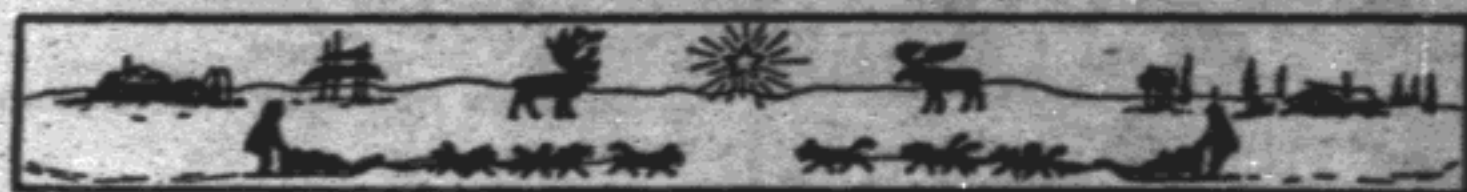


"I may not agree with a word you say but I will defend unto death your right to say it." - Voltaire

Tundra Times



Owned, controlled and edited by Eskimo, Indian, Aleut Publishing Company, a corporation of Alaska natives. Published at Fairbanks, Alaska, weekly, on Friday.

Address all mail to Box 1287, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701. Telephone 452-2244.

Entered at the Post Office at Fairbanks, Alaska, as second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Eskimo, Indian, Aleut Publishing Co., Inc. Board of Directors Executive Committee: Howard Rock, president; Thomas Richards, vice president; Clara Anderson, secretary, Jimmy Bedford, comptroller; Mrs. Ralph Perdue, assistant secretary. HOWARD ROCK, editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Regular Mail (including Alaska, Canada and other states)	1 Year \$ 8.00	6 Months \$ 4.50
Air Mail (including Alaska, Canada and other states)	1 Year \$19.00	6 Months \$10.00

HISTORY IN THE MAKING . . .

(Continued from page 1)

native leaders were concerned, and many of them with limited education, there was something admirable about the way they stood equal to the test. They showed toughness—sometimes with unbending attitudes when they thought that such stands might serve the end results. They stood their ground even in the face of a threatening backlash that was attempted in the process. They hung tough and probably lost a few friends in doing so. They also gained friends and admiration for their perseverance and efforts to gain justifiable results—and all this with unselfish motives in trying to mold a good future for their children and those that will come after them. This is the mark of good leadership, that if their efforts meet with justice in the future, history could well record them as leaders who fought well for their future generations.

There is much work to be done as yet, however, as far as the land question is concerned. There could be knotty areas to overcome. There will be times when our best minds will be subjected to difficult tests but we have confidence that our leaders will rise up to the occasion and that their mental capacities to work for the right will prevail.

All those concerned are in the agreement that there is now a good climate in which to work—that there will be a necessity for compromises. These will be the areas that will require clear thinking and farsightedness. The "good climate" in these areas should prove to be the most valuable asset in arriving at meaningful changes.

It should also be remembered that the Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall intends to go on record as champion of the Indian rights. He also said, that in many respects, the native people of Alaska have been "treated worse" than other native peoples elsewhere. Also, we believe, Secretary Udall stands to be the first Interior Secretary in history to ever undertake the difficult problem of attempting to help solve the land question in Alaska since the Act of 1884.

And there is, of course, the State of Alaska through the concurrence of Governor Walter J. Hickel that has helped to create an atmosphere of cooperation as presented by State Attorney General Edgar Boyko the amazingly liberalized view of the State towards the land claims problem.

The stage has been set for the three-way cooperative effort to draft a land bill that, hopefully, will be acceptable to all concerned. Among many others, we will be watching the deliberative efforts of the tripartite—watching that fairness prevails. It should not come out otherwise because the all-important effort could be recorded as one of the most forward looking milestones in the history of the United States and it could be no less in importance in the history of Alaska.

Grandmothers Are Fat, 42, and Are Good Cooks

WHAT IS GRANDMOTHER? This is a question asked of youngsters at the Dr. Patrick I. O'Rourke Children's Center who have Foster Grandparents assigned to them through one of the programs operated by the Warwick (Rhode Island) Community Action, Inc.

Here are some of the answers:

ANTHONY—"They put you to bed and say good night and say your prayers."

DEBRA—"Grandmothers are people. You have fun with them and run around a lot. They make you be good so you won't bug everybody else."

RICKY—"They take care of you, cook good things to eat, like children. Lots of times they take you out someplace. They drink tea and mothers drink coffee. They are slower than mothers, but they are good."

RUSSELL—"Grandmothers are fat ladies. They are nice and they hug you. They are 42 years old. They take care of you when your mother can't. They have big children, but they like you best of all. They make you laugh."

Foster Grandparents is a Community Action Program that trains men and women 60 years of age and over to work as substitute parents for institutionalized, neglected and deprived children.

Letters to the Editor

5233 N. Kenmore
Apt. 305
Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 23, 1967

Dear Editor:

After thoroughly going through the last paper you mailed to me, I've decided to subscribe and renew my subscription.

The small article the kids wrote in your paper really gave me a warm feeling, (kids in Anaktuvuk Pass) as I am from Anaktuvuk Pass myself.

City life is very much different and hard to get used to. Especially if you are from a small village.

The paper you send weekly has always been a welcome sight to me and where I see my Alaskan friends.

Here is hoping all Alaskans had a wonderful Thanksgiving.

Sincerely yours,
Joe Mekiana

Poetry—

From—
THE WRITERS READER
(The Institute of American Indian Arts)

Entanglement

Spiderweb drapes itself
carelessly across the void
that is Time.
Extinction lurks...
ever waiting.
Happy wings of laughter
float into the enfolding
lace.
And innocence does not
escape...
untouched.

—L. SHARON BURNETTE

Canada Eskimo Rues Losing of Language

(Editor's Note: Early last month, Victor Allen, an Eskimo, living in Inuvik, N.W.T., addressed the Fourth National Northern Resources Conference on the theme of Man and the North held in Edmonton, Alberta. Allen's address was printed in full in THE DRUM of Inuvik. The following is an excerpt from the speech on the subject of language of the Eskimos.)

By VICTOR ALLEN
Inuvik, N.W.T.

I love my language. The Eskimo language is a good language. As a friend of mine recently wrote, "The Eskimo language is big. If an Eskimo were a Professor, he can produce great thoughts to his pupils. He can explain his cultural identity and his responsibility to his mother tongue."

Our language tells us who we are. With our language our children will always remember who they are. We have something truly to be proud of.

The language and the culture of the Indian and Eskimo peoples of the Northwest Territories should be taught in our schools. Many of our older people would be happy to serve as teachers for a few hours a week.

We are worried about the future of our children. Today, our children have a good chance. They don't know hard times. They don't know starvation. Lucky for them because nine out of ten of them can't set a snare or back a fish net. But there are many children going to school. Will there be work for them when they leave school? And how about the drop-outs, the in-betweens. There are many drop-outs from our northern schools. These children need help, personal interest and maybe even special counsellors.

But we are worried that if there is no jobs for them all our children can't go back to the bush. My wife and I could go back to the bush tomorrow and live pretty well—maybe not have much money, but we'd have food and be warm. Our children can't go back and we are worried about this.

My wife's grandmother she has said how it is. About kids coming home from school without their language and not knowing how to make a living off the country, she said:

"They'll have open eyes, but they'll be blind up here." This is an important thing to us. My uncle, Abe Ogpik, who was the first Eskimo Councillor for the Northwest Territories said on this:

"We need our language to keep us happy together. If we lose our language, we lose our responsibility. There are only a few Eskimos but millions of whites, just like mosquitoes."

"It is something very special to be an Eskimo. They are like Snow Geese. If an Eskimo forgets his language and ways, he will be nothing but just another mosquito."

Mystery—

Turkey Price Hike Rankles Whitehorse

The sign over the turkeys in a local store Saturday shouted "Compare!" Always willing to oblige, we stopped and looked. The price per pound was 10 cents more than the price per pound for turkeys advertised in this week's Fairbanks newspapers, where the Alaskans are preparing for their American Thanksgiving dinners. Elsewhere in town, turkeys were 20 cents a lb. higher than the Fairbanks price.

Having been invited to "compare," we took the trouble to pass this disconcerting bit of information along to the manager. "How come?" we asked but he had no answer. Strange that a city nearly 700 miles farther for freighting purposes should be able to sell the same brand of turkey for so much less. Particularly when that city is famous for its high cost of living, and workers there have to be paid so much more than ours for that very reason!

It wasn't just the turkey...other staple food items are less in Fairbanks stores; some sell sugar at half the price we are paying. Why?

We stored it away with other unsolved mysteries which pop up to haunt us from time to time: Why, for instance, does a leg of lamb cost 85 cents in New Zealand and \$8.00 here? We checked, and even if it were mailed across the Pacific by parcel post, it would still add only \$1.95 to the original retail price of 85 cents. That's right, 85 cents, and we don't mean per pound. Granted that's New Zealand dollars, so the Canadian equivalent is perhaps \$1.15.

Somebody is taking a great big slice out of our turkey, and we want to know who.

—The WHITEHORSE STAR