Part 1.

## Precious Memories

## By Grace Slwooko

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There are such darling things people do I see everyday, that I try out many times to catch them and keep them. But how can I, since I don't have a way for this. So I'm happy for this writing. I can catch some this way now, like writing about. Me, Grace Slwooko, born on Oct. 22, 1921, at Gambell on St.Lawrence Island.

Gambell in the name of the village on this 100 mile long island out in the Bering Sea. There are two villages, Gambell and Savoonga. There are many camps and the ruins of the villages with sod igloos where people before us use to live. We dig around in those villages and find their ivory carvings.

We live modern now with electricity and housing areas, too. We use foods like the way our people do though, like our men go out seal huting and walgus and whale when their season comes. We use those for food also seal skins for garments. Now a days men use Hondas and snow machines for hunting a lot. The seals are close by at the coastal areas and points or capes and lagoons. Men hunt those a lot for food and garment. With seal skin parkies, pants and boots on, you won't feel the freezing weather. There is lots of work curing skins and taking care of the meats or they will spoil and never can be useful.

Weather and season sure make me think of my life at the other end of St. Lawrence Island, in my childhood years and as a young grown up person. The sea or the horizon sure look so pleasant to my thinking now. It always is good to think on pleasant things we did in the past, like when our family use to live at the other end of St. Lawrence Island. Years ago when Grandpa Iqmaluga and Grandma Aghnaghaghpak were in their younger ages, us eldest children in our family were still small.

During early July, right after the 4th of July celebration, our parents and other families would get ready to go camping. Our's was more of home than camp, way at the other end of the island. Our home St. Lawrence Island is 100 long.