

# Happenings I Never Want to Forget

It was back in the days when I was in my teens. Oh how fun it was to live, everything seem to be just enjoyable. My father use to have places for camping at the other end of the island. My brothers and sisters and I then don't go to school any more, when we live there. I didn't go to school for some years during that time. I was in my early teens.

Then one time my father decided to take me to Gambell, the main village, for me to see the Christmas programs that were about to take place. In the thought of now, it was Christmas vacation, but it was something else for me, so wonderful and interesting experience. I was 13 years old. It was two days' journey by dog team to get there.

There were other families that were staying there at Sivaag, at the other end of St. Lawrence Island. There were only two houses and they were made of drift wood. The young couple that stayed for winters were John and Lily Aponglook and their baby girl named Susan. So this time, John was going, too, along with my father Lawrence Kulukhon and me. He had his own dog team. It was bad, the wind was pretty high on the day we planned to start, the 22nd of December 1934. So we had to wait until it was nice.

So early December morning, before the daybreak, we took off. It was December 23 and we traveled all day to Savoonga, the other village first, on our way to Gambell. First in darkness, then in the light of 2½ hours of day light coming on gradually. The twilights are always long and colorful this time of the year.

So it was, first with yelping sounds of our companion dogs quieted down in sudden stop. The dogs are always very eager to go, when they are about to take off in a team. The minute we take off, everything would be quiet. First under the starry sky, but soon behind us, at the eastern sky, most beautiful sights begin to come on. First the mountains that way would show in silhouette very beautiful, then gradually faded away into a white land. Then everything would be pure white, miles and miles of it on our way as we travel. Then after about four hours of daylight, the sun begin to go down again only this time the lingering twilight at the western sky. So after hours of this travel in the light of western sky, we come to the sight of the twinkling lights of the village of Savoonga. As we come closer, we could see the large windows of the school house were lighted. So we know the program was going on. John stopped at his uncle's place and my father and I went on to the other end of the village to stop at Alowa's my father's uncle. When we got there, Alowa was staying home alone. He excitedly welcomed us, and told us that everyone was at the school house to see the program of plays and Christmas pieces done by children and for gift exchange. So we hurried and changed our fur clothing and after hot tea, we ran over to the school. We could see that there was light in the school teacher's Mr. Troutman's dog house. He had nice bunch of dogs, which my father was always very interested in. In the school room were many people almost 300 people. Very beautifully decorated rooms made me very excited.

(to be continued)