

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

Tundra Times



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SACKETT'S SUMMARY AFN Delegates Should Be Heard More

By JOHN SACKETT

Definitely the most crucial period of the Alaska Federation of Natives life will occur at the next state convention, that will be held in Anchorage after the land claims bill is passed.

The convention will be called as a convening of a recess of the recent AFN Convention.

Conventions, because of what they are, are very difficult to organize and handle. Usually, be it a stockholders meeting or a gathering of a fraternal organization, one finds little participation of the delegates and much input by the board of directors who initially organized the gathering. While the AFN Convention in Fairbanks contained many of these elements, the delegates become disturbed and frustrated with their almost total lack of participation—to the extent of nearly walking away forever.

This grave danger must be eliminated by listening to the village delegates. It is just once a year that these delegates have the opportunity to participate and perhaps this is as close as we will ever come to hearing the village people. While there is a necessity of explaining the latest developments on the national or state-wide scene, either for information for the body or the necessity of self preservation as a leader, the need for two-way communication far surpasses all other priorities.

The delegates aren't opposed to the leaders or the president's direction and I'm sure they feel a great appreciation for their efforts, as was seen by the decision to follow the past direction of the leaders in the technical solution of a claims settlement. They know full well that there are many subtle and sophisticated methods that must be used in order to obtain a bill in Congress.

But as constructive criticism by way of a suggestion, we must listen to one another and implement the basic elements of asking, listening, and responding; otherwise, we have no purpose as a brotherhood.

'Our Weapon Is Truth'

"Our weapon is truth. Our troops are everywhere. The West and Midwest are politically key areas.

"Let us begin by establishing a Truth Network which we can activate any place, any where, any time."

—Peter MacDonald, Navaho Tribal Chairman



NATIVE LUNCHEON—DNH president Tim Wallis finishes his meal at a fund raising lunch held by the Fairbanks Native Association last week. The FNA, known for its annual pot-lashes, held the luncheon to raise funds for center activities. In the background, FNCC staffers attend the native dine-in.

Satellite Radio

SATELLITE RADIO BROADCAST SCHEDULE NOVEMBER 1971

MORNING HOURS:

10:00—11:00 a.m. or
9:00—10:00 a.m.

EVENING HOURS:

6:00—7:00 p.m. (ADT)
or 5:00 to 6:00 p.m.

NOVEMBER 1:

EVENING: AFN Convention Special: A series of audio excerpts from the October 8, 9 and 10 AFN Convention in Fairbanks. Part I.

NOVEMBER 2:

EVENING: AFN Convention special: Part II.

NOVEMBER 3:

EVENING: AFN Convention Special: Part III.

NOVEMBER 4:

EVENING: Program Planning

NOVEMBER 5:

EVENING: CROSSROADS IN TIME: Documentary of Alaskan Athabascans, Part I—Alaska's First Native People."

NOVEMBER 8:

MORNING: Social Studies Classroom.

EVENING: CROSSROADS IN TIME, Part II. "Village Life Before and Just After the White Man."

NOVEMBER 9:

MORNING: Social Studies Classroom.

EVENING: Doctor's Talk.

NOVEMBER 10:

EVENING: CROSSROADS IN TIME, Part III "High School and Beyond": a look at a village high school.

NOVEMBER 11:

EVENING: CROSSROADS IN TIME, Part IV. "Native Organizations: the history of native organizations and land claims."

NOVEMBER 12:

EVENING: CROSSROADS IN TIME, Part V. "Athabaskan Future"—Athabaskan opinions and philosophy about their future.

NOVEMBER 15:

EVENING: Program Planning Discussion.

NOVEMBER 16:

MORNING: Story Telling Hour Classroom.

EVENING: Doctor's Talk.

NOVEMBER 17:

MORNING: Story Telling Hour Classroom.

EVENING: In Service Training: Part I. "Early Evolution in Life."

NOVEMBER 18:

EVENING: "Early Evolution in Life." Part II.

NOVEMBER 19:

EVENING: Local News Hour.

NOVEMBER 22:

MORNING: Local News Hour Classroom.

EVENING: Program Planning Discussion.

NOVEMBER 23:

MORNING: Social Studies Program Classroom.

EVENING: Doctor's Talk.

NOVEMBER 24:

MORNING: Social Studies Program Classroom.

EVENING: Regional Native Associations "Native Land Claims."

NOVEMBER 25:

THANKSGIVING (no programming).

NOVEMBER 26:

EVENING: Story Telling Hour.

NOVEMBER 29:

MORNING: Youth Forum Classroom.

EVENING: Area Administrators, Teachers.

NOVEMBER 30:

MORNING: Youth Forum Classroom.

EVENING: District Education Association—Teachers.

Poem—

THE BOY FROM THE YUKON

Each year when the wild geese fly north in the spring, they pass over that old Yukon River. The last of the broken ice has floated with the wide water toward the sea. In the silent forests, tiny buds have already appeared on the stems of wild roses. The spruce are forever green. But the poplar leaves have spread, and flap, now, in a breeze that breathes of summer.

Thus in the world around him the boy had watched the changing year. See that dark trail along the bank? Many times he walked here, heard the murmuring water. And there through the brush and along the trees he often went with his rifle. Suddenly a moose roared into the day. He stopped, listened... watching.

When the sagging spruce boughs rustled and the poplar and birch leaves fluttered, he sometimes stood near the gray-green water—seeing in this mighty river some answer to life. Often he halted, half in awe, a little fearful, when the plaintive barking of a fox rose in the quiet day.

He was straight and lithe, with dark eyes that glanced at a faded track here, saw there a streak of brown hide.

When the swift autumn was passing, when the orange sun was bright in a clear sky, and the poplar leaves faded yellow, his campfire burned near the river, and the spruce smoke rose off, twisting and curling into the day.

In the land to the south, in civilization, he knew of tall buildings and the pushing, concrete highway. Somehow he saw with this some adventure. For he knew only a scant history of his people...the Athabascans. And he was nearly as eager for the mixture of food in packages and cans from the store, as for the meals of dried moose meat and smoked salmon. And among the denims, plaid shirts, sweaters and jackets, and even among the clean cut, form fitting clothing the girls were wearing, he saw some sparkle from other times...

Always they seemed more vivid...skin moccasins with colorful beadwork, the rich, fur parkas, the caribou mukluks, with soles of smoked moose hide. And he listened to the stories of the old people of the caribou skin tents, skin tanning, duck hunting, fishing, the ever present fear of wolves. And he pictured the old life, of hardship, beauty and danger.

But in the years when he tramped this land, he saw white snow spread across the hills after summer faded. One winter day was like many other winter days. Behind the sled, with the dogs pulling strong, he trotted, rode and pushed. He followed the landmarks he knew, along the frozen Yukon, a trail between shadow and valley. Soon the sun was fading, and a stark chill was strong in the air. Suddenly, the bright moon was rising; and tiny stars gleamed like silver fires, across the dark sky.

Still he kept to the trail of sled runners and dog tracks, along the river bed, and he watched the overhanging brush. Then he saw a finger of land, almost like an island, projecting above the level river bed, and he cut up over the bank, between the slender poplars. Beyond the slope, he saw the village of log cabins, with the yellow lights of kerosene lamps and candles glowing in the windows, and smoke rising like grey shafts in the moonlights.

Sometimes, after dark, he stepped outside the cabin, looked upward, and saw the beauty in the misted lights and red and green, yellow, blue and orange that spread, faintly gleaming, across the northern sky.

I wonder if his traps dangle, unused, by the cabin door? And how long will his rifle hang on the wall, with no one to carry it? And does his lead Husky still sulk through the village, in its half wild mind a half a memory of love?

A woman, with tired lines in her deep face and braids of greying hair touching her shoulders, sat one winter evening near the single fire in her cabin. The cold, silent, winter dusk had gathered over the bare twigs, along the banks of the frozen Yukon. Suddenly, she heard the slide of runners on the snow. She started, stood. The door opened quickly, and like the days of good times he walked with a light step across the floor, smiling, carrying his rifle.

Outside, silver clouds floated above the dark, pointed spruce. Snow was hidden in shadows, and the Huskies rested in their harnesses, with frost along their ears, steam rising from their coats, and their tongues rolling. The sled was loaded, bulged with piles of glossy pelts; inside the boy was half laughing, talking in quick sentences, with his arm around the old woman.

Sometimes, while he was growing up, in the night he would awaken—a wolf howl—he, quiet, listening, sitting upright on his bunk...with cupped hand shading his eyes from the bright moonlight, as he watched through the frosted window.

Yonder, beyond the Yukon flats, his snowshoes cut a trail among the naked birch and along the frozen marsh, as he stopped here at the sinew snare, there near the deadfall of propped and balanced logs, and he never halted at the hill crest, only glanced where the steel trap was buried beneath spread leaves and finely sprinkled snow. Wolf tracks had circled, but the trap jaws were still spread, he knew.

Yes, here he has lived. And perhaps his spirit will always walk here. Spring, again, and once more the wild geese fly toward the Arctic. Dried leaves have rustled, fluttered across the sloping, dead grass that is once more turning a moist green above the roots. The snow is melted and the summer sun blazes across the sky. And yet that old Yukon rolls on, even with the change of people and seasons, that old Yukon rolls on.

By: ROBERT N. ZIMMERMAN
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BLM Pays Firefighters \$4 Million

The Bureau of Land Management this summer paid \$3,444,320 in wages to fire fighters in towns and villages throughout the fire-prone areas of Alaska, Senator Ted Stevens reported.