

# Letters from Here and There

## Will Return To Barrow

March 14, 1974  
Route 8  
Tupelo, Miss. 38801

Dear Mr. Rock:

I've been sitting here tearing up about half of my writing tablets trying to start a letter to you.

I'm originally from Barrow, Alaska. My husband was in a car wreck two years ago today in Barrow and he's getting therapy down here so he can get up and go again. We're planning on going back to Barrow to make a living soon after he starts walking and talking again. It's wonderful what the doctors can do here and everywhere through God's help. My husband, Larry, is already walking and talking some again. Thank God and everybody for their help and prayers.

We enjoy reading the Tundra Times very, very much. Keep up the good work.

We also miss the nice cool Alaskan weather and the snow.

Thank you for taking time in reading my letter.

Sincerely,

Linda (Suvlu) Christman

## Stickman Does Boogie and Twist

Nulato, Alaska  
March 13, 1974

Dear Friend Howard de Rock,  
Tundra Times Editor:

For two weeks I missed your papers again. Someone goofed up again. You know Howard, the Tundra Times and the News-Miner, River Times, they get to be a habit and you miss them. It's just like smoking, drinking or when you have no butter, sugar, bread, etc., you like to see them. Just like you miss your wife.

We have three grocery stores here and sometimes it happens, even paper towels I can't get along without it. I can't wash the dishes so I just wipe them for the next time. I use the same cup for three days before I wash it.

Well, we had the biggest time here that I know of. The biggest crowd in the Hall—Sipary Hall. But one of the best part was when all the secretaries came up to my house to visit me. Doyon, Tanana Chiefs, Fairbanks Na-

tive Association, DNH, and they brought cocktails, etc. What a life. I think I can live a little longer now since I saw all the people from Hughes, Huslia, Ruby, Tanana, Anchorage, Fairbanks, Galena, Kaltag, Holy Cross, even the oil company was here. My sons from Anchorage, my daughter from Fairbanks were here. But I tell you what, I drank a lot of whiskey but now I'm going up to Last Chance Liquor Store for three weeks to sell the liquor. Instead of drinking it, I'm going to sell it. I've done it before.

The Iditarod race should be here in about four days—a little more excitement and we will have dog races carnival here after they pass.

So for now, best regards to you and all your staff and friends at the Elbow Room.

Fred Stickman, Sr.

P.S. I forgot to tell you about the Stick Dance. Also the boogie or twist, whatever you would call it. I danced with all the secretaries from Fairbanks, Alaska and a lot more. Next morning, I had a sore back. I had a hell of a time to get out of bed. It's hard when you are not in shape for those young women but I made it good.

## Misses Friends In Alaska

March 6, 1974  
2134 W. 16th Ave.  
Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter because Alaska is my home and I have alot of fine friends up there, whom I miss very much. I know that alot of them are wondering where and what happened to me. For those interested I would like to fill them in. If you would be so kind to print this.

I am the daughter of Mrs. Lillian H. Olin, formerly of Fairbanks, now living in Galena, and Mr. and Mrs. John Honea of Ruby, Alaska. In all, I have 13 other brothers and sisters. (Twelve in my natural family and two in my adopted family.)

I attended grade school in Fairbanks (Mrs. Haggard will remember me) and my high school years at Copper Valley High School (a parochial school five miles from Glennallen). After graduation I attended the University of Alaska for a couple of years. Wanting to experience a different academic life I trans-

ferred to the University of Oregon in my junior year. My quest at this school is a B.A. degree in sociology. After graduation I am planning to attend medical school under the W.A.M.I. (Washington, Alaska, Montana, Idaho) Program.

I am planning to practice medicine in the rural areas of Ruby, Galena, Nulato. Under the existing situation, if someone needs medical attention, they have to travel to Tanana, Fairbanks, or Anchorage. Depending on how serious the condition is. I witnessed my step-father John Honea receive serious burns on his face and neck when a kerosene bottle blew up in his face. The nearest medical help was in Tanana which is 90 miles from Ruby. There wasn't a plane to fly him up so they had to take him up by dog sled. If there had been a doctor closer by my father would not have had to suffer so much pain. Luckily, they got him there in time to save his life. This is not the only case, there are many serious accidents that have to go untreated until the patient can be transferred to another area. The villages now have a trained First Aid administrator who lives in the village. Unfortunately, this is not enough. This is where I feel that I can be of great help. I am not out to make a buck but to help the people that I inherited so much from. I am very proud to be an Athabaskan Indian and have much respect and love for the Eskimo culture. I have been active in the Eskimo-Indian Olympics. I chaired the Miss Eskimo-Indian Olympics in 1973 and am the present holder of the Naaikatuk championship, a sport I learned to beat the Eskimos at working in Alaskaland for several years.

For the past five summers I worked the Binkley's Riverboat Discovery as a hostess and met countless numbers of people from all over the world. I did my best to educate them about my culture and they in turn told me much about theirs. Over the Christmas holidays I had the grand opportunity to travel to 18 different states. Starting in Portland, Ore. and ending up in Charlotte, N.C. I drove through Idaho, Montana, Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, etc. From the Midwest to the East. I went to the great marvel, New York City, graveling under the Hudson River from New Jersey into New York. From New York I went to Virginia and down into North Carolina where I spent New Year's. From Charlotte I flew to California, stopping a few hours in Los Angeles and then on to Bakersfield. From Bakersfield, after spending a few days, I came back to Eugene. The whole trip was exciting and educational. I felt like a little girl on my first merry-go-round ride. Out of it all I like Alaska best. It's big, beautiful beyond imagination, and still in many ways our (the Native people) land.

I just want all of my friends in and around Fairbanks to know that I am doing well in school and that the Oregon people are trying their best not to let me be homesick. I know that the Annual Fairbanks Native Association Potlatch is coming up soon, as well as the North American Dog Sled Races. All I can say is that I hope that Oliver and Olga Amouak (they taught me how to Eskimo dance) are around to do a jig for me and that Mary Jane Fate do a graceful Indian dance for me. While I'm at it I might as well

wish Carl Huntington of Galena and Emmitt Peters of Ruby sporting luck in the races.

I thank you for making it over my typing errors and taking the time for reading it this far. If you decide not to print this, could you please inform me so. If so, someone will send me a copy, I hope.

Be in Fairbanks around June 9 for the first leg of my summer vacation!

Sincerely,  
Sharon Dee Olin Kern  
2134 W. 16th Ave.  
Eugene, Ore.

P.S. Personal info:

Marital status: Divorced. One daughter, Tara Gina, age two and a half.

Copies to: News-Miner  
Tundra Times

All-Alaska Weekly

P.S. Tundra Times—I'll be back to straighten up the Queen's file. I left it a mess!

## Highschoolers In Nulato Aid Iditarod Racers

The Nulato High School Wolves are getting ready for the second 1,100-mile Iditarod race from Anchorage to Nome. Grades 7, 8, 9 and 10 are planning an old-style welcome full of Alaskan hospitality.

The students made a large dog tie-down area that can hold about 40 tired dogs. They've also chopped down willows and

used them for trail markers into and out of town. The trail markers will have signs that we hope will make the mushers happy. The signs say things like:

Nulato — six miles  
Smile one more mile  
You are now in Wolf territory  
Get it on you Musharoo you  
Say a prayer you'll make it  
Keep on sledding, Bo  
Don't waste time reading this  
sign — it doesn't say anything  
The signs going out of town say:

Kaltag — 36 miles  
Nulato Wolves wish you the best of luck

Nome or bust  
Hope you enjoyed Nulato  
Nome — 350 miles  
Gee, you're looking good  
Remember the Wolves in the B.O.T.

Have a good trip  
Keep on truckin'  
Smile — today is the first day of the rest of the race

All together over 100 signs will be on the trail trying to cheer up tired dogs and tired mushers on the way to Nome. When the musher gets to Nulato, everything will be ready.

There will be spruce boughs for dog beds, hot water and dog food, lottsy Wolves to help out unharnessing and tying out dogs, giving mushers coffee, tea, pop, drying harnesses, dog boots and any other help a musher might need, right down to a hot meal and a place to stay.

Last year the Nulato Wolves  
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gave the Iditarod mushers the best and friendliest welcome along the trail. This year we hope other villages do the same because the Wolves are going to give a better welcome than last year.

7th Grade

Basic Communications Class

Nulato High School

Kathleen Hildebrand

Clifford Stanley

Ruth Ann Brush

Kenneth Patsy

Leonard Stickman Jr.

Charles Nicoli Jr.