

EDA Approves Job Grant For \$42,450

JUNEAU — Governor William A. Egan said recently the Economic Development Administration has approved a \$42,450 grant to help prepare and carry out an investment program to create jobs and provide income for Natives in the southern interior of Alaska.

The grant went to Ahntna, Inc., with headquarters at Copper Center, to pay for employing a professional staff for the investment planning program.

Ahntna, Inc., the Copper Basin area regional Native corporation formed under the Land Claims Settlement Act, is providing an additional \$14,400 to complete the \$56,850 cost of the program.

The federal grant is being provided under the Public Works and Economic Development Act of 1965.

KLUKWAN . . .

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gressional action. The village reserve along with all others in Alaska was revoked by ANCSA.

This is the first transfer of land to Natives claiming a former reserve under the ANCSA. There are four other areas which have elected to take the lands that were former reserves, Elim, St. Lawrence Island, Tetlin and Venetie.

The Klukwan patent is the first because the lands in the former reserve were surveyed many years ago.

Interim conveyance documents will be issued to the other communities until survey is made and confirmatory patents are issued.

"We are sure that we are the first village in Alaska to get the land title," said Bill Watson, corresponding secretary for the local Camp 8 of the Alaska Native Brotherhood.

"During the celebration," added Watson, "costumes that have been shown for many, many years will be worn. It's going to be quite an occasion."

Dignitaries were expected including Governor William Egan, BLM officials, Roy Peratrovich, district superintendent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs for the Anchorage area, and others.

"Lots of people worked hard for the occasion including Dick and Steve Hotch," concluded Watson.

Klukwan is one of the oldest villages in Southeast Alaska.

Federal Grants

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State Council on the Arts in Anchorage to bring a two-man theatre team to Alaska to assist community and school theatres; and a \$3,428 grant to the City of Anchorage to upgrade training of supervisory and personnel management skills with the City by the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

Senator Jas. L. Buckley Goes Whaling . . .

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in face-biting wind.

On May 23, after a long wait on an icy point a mile from the camp, the crew's captain, Seymour Tuzrolyuke, spotted the arched hump of a bowhead whale surfacing 150 yards from shore. Swiftly his men sped their sealskin boat into the water and within two minutes Tuzrolyuke had killed the whale by throwing two detonating harpoons into its back.

However, as the boatmen strained to drag their catch ashore, the harpoon worked themselves free and the bowhead fell to the bottom. All day the crew grappled for it in 25 fathoms of water. Finally they had to give up as the pack ice — a vast expanse of floating crags that stretched to the horizon — moved in to cover the open water and the whale.

It appeared that the animal, whose meat would have fed this entire village for a year was lost.

But then at 3 p.m. last Sunday morning Mrs. Tuzrolyuke burst into the tent where the Senator was sleeping with four of the younger crew members.

"They got whale," she called, ringing a bell to alert the members of the crew camped out over 20 miles. Quickly the tent emptied and everyone trotted to the edge of the ice.

A shift of the wind had pushed the ice mass that had covered the whale to the west and even though the shoreline had been radically altered, the men knew where to look. Hooks that they had fashioned the day before from iron rods caught the flukes and the massive body of the whale, buoyed by gases formed by putrefaction, came easily to the surface, floating belly up.

The steaks would no longer be fit for human consumption; they would go to feed the dogs. But the muktuk — the skin and outer layer of blubber that is the staple of the Eskimo diet — was fine. There would be some 20 tons of it.

For the next 30 hours fatigued men from some eight whaling camps butchered the whale and placed 800-pound loads of meat on sleds drawn by ice machines. The meat was then stored in a natural underground freezer dug out of the permafrost.

Through much of this time Senator Buckley watched and marveled at the energy, ingenuity and cooperation of the men.

He observed that Friday he was to take part in a panel at his 30th Yale reunion, the subject of which was to be "The American Dream: Is More Still Better?"

"In Point Hope, it seems that which is best has very little to do with material possessions," the Senator said. "We are having the privilege of sitting in on people worked in harmony with their environment, working very hard, enjoying life, plus having children participate in family activities as part of an economic unit."

Buckley has long been interested in the Arctic and has made several expeditions to Northern Canada and to Greenland, although this trip marked the first

time he had lived with Eskimos. He made the trip because of this interest and because he had been invited to view the hunt by The Tundra Times, a weekly that circulates in Eskimo villages. It was not a publicity-seeking trip. The New York Times sought and obtained permission to accompany the Senator from Buckley's hosts.

"This has been an enormously rewarding experience for me and not merely because of the drama of the whaling operation," said Buckley while waiting for the plane to Kotzebue. "You could also see human relationships working closely. There is a sense of identity and place, which we have largely lost."

And indeed there was. In six days of tension, frustration and cold, no one had uttered an angry word, not even when the whale appeared lost.

"Down there on the ice, we can't afford to get angry," said Warren Nashookpuk, who had returned to join Tuzrolyuke's crew after working for half a year with an oil exploration team on the North Slope.

Many of the men of Point Hope spend long periods away from the village working or going to schools run by the Federal Bureau of Indian Affairs. Sylvester Keats, for example, was an airline mechanic for Pan American in Los Angeles for eight years before he was drawn back to this barren spit of tundra where hunting means survival.

In addition to hunting the whale last week, the men would from time to time shoot seals for the blubber used to feed the cooking and heating stove of the camp tent. Young boys would down eider ducks with sling-shots, bolos or ice chunks. This was done not for sport, but for supper.

In the tent the girls helped Mrs. Tuzrolyuke make hundreds of doughnuts tried in seal oil. They cooked duck stew, whale, reindeer and caribou and gallons of coffee. People slept two or three hours at the most and they seemed to be eating small portions throughout the days and nights when temperatures ranged between 10 and 20 degrees.

But there was also time for

Windmill . . .

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to his quest for financial support of a separate program to install a pair of windmills in each of two Alaskan villages (see Tundra Times, P. 10, December 26, 1973) to make a feasibility demonstration of wind power.

This proposed program would provide power for actual use by villagers. The situation leading to the problem is that he found interested sponsors for half of the installation costs, provided someone else furnished the windmills.

With this promised support, a private foundation agreed to furnish the windmills, provided the earlier sponsors did indeed support their share.

The problem now is that the original cost-sharers have withdrawn their promised backing. Thus, the \$50,000 donation for the four windmills and associated equipment probably will be lost to rural Alaska.

It is hoped that the feasibility sponsored by the National Science Foundation and the continued efforts of the University to obtain financial support for demonstration plants will eventually result in the installation of windmills in interested and suitable Alaskan rural communities, thereby generating low-cost (in the long run) power from locally available free fuel (the wind).

play. Lisa, the youngest of the six Tuzrolyuke children spent hours by herself playing on a hopscotch pattern she had etched in the ice.

On Friday, when her father came in to the tent for dinner, she demanded, "Daddy make me a balloon." Despite his concern about the lost whale, he took the webbed foot that had been cut off an eider and painstakingly extracted the small bones with a quill. It took an hour. Then he blew up the skin and gave Lisa her balloon. In town four-year-old children kissed the visitors unself-consciously when they met them.

Mr. Tuzrolyuke is 49 years old. He has been hunting caribou, polar bear, fox, seal and wolf since his father fell ill when he was 14 and he had to support his family. But the bowhead remains most important to him.

Like the American Bison, the numbers of bowhead whale have been thinned, not by natives hunting for food, but by whites seeking commercial profit. In the case of the bowhead it was slaughtered in great numbers in the 19th century by whaling

crews from New Bedford and Nantucket.

Because of its high blubber content, the bowhead was particularly prized for its oil. In addition, its huge feeding apparatus, called baleen, was used for corsets. The baleen acts as a sieve in the animal's mouth, rejecting anything but plankton.

An international whaling agreement now prevents anyone but Eskimos from hunting for the bowhead, which can be as much as 65 feet in length and 65 tons in weight. But just how decimated the species is a matter of some controversy. The Rare Animal Relief Effort, which has been active in trying to save the world's declining whale population, maintains that the bowhead, the blue and the right, are gravely threatened. Other naturalists disagree.

Before accepting the invitation to visit here, Senator Buckley, a birdwatcher and conservationist, was assured by government biologists that subsistence whaling posed no threat to the bowheads. With a week to go in the season seven whales have been taken here.

Prudhoe Bay Camp . . .

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choked off from their other waters which changed paths.

The plane's gradual descent proved another change of scenery. The still brown land was scarred with polygons, geometric designs formed by ice wedges.

The continuous patterns of the polygons over the ice and snow that now covered the terrain made it impossible at times to distinguish whether it be water or land beneath them.

We landed at Deadhorse, which both ironically and conveniently consisted only of a terminal and bank. Inside the terminal were waiting workers who were anxious to depart on a 737 jet also at the airport. A Herc was unloading supplies nearby.

After boarding a bus, flat snow covered land was all one could see that was not sprouting with oil derricks as many in the group expected. There was no wind, which is rare, and the temperature was in the mid twenties. The air was bright with glare, the sky and earth reflecting white making a sometimes indistinguishable horizon.

The group then visited Gas Arctic's facility where pipe both above ground and buried, is tested for permafrost degradation.

Also on the agenda was RCA's earth station equipped with a 10 meter dish receiving microwave radio signals by satellite.

This station is one of three in the state. Others are at the Bartlett Earth Station, Valdez, and Nina Point.

Two more are to be built at Nome and Bethel. Louie Custrini of RCA said there would be approximately 15 more stations built at the end of the year providing "a fail safe system for pipeline construction."

About 60 miles of gravel roads are laid out on the slope. The land is so flat, it would be easy to lose direction. An Atlantic Richfield official admitted he got lost once but was too embarrassed to call in for help.

The group also saw the dock facility where barges were still frozen in the ice, the pipeline yard where 160 miles "of the most photographed pipes are stored" and a building where the pipe is coated for either

above or below ground special treatment.

There are also two producers which supply most of the cement for construction located on the slope.

Prudhoe Bay's "National Forest" (one tree) in British Petroleum's new \$21 million base camp, which is to open June 13, was also visited. BP's base camp is built on 40 feet of steel and concrete piling extending partially into the 2,000 feet of permafrost.

Inside the complex, which is colorfully carpeted and painted, are 140 beds, a swimming pool, sauna, theater, conference room, and recreation facilities including pool and ping pong tables among other games. The complex has its own power, sewer and water plants. It also has a glassed in sun deck 200 by 50 feet.

We ate at the Atlantic Richfield base camp, itself a \$12 million 215 bed structure with its own hangar and similar facilities at BP's. It's called the "Hilton of the Slope." Twenty-eight Eskimos mostly from the Barrow area, are non-unionized employees of ARCO. Liquor is not allowed on the Slope.

Sights along the tour also included a refinery and several ground squirrels that were probably wondering what in the heck went on during their recent hibernation.

Prudhoe Bay is divided into two sections, the western operated by BP and the eastern, operated by ARCO, for 11 other participating oil companies. It is estimated that it contains recoverable reserves of 916.6 billion barrels of oil and 26 trillion cubic feet of gas.

Before returning to Fairbanks the F-27 followed part of the proposed gas route of Alaskan Arctic Gas, a consortium of 27 Canadian and Alaskan gas companies. Off the coastline tremendous and threatening looking pressure ridges of ice were seen.

We turned back, circled Prudhoe Bay, and returned by the oil pipeline route, passing over the icy blue and brown polygons scratched deep by the wind. We passed frozen and flowing rivers, glaciated bluffs, the pipeline road, mountains and hills. We passed from Alaska's late winter back to its early summer.

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