

Letters from Here and There

"Witko" Spells Crazy, "Witka" Spells Egg

United States Department
of the Interior
Bureau of Indian Affairs
Superintendent
Bethel Agency
Bethel, Alaska 99559

November 6, 1974

Dear Howard:

Our great Sioux Chief, Crazy Horse, undoubtedly was a good "egg" as men go, but more than that he was the greatest military strategist, warrior and leader who ever walked on the land he would not sell — West Point adversaries notwithstanding.

Famous prestidigitators amaze vast audiences by turning silk hats into flowers or rabbits. You inadvertently did one better than all. By using the wrong vowel at the ending of the Sioux word which spells the English word "crazy," you turned a great name into an entirely new image — from "Crazy Horse" to "Egg Horse".

In the Sioux language "Witko" spells crazy. "Witka" spells egg.

Seeing it in print once prior to the Tundra Times banquet was upsetting enough. However, after reading it again in Roger Lang's report in the October 30 issue of the Tundra Times, as a great great grandson of this legendary Indian leader, I felt constrained to correct this otherwise minor typographical error. Long live the memory of "Tashnunka Witko".

Peter P. Three Stars
Oglala Sioux
Agency Superintendent
Bethel, Alaska

Fred Stickman, Jr. Enjoys Letters of Elder Stickman

November 3, 1974

Dear Sir:

Your news and comments and short stories are very interesting and informative. Your letters to the editor, especially Fred Stickman's letters, is very much enjoyed. Except for periodic short visits from him, my only contact with him is his letters to the editor of Tundra Times so I look to each issue hoping to read his letter and know he is getting along fine.

If more children respect their parents and they speak from experience living in society with their laws, rules and regulations, life will be enjoyed and appreciated. One must respect and appreciate each person he or she meets at work, school or on the street.

My father and mother, and after my mother died when I was nine years old, my grandmother, Mrs. Stickman, taught us, my brothers, sister and cousins, that was in the immediate family, that living in society is not what we can get out of it, but giving. In that I mean respect and appreciation, make the other person feel important and do it sincerely.

Mr. Editor, in closing I will say keep up the good work and I know you're enjoying life because you are giving a little of your time and life to your read-

ers and hope we meet some day though now I'm just a name.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick W. Stickman Jr.
3713 E. 17th
Anchorage, Alaska 99504

New Light Plant In Service at Nulato Village

Nulato, Alaska
Nov. 5, 1974, Election Day

Dear Friend:

Just came back a few days ago to see the nice Big Flood Light across the creek. That's the Alaska Village Electric Cooperative light. The new Big Light Plant.

No more interference with the radio's like before. You don't have to be high school graduate to operate this diesel motors. Although we have no running water, etc. Electricity is good enough for me. I came home, dug in the freezers, fish out King Salmon, that's the ones that the Fish and Wild Life didn't want me to buy because Bishop Mountain residents had no commercial license.

What a stupid law. Try to stop Indians from selling fish, because they have no commercial license. What's a commercial license for the Yukon.

I heard the new school is finished, also the new church

and several new houses. No government houses so far yet. North Slope I had a cold for 35 days, and limping around for 6 weeks, that's as long as I lasted. Anyway something tells me to quit and go to the Banquet of Tundra Times in Anchorage. That's how I was there to receive my award. Now I'm proud of it and hung it over my bed, so everyone comes in can see it.

Well I changed my mind and went to vote today, although I don't care which way it goes, one way or the other. My life is getting short, all my friends are going, what's life anyway? When you quit drinking, your fun is over, seems that way.

Fred Stickman Sr.

Translation of Attungowruk Story Wanted

Oct. 26, 1974

Dear Howard, or "Anyaiyukok":

Please hurry and get the rest of Peter Koonooyak's story about Chief Attungowruk translated and printed. Many of our people out here missed your note in the Oct. 9th issue explaining the need of assistance with Peter's big Eskimo words. All, including myself are eagerly awaiting the conclusion of that fine story. Some, like Ruth

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Vaughn of St. Petersburg, Fla., thought they missed an issue and the ending.

Ruth, who is adopted by my family is another reason for this letter. She, along with other members of the St. Petersburg, Fla. Opera Guild and Greater Chamber of Commerce, are putting on a show in December for the benefit of the elderly in her area.

Ruth, always doing all she can to better the Inter-Cultural Relations between the many people of these United States, and the world; has this year a Hawaiian and Eskimo theme for the show.

The understanding generated by these shows, Howard, is of great value in itself. Added to that is assistance to those now unable to help themselves anymore because of great age.

Howard, Ruth and I are not asking for money. We are asking our people for aid in the form of Eskimo handicraft on a loan basis.

Dear friend, even an old pair of mukluks with the grass still in them would be more than welcome. Ruth can be reached at the following address: Exec. Building, Suite 102B, 1135 Pasadena Avenue South, South Pasadena, Fla. 33707.

I believe this is the southernmost Eskimo outpost in the United States. For people who live on the coast, Lena Andree at Dillingham is helping Ruth. All items will be returned.

In closing Howard, I must thank you for the Tundra Times commendation of Lena Andree on her work with Alcohol & Drug Abuse. My own life is a good example for the need of these programs. Even our Great Chief Attungowruk, fell victim to alcohol addiction and paid with his life. I cannot compare myself to that fine man, but with the exception of a common foe, alcohol.

It's my hope that someday a Rehabilitation Center will be raised and named after him. It would be a fitting tribute that so great a spirit should return in such a form . . .

Most sincerely,

John L. Lombard

P.O. Box B-48584

Represa, Calif. 95671