

"I may not agree with a word you say but I will defend unto death your right to say it." - Voltaire

# Tundra Times



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## The Awesome Power..

(Continued from page 1)

ordinary citizens.

When a man of his stature—a man who had won the majority of votes for the right to lead his country—makes a world-shaking pronouncement, the people of the United States are jolted into awakening that the man who had been chosen to lead them does, indeed, possesses awesome powers. The public, whether it knows it or not, is stunned into realization that it does have a leader it instinctively depends upon to carry the responsibilities of the affairs of state and country.

President Lyndon Johnson forcefully offered the history of the world a page last Sunday which it will record as one of the most stunning in the course of time.

The President's decision is being weighed by analysts. He told the country and the world that this was not the time for "any personal partisan causes or to any duties other than the awesome duties of this office..."

The President, of course, was talking about his country's problems of which one of the most pressing is the Vietnam situation. He wants to devote his full time to this great problem instead of losing valuable periods in the time-consuming duties of campaign for re-election.

From the tone and profoundness of his declaration, we feel that President Johnson means what he said—the urgency of achieving peace in Vietnam. This is foremost in his mind. May he succeed in this difficult mission and may the humble in all walks of life give him the support he needs.

## Hunter Didn't Know He Killed Marked Bear...

(Continued from page 1)

Luckily we saw one on the shore ice so we caught him. I thought for a while we caught a spotted bear and it turned out to be one of white man's doings.

We did not know they were tagging and marking polar bears at this time because they did not put any public notice. This time of the year here at Barrow polar bears start roaming around so Eskimo hunter have a chance to get one for food.

Before I go any further, here's why I'm mad at a white man doing to an animal we are hunting for food at this time of year.

You see they drugged this certain bear three days ago before we caught him. When we butcher the bear the meat looks different to me. The meat was pink and blue in some places.

We haul every meat and skin home to feed our families and friends who are hungry for polar bear meat. So I thought to myself I better find out about the meat before I feed my seven kids. I went to a store to use a phone. I phoned A. R. L. (Arctic Research Laboratory; editor) about our spotted polar bear we caught. A lady answered the phone, then a man.

I told this man we caught a marked polar bear No. 11, big mark on his back. I asked him if it's alright to eat it and the answer was NO. This two letter word "no" really broke my heart in two. He then came to the village to see us and told us we better throw the meat away or he could throw it for us.

I told him we Eskimos never throw any fat meat away. I asked him again if we could have the meat be tested in lab for food because we really need meat at this time. He again said no. So what could we do but throw the good meat away

(From THE DRUM)  
By ANDREW ERIGAKTUK  
Aklavik, N.W.T.

In many native tales and legends (both Eskimo and Indian), the raven is the cunningest of all fowl. He is called the fool, crook, robber, and most any name the storyteller can think of. He is the most laughed at and a bird that is most looked down on. He is the robber on a trapper's snare or trapline. He always seems to beat the trapper to his rabbit snares in the early mornings and later sits on a nearby tree saying "caw, caw" at the trapper as if to say, "I beat you again, you sleepy-

head."

If you happen to interrupt his meal, (a rabbit in your snare) he flies to a tree and really lets off with a lot of noise being mad at you (for spoiling his meal no doubt.)

In Eskimo legends, he is believed to have a knife on him. If he sees a dead fish stuck in the ice he can pick it out in no time, whereas a fox cannot get it out by clawing or chewing at it. He also can pick the eye out of a dead caribou in no time at all.

In the legends, no one can see his knife. If you approach him while he is eating something frozen, he will turn his back on you so you cannot

see his knife. However, in one legend, he lost his knife for a while.

A hunter was sleeping outside on a mountainside when he woke to something being sharpened on a stone. The raven was sharpening his knife on a stone, believing the hunter was still asleep. He wanted his knife sharp so he could cut the hunter up.

The hunter suddenly sat up shouting. The raven got so startled he flew off without his knife.

He flew around and around above the hunter, begging for his knife. The hunter finally made a deal with him.

He told the raven, "You, the raven, who can fly high in the air and see all over the countryside, show me where I can find a cave with a bear in it, and then I will give you your knife. If you lie and show me an empty cave, you will never see your knife again."

The raven who could not go without his knife showed the hunter the cave with a bear in it.

That's why he's still believed to have a knife on him.

There are many legends about Tulugak, the raven, that the storyteller never tires of. Recently, a friend asked me what was so great about the raven. I could have told him a short story about how smart the raven was but instead, I said:

"Well, for one thing he doesn't have to fly south for the winter."

## Townsite Trustee Plans to Come To Kotzebue

George E. M. Gustafson, Townsite Trustee for the Kotzebue Townsite Addition No. 1, Alaska, Tract 7, U.S. Survey 2083, will be in Kotzebue April 30, 1968.

His visit will be to assist applicants in completing applications for the Townsite Trustee's Lot Awards within the townsite. He will endeavor to personally contact the individual occupants during his visit.

Only those who are occupants or were entitled to such occupancy on September 16, 1966, the date of acceptance of the subdivisional plat of survey of the Kotzebue Townsite Addition No. 1, or their assigns thereafter, are entitled to the allotments, as provided in the Townsite Trustee's Lot Awards Notice, which is posted in various public locations in the Kotzebue Townsite for public review.

All who were not occupants of the lots claimed at the time of the subdivisional survey in the field must be able to substantiate their claims proving chain of title.

## Poetry—

### LITTLE INDIAN SPEAKS

(From LUMMI SQUOL QUOL)

People said, "Indian children are hard to teach.  
Don't expect them to talk."  
One day stubby little Roy said, "Last night the moon  
Went all the way with me  
When I went out to walk."  
People said, "Indian children are very silent.  
Their only words are no and yes."  
But small ragged Pansy confided softly, "My dress is  
old but at night the moon is kind, then I wear  
A beautiful moon-colored dress."  
People said, "Indian children are dumb.  
They seldom make a reply."  
Clearly I hear wee Delores answer,  
"Yes, the sunset is so good.  
I think God is throwing a bright shawl  
Around the shoulders of the sky."  
People said, "Indian children have no affection.  
They just don't care for anyone."  
Then I feel Ramon's tiny hand and hear him whisper,  
"A wild animal races in me since my mother  
Sleeps under the ground."  
People said, "Indian children are rude.  
They do not seem very bright."  
Then I remember Joe Henry's remark:  
"The tree is hanging down her head because  
The sun is staring at her.  
White people always stare.  
They do not know it is not polite."  
People said, "Indian children never take you in.  
Outside their thoughts you'll always stand."  
I have forgotten the idle words that people said,  
But treasure the day when iron doors swung wide,  
And I slipped into the heart of Pima Land.

—JUANITA BELL

(Poem published in "Indians at Work," 1942)

WANTED: Chilkat Blankets; totem poles; ivory pipes and carvings; argillite carvings; porlatch bowls; fish hooks; spoons and all N.W. items 50 years of age or older. Send photo or sketch and prices to: Albert T. Miller, 2235 West Live Oak Dr. Los Angeles, California 90028.

Yours Truly,  
Victor Koonaloak  
P.O. Box 433  
Barrow, Alaska