

Families used to travel to the end of St. Lawrence

by Grace Siwooko
for the Tundra Times

GAMBELL — I've seen the times when our parents used to travel to the other end of St. Lawrence Island, the island I live on.

I've seen that as a child. As I am the eldest of 11 children, I've seen what my parents did to raise us and do things in life. I was born on Oct. 22, 1921.

As my father's own father has died at the sea with three other men, I've lived with *Iqmaluga* a lot, my grandma's second husband. He used to call me his little daughter.

But my father, Lawrence Kulukhon would take us, his family, to the other end of the island in early July. That time some companies were buying fox skins.

The ships would come and buy fur like that. So my father and the men of that time would trap foxes in winter time.

I'm glad we do something else to earn our living now. I can't see precious animals killed and the skins dried and fixed.

But I lived with *Iqmaluga* and *Aghnaghaghpak*, my father's own mother then. Their other children were Booker, their son, whose Eskimo



name was *Tiusaq*, and their daughter, Rachel, whose Eskimo name was *Agigzok*.

At first my parents would go to the other end of the island. Dad was building a house at the place, *Tamniq*. Other men from our tribe helped him.

As there is driftwood at the shore of our island, we can even build houses, even though there are no trees at our part of the world.

It was something else to see trees, boy, when my girlfriend and I were going to Palmer.