

Nulato Changes In Two Years

By FRED STICKMAN, Sr.

After being away from Nulato two years and five months, I don't know most of the kids. There are 150 children, so they say. Too many here — have to move soon.

Too hard to get wood. The village is cut out of fuel, but Old Mother Nature sure helped me. The flood here two years ago pushed over timber by the ice, are dry. It's on the Mission ground.

So I'm cutting wood for the Mission trying to work my way to heaven too, but the Brother here tells me he's afraid I won't have much company in Heaven.

Floods, forest fires, fish and ducks, etc., are the will of God. People bombing ice jams, killing fish, and fighting forest fires are bucking Old Mother Nature. Why then they make game laws for what God gave us for food?

Uncle Sam bring us whiskey to drink and then throw us in jail for drinking it. The worst of it — he cannot make us quit drinking by throwing us in jail. It makes us worse when we get out.

I think the Russians were better. They used to spank the Indians when they done wrong.

Well, anyway, this morning I got up to cook breakfast — fresh whitefish right out of the river. Fish traps are out of date now. Nylon nets are used under the ice.

21 boys and men left for Fort Richardson so the beavers are at ease. The ladies are busy sewing.

The only pastime here is pan-gingie, bingo, and talkies.

The nearest liquor store is 50 miles away. My birthday is 31st of March. I'm 58.