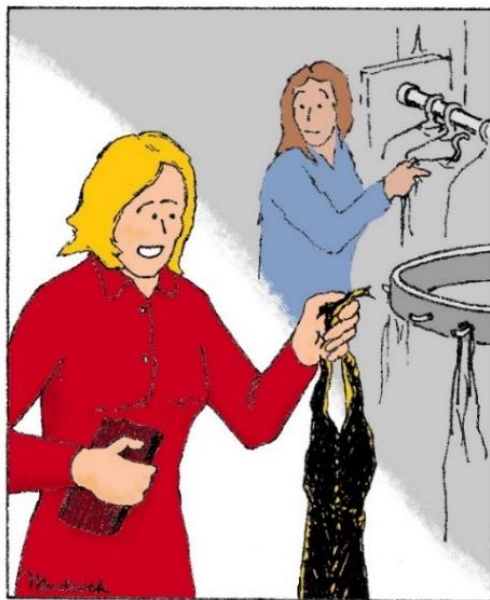
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"Sure, the stars are pretty here, but..."



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The town shopping mall



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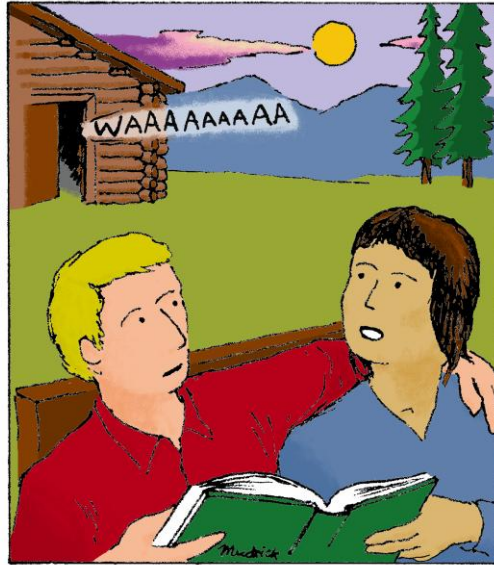
"Look! A down-filled swimsuit!"



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"...and this is our bush model. It runs on propane."





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"There goes the 'Call of the Child.'"



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**"Frankly, I moved out here so I could
smoke without being hassled."**



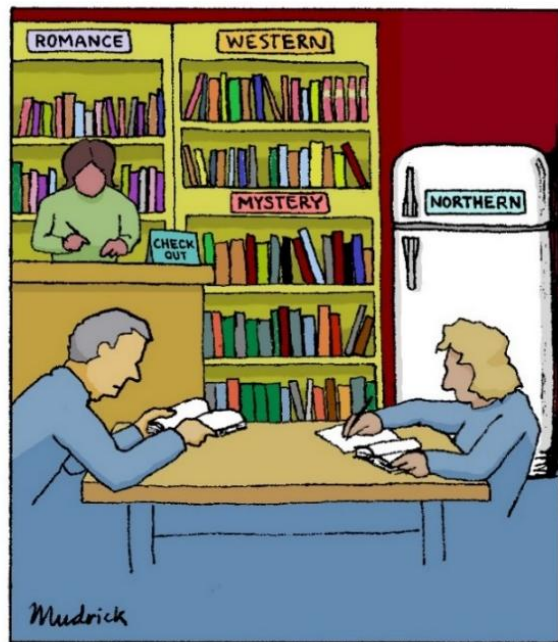
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***"Uh... yes, I guess this is the first house
I've ever seen made entirely of duct
tape."***

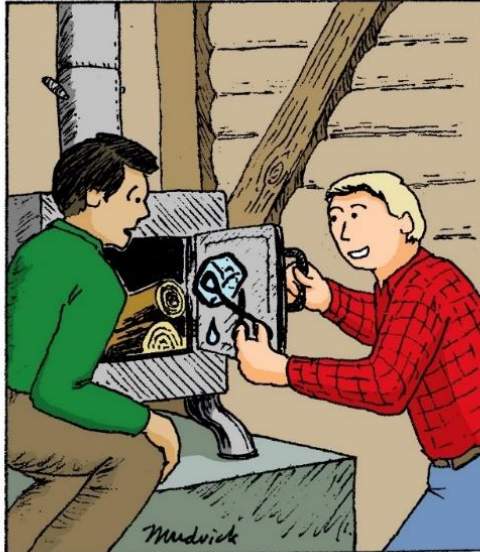


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***"This is Dan. He just got back from
'the Slope.'"***



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"Our local water contains so much natural gas, we use ice cubes for fire starters."



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"Henry, would you mind coming out here and reciting a few stanzas of 'The Cremation of Sam McGee' for these good folks?"

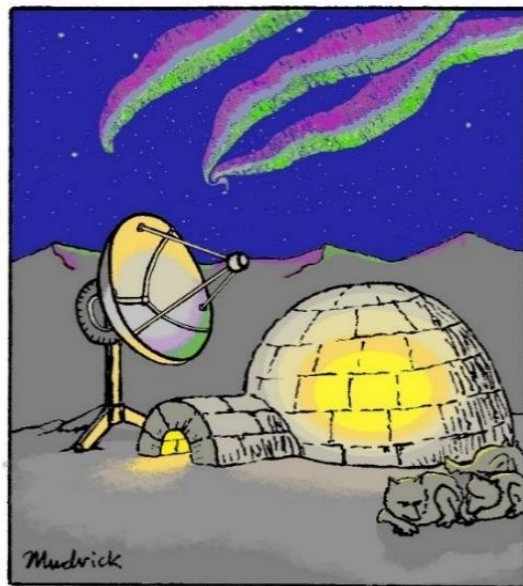


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"Are you still 'burning the midnight seal oil'?"



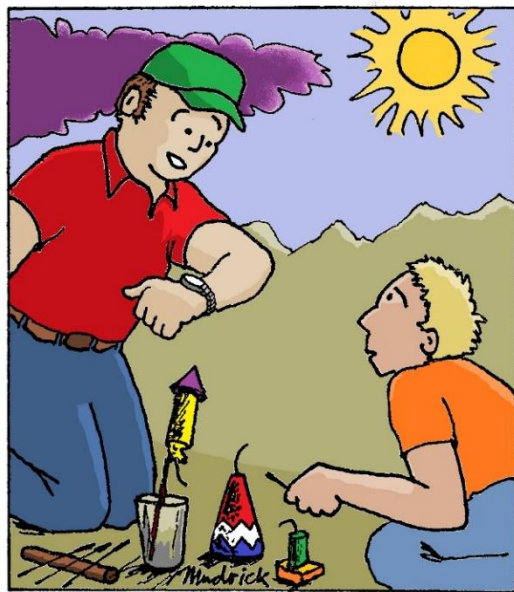
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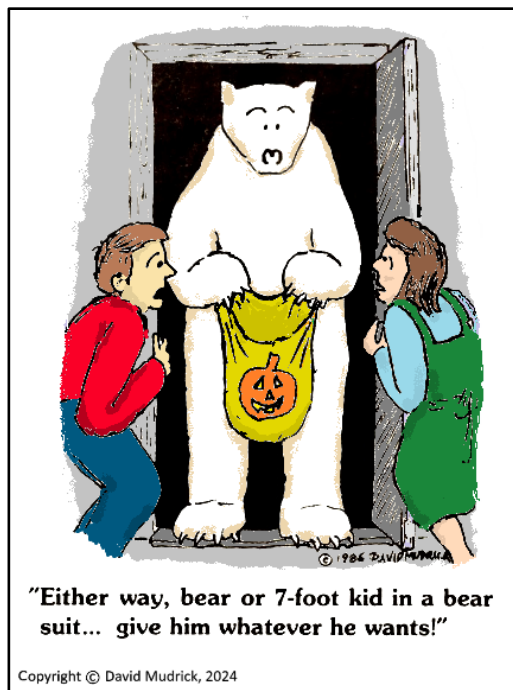
Calendared Events

We spent the school year in Gakona Junction, so the holidays and other dated events during that time were tainted by the environment, usually cold, sometimes stormy, and often dark. What we missed were the long days of the short Alaskan summer and the uncountable legions of mosquitoes and other biting insects.



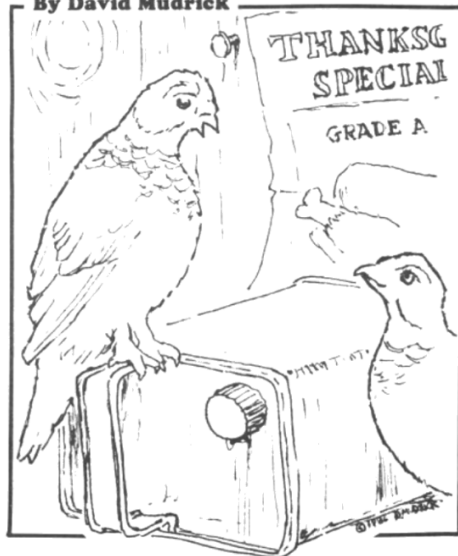
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**"It ought to be dark enough to set
them off by... September 2nd."**



The Bush League

By David Mudrick

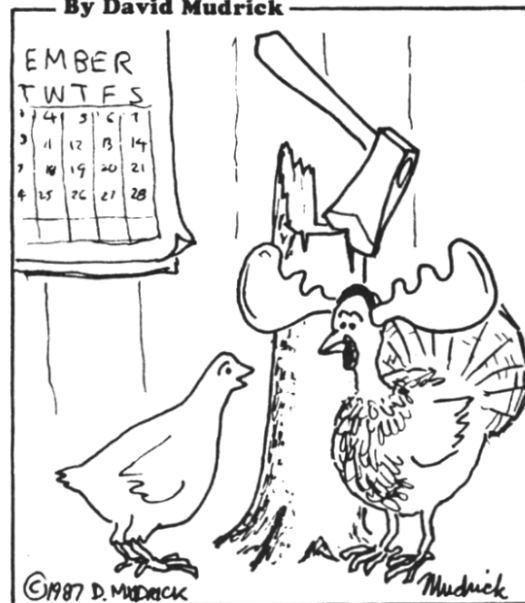


"I'm thankful it's turkeys and not ptarmigans!"

Two *Bush League*
Thanksgiving
cartoons, from 1986
(left) and 1987 (right)

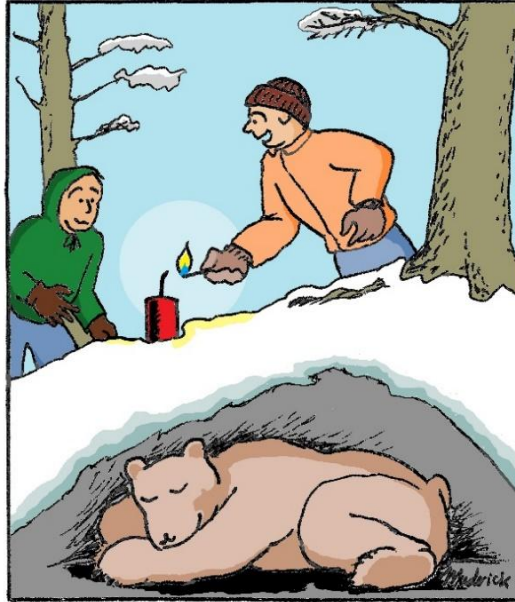
The Bush League

By David Mudrick



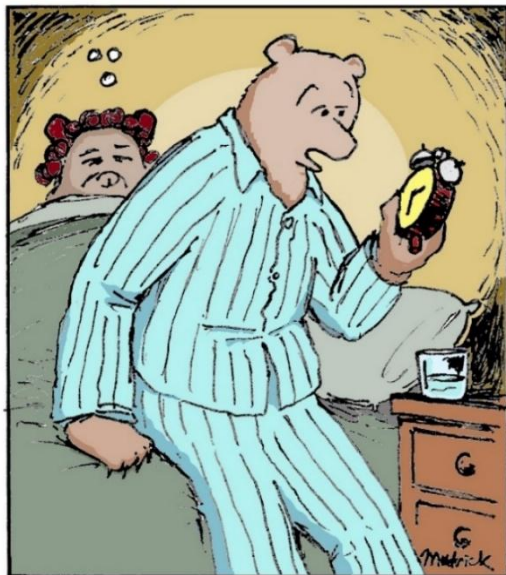
"A disguise is a good idea, but you
might have picked a safer one!"





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**"Oh, boy! This firecracker ought to
start the new year with a bang!"**



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**"I must have set the alarm wrong...
It's only half past February!"**



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"What's the big deal? We live in a log cabin and chop down trees, too!"



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**"Search party? Heck, no, I'm from
the IRS... Your taxes are late!"**

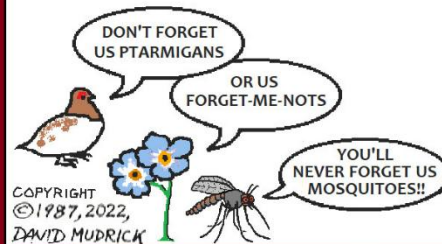


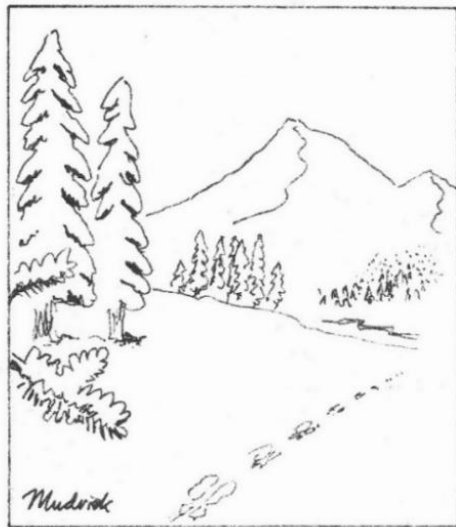
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**"Dear grandma and grandpa,
Today I was voted smartest, cutest,
and most likely to succeed in the senior
class. The other half of the class was
voted most athletic, most talented, and
and funniest."**

Weathering

Like the previous section, this one is primarily about winter. Summer in Alaska is spectacular, or so we were told. Technically, we entered the state in summer – August 15th to be exact – but after the first major frost of the season, which had spoiled most of the wild berries and killed off the mosquitoes. The latter wasn't necessarily good news, because I had planned to finance our stay by harvesting mosquito pelts and selling them to the tourists. Three pelts make a mitten: one each for the front and back and one for the thumb. Similarly, you may have missed this gag in the lower left corner of the Copper River Country map:

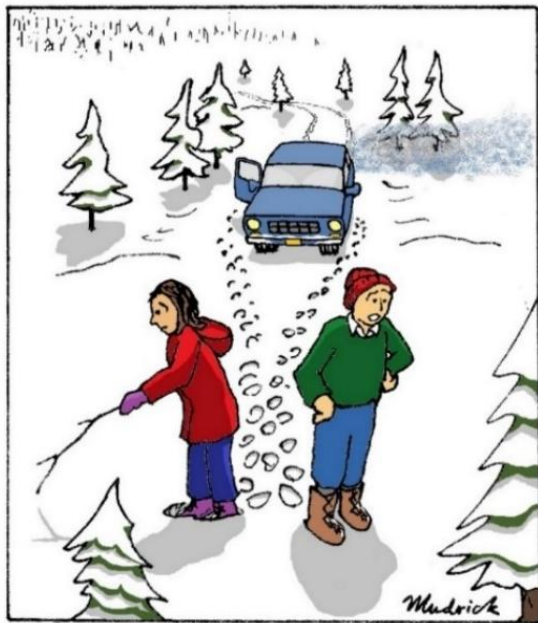




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The Big Chill

This cartoon was a whimsical drawing expressing the sudden change to the landscape following the valley's first major snowfall. (*The Big Chill* was a popular 1983 movie with which the cartoon had nothing to do other than its name.) The cartoon wasn't meant to be funny, but it was funny when people would ask, "What's so funny about it?" and I'd answer, "Nothing." They'd point out that, in that case, it shouldn't be included in a book of funny cartoons. They were right, and I didn't update or color it for this edition, but I guess black and white is accurate for the content. You still may rightfully ask, "Why are you including it in a book of funny cartoons?"



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***"Remind me to mark the road before
the next snowfall."***

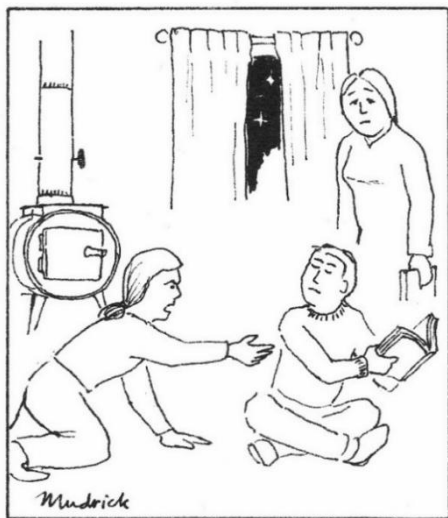


"You think it's too late to put in the antifreeze?"



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"...Walking in a winter wonderland!"



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"Mom! It's my night for the Sears catalog!"

Sadly, this Sears catalogue cartoon is now out of date, although the concept isn't. Mail-order catalogue sales were a bit like online shopping today. Again, ask an older person, if necessary.



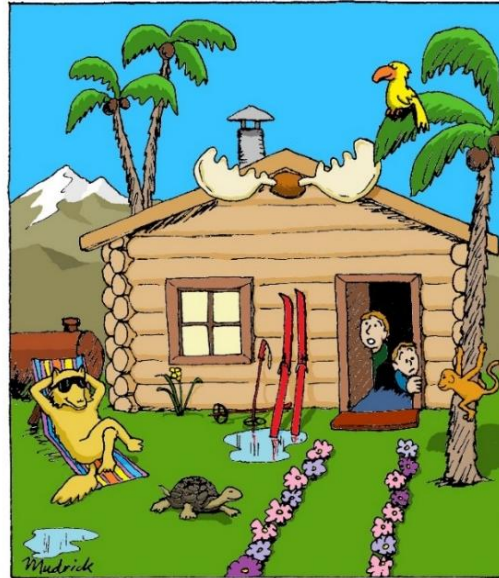
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"Your little brother's been out there ten minutes. Go see if he's frozen to the seat."



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**"It must be at least 40 below out there...
The teenagers have put on their hats!"**



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"Chinook!"



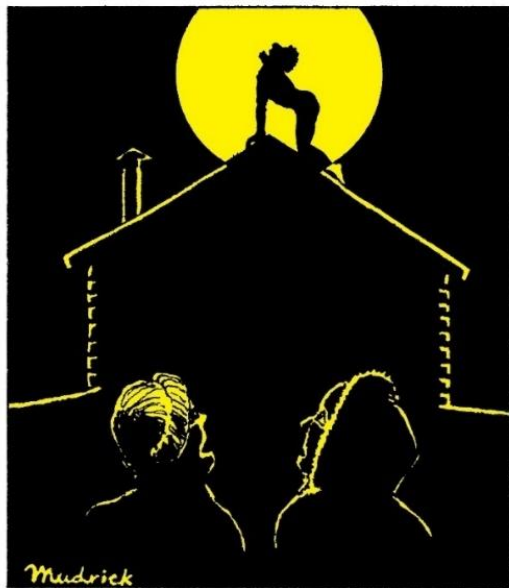
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"Frost heave."



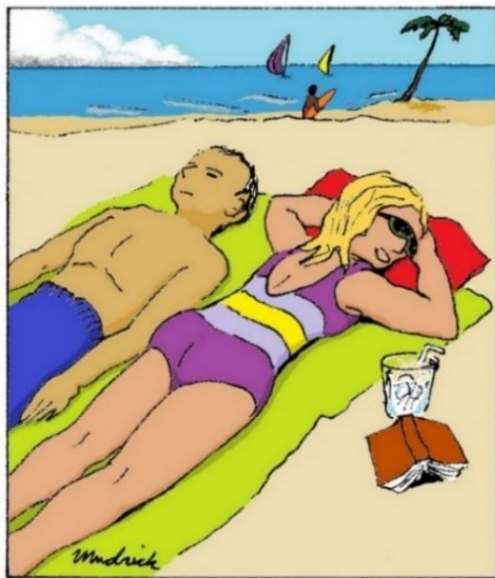
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"Who forgot to refill the ice cube trays?!"



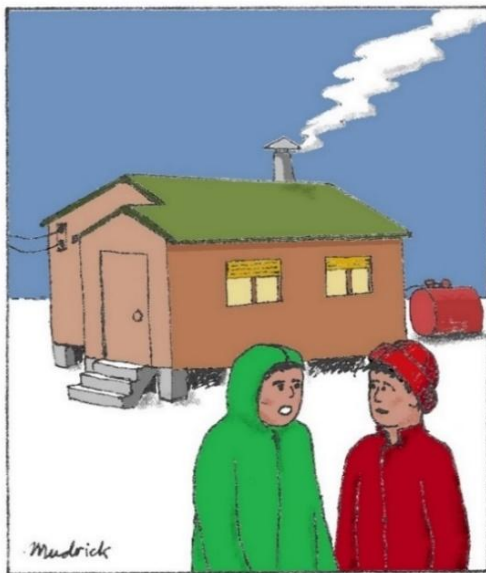
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"Cabin fever."



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***"Frankly, I couldn't care less what
the low was at home last night!"***

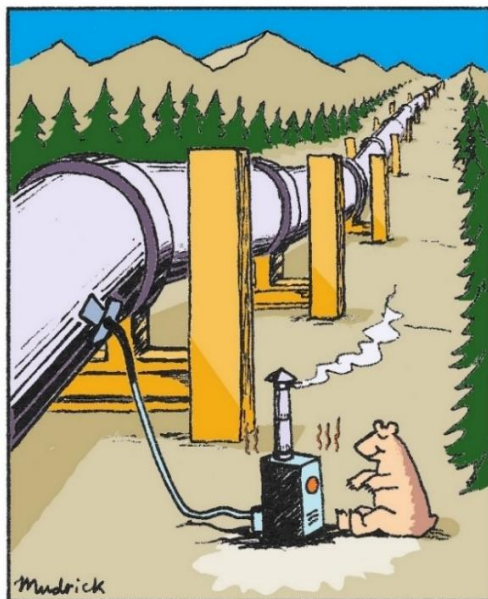


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***"You wanna run the dogs or go inside
and play computer games?"***



Copyright © David Mudrick, 2020



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"Look, Mommy... What's that?"

Parting Shots

The first three cartoons in this section have to do with the *Copper River Country Journal*, the second and third being illustrations from *Journal* articles. The last two cartoons are closing remarks, including final nods to duct tape and life in the North.



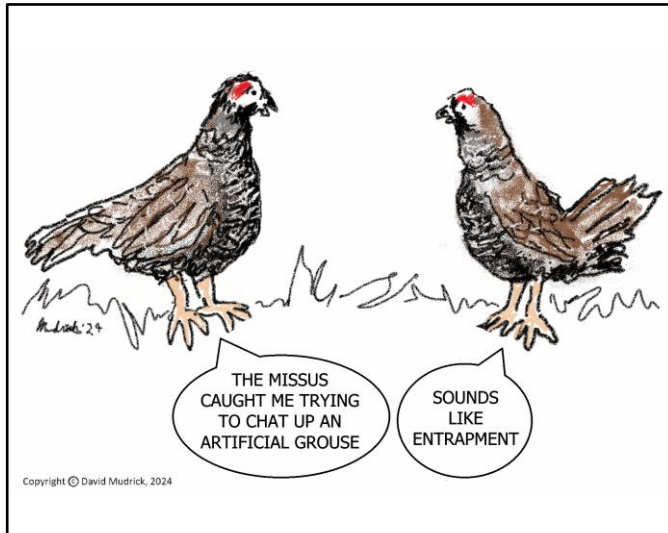
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"Business has really picked up since we started advertising locally with the *Country Journal*!"



Copyright © David Mudrick, 1987, 2024

"It's from the Governor... 'As a cost saving measure, in lieu of this year's Permanent Fund dividend, I'm sending every man, woman, and child a roll of duct tape.'"

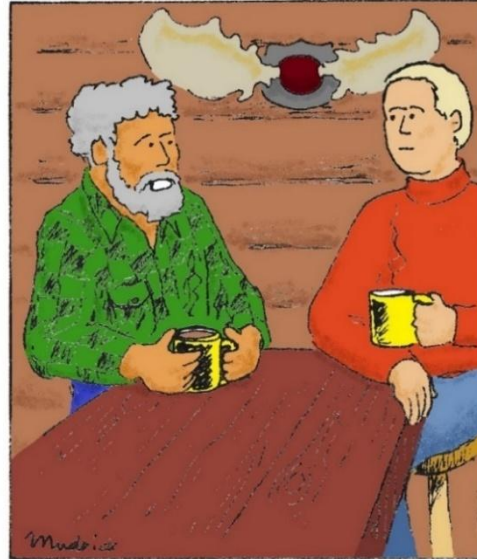


Alaska Wildlife Troopers sometimes use grouse and moose decoys to catch hunters illegally shooting at game from the road. This is the only cartoon in the book not originally created in the late '80s. It was drawn last year and in a hurry, if you couldn't tell.



Copyright © David Mudrick, 2021

"Good heavens... It's duct tape!"



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"You know, that's a darn good question.... Just why did I come here twenty-five years ago in the first place?"

Appendix

Stuff that Should Have Been Removed Before It Ruptured (but now it's too late)

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Two 1987 Newspaper Reviews of *Too Far North*

We sold 400 of the 1,000 copies of *Too Far North* to two news services in Anchorage and Fairbanks that provided periodicals, books, and other resources to local bookstores. To my surprise, two Sunday reviews appeared later, one in *The Anchorage Times*, May 24, before we left, and the other in *The Fairbanks Daily News-Miner*, June 21, while we were on our way home.

The *News-Miner*'s review is posted on the next page. Their reviewer, Jean Anderson, is an Alaskan author, with such works as *In Extremis and Other Alaskan Stories*, 1989, and *Human Being Songs: Northern Stories*, 2017. She was very helpful when I contacted her about using the review in this book.

The *Anchorage Times* review, on the following page, included seven works being considered by Ann Chandonnet, an Alaskan author of poetry, literary nonfiction, and children's literature, as well as retired journalist, now living outside Alaska. She's also been a prolific contributor of books and articles on food and food history, among other topics. I've highlighted the relevant portion of the article in the whole page graphic on the left and enlarged the text in the box on the right. I didn't notice the typo in the headline – "Springs" instead of "Spring" – until recently. Apparently, no one at the paper noticed it, either.

The Anchorage Times is no longer in business, which we can't blame on that mistake, but on the high cost of print news, today's information and misinformation environment, and newer, more convenient technologies competing for advertising dollars and readership. I was unable to contact Ms Chandonnet.

The Anchorage Daily News is also experiencing difficulty maintaining its print-based edition, which is now limited to publishing only on Sunday and Wednesday.

Cartoons caper across the North

"TOO FAR NORTH, A Northern Cartoon Odyssey."
By David Mudrick. 62 pages, © 1987. Northcountry Communications, Box 336, Glenallen 99588. \$4.95, paper.

If you're still looking for a last-minute Father's Day gift, you might consider a new book of Alaskan cartoons by Gakona Junction resident David Mudrick. Mudrick came to Alaska last summer with his wife, Pat, and their five children, all hoping "to experience a winter in the North." "Too Far North" shares the Mudricks' experiences—and then some.

"Although jobs and money were in short supply," as Mudrick says in his book's cheerful introduction, "there was no shortage of humorous material concerning the verities of life in the North—the road, bush pilots, dog mushers, hunting and fishing, cabin fever and the like."

Mudrick first examined these subjects in a cartoon series called "The Bush League," published in the regional newspaper, the Copper River Country Journal. When that series met with a bit of success—"some people thought they were funny, which was all the encouragement I needed," Mudrick reports—he decided to do a book.



"I only howl after eleven, when rates go down."

"Too Far North" collects the Bush League cartoons and a few others to create a whimsical grouping that brings a newcomer's eye to all sorts of things Alaskan. Though Mudrick isn't likely to give sleepless nights to Charles Schulz, Jim Davis or Gary Larson, his enjoyable books should offer a few good chuckles to Alaskans.

Of those three well-known

cartoonists, Mudrick's sensibility is probably closest to Schulz's. Like Schulz, Mudrick is a gentle satirist with little feel for the savage wit so often practiced by Garfield or the stunning absurdity sometimes seen in "The Far Side."

But there's toughness here, too. Mudrick's eye for geographical absurdity is quite good. For instances, there's the



"Cabin fever."

cartoon that shows a car careening over the edge of a cliff while its driver says to the passenger, "Don't worry, it's in four wheel drive."

Like the book's cover, which features a long, winding road below northern lights spelling out the collection's title to the migrating humans in their well-laden statin wagon, Mudrick's cartoons most often see

people caught in wry juxtaposition to nature.

But nature isn't always an enemy here. I especially enjoyed the Walter Mitty-like squirrel perched on the roof of a two-seater plane and making engine noises, and the female shopper pulling an item off the department store's rack to display to another shopper: "Look! A down-filled swimsuit!"

Mudrick also has a good sense of the way technology manages to enter even the most "natural" lifestyles. One cartoon in this vein shows a sled dog with an electric collar standing plugged in among the cars in a parking lot. Another has two boys standing in the clearing outside a typical cabin-type Alaskan residence while one asks, "You wanna run the dogs or go inside and play computer games?"

Those ready for some enjoyable Alaskan cartoon games should look up the small northern odyssey encapsulated in "Too Far North."

—Jean Anderson

Jean Anderson is a local fiction writer who has recently been named a finalist in a nationwide Emerging Writers Competition sponsored by Passages North. Stories by her appear in current issues of The Chilton Review and Alaska Quarterly Review.

My Brush with Alaskan Humor - or - What's So Funny about Running into a Moose?

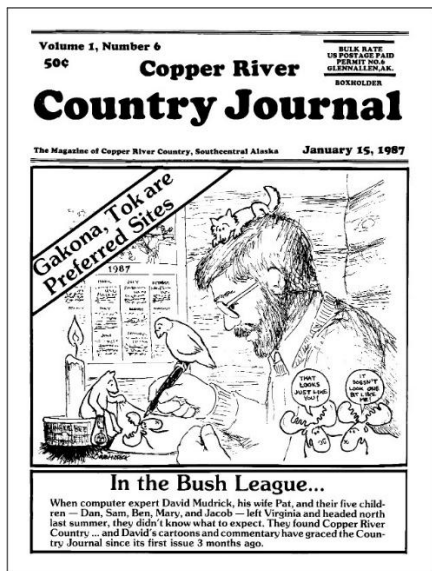
From the Alaska Connection section of my website www.tomduckandharry.com

June 2007, revised February 2022, with selective memories of Gakona, AK

[Until we lived in Alaska, I thought AK should have stood for Arkansas, but now I know it's the sound you make trying to inhale at minus 50 degrees F.]

In May 2007 I received an email asking permission to use portions of my book, *Too Far North: A Northern Cartoon Odyssey*, in an exhibit of Alaskan sequential art (aka cartoons). We had produced it over twenty years before in Gakona, Alaska, with publisher friends Linda and Jeremy Weld, in the dead of winter. The requesting exhibit was to be held in June 2007 in a small gallery between College and Ester, on the Parks Highway, "the road" that runs between Fairbanks and Anchorage. By national standards, this area would have been too small to call "podunk," especially in midwinter when there's not enough unfrozen liquid around to dunk anything, rich or po'. Nevertheless, I couldn't have been more honored, even if it were the New York Museum of Modern Art. (Well, that's probably not true, but I don't have to worry about finding out.)

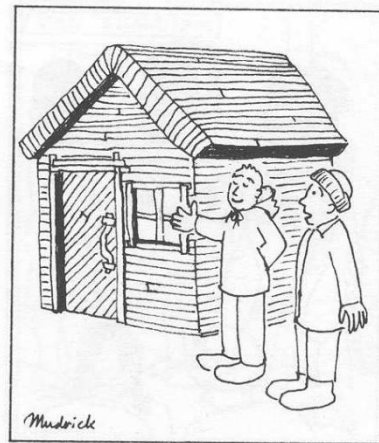
In 1986-87, my wife and I, along with our then five kids, were wintering in Alaska to see the Northern Lights, with plans to return to northern Virginia after the school year and spring breakup. As winter progressed, we needed to raise enough funds to stay fed and get home. I had been drawing cartoons for our friends' new bi-weekly news magazine, the *Copper River Country Journal*, which they published through



their company, Northcountry Communications, Inc. We decided to publish the book, which was a collection of those cartoons and others. The cartoons were usually executed in drawing pen on note paper, by lantern light after the kids were asleep. My greatest compliment at the time came from a *Journal* reader in Tok who wrote, "This is real Alaskan humor." If so, then, what is real Alaskan humor? Certainly, it runs the same gamut as any other humor genre, perhaps more often on the cruder side to meet the preconceptions of tourists. However, with the penetration of The Last Frontier by technology and the internet, just about anything can be had or viewed there now, whereas when we were there, satellite broadcast was sometimes the only

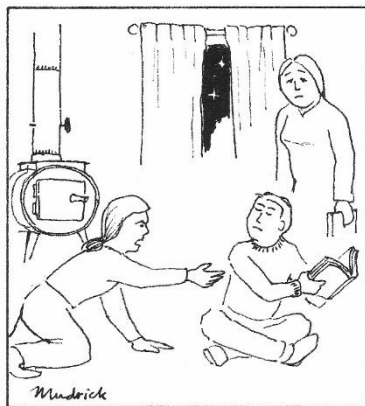
way to communicate. The satellite dishes were pointed almost to the horizon, which was a visual and visceral indication of just how far into northern latitudes we had come.

My cartoons focused on the more quirky aspects of rural Alaskan life as we experienced it. No, I never really saw a house made entirely of duct tape, but I suspect more than one exists. No, swans do not return for the



Copyright © David Mudrick, 1987

"Uh... yes, I guess this is the first house I've ever seen made entirely of duct tape."



Copyright © David Muddick, 1987

"Mom! It's my night for the Sears catalog!"

it. More than elsewhere, Alaskan humor must also pay homage to the larger population of two-, four-, and six-footed, pawed, clawed, winged, or otherwise appendaged denizens of the state, not to mention the finned or flippered river and sea folk. Unfortunately, like mosquitoes, puns can exist that far north. Even more unfortunately, but unlike mosquitoes, puns do not die off in winter.

Having a moose in it doesn't make it Alaskan humor, although adding a flying saucer, that probably crossed the galaxy only to run into a moose on "the road," just might. This also was the only way I could work

summer in "S"s, but rather in the same "V"s as other migratory waterfowl. No, my kids never fought over the Sears catalog as a source of indoor recreation, but they did decorate the cabin with paper snowflakes and listened to the output of our home entertainment center, which consisted of a kids' Fisher-Price cassette recorder and an AM-FM clock radio, that only picked up two stations. (The story of the gentleman phoning Sears to order a case of toilet paper, and when being asked for the catalogue number replying, "Lady, if I had the catalogue, I wouldn't need the toilet paper!" is probably anecdotal, but not too far off the mark.)

Alaskan humor reflects the same vagaries of the human condition found elsewhere, though Alaskans may be reticent to admit



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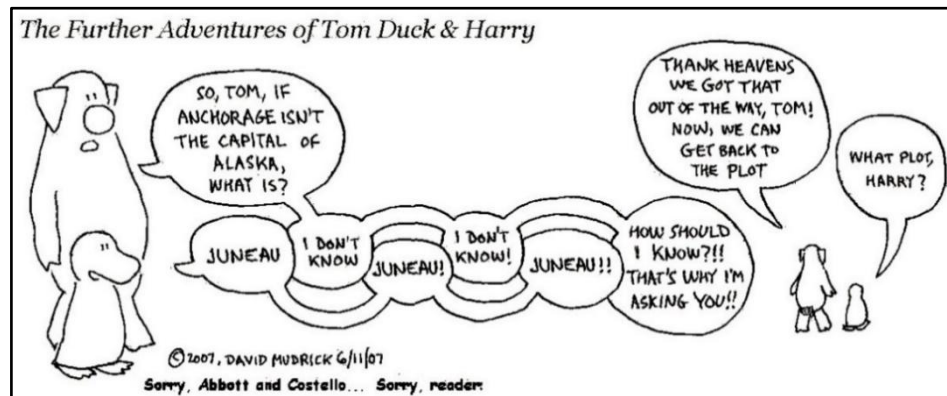
roadkill moose into a humor context, since those encounters were often fatal for both the moose and the occupants of the vehicle. To add insult to injury or death, you or your survivors wouldn't benefit from the windfall of moose meat. There was a list of families, who maybe couldn't hunt, waiting to get a phone call telling them their moose was available, perhaps 200 miles away in Talkeetna. We had more than our share of close encounters of the moose and caribou kind, and they were only a laughing matter after the fact, if at all.

Oh, yeah, the Northern Lights. We did see them. They can stay almost motionless for hours and then suddenly start dancing at breathtaking speed, so you have to decide in advance just how long you will stand there watching. Otherwise, your brain might freeze, and you might forget to go back inside. We also saw them from the doorway of our north-facing latrine. The door was no obstacle to viewing as it had blown off in the fall during a week of 100-mph Chinook winds. Of course, when using the latrine in the winter, you had to let the seat drop hard first to remove the two inches of hoarfrost.

Springtime was another source of humor, when kids would measure the depth of ice-melt puddles by wading into them. The water was always at least a half inch above the tops of their "breakup boots." By that time, we were packing to return home, and the nights were now too light to see the aurora, but the local fauna springing back to life all around our cabin sounded like a Tarzan movie. On the drive back "Outside," after surviving the winter with little more automobile trouble than a broken valve lifter, we experienced a cracked windshield and a flat tire within two hours on the Yellowhead Highway, the first major paved road we hit in British Columbia: Good ol' Alaskan, or maybe just northern, humor.

* * *

Sorry, folks, I know this cartoon from my comic strip, *Tom Duck and Harry*, may not be true Alaskan humor, but I had to include it. (For more—or less—check out www.tomduckandharry.com.)

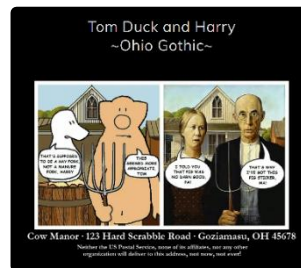


Contact Information and Relevant Links

For information or to comment, email us through my website *Tom Duck and Harry: Ohio Gothic*, www.tomduckandharry.com, via the “Contact Us!” link: <https://tomduckandharry.godaddysites.com/contact-us-1>. You’ll find links to *Too Far North* and *Living Too Far North* in pdf, as well as more Alaska stuff.



The Copper River Country Journal, www.countryjournal2020.com, where my cartoons appear, is Linda and Jeremy Weld's online news and information resource for the people of the Copper River Basin. Get the flavor of life today in that huge remote valley, plus authentic accounts of the region's history and geography.



Bearfoot Travel: The Welds' two free comprehensive annual travel guides covering the Alaska Road System are available in print throughout roadside Alaska and online.

Bearfoot, Alaska's Travel Magazine
www.bearfootguides.com

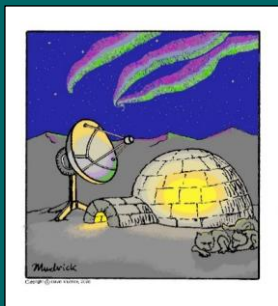
The Denali Summer Times
www.denaliummertime.com



If you enjoyed this book and want to know more, check out its companion

Living Too Far North: Drawing Humor from a Winter in Alaska

Also by David Mudrick, it's the story behind each of these cartoons, with wry commentary on the verities of living in rural Alaska, covering humorous, important, and quirky aspects of life on and off the road. Both books are available in pdf on my website at www.tomduckandharry.com/my-alaska-books.



in 1987, concerning the black-and-white first edition of *Too Far North: A Northern Cartoon Odessey*, the critics raved/shrugged...

“One of the best collections of cartoons about Alaska ever produced”
– the author

“That’s real Alaskan humor!” – a reader in Tok

“The drawings are not polished, but some of the gags are really funny.”
– Ann Chandonnet, *The Anchorage Times*

“Though Mudrick’s not likely to give sleepless nights to Charles Schultz, Jim Davis or Gary Larson, his enjoyable books should offer a few good chuckles to Alaskans.” – Jean Anderson, *The Fairbanks Daily News-Miner*

