

*St. Mary's U Is Host—*

# Non-Western Cultural Seminar

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Times Editor

A wonderful trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia was a fine experience once a party of four of us got there. But, getting there and on the return trip was another thing.

On leaving Fairbanks, Alaska for the maritime city of Halifax this editor was personally told by a representative of a travel agency that we had to overnight in New York City. And on getting together for the trip, Lela Oman Gray of Nome and Ketchikan, Alaska told us we were to

go on to Halifax that same day. There was a mix-up.

We would have had to stay in New York anyway because we encountered a soupy fog around the J.F. Kennedy Airport and had to circle long enough to miss the flight to Boston where we were to board an Air Canada jet. That was the second bothersome little incident enroute.

The next day, we boarded a jet from JFK for Boston. On arriving, we found that a plane that was to get us to Halifax would not start operating until

July 1, two or three days hence. Third little bothersome incident. However, two very helpful personnel members of Air Canada managed to get us a passage to Halifax the next day after another overnight in Boston.

We finally landed in the Nova Scotia city on the third day of travel from Fairbanks and things went superbly well for the next two weeks.

## CULTURAL SEMINAR

There were four in the traveling party: Paul Greene of Kotzebue, Alaska, who proved to be a

first class Eskimo entertainer. Paul had a goodly number of Nova Scotians, Nigerians, Guyanese, American Indians doing the Eskimo dance much to the genuine delight of the participants; Grace Slwooko, a writer from Gambell on St. Lawrence Island; Lela Oman Gray from Nome, writer of Eskimo legends, and myself.

The long trip was to attend a seminar on Non-Western Humanities in the Americas.

The minority cultural seminar proved to be one of the most en-

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# Cultural Seminar . . .

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lightening experience for all the participants who posed their particular cultural facets to highly interested audiences.

The participants and the listeners found out about cultural heritages little known up to the point. There was free interchange of information that became profoundly informative. Willing ears listened. Interesting questions were asked, all in the atmosphere of goodwill and good fellowship.

Customs and dances prevailed from each of the minority culture participants. Legends and traditions were discussed in depth giving all the seminar members and audiences a new insight into the often beautiful cultural heritages.

People found out that the cultural heritages were intricately woven into the particular environments that have brought out the best possible existence of a people — men, women and children, living spiritually attuned to their surroundings.

An enlightening session in the quiet confines of St. Mary's University of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

## AND THEN

Then came the time to return to Alaska after much intermingling and animated and friendly discourses. There was so much of this that a few tears were shed at the departing time of the Alaskans. The seminar had been successful making each one of us wish that another, and still another interesting session, or sessions, will be held in the future.

We jetted over to Boston once again and stayed overnight. The next morning early we went to

board a plane for New York. While we were comfortably settling ourselves in the big jet, a voice over the public address system informed "we have found that there is something wrong with our air pressure system." This after we taxied out to the runway.

We taxied back to the Boston jet berth and deplaned. About an hour later, they transferred the passengers to another jet and we flew to Newark, New Jersey. Being an hour late, we found that if we took a bus (with two stops and changes of buses along the way) we might miss our flight to Fairbanks from the JFK International Airport. We engaged a private limousine that took us through in great style.

Our driver, apparently of Italian descent, was very talkative and a friendly fellow.

"I'll take you on a little sight-seeing along the way," he said.

We went through the tunnel under the Hudson River, through Broadway, where our driver broke into a song, "Give My Regards to Broadway" and "5th Avenue" in good baritone voice.

After glancing a bit at the United Nations Building, we went through the East River tunnel and on to JFK.

On leaving, we taxied out toward the runway and then there was a jerk on the jet. Soon after that, the pilot said on the PA system, "We have damaged the brake on one of the landing wheels. The brake is completely disabled."

We limped back to the JFK