

What others say...

Mayor Knowles criticized

To the editor:

The mayor's threat to shut down the Palace Hotel if his police and legal drug hounds determine that drug deals are consummated on the premises represents his end run around the owners' right to due process under the law of the land, as well as a presumption of guilt in lieu of a trial and guilty verdict rendered by a jury of their peers.

The mayor's hearsay alone tells us his "evidence" is valid without a court test of its merit or lack of it.

Yet with this hand of deuces he brazenly compromises the owners' constitutional rights, holding a club over their right to do business. Is he really holding them hostage to his whims? Does he really want his wrecking ball to create open space for a second parking palace for the new mall? Who knows what utopian dream guides Hizzoner now that the end of his term is blissfully nearing a consummation devoutly to be wished?

The mayor's Palace Hotel caper dovetails with his treatment of Peters

Creek residents as well. When septic systems fail because the municipality failed to monitor permit approval and installation steps and when benzene from some mysterious nearby underground storage tank contaminates eight subdivisions, the mayor slaps on a health emergency.

Yet municipal health stewards beat the bushes looking for benzene molecules when the ground itself is the real hideout, and a criminal investigation ought to be the order of the day.

Yet no substantive action ensues, while a whole community is held hostage to someone's criminal negligence. Property values decline, no real estate sales transpire and cancer threatens our lives.

This is what our soak-the-rich property taxes get us as residents of the Municipality of Anchorage instead of the Chugiak-Eagle River Borough: threats to our citizen rights and threats to our lives! Welcome to Alaska, folks, and the mayor's plan for it!

Donald S. Mulder,
Chugiak

Support for Native hire

To the editor:

I was born and raised in Barrow. I am concerned and would like to find out why our local Native people in Barrow are not hired in our own community.

The people who are together like a Native woman is getting married to a non-Native man and they both have kids to support. Then on the other side, the Native man is getting married to a non-Native woman, and they both have kids to support, too. Then there are people in our own community that are not hired. They have been living there all their lives. The people that are together and have kids in our community and been living there for a long period of time are not hired.

Why are they hiring only outsiders? The outsiders don't live in our community — they just make the money

and go back home to where they came from. I think the people in the offices should straighten this out, the ones that are in control of our community.

We live there and have kids to support, and I want to see some changes for us local people. I think we should be the first ones to be hired instead of the outsiders first. I would like to thank you for reading my writing and how I feel and also how the other people feel.

The people in the offices that are in control should straighten this mess out for all of us that live up at Barrow and have kids. To get hired first instead of the outsiders. That is all I have to say about it and how I feel and how others feel about it to, up at Barrow.

Harry Ipalook
Barrow

Money root of evil

To the editor:

Livelihood in the villages used to be in the past as brother and sister and family and neighbor.

I grew up in a small town of Utkeagvik. I remember when we used wood stoves to heat the home. In the morning we jump out of bed and in less than a minute we'd have our clothes on. 'Cause in the middle of winter there would be frost on the walls and windows. Them days wood didn't burn for very long, and we had a limited supply.

After years of the wood stove, we had to find a better way to heat the homes, as a community concern. Because up here we have no trees, and

the drift wood is a long way off. I guess it was Ed Burnell that started hauling coal from the coal mine mines from Barrow with an old tractor to a locally owned Native co-op store. But still, money was the problem.

I remember we had two stoves one was for wood and the other for coal. For years, the coal heat was good and burned longer than wood, but the prosperity was in progress. The township was growing in size and jobs were opening up all over and money was starting to flow. By that time, we could afford the oil stove which was expensive, and heating the home was the

(Continued on Page Three)

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Founded in 1962 by Howard Rock

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(Continued from Page Two)

problem.

My employment started at the age of 13. My wages were big, and my dad said it was too big for me to handle, so my wages went into dad's pocket. I got to eat candy and go to the movie house. To me a whole dollar was good enough for me to last a whole week.

Prosperity began to get into — or should I say between — my best friend, my brothers and sisters. I learned that the love of money can do a lot of damage. Someone once told me that the love of money is the root of all evil.

The times and years went by so fast because the town was really booming. There were houses going up everywhere, and money, drugs and alcohol were getting in the way to see smiling and caring faces of true friends.

Then the best solution to our heating problem was solved. Natural gas was found and tapped, then piped in the village which went into each home. The government came into the scene to check it out.

Our ancestors' hunting grounds — they often pass by bubbles of oil seeping right out of the ground and saturate the tundra with oil which the hunters cut up to heat their camp fires. This is now called Prudhoe Bay.

Nowadays our way of life is threatened by the oil companies, the government and big business. Now, we can't hunt unless we have a permit, and the catch is limited to a minimum. For those of you in Green Peace, the Peace Corps, the government and even the International Commission should happen to read this, the food we eat and go after is essential to stay alive in the hardest environment. We will prevail if we must.

This is why I am writing this letter, because we are losing sight of ourselves and covering ourselves with money, pleasure, drugs and alcohol. Our forefathers' respect for life was never found in any of these. I grew up poor, and I'd do anything to repair the real love that was handed down with discipline.

Keep your culture alive, respect your elders. Listen closer to what they pass on. Don't listen to people who worry too much. Patience brings understanding. Understanding brings knowledge. Knowledge brings wisdom. Our elders glow with wisdom that they believe comes from the Lord above.

I am called Kingatag-Anagi, Big Bob Aiken, and my elders are respected back where I come from. The part of our culture I treasure is the games of survival, the testing of one's will to survive, Eskimo Games.

In respect to my elderly
Big Bob Aiken
Barrow