

Letters to the Editor

Nulato

May 6, 1969

Dear Editor:

1937 is a year I never forgot. I was married with two. We went up seven miles from Nulato to cut steamboat wood for the railroad. I cut 50 cords by New Year.

Then I decided I couldn't sell the wood during the winter. So I started to trap. I shot two moose that fall. You couldn't get no fresh meat. Nobody could kill moose without going miles and if you did, it was hard to get the moose.

That's when I started to sell moose meat for 25¢ a lb. People just beg me for it. Marshall, Commissioner, Roadhouse, Postmaster, Guards, Nurses, Mission. I killed five more moose. That's when I knew the game laws was wrong. Even now there is a lot of people that can not go out to kill moose and one moose is not enough for a good hunter as he has to divide it with his relatives and friends, the old, and widows, etc.

I don't know who is making the laws for us. They don't know, no matter how many moose and beaver you get, they're migrating. More and more moose is getting nuisance on my trap line. They ruin my snowshoe trapline.

That year, the Game Warden was going to arrest me after he ate the moose steak in the Roadhouse. He was stationed at Nulato.

That's the year there were a lot of snow. That's how I got the moose. That's the year of the big flood. I lost some of my wood and most of my winter clothes at Koyukuk, Gibson mandolin, violin, guitar, camera, pictures and all.

I had nine dogs. I was going to shoot four then put five in my boat when the cabin floated up.

—FRED STICKMAN