

# Slwooko recalls pleasant memories of ice and snow

by Grace Slwooko  
for the Tundra Times

High mounds of broken ice here and there at our shore and ocean have so much dear memories of past to any Eskimo. So it is with me; this month of March is once more bringing wonderful memories of my growing-up days.

As during this time, in the month of March, my father Lawrence Kulukhon used to come back to Gambell from the other end of the island with several dog teams for us, his family, and stuff on. How we used to travel: it takes two days to travel with dog teams from other end of this 100-mile-long island, St. Lawrence Island, Sivugaq, in our language.

---

*'Oh how happily the people ran around and met us and help us to our home!'*

---

From Sivaaghet, our home there at the other end, the journey with several dog teams would start. My father, with a square tent on his sled for the mother and the two youngest, the baby and the older one.

He would have some 10 or more dogs. There would be other men, our relatives, that come to help us, so us older ones and grandparents be on their sleds with some of our stuff and fox skins.

It would be so heartbreaking to start and leave our home there. And how

we get farther and farther from our home there, passing many dear places of lakes and mountains.

There is a place close to Savoonga, our destination, where a settled place is, where our great-aunt was married, too. So we always had a time to stop there for a hot tea or something. But in a short time of reunion, we would be on our way again, this time through the way over the cliffs and between mountains to the village of Savoonga, Sivungaq, in our language.

Then at the close of the day, we be

arriving at Savoonga. How people would run and meet us and help us to the homes where we be staying!

Then after very happy overnight there, we would be on our way again, in the morning.

There is another place at the other end of Kukulget, Savoonga mountains. That is where some people live, too, so we always stop for some reunion, there, too.

Then from there, on to Gambell we would start. How excitedly we would travel on, Sivungaq, Gambell mountains getting closer and closer. Then in the evening hours, while the sun still shine so brightly at the western sky, we be arriving at Gambell.

Oh how happily the people ran around and met us and help us to our home!