

*Like a Fairy Flight—*

# Writer Sees New Beauty in Flight

By GRACE SLWOOKO

Gambell Correspondent

GAMBELL — There are lots of things I've been doing and seeing this month, June.

My daughter Carol and I took a flight to Nome one day to be with my folks there awhile and to see Esther graduate. Esther is my daughter who lives with her grandparents in Nome. It was a very happy day and it finally had come.

We were in a plane, Munz Northern, with the pilot they always call Kent, a very nice guy. He and the other pilots have been coming to Gambell almost everyday that we on the island get to know them so well.

Boy, it is another thing new and interesting we just go for

again, like we did for the snow-machines. Our boys on the island have not learn to be airplane pilots yet. I just hope that there'll be one soon.

But going places with airplanes is something new and interesting for us. Up in the air, it was just full of wonders. Just like I was in a fairy tale, up I went with 11 other people with us!

The coast, I always have seen and walked on for all those 50 years, sometimes it got a little boring, now looked so wonderful from above as I looked down. I really was like in a dream or in a fairy tale.

The coast here has nothing, just a long, long line of white waves and gravel for miles. But

this time, it was something beautiful.

And the trail that leads to the other side of the mountain, which always took me hours to walk, but in this fairy flight, it was only a minute.

Then the historic cliff-like side of the mountain I have seen all my life I now see from above! I gasped in wonder for a while. Then there was a great ocean below. Over the ice and sea we traveled on for more than 100 miles. Then pretty soon, a long range of rugged mountains were seen in majestic blue and white in a soft haze.

Like a mighty bird, the Munz plane glided with us along to the City of Nome. It was calm and the Sledge Island's reflection was seen in the sea, although there still was some ice at the shore of the island out a few miles off the mainland.

Now I wished my forefathers had this experience also. And then I began to wonder what my descendants will be seeing.

Then, finally, we were in Nome. Many people greeted us there and were very happy to see us. I was happy to be in Nome to see Esther graduate from eighth grade. Esther is my girl who lives with her grandparents in Nome. We were very happy the day finally had come. It really was a graduation day.

There were 74 kids that grad-

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uated from Nome Elementary School. In that large room, there must have been as many people as in our fourth class City of Gambell.

In my childhood days, this time of year was never to be a forgotten event. It was the time when harsh winter was just past and nice early July weather was here. In those days, snow must be brought for cooling drinking water from the ice that kept

without melting until July.

It was then the tireless legs of the young ran for snow in the night hours when the sun was at the horizon leaving the surface for the fog to come in.

Here, the endless, rhythmic tune of the sea fowl was heard at the ocean nearby.

I never thought I would be traveling this far and up in the air in those days.