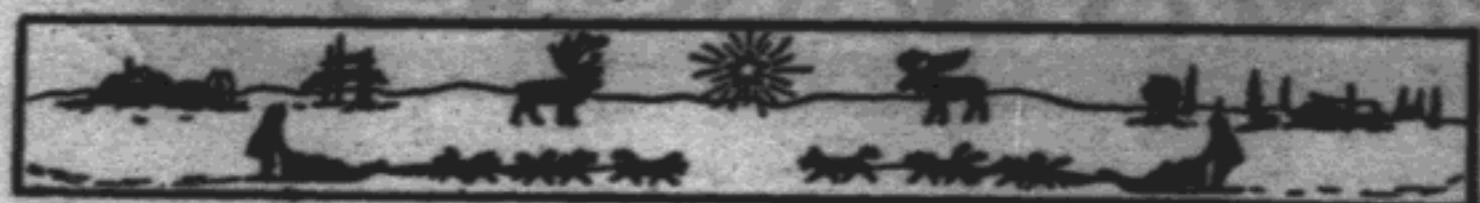


"I may not agree with a word you say but I will defend unto death your right to say it." - Voltaire

# Tundra Times



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## Editorial—

# Fairbanks ... Dressy and Proud

Five months ago, the City of Fairbanks was hit by the greatest flood in its history. On just about any of its streets, motor boats of all descriptions roared up and down rescuing thousands of stranded people to evacuation centers. When the floodwaters finally receded, the city wallowed in dirty, brown mud for days and months. Power was off for a long time. Homes and business buildings were without heat for long periods and people lived and worked in clammy, damp rooms. Great many of them caught rasping colds that lingered on and on. But work they did—and it was probably the hardest physical effort they have ever made. In doing so, they did a great job and the city recovered in great style to meet the approaching winter.

During the last few weeks, the City of Fairbanks made another great effort—this time to dress and primp for the holidays. Another great job and now the city is shining like a multi-colored jewel during the short winter days and long nights. Frost and snow are on the light streamers making them all the more beautiful—the beauty that reflects the fine spirit of the people who would not bow to adversity.

## Letters to the Editor

Beaver, Alaska 99724  
December 5, 1967

Tundra Times  
Box 1287  
Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

Dear Sir:

We want to thank you for publishing the picture of our son, Lindell H. Page, in your popular Alaskan native newspaper, Vol. 5, No. 99, dated December 1, 1967.

The school pupils and school staff members look forward each week to the arrival of the paper. In addition to the many news articles we often see newsworthy reports on acquaintances and friends in other communities of Alaska. One of which we remember with elation was the article concerning the appointment of Mrs. Nora Guinn as a District Judge for the 4th Judicial District of Alaska.

Your weekly newspaper is a unifying and uplifting medium which is doing much to promote pride in the native Alaskan. Such promotion advances this necessary ingredient of pride with greater speed and certainty when it gets encouragement from more than a few sources. Alaskan natives are on the move with your paper one of their foremost incentives.

Nelson M. Page

## LETTERS to EDITOR

Akhiok Village  
December 11, 1967

Dear Sir:

Please put this article in your Tundra Times.

Our many thanks and appreciation for the help of Frank R. Peterson and Ralph L. Eluska and the whole staff of Alaska State Community Action Program.

Also DeWayne Marley and the staff of Public Health and Welfare service.

And Thomas Pillifant and the whole staff of Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Sincerely,  
Akhiok Village Council  
Walter Simeonoff, President

Nulato, Alaska  
December 14, 1967

Dear Editor:

United States mail is pretty valuable. At least that's the way it was when we carried it with dogteam.

When you sign your name on a contract to deliver it a certain day or so, at least that's the way it was when we carried it with dogteam. Lot of times we risked our lives in the spring and fall, but it just had to go.

Since the airplane started to carry the mail here in the Bush 30 years, the mail is always late—and seems like no one gives a damn.

I carried the mail between Ruby and Nulato, 100 miles, six days a week for six and a half months I never was

(Continued on page 6)

## Poetry— This Is The Reason

Such a pretty day!  
Sun casts slanting shadows  
All across the way—  
Crackling crisp December  
air—  
Glaciers fill up all the  
hollows  
Creek—grown, layer after  
layer—

(And my love is everywhere)

Such a lovely day!  
Swarms of tiny birds in  
search of feed;  
Lofty tops are full of  
cones and seed—  
Branches of the white-bark-  
ed birch  
Stretching out in silent  
prayer—

(And my love is everywhere)

Face of earth a smiling  
trust  
Open to the blessings of  
the season  
And beneath her wintry  
crust  
Beats her steady pulse.  
This is the reason,

Why the clean December air,  
Hollows filled and birch  
in prayer,  
Veering birds without a care,  
And my love are  
everywhere..

Christmas 67  
By RUTH KILCHER

# Magic of Santa ...

(Continued from page 1)

of them wondered whether they might be able to see him for themselves. Some surprised their fathers and mothers by asking to bring in wood or a block of snow to melt for drinking water. Christmas Eve—that was the time Santa travelled.

"What's got into you, son? Why are you so suddenly wanting to help around here?" queried the parents.

"I don't know, mother, but can I get some wood for you?"

The boy's mother chuckled and told the little boy to go ahead. When the youngster got outside, the night was dark and cold. It was around 30 below zero and a 25-mile wind was blowing, drifting some snow. The sky was clear and the stars shone brightly.

With a feeling of excited expectancy, the boy scanned the heavens from horizon to horizon hoping to see Santa Claus driving his team of reindeer across the sky. The youngster spent several minutes looking but Santa was nowhere to be seen.

"I think it's too cold for him" thought the boy. "It's too cold. He can freeze his nose and cheeks. Why does it have to be so cold?"

He quickly gathered three or four pieces of chopped wood that were partially covered by drifting snow and hurried inside.

"Is that all you got—those four little pieces?" the mother asked teasingly. "I thought you said you'd bring in some wood."

"That's all I could find because the drifting snow has covered them," the boy answered.

"You better go to bed now. Come on children, go to bed now. Tomorrow is Christmas Day, you know," the mother said firmly.

The boy slid into his sleeping bag. He had trouble getting to sleep. Every so often, he glanced at the stovepipe that went up and out through the roof.

"He can't come down that little stovepipe," thought the youngster, sadly. "If he did somehow, he would have trouble finding the stove door the way father built it. I wish—we had..."

The boy finally went fast asleep.

Then quite early the next morning he awoke with a start, suddenly remembering that it was Christmas Day. The igloo was dark. Apprehensively, he called out in a muffled voice, "Mother, can I light the kerosene Lamp?"

To his surprise, his mother answered softly, "Yes, son, you may light the lamp."

The boy dressed quickly. He groped in the darkness toward a little shelf where the matches were kept. He struck one so he could see the lamp that hung on a hook. He lifted it and set it on the cold oblong-shaped stove his father had made from an oil drum.

He almost stumbled against something on the floor by the stove. He lit the lamp impatiently. When the flame caught, he put up more wick and the yellow light of the kerosene lamp glowed in the igloo.

The boy looked around cautiously—and then!

There, on the floor beside the stove, were several packages, in a pile. He wondered. He thought he shouldn't get excited but there was a tingle of excitement within him. Could it be that Santa Claus had come after all? He looked unbelievably up and down the stovepipe.

"Son, perhaps one of those packages has your name on it," the boy's mother said casually while his father, who had awakened also, smiled. "If one has, why don't you open it?"

Indeed there was one with his name boldly written. The package was wrapped in simple brown paper. The youngster opened it, and to his wondrous surprise, there was a little gray shirt, a pair of blue dungerees, a package of hard candy, a pair of caribou mittens and a pair of caribou mukluks.

By this time, the boy's brothers and sisters were awake. They noisily and excitedly dressed and crowded around the packages.

"Wait, you!" the boy interrupted. "You can't read. I can. This one has your name on it. This one is for you, and..."

The parents smiled and watched quietly as the children happily opened their Christmas packages.

When he finished passing out the gifts, the boy picked up his presents. He couldn't take his eyes off of them. Santa Claus had come during the night after all!

"He must be a very clever man," thought the youngster. "He must be like a medicine man. Maybe that's why he can come down through that little stovepipe. Santa Claus is a very clever man. He can even make caribou mittens and mukluks."

The youngster fondled the gifts he had received. He smelled the newness of the little shirt and the dungerees. He tried on his caribou mittens and they fitted just right. He turned momentarily away from his parents.

"You are my very best friend, Santa Claus," he murmured very softly.