

What others say...

Praise for Roger Lang

Dear Editor:

Every once in a while, a person comes along to show warmth to his fellow humans and inspire them with his presence. One such person was Roger Lang.

I first met Roger when I was a student at Sheldon Jackson School in the early 1960s. He was, at the time, a shoreboat captain between Mount Edgecumbe and Sitka. It was always a joy to know Roger as the captain of that boat; he was always so congenial, friendly and helpful. I was impressed at that early age with his willingness to assist all of us.

My next meeting with Roger was during the early stages of the land claims movement. At that time, I was a staff person at the Alaska Federation of Natives office. Those were hectic days, and I remember Roger working so diligently on the efforts to achieve a fair settlement for Native people.

Years later, I worked closely with Roger on several committees and boards. One of these was the Policy Council of the Alaska Native Human Resource Development Program where he was instrumental in planning the statewide rural education unit of the University of Alaska.

He was active in so many areas of Native interest and always so willing to serve. His splendid sense of humor made it possible for us to work through difficult problems with less frustration.

He led the Alaska Federation of

Natives through some of its most difficult years. He later guided the Alaska Native Foundation, exploring solutions to Alaska Native social and economic difficulties in those times following the settlement of the land claims.

Even after his health began to fail and working became very difficult and painful for him, he continued to serve his regional corporation. He was tireless in his contributions to Alaska Native causes.

We like to think that certain qualities exemplify the best in Native people, qualities such as kindness and generosity. Roger was the ideal Native person in that sense. It was Roger's nature to see the best in others, to give whatever he could without thought of what he might get in return, and to show kindness and believe the best in others.

I am especially grateful to have known Roger. During difficult personal times, he was there as always, ready to lend a helping hand and practical advice. He was not one to desert his friends, no matter how bleak it looked against them. He was one of the few Native leaders who did not turn his back, but encouraged me to look ahead and move forward.

I will miss Roger. The Alaska Native people will, too.

Sincerely,
Fred Bigjim
Sitka

Congressional delegation

Dear Fellow Alaskan:

Congressman Don Young, Sen. Ted Stevens and I are sending representatives of our Washington, D.C., office to Interior this August so they can meet with you on any questions or concerns you may have with the federal government. They will also be happy to take back to Washington any messages you may have for the three of us.

Our representatives will be at the delegation State Fair booth during regular fair hours from Aug. 22 to Sept. 1.

Please take this opportunity to visit with them, even if it's just to stop by and say hello.

Sincerely,
Sen. Frank H. Murkowski
Washington, D.C.

More Aleut history

Dear Editor:

I thoroughly enjoy reading the *Tundra Times*! My corporation sends me the paper.

My name is Kathy E. Iordanides. I am a 29-year-old half-Aleut and half-Oklahoman. I am in the Navy and am stationed on a ship called the *USS McKee*.

The *McKee* was recently in Alaska, but I was unable to make that trip. The home port for my ship is in San Diego, Calif.

In your last issue, you said you wanted to hear from the readers on what we think are important issues. Well, I would love to see and read

about more articles that tell me about the history and heritage of the Aleuts.

Here I am way down here in San Diego — Alaska starved! Really!

My mother is a Native Alaskan. She was born Freda Chernoff in Elmar. She eventually moved with her parents to Valdez.

I don't know but a very few relatives on Mom's side of the family. My grandfather "Coco" Chernoff died in a gunfight and Grandma Pauline died shortly after giving birth to Uncle George.

My mom, her twin sister Sue and two brothers, George and Willie, were

(Continued on Page Three)