

Man Goes to Eskimo Medicine Man for Toothache but the Pliers are Quite Large

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April 1, April Fool's Day. Everyone had a grand time fooling one another. I, too, was fooled by small children not even 7 years old. I was fooled so many times that day.

Before the day was over, a mail plane came bringing mail, freight and passengers. New replacement schoolteachers for Mr. and Mrs. Piatkosky came and they are Mr. and Mrs. John S. Armstrong who hail from Hebron, Indiana.

Armstrong is 40 years old, a little bare on top but a jolly fellow. He has taught six years, three years in private school and three years in public schools.

His wife, Roberta, 37, is the temporary principal teacher. They have four sons.

Armstrong (no Eskimo name given him YET!) is humorous and gay especially when imitating other fellow men. His warm smile can melt a person's troubled mind and let the rays of sunshine in.

He likes snow so much he

wanted to store some away in his freezer but I talked him out of it. These southerners must not see snow in the Lower 48.

April 3—cold and gloomy and blowing snow make it difficult for me to step outside and take a 'rain check.' My left toes were all itchy all afternoon. I wonder what develops. Hmmm. . .! I wish I knew more about hygiene then I'd probably get some sort of relief for it.

April 4—one of the highlights of the day was a new plane arrived to Mekoryuk, a Cessna 170 four seater blue and white colored airplane flown by Fred Notti, a Native pilot. Also Fred Don Spud, also a Native and new owner of the new plane.

I still remember my first plane ride. I vomited when it left the ground. I don't believe I'd make a brave pilot who would be able to venture in any type of weather condition.

MEDICINE MAN

Jobe Zacheuss is our village medical aide. When I get

sick I go see him. If I have a toothache, then I see the village medicine man. The medicine man's pliers are large however and he uses the latest tools needed to extract overgrown teeth.

My, he's nice though and often gives me bubble gum after he pulls a loose tooth. I believe I'll go see him more often.

April 17—stayed home and twiddled my thumbs. In the afternoon, I fed the puppy that I named Spark-plug J-9 with goat milk. He is white all over except for his eyes.

Just around his eyes is black coloring just enough to make him look like he is keeping his eyes open at all times. He's long-eared and his ears are of black color. I believe he is going to be fuzzy-wuzzy type and if he is, I'll take him to the Alaska's Centennial 67 so the public can take a close look at him.

I think his ancestors came from Venus. I'm not certain of this however and shall check into it. He is a little

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Medicine Man . .

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weak on his legs but improving much better than last time he tried walking. He crashed once.

April 20—Freddie left via his Cessna 170 making up hours. Jimmix charter plane came in the afternoon and a Mr. Jeffers, a psychologist I believe, came and examined some people.

I have no way of knowing what he does so I'll keep my nose off him. Head shrinkers they called them in the early days, I believe, and I don't think they succeeded much when they worked on human beings but stirred lots of dust. I know this much; I have no use for such men like him and never will.

Joe Sallison came bringing George and Harvey King from Bethel, Alaska. Harvey, his oldest boy George, accompanied him to Bethel on the last trip. Good to see them both smiling. They must have had completed their assignment and carried out the enormous task assigned to them.

Ed, Henry and Edward Kickuk came in the afternoon with their snow planes. Eddie Shavings, Sr. caught one large spotted seal.

Good to have the men back in the village again. This way, I can keep close tab of the local events and in case one person is missing, I can report them to the Mekoryuk Air Patrol.

How clever of people sometimes that they invent ways of detecting missing persons.

SPARK-PLUG J-9

I scrubbed Spark-plug J-9 as he somehow got sooty and how! I gave him warm milk and chased him to bed. He dreams a lot in his sleep though, but he is quite a character.

Without him, I'd never sleep at nights. He is electric heater to me.