

# Letters to the Editor

Wainwright, Alaska 99782  
January 13, 1970

Dear Editor:

I'm so enraged and so disgusted of that 'Mrs. Disgusted' that I could just wring her neck with my 'dirty' hands.

I'm just one of the 'lazy, dirty' Eskimos that's why I want to say piece of my mind to that 'Mrs. Disgusted' and for all the likenesses of her.

If it wasn't for the 'lazy, dirty' natives how would a white man like her survive this land?

It takes a fearless, courageous and strong natives from time immemorial to meet the challenge this great land of ours demanded. Although at times the burdens are too heavy to bear, but in confidence and firm belief with their fellow natives they overcome the great conflicts.

Many times a white man learned how to survive this bitter, cold land with the cooperation of friendly natives. How would a white man gain his ability to survive without their help?

How ignorant she was not to consider all these before she ever spreads mud. She thinks she's worth a million but she's worth two cents to me—that's how low she gets for being so stupid. I advise her to go somewhere like Africa to soak her head for all I care. I could go on and damn, damn her, but I'd rather not for the sake of my decent people.

With humble and thankful heart I express my deep appreciation for all the great leaders of our great land who took their time and great efforts for our own peace of mind, although at times they went into conflicts, disappointments, etc, they fought fearlessly for what is rightfully ours.

If all the natives are lazy and dirty, today we'd be robbed of our land by some greedy whites who only want to get rich. But

thank goodness there are always good and decent people, whether they are natives or whites, to stand for us who aren't so good.

I hope this letter convinces 'Mrs. Disgusted' that she's more than disgusting herself.

Sincerely yours,  
Lydia Shonden

Nulato, Alaska  
January 12, 1970

Dear Editor:

Fifty years ago, as I was going to school, I was just waking up and start seeing what was going on around our village. There were 18 Signal Corps men stationed here at the wireless or telegraph station. There was hospital here, marshal, mission, etc.

There was always someone in jail. As I started watching around, sometimes I see someone get arrested, seems like it's phony.

There were two guards here who would go hungry if there were no one in jail.

My uncle and his wife got arrested, just for loud argument, so my Uncle got me for interpreter. He thought I was going to help him. But when you're 14 years, and lift up your right hand to tell the truth, so help me God—I was nervous and shaky.

I tried anyway. He got 90 days and his wife got 30 days, which left six children homeless. No one thought of that but me and my mother started to help feed them kids and they had to move to some relatives houses also with bunch of kids.

It's been going the same way—no help. That's when I started bucking the marshalls and I start getting arrested myself for almost nothing, but they make something out of nothing.

I got arrested 20 times when I finally woke up. I paid a fine six times, and beat the case 13

times, but the 14th one I got \$600 fine and 8 days in jail.

So when I finally woke up I went to Fairbanks to see the District Attorney and told him my story. He moved that marshal and sent a young one here. I went up again to report him so the attorney sent another one down.

He was here for a few years when he arrested 5 old men at different times for nothing, just talking loud. So I went up the third time to see District Attorney. There were five in jail in Fairbanks and these 5 old men in jail down here, and never in jail before.

He says, "Stickman, are you sure?"

"Yes," I said.

For years, everytime the marshal wants to go to Fairbanks, he arrested me more so he can go shopping, although there were 3 stores here and 2 liquor stores. You couldn't buy bacon or ham, beef, etc.

This time they moved the marshal away for good.

Now they are starting that in Galena again. I hope I don't have to go up a 4th time.

It don't do any good to put us in jail for 6 months. If a man beat up his wife, I stopped a lot of them fights myself. That happens all the time around here. That's something you can't stop. Them women some got filthy mouths, worse than man because they have protection. I slapped a few myself that curse at me, but I paid a ten dollar fine for touching one because I hit her husband not her.

That stealing at Galena started 1945 after the big flood. Everything that floated off base if taken was stealing regardless. Since then everyone at Galena, one time or another, took something—that's stealing.

(Continued on page 7)

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 2)

When people started hauling the oil and reselling it, I thought I'll do it too. I resold some \$500 worth, loaded them on the barge and that was it.

Now there is one man in jail for all the thieves at Galena since 1945, including myself.

Next thing I have to do is go to Galena and build a house out of scrap lumber from the United States Air Force Base. I'm too old and lazy to cut logs.

In 1962, I got arrested at Galena for a \$50 I didn't pay at Palmer. The magistrate told me to pay her when I went to work. I told her I was broke. At Galena the State Trooper came up to me.

"Your name Fred Stickman?" he said.

I said yes.

"I have a bench warrant for you," he said. "If you have \$50, I don't have to arrest you."

I had the money but I didn't intend to pay it as I didn't do anything wrong. I just scared the heck out of the Highway Patrolmen 4 o'clock in the morning 12 miles from Palmer.

In Galena, he had the preacher for my guard in their house. About 9 o'clock that night they started to preach to me. They don't know what I was in for, same way all the people. You know what I said to them?

"I'm going through hell here on earth, so when I die I'm going straight to heaven. I'm here for nothing."

Next day the Trooper took me to the hangar for the Air Force Police to guard me. Although I knew where the latrine was, I asked the sergeant. He started to follow me, just like a criminal. After we came out I

said:

"Sarge, since when you started guarding civilians?"

He said, "I'm not your guard."

"What you're following me for?"

When the Trooper came back, I said to him, "You came down here to arrest 2 people, one for rape and one for breaking in the liquor store, and you haven't arrested them yet. How come you arrested me yesterday?"

Right there he went down and arrested them. I was the guard now.

After working 11 years off and on for Air Force and NCC Club, members, everytime I work someone have to sign me in the Club to have a can of beer.

So no matter what and where I'm at, I can't win. The only time I can win is when I die.

I hope I go to heaven.

—Fred Stickman, Sr.

Anchorage Native  
Welcome Center, Inc.  
236 5th Avenue  
Anchorage, Alaska 99501  
January 13, 1970

Mr. Howard Rock  
Editor  
Tundra Times  
Box 1287  
Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

Dear Mr. Rock:

The Board of Directors, the staff and users of the Anchorage Native Welcome Center wish to thank the Tundra Times and the Alaska Federation of Natives for making a supply of complimentary copies of the special land claims issue available to the Center; and to commend you on the scope of coverage. It should prove to be money, time and energy very well spent from the standpoint of informing people of the history and basis of the claims.

The Tundra Times continues to more than justify its existence by investigating and publicizing issues and events affecting the Natives of Alaska.

Sincerely,  
ANCHORAGE NATIVE  
WELCOME CENTER  
Paul Tiulana  
Acting Executive Director