

dra Times banquet. I got one piece of chicken, two bits. This year I'm staying home. If there was an Indian or Eskimo to talk I'm sure I would be there. I thought Tundra Times was all for Indians and Eskimos but only Whites talk.

This year I have to listen to a woman.

The last meeting I was to a month ago in Fairbanks, all the girls was smoking one cigarette after another, till I started coughing. I had to go out several times. Next day I smoked 10 cigars and filled the place with smoke, with V.O. in the water.

I would like to go up if I could talk about our land settlement, and the tough time we have here in the winter. No floors insulated, no windows to buy, etc. I didn't mind it too much when I was young. I trapped in a tent for 20 years, then I built a cabin. I don't, or can't, do that any more.

There is a lot going on in the other villages except here. We try to get a one mile road. It don't have to be a good road, just a trail to haul our wood.

Whoever is going to do the talking at the banquet should live here one year. Then she'll have lots to talk about.

Fred Stickman

P.S. The paper is still coming slow.

Not Enough to Eat at Banquet

Nulato, Alaska
October 5, 1971

Dear Friend, Howard Rock,
Editor:

Last year I went to the Tun-