

The Native Land Speaks

My master, the Native People, have depended upon me for his existence beginning from the time unknown to any living man. My master, before the advent of this so-called disturbing civilization, used me for shelter, used my collection of rocks for weapons such as, spears or arrow points, clubs, even used my ignescent rocks for starting his protective quills the firewood, for warmth and cooking.

He has been and still is dependent on my precious pets the moose, caribou, reindeer, bear, mountain squirrels, sea mammals, and many, many more too numerous to name, for his livelihood. He not only used them for food but he used their skins for clothing, their bones for weapons. He quenches his thirst from my precious blood streams. And when he discovered I had more resources, namely varieties of fish which he utilized to help him survive, he was further elated.

My master did not squander my collection of riches. He made use of what he could get in a manner respectable to my pride. My master in his struggle for survival has traveled over me, many most fertile areas so that he could pass me on to his sons, grandsons, daughters and granddaughters along with the knowledge he has gained for eternities to come.

If my mast, the Native People, documents his activities, the various hunting techniques, whereabouts of his fishcamps, fallcamps, wintercamps, and springcamps, the rivers and creeks he fished, the ponds and lakes from which he hunted variety of furred animals, the mountains from which he hunts various land animals, the timber areas from which he gets his firewood aside from hunting wildlife which roams in them.

My ornaments, the variety of berries he picks off from my insulated fertile coat, the tundra, he would have all the documentation to substantiate that I am his property without argument.

Lately in his endeavors to improve himself; to adjust himself, in this transitional period to alien form of government by gaining village incorporation status in order that he may become eligible for federal and state programs.

In his efforts to conform to alien policies by becoming an incorporated village or city of fourth class, my master, the Native, has outlined the boundaries of his village including my most fertile areas on which he depends for his existence. Some examples of my fertile areas are the rivers, the tundra and the ponds and lakes, timber areas, the creeks. The other areas inside the boundaries as outlined by my Native master, included are their hunting, fishing and camping areas.

My Native master in his strive to better himself, in his effort conformed to: his government's principles; the established unrealistic regulations, has again been wronged. These wrongs can be seen in the communities of Alakanuk, the twin villages of Upper and Lower Kalskag, Akolmuit (Nunapitchuk, Kasigluk, and Almauluak) and Mekoryuk on the Univak Island.

My master's government has once again made use of vicious tentacles, the Legal Boundary Commission, by having or allowing its servants to reduce to absurd size my master's selected land areas in his applications to become an incorporated community.

This practice is not RIGHT—it is absolutely WRONG when my Native master has endured so many eons and centuries of hardship living off me. It is my confirmed opinion that my Native master can make his own decisions just as well, or even better than the man at a desk in Juneau especially when it involves the boundaries of his hunting, fishing and camping land areas.

—PHILIP GUY
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(People's Pathways)