

# Finally Got to Get Around by Myself in City of Halifax

By GRACE SLWOOKO

Gambell Correspondent

**GAMBELL** — This is the continuation of the news about the trip with three others from here, Alaska, to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

July 8-12 was the week we were on. By this time, too, that I was getting around quite a bit by myself. I was not getting lost too much anymore. At first, I was always close to Lela Oman Gray in fear of getting lost in confusion about buildings, telephones and everything.

It was exciting to be on our program for this. There was the map on the wall and we point at places where each one of us came from.

Jeela Alikaktuk from Broughton Island, was leading and Dr. Howard Rock from Point Hope, Alaska, who has the newspaper Tundra Times being published in Fairbanks, Alaska for years, was in lead for us.

Lela Oman Gray, who was born in Kobuk area back in the days when White man first came to their part. But she lives in many different places in Alaska ever since, as she is quite active in doing things.

She also wrote many Eskimo legends into English as soon as she learned about reading and writing. But this time she was with schools mostly at the meet-

ings.

Paul Greene from Kotzebue who wrote some books, was teaching dances and string plays. He told Eskimo stories and sang songs for Eskimo dancing.

There would be a roomful of people and he would be doing the dances — and he taught them. And I did a lot of my own St. Lawrence Island dances with Mr. Greene beating his drum.

We enjoyed being with many people there. There were many things I heard about education, heritage, land and problems, but all seemed to come out fine as long as we had writings.

Writing is a treasure, we Eskimos just learned, it is beautiful. Many thanks to the teachers.

One of the places at Halifax we went to see is very interesting. It is Haliburton Memorial Museum. Thomas Chandler Haliburton was an author and an important leader of his people.

It is a very interesting place we looked around in from room to room. We even looked around his desk where he used to write during 1800's.

We also went to see Uniacke House. It was the home of Richard Uniacke, an attorney general of Nova Scotia from 1797 to 1830, now owned by the Prov-

ince of Nova Scotia and preserved as an historic site. It is a beautiful place.

Another one we saw was mementos of the Schooner Bluenose, the queen of the Atlantic for 17 years, winner of the International Fishermen's Races over her Gloucester, Mass. rivals. The Schooner Bluenose is part of the legend of sails in Lunenburg.

Then soon the day came that we were going to be on our way home. We were parting with the people we got to know and then to go apart was something anyone can treasure, so the knowledge of previous writing came in handy again. We wrote autographs and addresses and shed little tears and so on.

From the airport there, we took our journey to Boston, Mass. and we stayed overnight there. We had a wonderful time there with the people at the hotels. As we walked around, more and more interesting things like towering buildings, towns and more and more people we saw.

Boy, I never seen so many people as were at this time, as I came from the town with 400 people. All and everywhere was packed with new and beautiful sights all the way.

But we missed Irene and her people at Boston. We were hoping to see them again on our way home.

Irene is the daughter of Lela Oman Gray who is spending summer with her young husband and his folks at Boston.

But there at Boston, my mind

was always with history books we read, now at last I saw some things in real.

Then we went back to New York again, at JFK Airport, we boarded Panam but we didn't go right away. Something happened to the great, great airliner, that they had to fix it.

So after more than two hours, we were on our way again back to Alaska where the nights are as daylight. Over there at New York, when I looked out through my hotel room window at night, it is like Christmas back home, yet it is June and first part of July.

It is interesting, as in Alaska, the part where I came from, there are no more darkness in the nights in springtime.

How we flew, over mountain ranges, rivers and over Canada until we came back to Fairbanks again. There I felt back home already, even though I was far from my home, Gambell.

Back in my island home, Fairbanks, Alaska is pretty far, yet I never would have gotten there if it wasn't for the knowledge of writing I had!

But there, I spent many days with my friends and my son Richard. And I even got to see Linda Badten in her own home in Fairbanks. She is from my place, Gambell.

There is so much to write about our trip to Halifax, but I may have to send this in now be-

fore I do some more for next week, as North Star III, the freighter, is here now. I must go to work. It is unloading.