

Is Calista International a come-on?

To the Editor:

This letter I hope will bring a reflection of our mistakes after reading Tundra Times April 8.

Being a member of the Calista Corporation, I want to bring out hopefully, blaring the new come-on of the Calista International Corporation.

The new come-on, we will get rich, is as old and destructive as the raging Kuskokwim waters, that constantly destroy the river banks, forever changing its channels.

When we fished and it was abundant, the Native could trade the fish for grub, boat, trapping and dog harness equipment. When furs were traded in the same way, for the same purposes, there was an enterprise where the village people had enough to eat, wear and wood was used to heat the home.

Outside dealers came in, saw the vulnerability of the people, that rare friendly warmth not found Outside. Our people were taken advantage of by fur traders.

Fishermen were lured to the canneries. Result: an Outside corporation became rich. The Native forgot his trade. The families began to go hungry and freeze. To wipe out their misery they took the false feeling of "to drink to feel good." It brought on sickness, more poverty, disease, premature death. Bringing on more misery.

The people are trapped, fooled, disgusted and are getting increasingly hard, where once they were gentle.

What about the international trade? The Japanese have helped destroy the economy of the United States very subtly and cleverly by their honorable Datsun, radios, watches and electronics. Have you seen the angry Americans in the South 48?

The international trade has come to luring women to riches in foreign soil, only to find out they're slaves to prostitution.

I for one who love the soul and spirit of my people oppose this new flag of hope and old

danger that used a different channel.

What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul, my bible asks?

The Japanese have Buddha, it is a way of life. But it is not the way to salvation and freedom from bondage. I personally know I became bonded to an Eskimo Buddhist. But I am now set free. My mind clear of all that happened and will happen if we do not take caution.

Being a bible student my best interest is the person.

When Alaskans find out who and what they really are, their hope and desire to rise above all the mess will become startlingly new.

They are bright, productive, creative and a persevering people, whose spirit need only to be channeled in the right direction. Then they can choose wisely, with knowledge, a better future. Right here is their own homeland. We are not a political people. How can we make others rich, when we are poor?

Sincerely,

Agnes Lovell
Anchorage

A Vision in Prayer

*Come, let us weep for our people,
So beloved to us, so dear,
And cry out to God with our heart.*

*Forsaken by a trust,
Glories of a future,
Great things were to be wrought.*

*The pleasure of the eye,
Fancy boats, great engines,
Neon lights and blaring music.*

*Beautiful wear to flatter,
Making this life to matter,*

Brought fiery water in cabins rustic.

*The fever of the green, it grew
Too hot to handle with ease.
Forgotten, alas, the old.*

*'Til no green was left
To mend a rubber shoe
Worn out to the sole.*

*The lovely wear grew ragged,
No moose skin mitten to wear
On cold hands now bare.*

*The fast engine was broken,
The trusted dogs forgotten.
The green left an empty stare.*

*The spirit of a family broken.
Dad or Mom messed up
By great promise of the green.*

*The young forgot the old —
Was there ever a fishwheel
Not only on pictures seen?*

*Can old hands and an old spirit
Remember the pride within
Of a past when a heart was full?*

*The brightness of a smile,
Bright twinkles of the eye,
Sun glow of a healthy skin.*

*These — loved ones gave each other
When Native was not a word,
And only family stories did spin*

*Of long time past,
Of great hunters and boat makers
And animals who were friends.*

*Of warm-up by a fire,
Wrapped under a bear hide.
When women the mukluks mend.*

*This is wealth to hold.
Sharing meat with your neighbor,
Sharing work and camp together.*

*The wise among to be a keeper,
Keep guard not to be a fool again
To blaring news of bigger dollars.*

Agnes Lovell

Another anti-alcohol letter

To the Editor:

I was surprised to see the large Calvert Whiskey advertisement in the March 9 issue of the Times. In view of the example you are supposedly trying to set, it seems out of place and makes one wonder whether the Times is in such finan-

cial straits as to no longer value the importance of discretion. If that is the case, keep your good name and raise the price of subscriptions by a small amount.

Respectfully,

John Lyle
Kaltag