

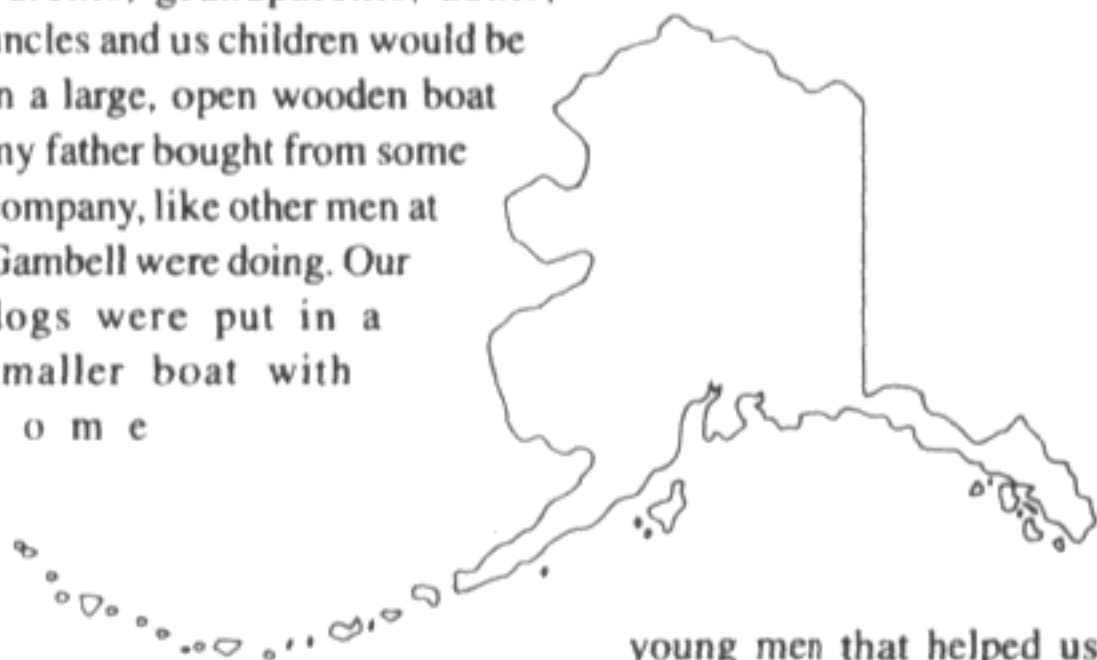
News from Gambell ~

Scenes from the boat ride

by Grace Slwooko

When I was a child, my parents used to live at the other end of the island, St. Lawrence Island, a lot.

During the early part of July or right after the celebration of 4th of July, we would get ready and start on our travel by boat. Parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and us children would be in a large, open wooden boat my father bought from some company, like other men at Gambell were doing. Our dogs were put in a smaller boat with some



young men that helped us travel.

We would travel on a nice calm day starting from Gambell. We liked to watch as we travel on with motors toward the mountain at Gambell. Places like that have so many tales of what happened there as time goes on. As we went along, we would see long pieces of wood or a tree that had been cut at the roots and drifted out from wherever it came from. There are no standing trees on the island we lived on, but the wood would drift in from the sea. So there are piles of driftwood at some of the beaches around the island. Men even build houses with the wood that drifted in.

Then along the cliffy side of the mountain we would see some women picking wild vegetables that we like to eat.