

Camping Very, Very Nice, But Mice Plague Man

By FRED STICKMAN, SR.
Yukon River, Alaska

Yukon River is 70 miles southwest of Ruby, Alaska. Well I'm out here 70 miles of nobody, I'm out here where I used to make a living trapping; now I'm here just camping for several reasons.

Last year, 1964, my gross wages was \$9,600 besides per diem. Of course Uncle Sam got \$2,500 of it. Anyway, that much money just ruined my life. What I couldn't spend, I just give it away.

So I'm out here to get away from the bars, liquor stores, restaurant, hotel, gambling, etc. I'm living out here in a tent and a Yukon stove and I'll be here till March.

I'm getting myself in shape, also my wind. I was short-winded. It sure nice out here except for the mice. Old people used to say, lot of mice is a good sign of fur. But I came out here without mousetrap. Believe it or not, they run all over me at night.

I leave some scraps for them to feed on but still after they are through, they try to crawl in my sleeping bag.

All I took out here for vegetables is rice, but I sure like it and I get along good with it.

Another good thing about this country is you can get credit and the storekeeper even give you money to fly out. Another thing I want to get away from is unemployment. I been drawing it for at least ten years and it sure ruin hell out of me.

It's alright for young people,

but old man like me, I'm getting fat and lazy. Always like to read and listen for the mail plane for that money even though I really don't need it.

So I don't know what's good for me. I know good easy job I had was no good for an old man—that is if you really wanted to live.

I get my mail once a month but send the Tundra Times to Ruby, Alaska. I'll be out here for Christmas and New Year, so Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my friends all over the Biggest State in the U.S.A.—also my relatives.