



HEAVY DAMAGE—Home damage was heavy in the flood in August in the town of Nenana. Here, the raging waters dug a huge hole in front of an old log home. "The hole was apparently very deep. The object you see in the water in the foreground is a beautiful mahogany desk. It was floating around and around indicating the water was deep and indicating the

water was going somewhere underneath," said Mac Slee of the American Red Cross. Seven small homes are now being built in Nenana to replace houses such as the one shown in the picture. Red Cross made \$15,000 available and the houses are being constructed by a contractor.

—American Red Cross Photo by MAC SLEE

Fort Churchill Gets Night Radio Manager

The CBS's Northern Service announces the appointment of Gaston Charpentier, night manager of CBS radio stations in Ottawa, as Manager of radio station CHFC, Fort Churchill, Manitoba.

Mr. Charpentier, whose home town is Ottawa, takes up his appointment in Churchill on September 20.

Gaston Charpentier began his career in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation as a clerk in the Ottawa head office in 1961. He then worked as a teleprinter operator there.

Later he became an announcer-operator in the Northern Service, working for two years at radio station CFFB, Frobisher Bay, N.W.T. On returning to Ottawa he became a radio technician for the CBS in the Ottawa Area, later becoming night manager at CBS AM stations CBO and CBOF, as well as CBO FM.

While serving with the Northern Service, Mr. Charpentier was active in community associations in Frobisher Bay, particularly with local youth clubs.

Among special broadcast activities in which he

Shorelines—

Sweet and Sorrowful Times for Jenny

By RUTH KILCHER

When you pass the berrybogs on either side of the roads around Homer, you might see the squat figure of an ample woman bending over in the tundra picking the berries of the season. By the way she stoops and walks; by the way her long colorful calico parka endrapes her, you know—this is Jenny.

Nor are berries all she picks. In the spring, she goes after the ahlooiegun of kuagtsik, the acid and juicy leaves of the sourdock or wild spinach. These she likes to eat in a salad.

But great quantities of it when cooked and chopped and stored in a keg where its cool, will provide delicious nourishment in winter. Goose-tongue, plentiful hereabouts, she'll pick on the salt water flats where they like to grow in dark green clumps. Or you can observe her on the beach far out at low tide, for she knows where the good clambeds are situated.

Jenny Blatchford likes to live off the country and off the sea. Parkupine tail, properly prepared, is a special delicacy to her. And seal flippers, aged the right way, are a real treat.

She is proud of the way of her people, the Eskimo—frugal, yet ingenious and wise as only those are wise who have had to survive against hunger and cold for many generations.

We've missed Jenny in the berry picking tableau this late summer. But Jenny was gone—gone home to the land of her youth and happiness—land of her sorrow, too.

This was the first time she ventured north after leaving the Golovin country 17 years ago when her husband died. She had known him as a child, grown up with him, and married him when she was 16. Ah—those times were sweet...

She bore him 17 children, two sets of twins among them. But he, a reindeer herder, who followed the herd much of the time, disappeared one day. He never came back from hunting the seal, and—neither did the oldest boy who had set out in

the kayak with him.

Those were times of sorrow...

Sorrow, too, to lose six more children—so her oldest daughter brought Jenny south. The shores of Kachemak Bay, perhaps, would be easier to raise the boys.

"It was and is a good place," says Jenny.

Eight of the boys were, or still are, in the Army. Good citizens, good soldiers. They are strong and husky and downright handsome with the dark, almost Polynesian look, peculiar to some Alaskans.

TIME FOR JOY, MEMORIES

Her trip north was a time for joy—a time for remembrance. Ah, to visit old friends, stay some days here—some days there.

"Nathan Nagarek, he come over one day and brought me the flippers of oogruk. Nathan was the first man in the village to go out in May and hunt. First man to get not only one, but two oogruk!" related Jenny happily.

Perhaps Nathan is like the Hunter of the Bearded Seal in the poem:

"He sings to the oogruk—it yearns for the spear."

Jenny is back now—in time to pick some of the remaining berries. There is a difference in her step and her bearing. The memories of her visit north area light in her eyes—a new curve in her smile.

*"Wild geese fly overhead
And the other birds have gone.
The streams are quiet now;
Lost is their summer freedom.*

*As birds are my children gone
And the stream of my blood is quieted,
Gone is my summertime.
But peace has come with the autumn."*

*Poems from "Soul of the Bearded Seal" by Louise Gore with permission.

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