

Letters from Here and There

Hassles with Security Guards But To No Avail

Nulato, Alaska
July 30, 1975

Dear Friend the Editor:

Well, Howard, I thought when the land claims was settled I thought I had it made and everything was over. But it seems like my troubles are just starting. The Fish and Wildlife, as you call them, are taking over our Yukon River and we can't fish on weekends and have to buy license, put a stamp on your boat, also fishwheels, I don't know what else. I can't keep up with them. Pretty soon we have to have a license to go to toilet. Seems like that's the way it looks to me.

Now the security guards are taking over Wien Air Alaska. They searched me but they didn't search my bags. I fought and argued with them at Anchorage airport and Fairbanks airport. They called the guards twice and still I couldn't keep my mouth shut. But it didn't do no good.

Then last night at Galena I thought it would be different as I thought everyone knows me and I thought I would be respected and treated like a gentlemen on account of my age, and I worked at Galena for years and I could go back to work anytime I want. I also have a security card for years on me. But last night when I wanted to pick up my eleven hundred dollar machine (1,100) they told me I'm not supposed to be there. Where these people come from? I worked in the Alert Hangar where no one else is allowed. I worked in 13th Air

Force Base in Alaska and everyone had a place where everyone can go without a pass. But me I have a permanent card.

How can people do this to me. The world is changing.

After working here a month I came to Fairbanks. First thing I did was to run into a young lady. I like that in a way but you have to be sober and watch them. They'll charge you and then all the time they're figuring how to rob you. Might be better to have it legal like in 1927 when I just came into Fairbanks to race with dogs. Even then there were a lot of young ladies eying me. I was wise not to tangle with them as I was not ready for marriage yet so I dropped by the line that cost me something.

Now I think that's the way it should be. It don't do any good to arrest them. There are too many of them. There is no room in jail. Better to build a place for them where they can make a good living while the pipeline is on.

There is no room to walk on 2nd Avenue every night. Even though I'm kind of scared I walk by there every night just to see the action or the people.

So I hope to see you at the Eskimo Olympics.

Last night I heard they picked up firefighters here. I can't understand people including myself. Everybody wants to go fighting fires. Nobody wants the pipeline money. What's wrong, I don't know.

That's just to show you that people are all different. It's hard to understand. Sometimes I can't even understand myself. When I get cranky at them, I get mad at myself for living too long. Maybe that's what's the matter. I need some cranky pills real bad. Tell me which store sells them.

Maybe I have to start drinking again. That might solve my problems at least some. Thank you Social Security for taking Social Security away. I ain't touch a drop of whiskey since, that's 16 months ago.

Fred Stickman, Sr.

Mosquito Press Experiments in Public Media

Box 73303
Fairbanks, Alaska 99701
July 18, 1975

Dear Friend:

The Mosquito Press is undertaking an experiment in public participation media.

We feel this is a crucial experiment in sidestepping the limitations of commercial media in order to provide a forum for communications of all kinds: from polemics through poetry, from photography through graphic design.

Consider the Mosquito Press a communications workshop in which we are all trying to draw together the fractured parts and the polarized groups within the Alaska Community and focus upon broad, common concerns, to reveal ourselves to one another through philosophies and images, and to confront one another with our differences: to overcome those differences and thereby grow...

Consider the Mosquito Press a communication network through which information not normally considered "news" by the commercial press will flow between Barrow and Juneau,

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