

"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 Wednesdays.

Address all mail to Box 1287, Fairbanks, Alaska, 99707. Telephone 452-2244.

Second class postage paid at Fairbanks, Alaska 99701.

Eskimo, Indian, Aleut Publishing Co., Inc. Board of Directors, Executive Committee: Chris Anderson, Executive Vice-President and Chairman of the Board; Mary Jane Fate, First Vice-President; Betti Farni, Second Vice-President; Jim Immel, Treasurer; Jimmy Bedford, Assistant Treasurer; Toni Jones, Secretary; Daphne Gustafson, Assistant Secretary

Founded and edited by HOWARD ROCK, from October 1, 1962 until April 20, 1976.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Regular Mail (including Alaska, Canada and other states)	1 year \$15.00 6 months \$8.50
Air Mail (including Alaska, Canada and other states)	1 year \$35.00 6 months \$20.00

EDITORIAL

A Great Achievement

(Reprinted from Tundra Times, October 28, 1966)

The delegates of the Statewide Native Conference in Anchorage last week came from all parts of Alaska from the Arctic to the Panhandle. The main thought in their minds, perhaps, might have been that of unity among the organizations from all geographical areas of the state. Some of the people may have had some misgivings that unity among them would be achieved. Others may have been confident that this would be attained.

When the conference got underway, it was inevitable that the main subject was to be the land question. This was a familiar ground of which the delegates knew well—a something in common to all of them. This fact, more than any other problems on hand, was the main motivating reason from which the Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos achieved unity and a common cause. The urgency and the gravity of it left no room for factionalism. The very seriousness of it was too great and whatever factionalism that might have existed fell by the wayside. It lent no hindrance to the conferees who worked hard to thrash out solutions for their problems. They worked in harmony while leaving ample room for thorough discussions and to iron out whatever differences they had and voting on the conclusions they produced.

The Anchorage conference became significant as the setting for impressive talent shown by the Aleuts, Eskimos, and Indians. This was manifest in their speeches—in their ability to tackle highly technical phases of varied problem areas. It made the conference the success it was. The work that was put forth by the Native leaders was highly creditable indeed and the people at home in all areas of Alaska can be justly proud of the men and women they picked to represent them.

When the conference was over, there was no doubt that unity of the Native organizations had been achieved, a fact that has been long sought by our people. We feel that what has been gained can live on because the leadership is there to help perpetuate it. It is what we have been desiring all along. It is a hard-fought achievement. It is worth keeping because the strength it represents will be invaluable in helping us to gain the benefits we all wish for our people.

— H.R.

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Ten years have elapsed since the preceding editorial appeared in this newspaper, yet our editor's faith in the strength of the unified Alaska Federation of Natives has been repeatedly reaffirmed in the accomplishments of the organization in its role as an advocate for all of the Alaska Native people. The most obvious and most heralded achievement is the settlement of Alaska Native Land Claims. Other great benefits are evident in improvement of health care, education opportunities, employment, and greater self-control by Alaska Native people of their own affairs. The Tundra Times congratulates the A.F.N. on its many victories of the past decade and encourages the entire Alaska Native community to pledge support to A.F.N. as it begins to address the challenges of the next decade.

Letters from Here and There

Janet G. Alexander

7804 34th Ave. East
Tacoma, Wash. 98443

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it if you would put something in the paper about Janet G. Alexander. She used to live up there with Earl D. Alexander for quite a few years and they taught the Eskimos in Point Hope, Noorvik and Gambell, St. Lawrence Island. I was with them in Point Hope, Alaska and in Noorvik, Alaska. I am their daughter, Mary Louise Farrington. Earl D. Alexander died March 17, 1974. Here is what I would like you to say in the paper:

Janet G. Alexander
Mrs. Earl D. Alexander (Janet), of 7805 34th Ave. East, Tacoma, died Thursday, Sept. 23, 1976. She was born Feb. 25, 1902 in Springfield, Ill., youngest child of James and Anne Galford. She had lived in Tacoma 16 years. She was a graduate of the State College of Iowa. She and her deceased husband, Earl Alexander, spent most of their teaching career in Government Service, eight years with the Navajos at Shiprock, N.M.; and 15 years with the Eskimos in Alaska, Point Hope, Noorvik and Gambell on St. Lawrence Island where Janet was teacher, nurse and general welfare worker.

She was a member of the National Association of Re-

tired Federal Employees, an active worker in the United Methodist Church in Puyallup, Wash. She belonged to Waller Road Grange and Garden Club. Survivors include: a daughter, Mrs. Woodrow M. Farrington (Mary Louise); four granddaughters, Janet, Mary Lynn, Rosalyn and Cynthia Farrington; a son-in-law Woodrow Farrington; two sisters, Mary Galford of Clear Lake, Iowa and Evelyn Kennedy of Tallahassee, Fla.

I want to thank you very much for printing this. This way her many friends in Alaska might know of her passing away, especially in these villages that she was at.

Sincerely,
Mary Louise Farrington

Oct. 3, 1976
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216

Dear Editor:

I hope to begin publishing a magazine about Russian Orthodoxy, called "Orthodox America," very soon. It will come out quarterly and will be free, but I know that the general content of your newspaper is different so I thought I'd write and ask if this magazine would be at all helpful for you to know about and read once in a while. It will contain articles and other consideration of special interest to Alaskans, so it should be harmonious with your general field of interest.

If you would be interested in receiving this magazine, which, as I say, will be quarterly and free, just drop me a note, post-card, etc. asking to be included on the mailing list. If, at any time, you find that it isn't useful to you, I'll remove your name the same way.

Sincerely yours,
Vasili G. Shallcross
257 Shadowlawn Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216

POEM

*In the battle that goes on through life
I ask but a field that is fair
A chance that is equal with all in strife
And to dare*

*And if I should win
Let this be my code
With my faith and my honor
held high*

*And if I should lose
Let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by.*

—author unknown

BOOK REVIEW

Veteran salmon-packer Larry Freeburn provides a nostalgic look at the evolution of Alaska's earliest fishing industry in a new book released this month by Alaska Northwest Publishing Company. THE SILVER YEARS, a remarkable album of more than 400 collector's photos, period advertisements and journal reports, records the history of Alaska's canned salmon industry from late 19th century through its heyday to its present state of decline.

Photographs contained in the 168-page softbound book were collected together from numerous private sources and portray fishing gear, crews and vessels, cannery workers, plants and successive "last words" in equipment, and the romantic ships that transported the product to market.

What nature appears to lay out for the asking—and a little hard work—has bred many "fevers" in Alaska. Though the symptoms of gold fever are described most thoroughly in print, the dizzying search for other colors of natural wealth has been equally intense.

None has demanded greater risk, heightened more dreams, fostered more heroism—or cussedness—or filled and then emptied more pockets than the commercial pursuit of silvery fish.

THE SILVER YEARS, also being issued to members of the

Alaska Geographic Society as one of the quarterly numbers of ALASKA GEOGRAPHIC, is available in either book or GEOGRAPHIC format in many fine bookstores or may be requested from the publisher, Box 4-EEE, Anchorage, Alaska 99509. Single copies are \$7.95.

In Memoriam—

KESHORNA

*How cold the sword about you,
Keshorna,
Glinting frosts, swirling drifts
of snow,
Driven by unfeeling wind!*

*Then a brief respite of a single
moon, whence
The great sun traverses the sky
around,
Defying the accustomed horizon,
nourishing therefore,
A cluster of forget-me-nots that
burst into a soulstirring blue
upon your simple Arctic grave.*

*How slight and frail you were,
But you faced with humble
courage*

*The unkind elements, that were
your lot,
And, thus, emerged triumphant
With a generous share of love
for your fellow man.*

*I was blessed with deeper love
You bestowed upon me,
Keshorna.
Love, divinely tender,*

*Love that seemed caressed with
a touch of heaven.*

*Recollections fail me now.
You uttered no words of
endearment,
But I remember well a
gentle hug,
Adoring light within your eyes
that told me of love more
than ten thousands words.*

*How cold the sword about you,
Keshorna.
Glinting frosts, swirling drifts
of snow,
Driven by unfeeling wind!*

*However cold your resting place,
My heart within me whispers,
"Your rest is blessed in quiet
peace.*

*Because you gave so well your
love
To your fellow man and me,
A sign to you, Keshorna."*

—HOWARD ROCK