

Alaska Fulbright Professor and Family

(Continued from page 22)

the highlight of our trip occurred.

Walrus Sighted
We noticed a huge form in the distance and one of our party jokingly said it was probably a shark that the tide had washed up on shore and had been left to die. But as we came closer, we knew that it was a walrus. We estimated that it weighed between 800 and 900 pounds and that it had been dead less than a month. Body markings indicated that it must have been attacked by a shark or another deadly animal. Some of the guys with us said that the walrus' ivory teeth are quite valuable so they began throwing rocks at them so we could all have a souvenir. (We later noticed a piece of ivory for sale in a gift shop which was smaller than our pieces of teeth and estimated that ours must be worth around \$15.) We decided that this was better than any souvenir any tourist might buy in any of the many Alaskan gift shops.

The second night we camped out at a beautiful campsite overlooking the small fishing village of Ninilchik where the main means of living is fishing. It is a beautiful little village which I will never forget. Perhaps it was its sense of being engulfed between the sloping hills on either side of it, or the wide expanse of seashore at low tide with the seagulls screaming their lonely cries, making silhouettes against a splendid sunset amid the snow-covered mountain peaks or the people with whom we talked who seemed so at peace to live in this remote section of the world, apart from what we know as society, nevertheless this village caught my interest and admiration right from the first moment that I laid eyes on it.

We walked along the beach after sunset for a few hours enjoying the peacefulness and serenity of the scene before us, picking up more rocks and shells left there by the outgoing tide. The site looked the same at midnight as it had at 9:30 p.m. when the sun had first set. The shadows of the heavens were beginning to get a little deeper, though. But by 2 a.m. the brilliance of the sunrise of another beautiful day had shown itself amidst the peaks of the mountains in the distance.

The next morning we headed for Homer, a large town by Alaskan standards. Actually I would term it a village, but it is called a city up here. It is a very old town with dilapidated buildings, but the scenery around it is beautiful. We drove on past Homer to the end of the peninsula at the end of which is Homer Spit. Here there is a dock and port where much fishing is done.

Catching Crab
Our next three hours or so there were very interesting to us. We stood on the dock for quite a while watching fishermen pull up nets loaded with crab. We thought that the first ones we saw were fairly large until they pulled up a few male crabs which do not usually come into more shallow water until August. These are real monsters and we didn't even see the larger king crab which are caught in deeper waters. It is hard to tell what a fisherman will carry up on the end of his net. We saw a number of live starfish before they were put into a pot of boiling water to be steam cooked. Another way of preparing clams for eating is to dump them live into the pot of boiling water and they immediately die. It takes only a few minutes for them to be fully cooked, only about 12 minutes for a king crab to cook. Then they can be cleaned by breaking their shell and taking out the edible parts. This is just what we did to some of the crabs we had seen hauled up from the bottom of the bay less than a half-hour before. They are really delicious. We saved our crab shells and cleaned them for they make beautiful candy dishes or decorative ornaments for coffeetables.

After we were full of crab we went back to Ninilchik to pick up our camping gear and visit an old Russian Orthodox Church situated on a hill overlooking the little village. We made the steep climb up (the road was too risky for a car) on foot, but discovered that it was locked. But we did see a quaint little cemetery beside the church with strangely enough, artificial flowers all over the graves. This seemed unusual to us especially since there are hundreds of gorgeous wild flowers arraying the hillsides going up to the church.

Much too soon it was time for our wonderful weekend to end. It was one which none of us will ever forget. Suddenly we felt that feeling which

on way from Jordan to Potsdam

Dear Potsdam Friends,
Marhaba! I am writing a little later than I had originally planned, but I decided to wait until my Fulbright year as professor of American literature here in Jordan, was almost completed. My family and I return home via Europe within a few days, and before we leave this land of warm sunshine and even warmer hospitality, I want to mail this to you.

In September last year, Margaret and I with our three children arrived at the Amman airport from Rome via Beirut. Along with a week in August of briefing for me in Washington, we had read books and "National Geographic" magazines on Jordan, King Hussein's autobiography, and corresponded with the 1964-65 Fulbrighters.

When we arrived in Amman on Sept. 19 — our wedding anniversary, by the way — we had a fairly good idea what to expect. Yet we were still a little puzzled about some things; for example, the political unrest in the Middle East that some of our friends worried about for us. Yet, we have learned that Jordan is politically a very stable country and that King Hussein is not only a well-liked and popular monarch, but also has been and continues to be a great influence on the economic progress and political stability of Jordan and other neighboring countries.

As a professor on the University of Jordan faculty, I have been received in the King's palace in Amman, and when he recently visited the University, we faculty members attended the reception prior to his address in the auditorium. After his talks to the students and faculty, he answered questions for over an hour, questions concerning voting rights for women among others. The King replied that the next election, women would be given equal rights with men.

The faculty here teach the most eager students I have ever seen in my 20-some years of college association. Among my courses was a senior-level American literature survey; I had the honor of teaching the first exclusively all-American literature course here at the University.

The students here — amazingly — want to learn, ask many questions, and are delighted when one of the Fulbrighters picks up a carload of students or accepts an invitation for coffee at the buffet. For all of us, the English majors have done remarkably well and have shown good command of English as well as of the subject matter. In my senior American literature course, the students were particularly moved by the writings of Emerson and Thoreau. Most of the seniors are Moslems and the sermons and evangelistic fervor of Jonathan Edwards, especially "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," were particularly strange and fascinating to them.

During my school year here, several of my U.S. correspondents have asked about the Jordanian college students' attitude toward the United States. I can answer this question very frankly: I have talked to hundreds of students here and I have found no anti-American feeling. The students and faculty have been most cooperative. The Jordanians we have met have been polite, friendly and exceptionally hospitable to my family and me, mainly because we are strangers in their country.

Before we bought a second-hand VW, I rode from Jebel Amman to the university in a service taxi and walked a couple blocks to a downtown bus, rode on it to the Adbale Bus Terminal and then changed to the University-Swaleh bus. I did this for over a month and my bus and taxi rides allowed me to come in contact with many Jordanians and former Palestinians. I frequently made friends with the people I rode with — in spite of my early difficulties with the most simple greetings — and had friendly exchanges with them in English, Arabic, and a kind of universal sign language.

Often, as a gesture of sincere hospitality, the man next to me would pay my fare and say "Ahan wa Sahlen!" Usually there were college students on the buses, and they always wanted to pay my fares; I finally convinced them

makes the usual visitor to Alaska know that he would like to live this slow and quiet life of the native Eskimo and to want to see the beauty of the Land of the Midnight Sun forever.

that I wanted them to save their fils for the education. I convinced all of them except one persistent and persuasive young man named Mustafa who said "Khattrak" (goodbye) and slipped off the bus before I could repay him the 20 fils he spent for my part-way fare.

Because the Moslem religious holiday is Friday there is no school that day, and because Sunday is my Sabbath, I chose that day as my other free day. As a result my family and I have had free time to visit Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jerash, the Dead Sea, Jericho, the Jordan River, Damascus, and, during a long Moslem holiday, Cairo.

One of the ever amazing aspects of Jordan is that it is a fabulous open air museum. No matter where we travel here, we can find historical and biblical sites. The landscape is often breathtaking: the panoramic view of the mountains around the Dead Sea is truly unbelievable, and the sunsets are the most beautiful I've ever seen. John, our youngest, who especially likes to draw and paint, often calls to us from the verandah to come and see the colors of the sunset.

I suppose there are many questions you'll have when we meet next, and I'm sure I haven't told you all I'd like to — of standing at the top of Mount Nebo and feeling a deep contentment, of visiting the pyramids in Egypt; of going with my family to Madaba for a short drive and ending up meeting a local sheik and all his family and a week later sharing a grand mansaf (a national dish); of drinking water from Jacob's Well; of being with my family in the basement of the Church of the Nativity and having all the lights go out — and most of all to tell you of the great promise of this young university, and of the sincere and open-heartedness of the people of Jordan.

This has been a good year for all the Carey family and we'd all like to come back. Until we see each other again soon, goodbye, or as the Arabs say, "Khattrak."
Glenn O. Carey

Exposition News

The deadline is nearing for three more Art and Home Center contests.

August 9 is the last day entries will be accepted in the Home Arts, Crafts, and Senior Citizens contests.

A total of \$1,563 will be awarded in the Home Arts Contest; \$1,420 will be given in the Crafts Department, and \$349 will be presented in the Senior Citizens competition. Entry blanks for all contests may be obtained by writing the Exposition Entry Department.

Norwood

Mrs. Walter LaBrake was admitted to Potsdam Hospital Saturday evening where she is undergoing observation and treatment. Wait tells me that she is feeling much more comfortable but will be hospitalized for awhile.

Cattle Show Saturday at St. Lawrence Central

The St. Lawrence Central FFA Chapter will sponsor a cattle show and tractor operator contest on Saturday, Aug. 6, as announced by Anthony Kiloyne, Vocational Agriculture Teacher. This event is for the benefit of the FFA members and 4-H Club members in the district. This show will be held on the St. Lawrence Central School grounds. The program will start at 9:30 a.m. with the Senior showmanship contest taking place first. This will be followed by the Junior showmanship contest. Cattle judging will then take place by age and breed classes. Selection of breed champions will take place.

The highlight of the cattle show will be the selection of the Grand Champion and Reserve Grand Champion of the entire show. The cattle will be officially presented by Dick Geneway from Brushton, N.Y. The tractor operators contest will take place at 1:30 p.m. This event is for the purpose of demonstrating skill and safe operation of farm machinery. Two boys will represent St. Lawrence FFA Chapter at the St. Lawrence County Fair as a result of this contest. The public is invited to attend any part of the show.

DONAH'S BIG M

AUCTION — In Front of store this Friday night, August 5th from 6:30 to 9:30.
Auctioneer, Chuck Hughes.
Door Prize of Free groceries.
Refreshments will be sold, and profits from sale will go to the Village Softball League.

SAVE 40c WITH THIS COUPON

ICE CREAM **SAVE 40c**
BONNIE BROOK
29c
With this Coupon and a Minimum \$10.00 Order
COUPON EXPIRES SAT. 8/6/66

COMPARE THESE MONEY SAVING MEAT PRICES

CHUCK ROAST **TOP QUALITY** **SAVE 14c LB.** **LB. 45c**

CHUCK STEAK **SAVE 30c LB.** **LB. 49c**

GROUND BEEF **3-LBS. OR MORE** **LB. 49c** **LB. 55c**

HOT DOGS **DURRS** **1-lb. Pkg.** **SAVE 20c LB.** **LB. 59c**

DONAH'S — GOES LOW-LOW PRICES — COMPARE

TOMATOES **PONTO 3 PACK** **29c**

PEACHES **6 POUNDS** **69c**

WHY PAY MORE? BOB SAYS - SHOP HERE AND SAVE

BREAD **BONNIE BROOK** **16-oz. Loaf** **SAVE 6c** **14c**

POTATO CHIPS **PARTY CLUB** **1-lb. Box** **SAVE 10c** **49c**

SAVE — SAVE DONAH'S EVERY DAY LOW PRICES SAVE — SAVE

SUGAR	5-LB. BAG	LIMIT (1) PLEASE	49c	TIDE DETERGENT	GIANT SIZE	77c
OLEO	COUNTRY MANOR	LIMIT (5) PLEASE	19c	HELLMANN'S MAYONNAISE	QUART	LIMIT (1) PLEASE 59c
CRISCO	SHORTENING	3-lb. CAN	LIMIT (1) PLEASE 79c	SALAD DRESSING	COUNTRY MANOR QUART	39c
COFFEE	MAXWELL HOUSE OR HILLS BROS.	1-lb. CAN	LIMIT (2) PLEASE 69c	PORK N' BEAN	16-oz. can CAMPBELLS	14c
Tomato Soup	CAMPBELLS #1 CAN	LIMIT (10) PLEASE	10c	BUTTER	COUNTRY MANOR	LIMIT (3) PLEASE 69c

OPEN DAILY 9 TILL 9 — SUNDAY 9 TO 6

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