

"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 542-2244.

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; Mrs. Ralph Perdue, secretary; Jimmy Bedford, comptroller; Mary Jane Fate, corresponding 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

## 'Leadership— Who Claims'

Grand Camp  
ALASKA NATIVE BROTHERHOOD  
(Organized 1912)

(This letter-head is used only to identify this writer.  
WLP, Jr.)

### LEADERSHIP—WHO CLAIMS 3-3-71

The Tlingits (southeastern Alaska) have a law which works backward—if one asserts his high-caste, he loses it. In other words, he loses what he grasps. That was my reaction as I read the editorial of the TUNDRA TIMES of February 24th berating a statement of Charles Edwardson, Jr. which would have been forgotten virtually at once.

What did he say? "My people would like to see no oil development." Considering the consequences which the editor should have seen more than EIGHT years ago when this Lazarus awoke from his hibernation to find that the greedy animals were in possession with both hooves in the trough and the black juice dripping from their composite snouts, what would you call such an animal?

We can rule out a claim of second guessing by the editor by pointing out the fact that he is an important factor in seducing the equitable owners of the land without which there would be no "gushoos" snooting for oil (the Tlingit word for "pig" inoffensive because nobody much knew this word for "pig.")

But getting back to "leadership" under whose banner, the editor reposes, while the "lemmings" (rodents as per Webster) rush madly perchance "politely" to their own destruction. Why berate Cain for selling his birthright for mush when by truth both morally and legally the Eskimos of the North Slope own the land from time immemorial. A simple complaint filed in any justice court alleging trespass could demonstrate such ownership? Has any such leader editorially or otherwise advocated such recourse? It takes nerve of course to face such a wildboar with no weapon except a book. The "sane" and "polite" solution of the editor meets the unanimous approval of the British Petroleum, Limited, but who else?

There would be no fight but for a corporation whose stockholders happen to be aborigines sans oil potentials except on the same basis of what Edwardson called "pigs." There would be no division among the aborigines IF each group claimed its own and only its own. What aboriginal right does the Cook Inlet Brotherhood Corporation have to North Slope oil? If the members ever had any, they lost it when they incorporated. In any case, why don't they fight for the oil in Cook Inlet, e.g. Kenai?

What right does Don R. Wright, an otherwise dedicated leader who hails from Nenana several hundred miles from Prudhoe Bay, have to its oil? With the exception of two men, both North Slopers, not a single one of the elected "leaders" of the A.F.N. have the slightest claim to North Slope.

Why do they fall for the dead-fall trap baited with larceny. "We should get 25% of the Billion Dollars" says Bethel because we have 1/4 of the aboriginal population by which North Slope should get 5%. Fight for your own, Mr. Bethel, be it little or large. As for the "leader-after-the-fact," stand on a principle several times repeated by all courts, towit, THE LAND OCCUPIED BY MY ANCESTORS IS MINE. FIGHT FOR IT.

—WILLIAM L. PAUL, SR. of the Stikeens

## Native Poetry Being Sought

Poetry contributions are being sought for an All American Indian Issue of BLEB Poetry Magazine. The issue will be edited by Georgetta Stonefish Ryan, a Delaware Indian from the Moravian Indian Reserve in Canada. The issue will be limited to

poetry by American Indians (and Eskimos.) Payment will be in copies.

Contributions should be sent with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BLEB, Box 322, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036.

## Letters from Here and There

Eielson, Alaska  
Feb. 27, 1971

Tundra Times,  
Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Friend:

In 1953, that's 17 years ago, I started having trouble keeping a job on account of the union here in Fairbanks. In 1952, I worked for Pacific Construction Co. at Seward. That's how I came up here from Nulato 1953. We tore down the old Peerless Coffee Shop. It took us exactly one month. That's when I was pulled off the job when I started on the Chena Building.

Now 17 years later the natives or Indians at Valdez started to have the same trouble I went through. That's how I went to work for USAF.

They sent me to Barter Island. When I got there, they were building a new site. About one hundred men were employed from Fairbanks and not one from Barter Island. Although it was none of my business, I got a hold of Chief Vincent and went to the company about the hire. Next day they hired all available 7 persons. Two were working for Air Force with me.

I also went to Egigig and did the same, put Indians to work.

In 1955, one construction company came to Galena to put up new barracks, mess hall, supply buildings. Job for two years. At the time I was getting ready to go fishing for 13 dogs, when several boys came back from Galena that couldn't get a job on account of the union and that company wouldn't hire Indians, I think because they had trouble with them in Fairbanks. They don't know there were some good workers in some of the villages.

After I put away my fish for the winter, I went up there to Galena... I asked for a carpenter's job. First thing they asked me was, are you in the union. Of course not.

The foreman and I went to the superintendent. He said, try him for 2 days. The second day I got notice I was on steady.

After my son was in the U.S. Army for 3 years, the labor foreman would not hire him because he was not union member. I dropped my hammer. I told the carpenter foreman that I wasn't going to work any longer if they wouldn't hire my son. So they hired him as a carpenter.

After I worked two weeks I started on the labor foreman to hire Indians from the village as I was packing my own lumber which a carpenter was not sup-

## Poem— Midwinter Complaint

Now hunting is past  
and snow reaches my neck,  
the moose shows contempt:  
he browses my shrubs,  
beds down in my drive,  
leaves dung on my steps.  
He paws and snorts,  
challenges my right  
to walk upon the paths  
that I have shoveled.

—OLIVER EVERETTE



pose to do. So I hired 4 men for him.

The next year I started to have trouble with the union workers because I wouldn't join. I was last one laid off and first one to hire. Then they got jealous of me. This is how I finally went to work 1958 at Galena for the U.S. Air Force. I'm still with them. I worked every year since then.

The reason for me writing this is, people don't know what they're talking about. It's not schooling that's keeping us from working. The best workers are the ones that's got no schooling.

Since I started to work 1926 for Alaska Railroad on the Steamer Davis, I always worked hard. They put me on as a waiter because I worked too hard to suit them. But I didn't like it because I always wanted to be a tough guy.

The reason I wrote, or writing this letter, is this is the way the white man is beating us to get high wages, same as the land settlement. They're trying to beat us out of our land. They know they have to settle with us but you know just as well as I do the government is always slow to settle. I myself I don't give a damn. They can wait till I croak, but they can't win. God gave us this land, and now it's time for us to sell it before they spill all the oil over it. We don't care after we sell it.

Best regards to all and good luck. We sure need a lots of luck, especially old man Stickman, Sr.

Fred Stickman, Sr.

P.S. The superintendent took me out to the labor union hall. He said, "I want this man in the union." He said no, I have 300 men on the bench. Good men. My superintendent told him. You send me 6 men I fired all of them. All winos. "This is a good man."

He said sorry.

Three months after that, a student lawyer went up there with me. He said, "I want this man in the union." He said OK. I laid down \$50 and I was in.

February 23, 1971

Senior Class of '71  
Saint Mary's High School  
Saint Mary's, Alaska 99658

Representative Martin Moore  
Alaska State Legislature  
Pouch Y, State Capitol  
Juneau, Alaska 99801

Dear Sir:

We, the Seniors of 1971 of Saint Mary's High School appeal to you for the renewal of the grant through the legislature which was previously funded under Title I for the senior trips to Anchorage, Fairbanks, and Juneau.

Our opinion of the refusal for renewal of this grant is a case of discrimination. The money has not been used for school materials, books, or supplies of anykind, but for the benefit and educational insights that we, individually from the bush, have gained on such educational trips.

We, the Seniors and future graduating classes are the leaders of tomorrow. To that effect, whatever you can do for us as young people will not only be to our benefit, but to the people of the state.

You know that this school has graduated Seniors who have been an unusually high credit to their home villages or towns.

They have become and are becoming the leaders of their villages; are training for much needed positions in the working world; are going to college to become professional teachers, nurses, and so on; and have shown good example to their families, friends, and community in some way.

Seeing that the former graduates were of such high caliber, and that the future shows more promising graduates, we unanimously recommend that you pursue this very profitable experience of the Senior Enrichment Program for the Saint Mary's Seniors. We are confident in your ability to accomplish whatever you can for this Enrichment Program, especially for this year, and the years to come. Thank you for your efforts.

Yours truly,

SENIOR CLASS OF '71  
SAINT MARY'S

Agnes Pete  
Freddie Pete  
Cornelius Dan  
David Friday  
Robert Beans  
Eric Olson  
Mary Ellen Beans  
Rita Ann Paul  
Jenny Andrews  
Louis Paukan  
Marcia Stevens  
Olga Mike  
Ursula Patsy  
Nita Prince  
David Ulroan  
Peter Tuluk  
Jim Akaran  
Ignatius George  
Tony Tangiegak  
Matthew Andrews  
Ignatius Matthias

Newtok, Alaska 99559  
February 8, 1971

Senator Mike Gravel  
United States Senate  
Washington 25, D.C. 20510

Dear Senator Gravel:

In answer to your letter of Jan. 20, I am glad to be kept up to date on your efforts to improve mail service to Alaskans.

I've got two Tundra Times newspaper clippings, which I am sending to you. One is of the Newtok Village Children asking Tundra Times for help for improved mail service (Jan. 13) and the other is of Mr. Andrew Chikoyak of Tununak, a letter written to you (Jan. 20).

I agree this is a small village and is scheduled for mail delivery once a week. The Government is paying Wien Consolidated Airlines good money. It takes only 1 hour and 40 minutes to get here and back to Bethel. But why wait 16 days to get 1 hour and 40 minutes to get here and back.

Like the village children wrote our weather has been good, it really has been good. It is simply that the other end simply refuse to believe our weather whenever it is relayed through the B.I.A. radio. That is also the reason why the children were asking for an airline radio. We (Village People) also know they were flying (by listening to our transmitter shortwave radio) to other villages once or twice a day with weather no better than ours, between December 19 and 24.

Wien Consolidated Airlines mentioned delivering on Dec. 12, 1380 pounds of mail on the regular Wien plane and 101.

(Continued on page 5)