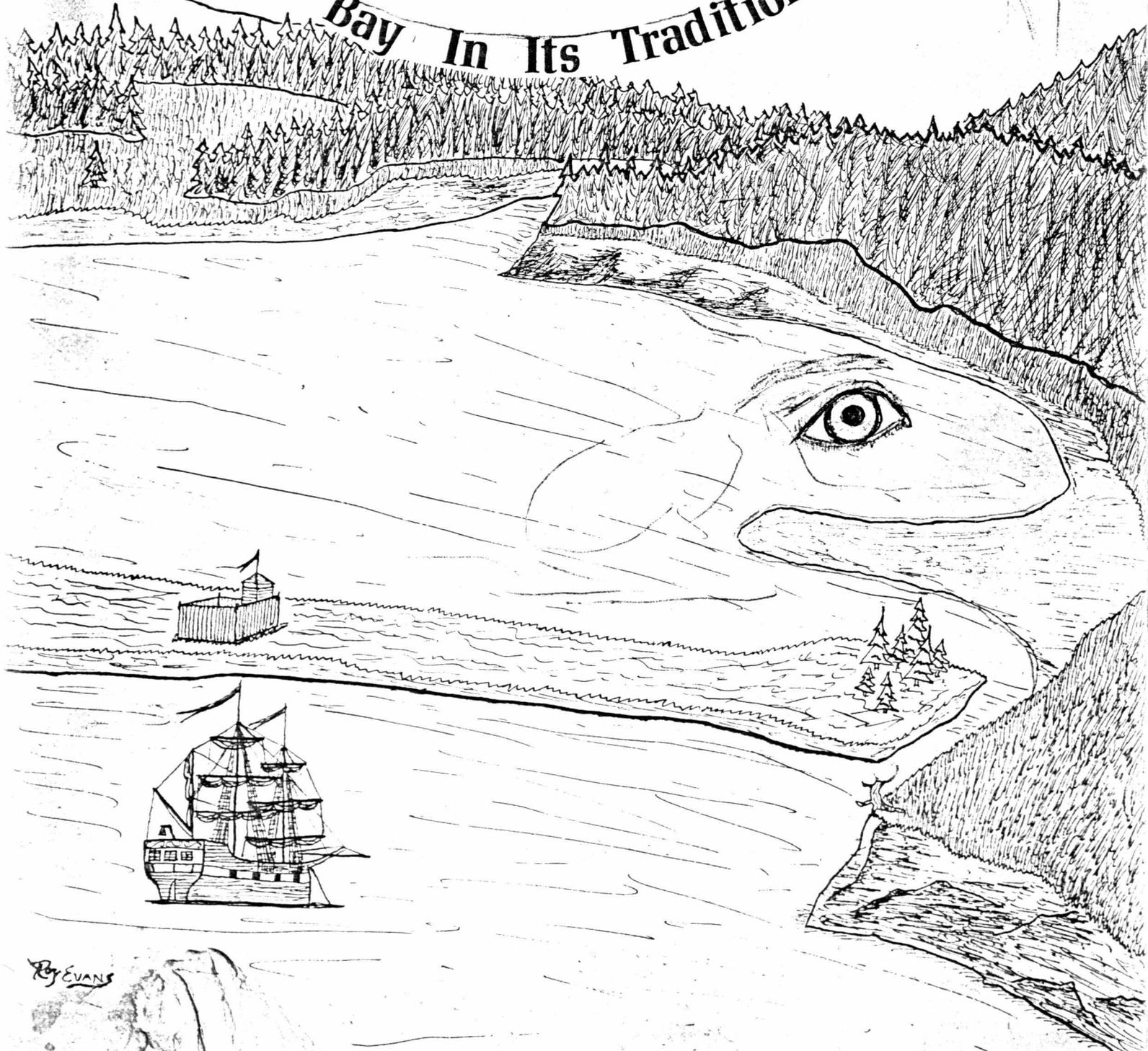


No.1

ALEXANDROV'S \$5  
English Bay In Its Traditional Way



Dedicated

to the Memory

of our Ancestors

John Moonin and  
Helen Medvidnikoff Moonin

Pete Macha and  
Kathleen Romanov Macha

Nicholas Moonin and  
Marfa Macha Moonin

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

ALEXANDROVSK

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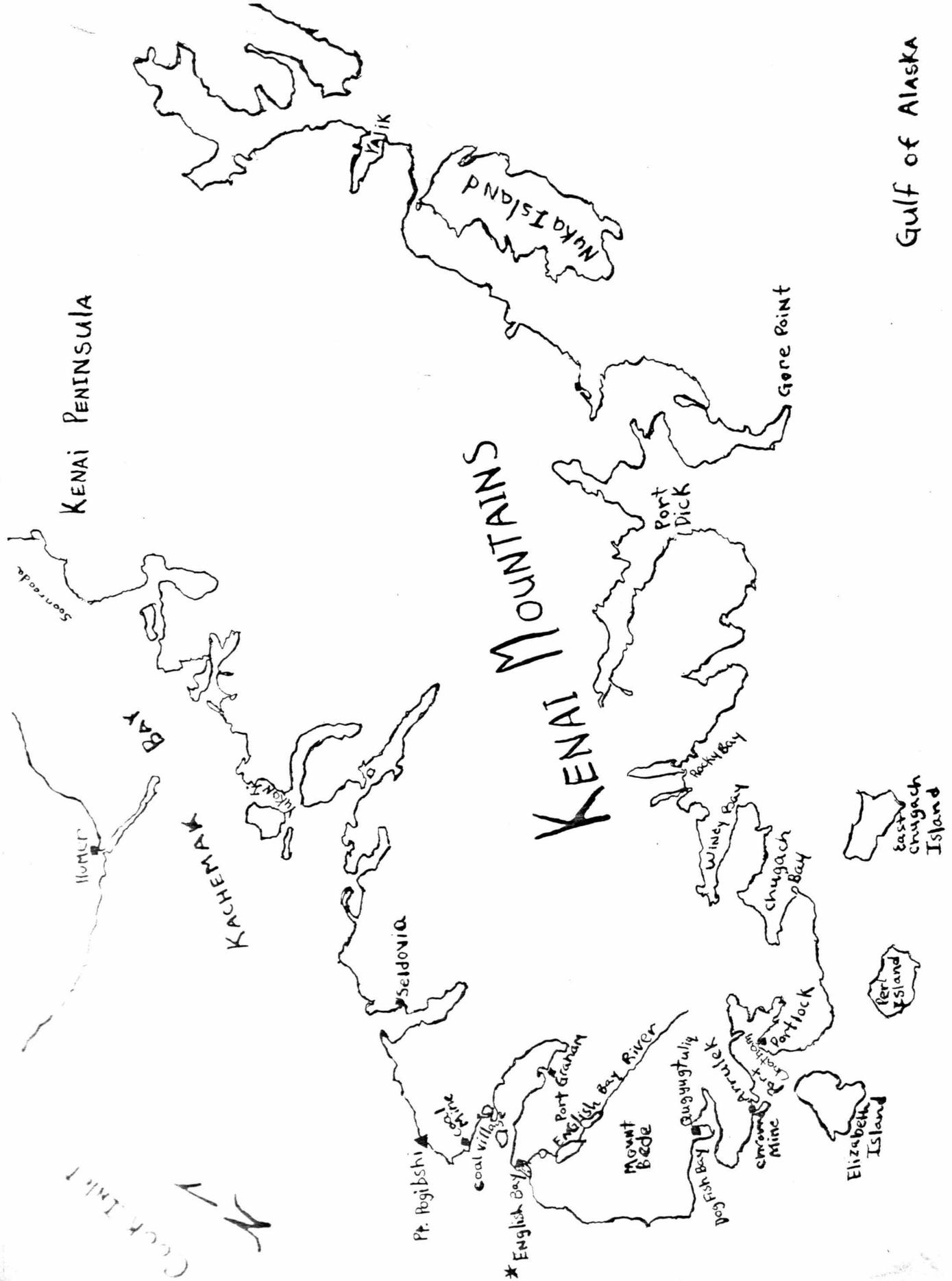
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Gulf of Alaska

KENAI PENINSULA

KENAI MOUNTAINS

COOK INLET

ILLUMINATED

SOONROAD

BAY

KACHEMAK

SELDOVIA

PT. ROGIBSHI

\* ENGLISH BAY

PORT GRAHAM

MOUNT BEDE

BOGERT BAY

AUGHSTULIG

PORTLOCK

ELIZABETH ISLAND

PORT ISLAND

EAST CHUGACH ISLAND

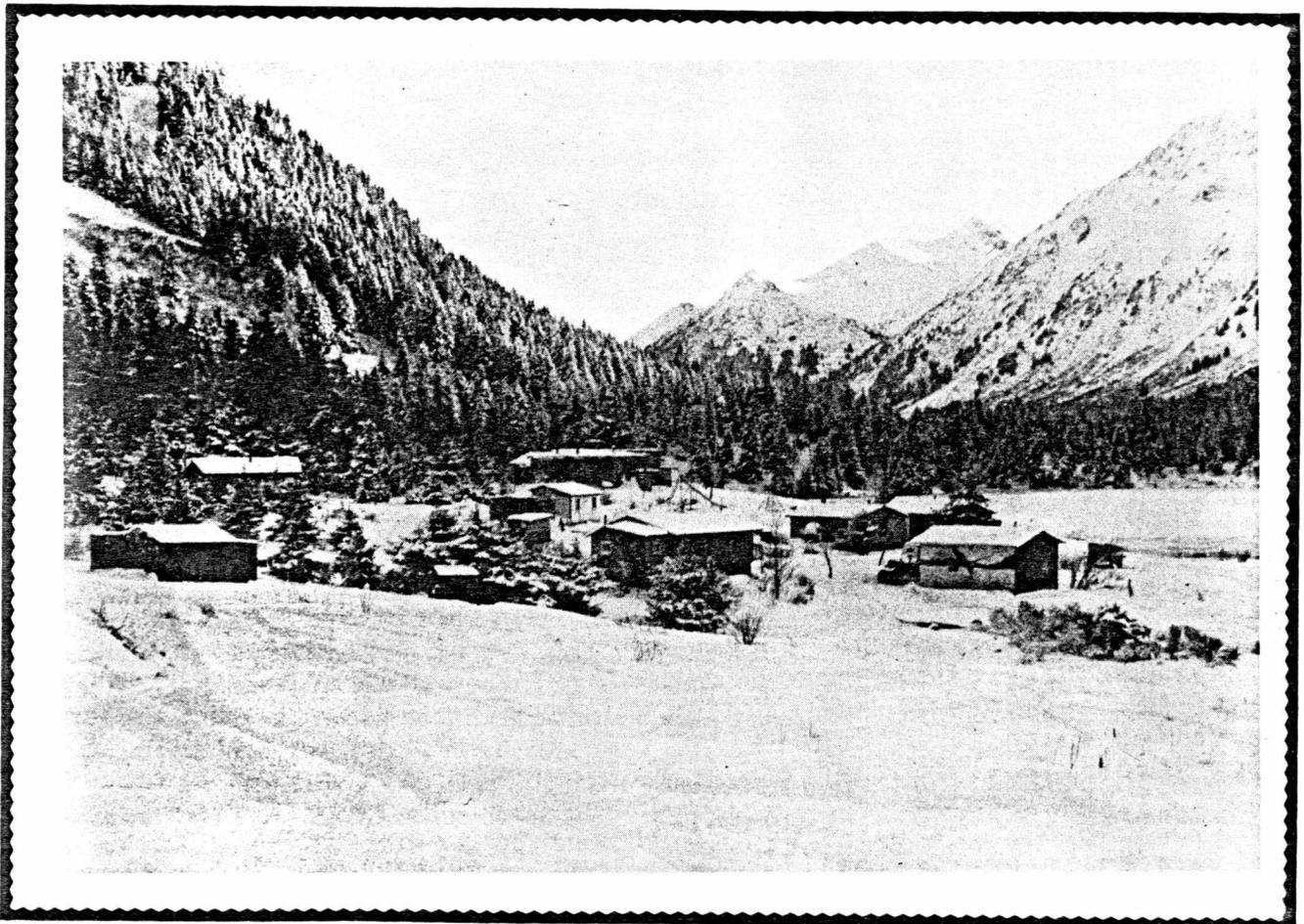
GORE POINT

NUKA ISLAND

KALIK

# ALEXANDROVSK

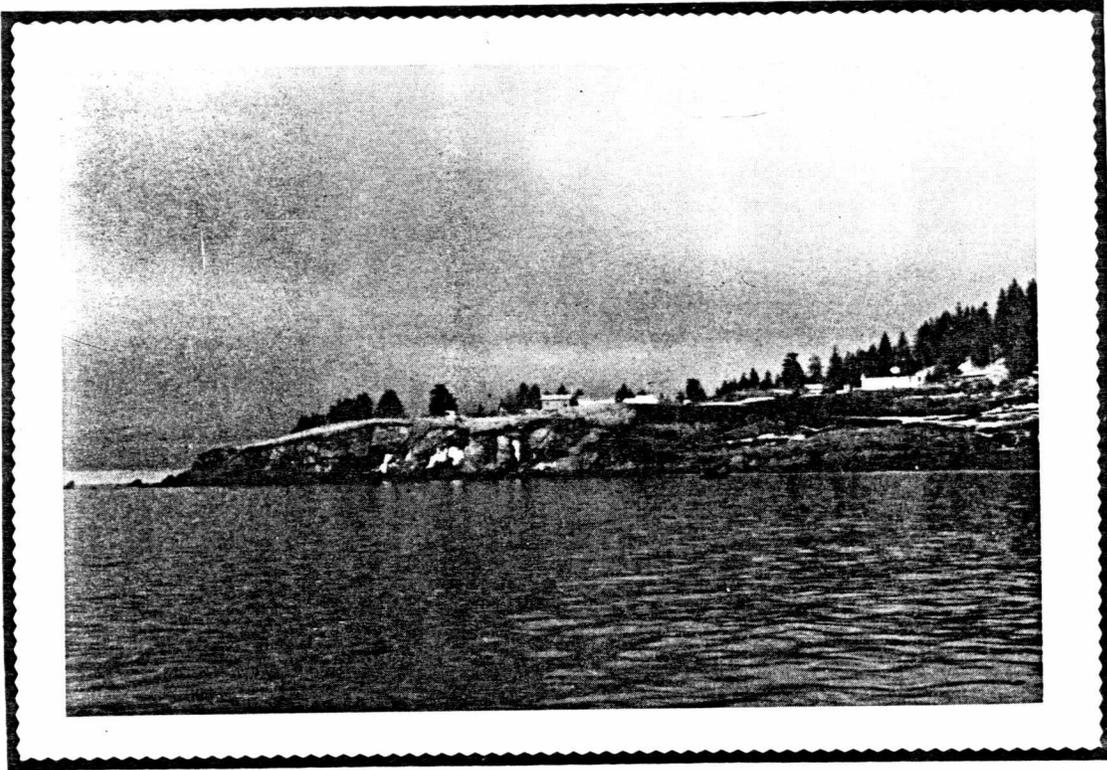
## From Past To Present



*Winter time scene of English Bay.*

English Bay is a small Aleut village (population 120) located near the entrance of Kachemak Bay on the southwestern tip of the Kenai Peninsula. It is about twenty air miles southwest of Homer, Alaska; and its coordinates are listed as 59°20' north latitude, 152°57' west longitude. The main source of income in the community is related to commercial salmon fishing.

The village is accessible only by air or water. Small, single-engine aircraft can land on a narrow spit located between two mountains; and boats can travel to and from Port Graham, Seldovia, and Homer during the summer months. There are trails throughout the village, but no roads or automobiles. ATC three-wheel Hondas are today's beasts of burden in the community.



*Looking at the point of English Bay.*

An Aleut (Sugcestun language) name for the village is Nanwalek, which means "place with a lagoon." The village sits near the base of the mountains at the entrance of a large valley which faces Cook Inlet. It overlooks a scenic lagoon that the English Bay River flows into. The river connects a chain of five small lakes up the valley which sock-eye (reds), humpy (pinks), and coho (silvers) salmon use for a spawning ground.

Historically speaking, English Bay was founded as a redoubt (fort) for Russian fur traders in 1785. It was named Fort St. Alexander or Alexandrovsk by Gregory Shelekhov, its founder, but was mistakenly misnamed in 1909 by a U.S. Geological Survey mapping team. Thus, the name English Bay inappropriately landed on this small village whose only religion is Russian Orthodox. From this religion,

many of the community's customs have been derived.

The following is a historical overview of the history connected with our community and our ancestors as we studied it this year in our "Alexandrovsk" class. To date, there have been no books written on the people of our area. We hope this magazine will be a step in that direction.

We would like to especially thank Sergius Moonin, Juanita Melsheimer, and Sarjus Kvasnikoff for the gift the knowledge about our past that they so unselfishly gave to us this year. We would also like to thank Wendy Erd of the Pratt Museum and Susan Stephan of the Kenai Peninsula Borough School District Bilingual Program for their help in gathering materials for our teacher, Tom Thorpe, to research and present to us.

ALEXANDROVSK FROM PAST TO PRESENT  
As told to Tom Evans by Tom  
Thorpe, Sergius Moonin, Juanita  
Melsheimer, and Sarjus Kvasnikoff

Anthropologists think that about 40,000 years ago a land bridge existed in the present-day Bering Strait. They believe that people from Asia moved across the land bridge into Alaska and down through the Americas. This event marked the beginning of aboriginal man in Alaska whose descendants, Yupik coastal dweller, lived and hunted in the area of Alexandrovsk (English Bay) for about four thousand years prior to the coming of the Russians. It is believed that the people along the coast in this area did not use Alexandrovsk for a permanent year-round settlement, but probably frequented the English Bay River, using it as a summer fishing camp.

About three hundred years before the Russians ventured into Kachemak Bay, the Athabaskin Indians from the interior moved into the Kachemak Bay area and settled as far around it as Seldovia. There was a large village called Soonrooda at the head of Kachemak Bay that was active at the time the first Russians explored the area of Alexandrovsk. The Russians raided the village of Soonrooda, overpowering the natives with guns and taking their young women for hostages and wives. Shortly thereafter, the village disbanded into smaller groups around the Kenai Peninsula. The midden (ancient garbage) of this village indicates that aboriginal people had been frequenting that area for thousands of years as well as the area around Yukon Island.

It wasn't until 1725 (when "Peter the Great" appointed the Dane, Vitus Bering, to seek out

a northeast passage to China and India) that the Russians got serious about eastward expansion. Bering made two trips across the five thousand miles of landmass from European Russia to the Pacific. Finally, he and his second in command (Chirikov), sailing in the ships, St. Peter and St. Paul, separately spotted the mainland of Alaska in 1741.

They were assisted on their long treks by a pastoral, aggressive people from the steps of the Black Sea called cossacks. The cossacks were Orthodox Christians and served as scouts for explorers. They later pioneered the Siberian and Alaskan settlements as promyshlenniki (servers) in the fur trading business.

The Russian fur traders quickly established themselves in Siberia and were making great profits, especially on the sable fur. As the animal population declined in Siberia, they moved on into the Aleutians and discovered an abundance of an even more valuable animal than the sable - the sea otter.

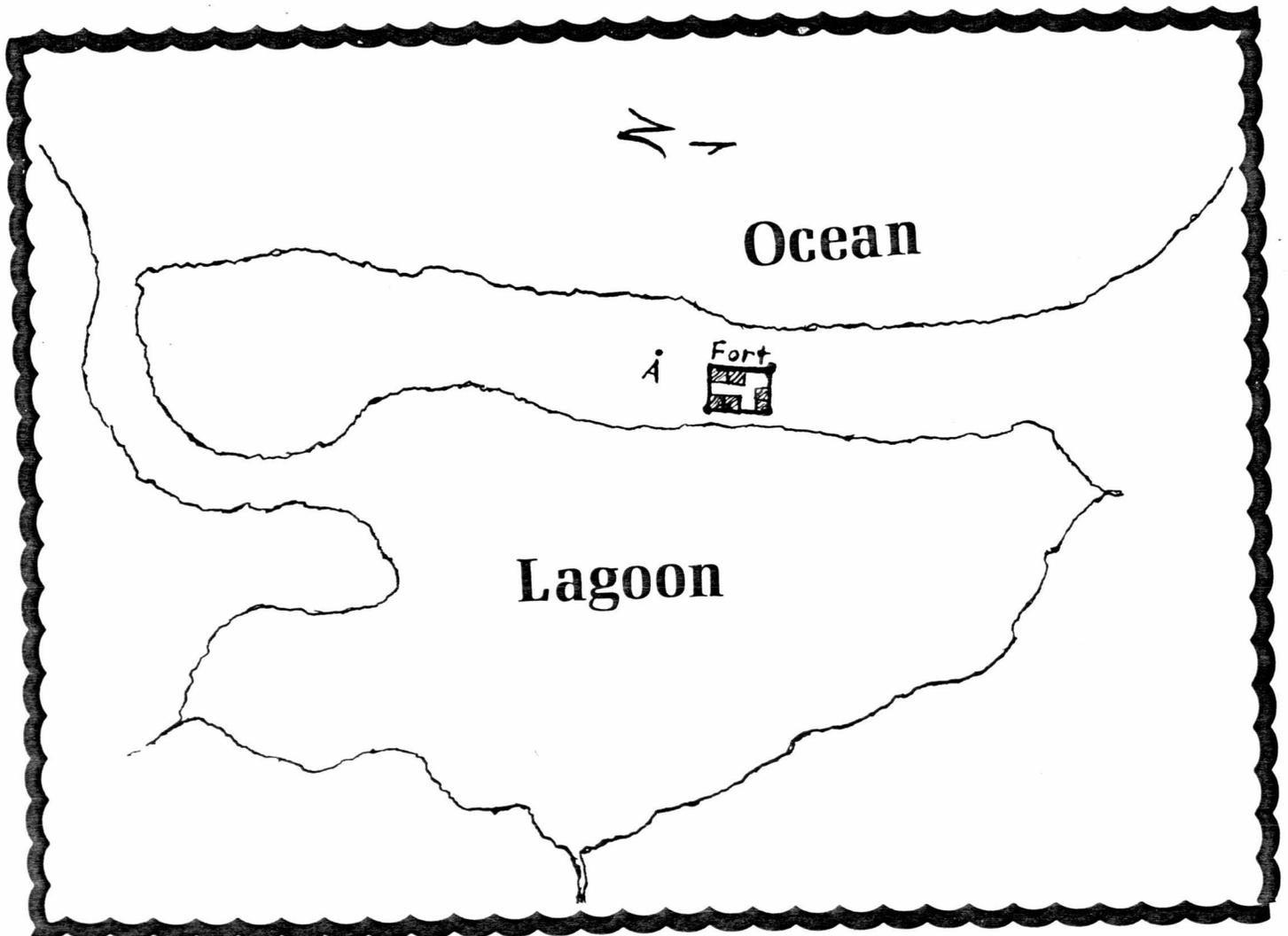
From the years 1750 to 1775, the promyshlenniki visited Alaska regularly in search of pelts. They found themselves most inadequate as sea-going hunters, so enslaved the Aleuts to hunt sea otters for them. About 1762 the Aleuts near Unalaska and Umnak Islands retaliated against their inservitude and destroyed four of the five Russian ships in the area at that time. The Russians returned with terrible vengeance and destroyed almost every coastal village on both islands. After that, the Aleuts never really resisted the Russian inservitude.

In 1777 Englishman James Cook passed Alexandrovsk while exploring the area of present

day Cook Inlet. His men traded for furs on their voyage up from the Pacific Coast and eventually traded those furs while visiting Canton, China. To their pleasant surprise, the Chinese were willing to trade vast amounts of teas, spices, silks, and other riches for the sea otter pelts that were purchased by Cook's men for a few, inexpensive trade items. This event signaled a fur rush to the Alaskan waters and also spelled the demise of the docile sea otter.

In the 1770's, two principal Siberian fur merchants, Gregory Shelekhov and the Panov brothers, became wealthy and began to play an important role in the settlement of the Kenai Peninsula.

Shelekhov, with the backing of another wealthy merchant (Ivan Golikov), founded the American Northeastern Fur Company in 1781. Gregory Shelekhov was well aware of the vast riches to be made in Alaska, but feared that a stampede of fur traders would quickly deplete its animal resources. He petitioned Catherine the Great for a monopoly on fur trading in Alaska, rationalizing that his company could more effectively bring tax wealth to Russia if time wasn't lost fighting competitors. Catherine II was for the monopoly in principle, but feared that such a move might antagonize other European countries; which indicates that she did not feel that Russia had sole claim to Alaska at that time.



The 1788 map of Alexandrovsk.

In 1784, Shelekhov became the first Russian fur trader to establish a permanent settlement in Alaska. He set up his central outpost at Three Saints Bay near present-day Old Harbor on Kodiak Island. He explored Kachemak Bay in 1785 and established a redoubt at its entrance, naming that redoubt Fort St. Alexander or Alexandrovsk. He left twenty men in Alexandrovsk under the command of Vassili Molokhov to collect furs in the Cook Inlet area.

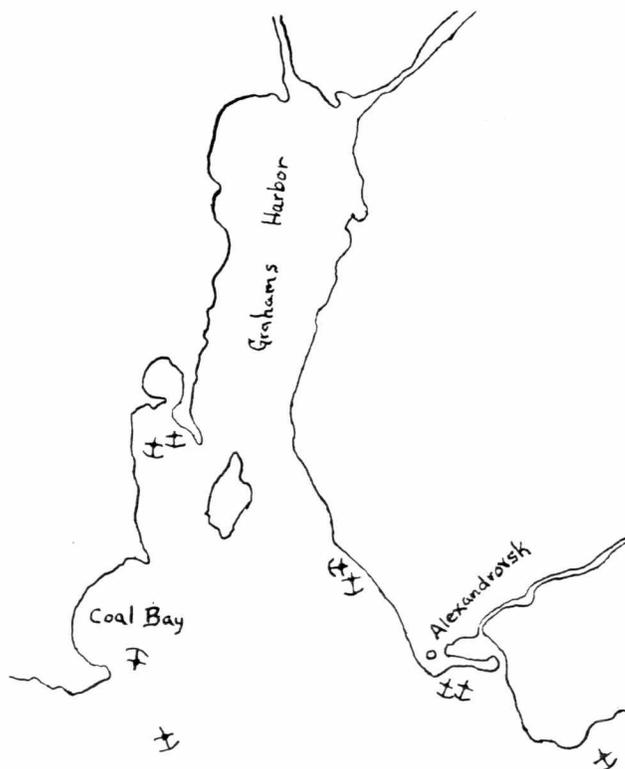
One year later, Nathaniel Portlock, an officer of Cook's 1777 voyage into Cook Inlet, landed at Alexandrovsk. He and his second in command, Dixon, had previously traveled from the Hawaiian Islands, sailing in separate ships. Portlock traded foodstuffs that they had collected in Hawaii to the Russians in return for dried salmon, which the Aleuts put up for them that summer in present-day Port Graham Bay. While waiting for their salmon supply, Portlock mapped the area and discovered a seven foot coal vein at the entrance of Port Graham Bay. He named the sight near present-day Port Graham, Grahams Harbor.

After Portlock left, the Russians renamed Port Graham Bay, calling that body of water English Bay after Portlock and his men. That name existed up until 1909 when the U.S. Geological Survey remapped the Kenai Peninsula and misnamed it Port Graham Bay. The U.S.G.S. mistakenly applied the name English Bay to Alexandrovsk; and thus, Alexandrovsk, the original name of English Bay, faded out of use.

In 1786, Shelekhov's fur trading business received its first competition in Cook Inlet. The Panov brothers' Lebedev-

Lastochkin Company set up the redoubt Fort St. George at present-day Kasilof within Cook Inlet. Shelekhov left Kodiak for European Russia following this event to further try and convince Catherine the Great that an exclusive charter for Alaska should be granted to his company.

Alexandrovsk continued to be Shelekhov's only outpost in Cook Inlet, but produced well in terms of furs. In 1788, a map of the redoubt was drawn by Molokhov, locating the fort in the center of the present English Bay airstrip. The inscription on the map states that a metal plate was buried at the dot above the "A" on the map. (See 1788 map of Alexandrovsk) The plate stated that the land was a territory of Russia. Only one such plate has been found in Alaska, and that was at Sitka in 1935.



Portlock's 1786 map of Port Graham Bay.

Sarge Kvasnikoff told us that two professors from Ontario, Canada came to English Bay in 1969 with a copy of the map. They excavated the area where the map indicated that the plate had been buried, but found nothing. It was concluded that the plate must have been lost when the airstrip was built on the spit in the late 1950's.

Shelekhov's company began its real dominance in the fur industry upon his hiring Alexander Baronov as general manager of the Northeastern Fur Company in 1790. By 1791, Baronov had arrived at Three Saints Bay in Kodiak and changes were in the making. In the same year, the Lebedev-Lastochkin Company established another redoubt, Fort St. Nicholas (present-day Kenai). The result of this event later caused Baronov problems, but also left him successfully married to a Kenaitze chief's daughter.

In 1792, Baronov moved the Northeastern Company's principal settlement from Three Saints Bay to present-day Kodiak. The bay at Kodiak was a better harbor than at the original settlement, and the lumber resources were much greater at the new site.

Baronov traveled to Alexandrovsk in 1793 and then on up to the Lebedev-Lastochkin's two redoubts, Fort St. George and Fort St. Nicholas. His goal was to try to settle a dispute between the two commanders of the redoubts and the Kenaitze Indians. He lured the antagonistic commander of Fort St. Nicholas into a trap that later sent him back to Russia. Baronov also married Chief Gregory Razkaznikoff's daughter to seal a pact of friendship between the Northeastern Company and the Indians. His wife's people later saved him and his men from starvation at Yakutat,

but the marriage resulted in continued criticism from the Russian Orthodox missionaries who first came to Kodiak the next year in 1794.

Baronov assigned a work detail to mine some coal from the vein Portlock had discovered two miles from Alexandrovsk. The coal was then transported to Resurrection Bay near present-day Seward, where Baronov oversaw the building of the first ship on the Pacific Coast by the Englishman, James Shields, in 1794. The coal was used to heat the iron to a high enough temperature for the necessary casting needed on the ship.

By 1795, missionaries from Kodiak were visiting Alexandrovsk and traveling in the Kenai Peninsula area. Father Juvenaly was massacred by Illiamna Indians that year and became the first Orthodox martyr in Alaska. The missionaries established a school in Kodiak for the natives and with their efforts, the first attempt toward formal education for Natives was made in Alaska.

Gregory Shelekhov died in Russia in 1799. Ironically, his long, sought-after monopoly for exclusive fur trading rights in Alaska was granted that year. The company was reorganized and renamed the Russian American Company by his widow and son-in-law, Nikolai Rezanov.

Baronov continued to manage the American end of the operation, but looked for a new central post which he found at Sitka in southeastern Alaska. Sitka was finally secured from the Tlingit Indians after a bloody battle in 1803. That same year, Baronov sent an expedition down to California from Kodiak to search for a suitable site for an outpost. The purpose of the new redoubt was twofold: to extend the fur trade into the California

area, and to grow crops to supply the Alaskan outposts.

The Russians were at first tolerated by the Spanish and were able to establish a redoubt, Fort Ross, just north of San Francisco in 1812. They brought both Aleuts and promyshlenniki from Kodiak to hunt and farm the area, but the agricultural venture was never a success. The Spanish governorship in San Francisco changed hands a few years after the Russians arrived. Much to the Russians dismay, the new governor became suspicious of their intentions and overtook the fort. It was during this time that "Peter the Aleut" in 1816 became the first Alaskan Native to be martyred for the Orthodox faith. It is said that he would not renounce his religion for Catholicism, and as a result was tortured and killed.

Russia was later able to persuade the Spanish to release the Russians and Aleuts they had imprisoned, but received unwelcomed pressure from the United States to leave California shortly thereafter. In 1823, President James Monroe formally declared in his "Monroe Doctrine" that North and South America should be considered closed to European colonization. In 1824, Russia agreed to limit her settlements to Alaska, but it wasn't until 1841 that Fort Ross was sold to the American, John Sutter. Sutter later became famous when James Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848.

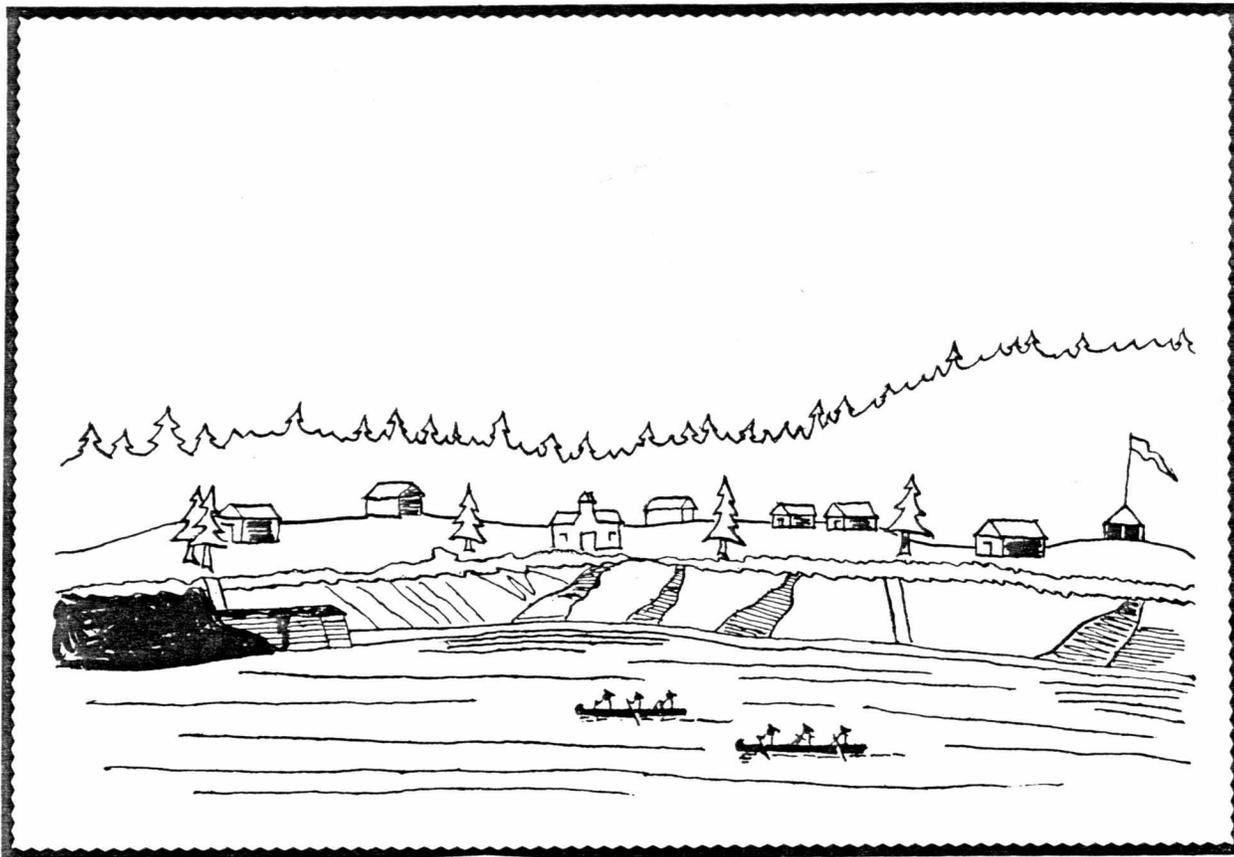
The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill had an indirect effect on tiny Alexandrovsk, thousands of miles away. As a result of the gold rush, California was in critical need of coal. The Russian American Company, hoping to capitalize on this demand, decided to establish a coal mine at the site where

Portlock had discovered a vein in 1786. The coal was located at the entrance of Port Graham Bay only a couple of miles from Alexandrovsk.

It wasn't until 1855 that the coal mining project really got underway. The Russians hired a Finn named Enoch Furuhjelm to bring in a shipload of equipment and German miners to the site. Coal Village, as it was called, became the center of operations in the area for the Russian American Company during its short existence; and activities at Alexandrovsk died down during this time. Furuhjelm reported in a letter, "...with the exception of the wretched Indian village (Alexandrovsk) on the other side of the (Port Graham) Bay, the whole region is uninhabited and I had a rather queer feeling when our axes resounded for the first time in this primeval forest."

One year after Furuhjelm's arrival, the first shipment of coal was sent to California. It turned out to be low-grade (high sulfur content) and was sold for less than it cost to extract it from the ground. Coal Village was populated by eighty to ninety people. When the labor supply proved to be inadequate, the Russians sent convicts to work the mine and sometimes inducted local natives into service there.

A total of 2,700 tons of low-grade coal was mined from 1857 to 1861. The Russian American Company decided to close down the mine in 1865, considering it a major financial loss. However, coal was still mined for local use by the Russians up until 1867 when Alaska was sold to the United States. The bell at the church at Coal Village was moved to the church at Alexandrovsk and is still here today. The walkway to the entrance of the mine and some



*Coal Village in the 1860's.*

of the foundations of the buildings are also visible today at the old site.

In 1867, "Seward's Folly" became reality, and the United States purchased themselves a precious icebox for \$7,200,000.00 (about two cents an acre). The Russian American Company moved out of Alexandrovsk that year and took with it all of the local company records. The records were shipped back to St. Petersburg, Russia, with records from all the other Russian outposts in Alaska and dumped into a river there for lack of anything else to do with them. Thus, a good deal of the written history of Alexandrovsk was washed away.

The Alaska Commercial Company took over the post at Alexandrovsk that same year and continued the fur trading business. Sea otters were still

commanding a good price in the Orient at this time, although the population of animals was fast dwindling.

In the 1880's the Alaska Commercial Company post was managed by Maxwell Cohn in Alexandrovsk. He was the agent here for eighteen years and his daily log and records are now preserved in the archives at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. Johan Jacobsen reported visiting Alexandrovsk in 1883 when he was on an expedition to collect artifacts for the Berlin Ethnological Museum. Cohn, who was born in Berlin, greeted Jacobsen warmly and impressed him so much with his knowledge of the sea otter, that Jacobsen wrote a detailed account of their conversations on that subject.

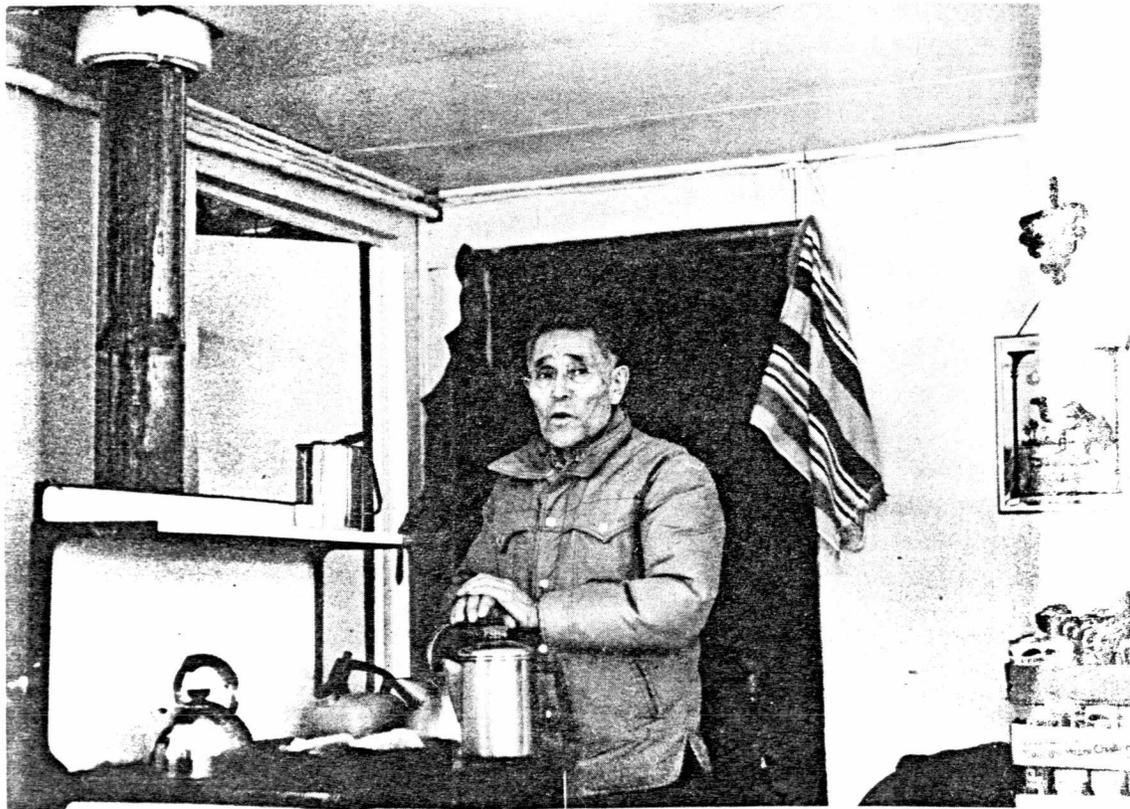
Around 1889, canneries began popping up around the North Pacific Rim. This happening

spelled a change in life-style for the Alaskan Natives living in the region. They began to work in the canneries in the summer for credit at the company store instead of putting up fish and berries as they had done in the past. Some settlements grew and flourished as a result of the cannery system, Port Graham being a prime example. Others like Portlock at Port Chatham Bay died off completely. Surprisingly enough, Alexandrovsk (English Bay) was able to survive into modern times without a continuing industry other than fishing.

John Moonin (Russian spelling - Munin), the great-great grandfather of most of the students at English Bay, was born near San Francisco in the 1830's. Juanita Melsheimer, his granddaughter, said that his nationality was part Russian, Indian, and Spanish.

Sergius Moonin, John's older brother, told us John Moonin grew up in the San Francisco area as an Orthodox Christian. He married Helen and moved to Kodiak in the 1850's. His first wife was Helen Medvidnikoff. He and Helen's father was Russian and mother was Aleut. The nationality of the two nationalities is referred to as Creole.

Sergius told us that he was an avid brown bear hunter and an active member in the Russian Orthodox Church in Kodiak. He and Helen had three children, and he was going to do missionary work in Seldovia in the 1860's. He became the church layman for the Kachemak Bay area and was paid fifty dollars by the Russian government to conduct church services. When the priest was not available to baptize, and to care



*Sergius Moonin recalling the past.*

spiritual needs of the people in the area.

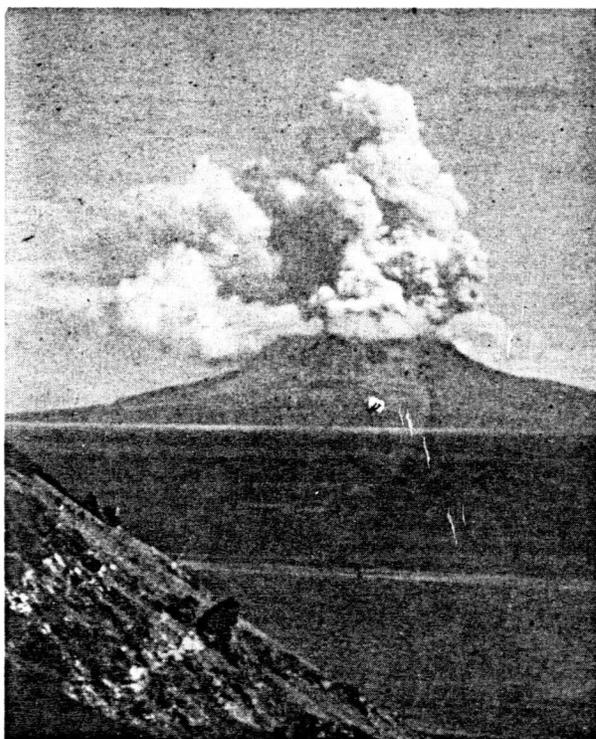
Shortly after arriving in Seldovia, John and Helen visited Alexandrovsk. Sergius said that his grandmother was so taken by the beautiful scenery of the area, that she asked John if they could settle here. John requested permission from the Bishop to move his headquarters to Alexandrovsk and it was granted. So it came to be that John and Helen Moonin moved to Alexandrovsk, raised their family, and devoted the rest of their lives to the people of Alexandrovsk.

The only priests for the area were located at the missionary district headquarters in Nikolaevsk (present-day Kenai). They traveled all over the peninsula baptizing Aleuts and bringing the word of God to them. One of the villages they visited was Yalik at the mouth of Nuka Bay. Since the distance from Kenai to Yalik was so great and had to be traveled to and from by skin boat (bidarka kayak), the priests began to encourage the people of the Nuka Bay area to move closer to Kenai. Thus, the population of Alexandrovsk and its surrounding area began to grow along with the activity at Coal Village.

Nicholas Moonin, the son of John and Helen, was born in Alexandrovsk on December 22, 1874. He later became a Russian Orthodox priest and was the father to both Sergius Moonin and Juanita Melsheimer. Father Moonin was the patriarch of English Bay until his death in 1972 at the age of 98.

Nicholas lived through two disasters at Alexandrovsk in his early youth. In 1883, St.

Augustine Volcano (located some sixty miles out in the inlet from Alexandrovsk) erupted violently causing a thirty foot tidal wave to come crashing in on the village approximately twenty-five minutes after the initial explosion. Luckily, the water was at low tide at the time of the eruption. Had it not been, the entire village might have been lost. An account of this eruption was written by an eyewitness (Davidson) who was in the area of Alexandrovsk at the time.



*1971 eruption of St. Augustine.*

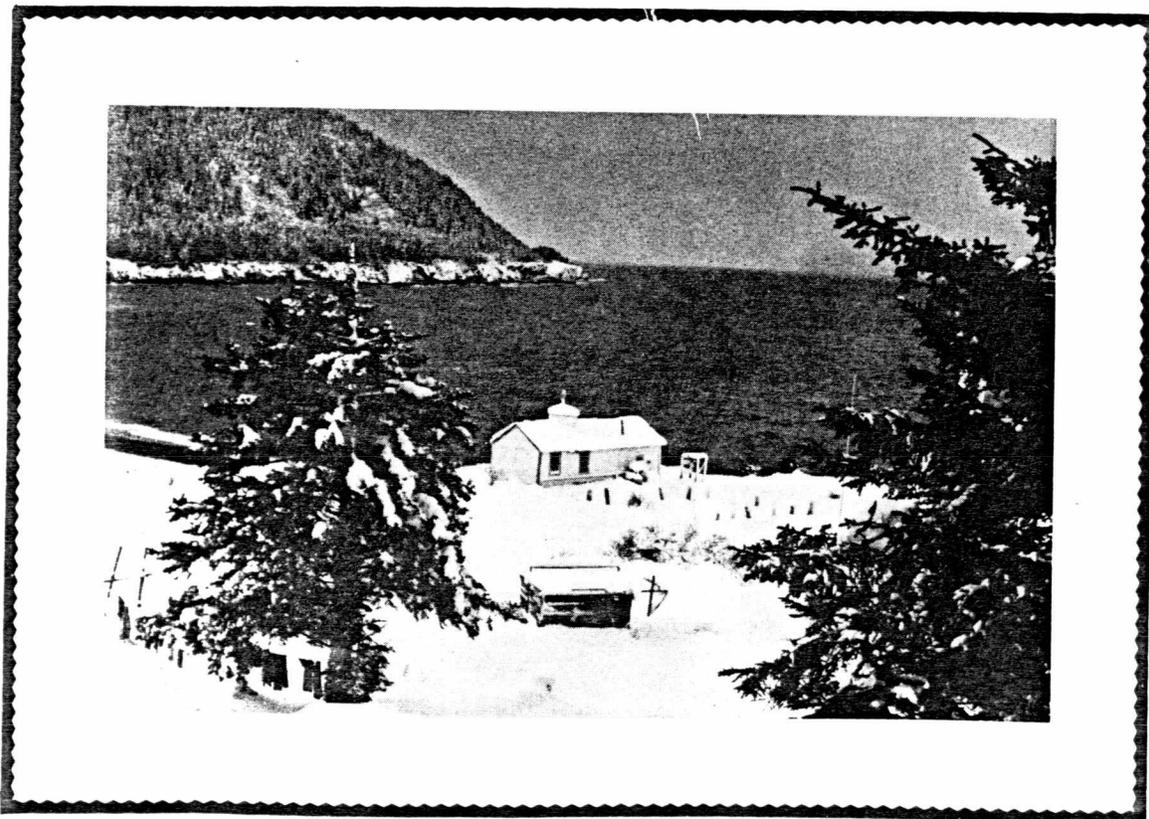
The second disaster did not have the happy ending of the first. One year after the eruption, an influenza epidemic swept the Kenai Peninsula, claiming nearly all the lives of children two years of age and younger as well as many of the older children and adults. Sarjus Kvasnikoff, Father Nicholas's son-in-law, told us that Father Nicholas claimed the population of Alexandrovsk was much larger at that time than it is today. He said that so

many people died here that they had to bury them without wooden caskets. Sergius Moonin told us that Nicholas's older brothers, Ephim and Demetrie, helped John Moonin bury and take care of the dying people.

The 1880 U.S. Census listed the population of Alexandrovsk as eighty-eight persons: seventy-six Aleuts and twelve Creoles. The Aleut people were very nomadic in the summer months and were still hunting sea otters great distances from Alexandrovsk. It is possible that at the time of the census many people were out at fish camp or hunting. It is also probable that people moved after the census into Alexandrovsk from the Nuka Bay area at the priests' wish. No doubt, people living on the lower coastal elevations began to seek the higher ground at Alexandrovsk after the 1883 eruption and tidal wave. The oral history

that Father Nicholas has passed on to us indicates that Alexandrovsk was much larger than the recorded census of 1880 at the time of the epidemic, but the population certainly dropped off following the epidemic.

Sergius told us that some time in the 1890's the church at Alexandrovsk burnt down. The people wanted another church badly. Alaska Commercial Company agreed to sell its old trading post to the village for five hundred dollars. No one had enough money to buy the building, so Riley Meganack (the father of the current chief of Port Graham) agreed to trade two sea otter pelts that he had caught for the building. The villagers tore down the building and reconstructed it into a church, about two hundred yards from its original location on the edge of the bluff. That same church is still used for services in English Bay today.



*Winter time view of the old church at English Bay.*



*Father Nicholas with his granddaughter, Alice Seville.*

In 1893, Nicholas Moonin was sent to the seminary at Sitka to receive his formal education. He returned with Father Bortnovsky, who was stationed at Kenai, in 1896. It was agreed that in return for his education, Nicholas Moonin would begin a school for the children of Alexandrovsk. It is noted that the Russian Orthodox Church was the first organization to involve itself with education in Alexandrovsk. Father Bortnovsky reported that, "The duty of the churchman at the local chapel is performed by the Creole, John Moonin, whom the people support by paying one dollar from money received for each sea otter pelt sold. I brought with me his son, Nicholas, who studied at Sitka for three years, and who was obliged (in return for his education) to open a school in the village. There are fourteen children of school age."<sup>2</sup>

Father Bortnovsky visited Alexandrovsk again the following year and reported that eighteen children were attending school from the hours of 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The subjects taught were: "God's Law, Russian, English, and singing. The

teacher, Nicholas Moonin, was supported by the inhabitants to the extent of four dollars a month. The teaching was done in the house of churchman, John Moonin, but a special house will be built for school use in the near future by the community."<sup>3</sup> The church later reported that Nicholas Moonin had twenty students at Alexandrovsk in 1900.



*Nicholas and Marfa Moonin*

Nicholas Moonin married a former student, Marfa Macha, in 1904. It was Father Bortnovsky, his former mentor at Sitka, who performed the marriage ceremony. Marfa was the daughter of Peter and Kathleen Macha. Her mother's maiden name was Romanov, and she was a Creole from Alexandrovsk. Peter Macha was full-blooded Aleut and had moved from Yalik to Alexandrovsk at the priests' request in the 1850's or 60's. He told Sergius Moonin that he had worked in the coal mine at Coal Village for very poor wages under extremely hard working conditions. Both Peter and Kathleen, who raised four daughters in Alexandrovsk, are buried here today.

In 1905, the first of Nicholas and Marfa's twelve

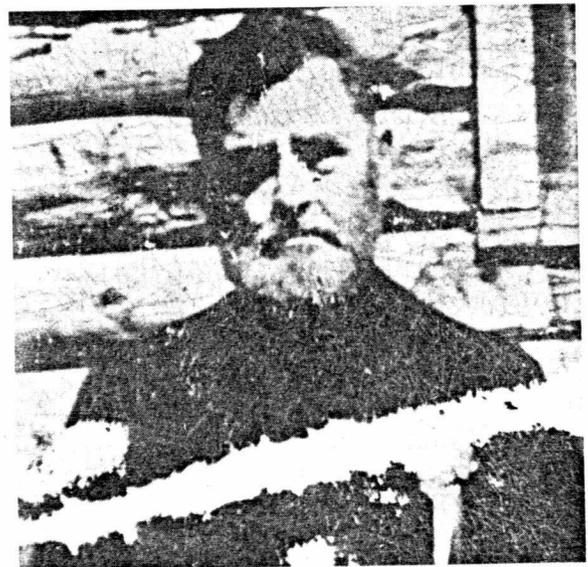
children, Sergius, was born in Alexandrovsk. In 1907, a saltery was established in Alexandrovsk by J.A. Herbert of Seldovia, but the saltery closed in 1910. There was never a potential for a cannery here because of the hazards involved in off-loading freight in a sometimes-rough surf. Sergius said that he can remember seeing the saltery building at the edge of the lagoon when he was a young boy. One of the pilings from that operation is still visible today.

Port Graham, being safely tucked back into a deep, lake-like bay around the corner from English Bay, became the area's cannery in about 1912, with the Fidalgo Island Packing Company establishing itself there. Many of the residents of English Bay moved to Port Graham in the early 1900's, due to the opportunity of employment first with the freight transfer business there and later the cannery work.

Also, in the early 1900's, economic activities began to flourish in the Port Chatham area about thirty miles down the coast from English Bay. A chrome mine was established at present-day Chrome Bay in Port Chatham, and was at its peak during World War I. Around 1917, Nicholas Moonin moved his family from English Bay down to the Chrome Bay mining area. Sergius Moonin said that an old village existed there years ago named Arrulek (Sugcestun for "the place with whales"). Near the sight of that village is where the Moonin's lived while Nicholas worked in the chrome and iron mine. Many families moved into Port Chatham during this time, and the Superintendent of Schools for Alaska reported that about twenty-five natives from Port Graham and

English Bay were employed at the chrome/iron mine between 1917 and 1918. The demand for chrome and iron declined at the end of the war and so did the mine.

During the time that the mine was in operation at Chrome Bay, Nicholas moved his family back to English Bay in the summers. There he and Marfa planted a garden and put up dried fish (salmon) or worked in the Port Graham cannery before returning to Port Chatham in the fall. The family kept up this nomadic pattern until 1931, when they settled back in English Bay on a year-round basis.



*Father Nicholas Moonin*

After the mine closed, Nicholas found work in a sawmill across from Port Chatham Bay, near the sight of Portlock (an abandoned village today). In 1919 his wife, Marfa, was expecting a baby and there were no midwives in the area. Therefore, he moved his family by skiff (rowing) to Koyuktolik Bay (about half way between English Bay and Port Chatham) to the village of Qugyugtuliq, where some midwives lived. Nicholas then walked through the pass back to Port Chatham and resumed his work at

the sawmill. In his absence, Marfa gave birth to a baby girl whom they named Stephanida (Juanita), known today as "Grandma" to the majority of students at English Bay.



*Portlock Cannery boilers.*

Following Juanita's birth, Nicholas moved the family back to the sawmill. The boss of the sawmill gave him lumber as a bonus to build a house, which he did in Portlock about a mile or so away from the sawmill site.

Portlock had started out as a cold storage co-op for halibut fisherman around 1915, but never really materialized. A few years later, a salmon cannery was started there. When that venture died away, Adolph Nelson ran a small sawmill in the village. Portlock had a post office from 1921 to 1950 and acted more or less as the hub of the activities in the Port Chatham area.

The school in Portlock began a few years after the post office was opened. Sergius Moonin recalled his parents talking about the possibility

of a school in Portlock. He said his father wanted all the children to learn to speak English because he foresaw the day when English would be the main language of the area. The Moonin children went to school in Portlock and received their first formal education there. Nicholas Moonin was on the school board and took an active interest in the education of his family.

Another business venture in the area during this time was the fox farm. Jimmy "the Greek" Collias owned and operated such a farm on Elizabeth Island a few miles from Portlock. He maintained a house in Portlock and hired Tim Ukatish to help out with the business. Tim later married one of the Moonin children, Anesia, and moved to English Bay. His son, Seraphim, is our bilingual instructor at English Bay School today.

Nicholas moved his family back to English Bay in 1931 and worked in Homer for a while in a mining operation. During that time, he befriended a fellow church lay reader, John Kvasnikoff from Ninilchik. John visited the Moonins in English Bay and a couple of years later married Nicholas's brother's (Ephim Moonin) widow. John Kvasnikoff, a widower himself, brought with him one of his three children, Alma. John's son, Sarjus, moved into English Bay the following winter. His oldest child, Nancy, was already married by then and living in Seldovia. Alma later married Joe Tanape and they had seven sons, of which four still live in English Bay. Sarjus married Juanita, Nicholas's daughter, in 1937 and they have thirteen children, all of whom live in English Bay as well as their forty grandchildren. One of Nancy's daughters, Wilma, later



*English Bay in the 50's*

moved to English Bay and married one of Nicholas's younger sons, Peter. They had four children, all of whom live in English Bay today. John Kvasnikoff spent the rest of his life in the area of English Bay as a teacher and lay reader for the church.

Nicholas Moonin was ordained a deacon in the Orthodox Church in 1937 and for years to come, acted as the spiritual advisor to the community.

Fishing and summer cannery work in Port Graham remained the principal source of income in the community of English Bay, which had a population of forty-eight in 1939. By 1950, the B.I.A. noted that the village population had grown to seventy-five, but it was not until 1952 that the B.I.A. began to make a commitment toward educating the children. Port Graham had established a territorial school near the cannery in 1932; but

the four-and-a-half miles over the mountains were too great a barrier to permit children from English Bay to commute to school there.

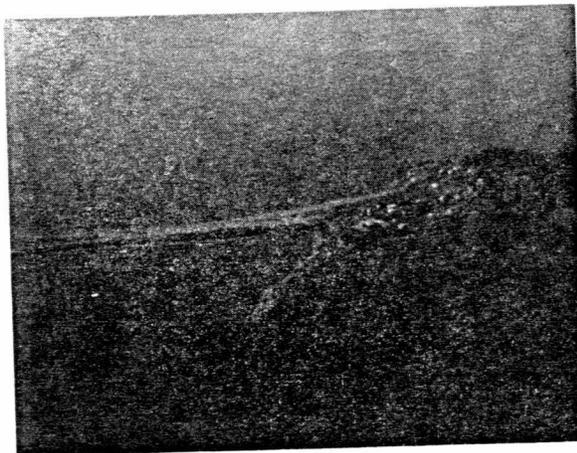
In 1952 after several letters from the community requesting a school, the B.I.A. hired Sarjus Kvasnikoff as a "training assistant" to teach the children of English Bay. Sergius Moonin, who had earlier moved to Port Graham, donated his home for the school. Sarjus and Juanita ran the school for six years until the B.I.A. built the existing school in 1958 and hired a teaching couple to take over in December of that year. The following year, Walter and Marie Knappe moved to English Bay as B.I.A. teachers. They stayed here four years teaching the children during the day and offering night school to those teenagers and adults interested in receiving their eighth grade diploma. They

presently live in Nebraska and still correspond with many of their ex-students here in English Bay. .

In 1954 Nicholas Moonin became Father Nicholas Moonin when he was ordained a priest in the Russian Orthodox Church at the age of eighty-one by Bishop John Zlobin. This event elevated him into the proper position for a man who had dedicated his life to his family, his parishioners, and his faith.

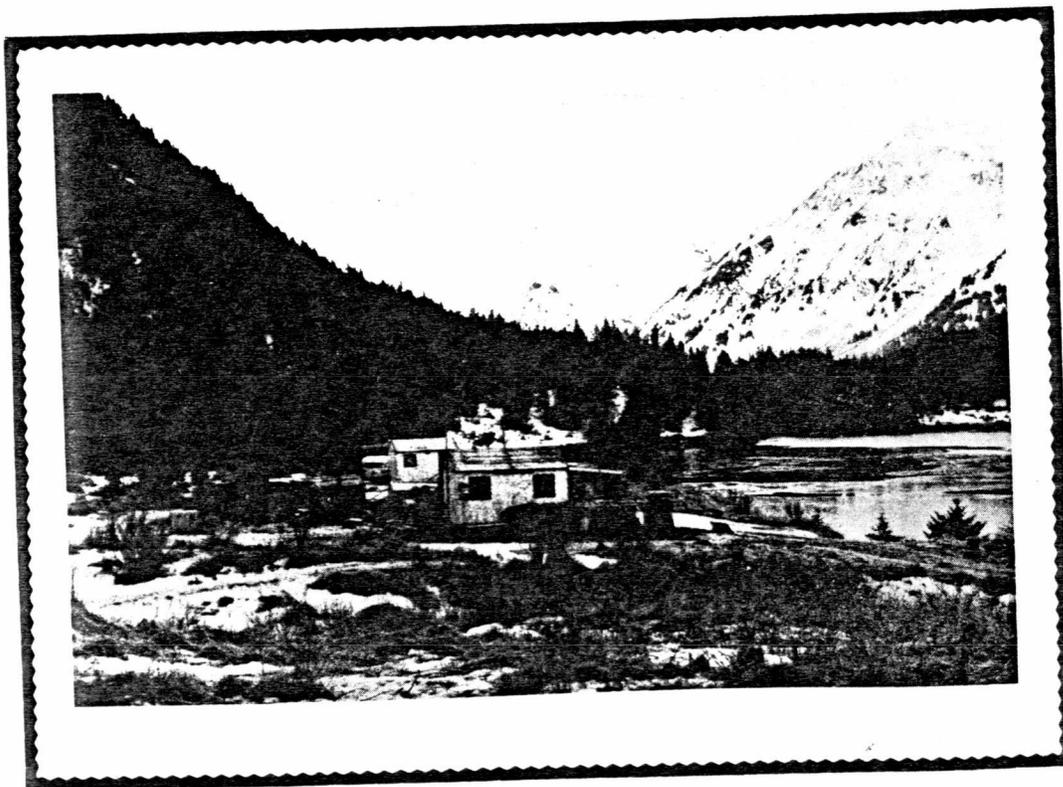
The years 1958 and 1959 not only marked the beginning of a new school in English Bay and statehood for Alaska, but also saw an airstrip constructed on the spit in front of the village. Prior to that time, the only airstrip that existed was the beach at low tide, which was only suited for two-seated Super Cubs. Bob Gruber of Cook Inlet Aviation was one of the "beach pilots" that serviced the community by bringing in the mail and taking out passengers in his tiny plane. He has,

through the years, saved the lives of many people in the village by flying out emergencies any time of the day or night when called upon. Bob and his company still service English Bay today.



*Mountaintop view of English Bay.*

In 1964 the earthquake that hit Anchorage also had a devastating effect on the community of English Bay. The land near the beach sunk several feet, destroying homes in that area.



*English Bay near the lagoon.*

In 1966 the present-day airstrip was extended, allowing for somewhat larger aircraft to service the community (five passenger Cessna 180's and 207's). The 1970 census listed English Bay's total population as fifty-eight, but following the 1971 Land Claims Act, the population has increased to more than twice that size today. The Land Claims provided for a village corporation and turned over to the community the land ownership from English Bay to Port Chatham. The corporation today is presently involved in the logging of the Port Chatham area and owns a L.C.M. barge.

Running water came to the community a few years after the B.I.A. built a dam and water system for the school. Homer Electric Association provided generator electricity for the community in 1974 and changed to direct electrical power in 1978.

In the late 1960's, the Kenai Peninsula Borough School

District took over full responsibility for the education of the students in the community. The K-8 grade program was extended to a K-12 program in 1977 with Gus Ukatish becoming the first high school graduate of the school in 1978. Since that time, the school district has remodeled the basement into secondary classrooms, built a new teacherage, and expanded the certified staff to three teachers. The students have remodeled the storage area in the generator building into a fine wood and welding shop and have built a new storage building. We are presently working hard at preserving our heritage and culture through the publication of our Alexandrovsk magazine.

Thus, we come to the happy ending of the story of Alexandrovsk. That timid little animal, the sea otter, (which was the reason behind the settlement of Alexandrovsk) is alive and well in large numbers in the area of English Bay - thanks to conservation.



English Bay School (center).



ALEXANDROVSK TIME LINE - 40,000 B.C. to 1980 A.D.

- 40,000 B.C. - Bering Land Bridge
- 2,000 B.C. - Eskimo culture present in Alexandrovsk area.
- 1500 A.D. - Taninia Indians move into Seldovia area.
- 1725 - Vitus Bering appointed by Peter the Great to search out the East Arctic Passage.
- 1741 - Bering and Chirikov sight Alaska Mainland.
- 1742-1784 - Promyshlenniki (Russian fur traders) move into Aleutians and expand fur trading into Alaska. No permanent settlements are established.
- 1762 - Aleuts near Unalaska and Umnak Islands retaliate against the Russians.
- 1777 - James Cook sails past Alexandrovsk and into present-day Cook Inlet.
- 1781 - Shelikhov and Golikov establish the American Northeastern Fur Company.
- 1784 - Shelikhov establishes a permanent settlement at Three Saints Bay on Kodiak.
- 1785 - Redoubt (fort) established at Alexandrovsk.
- 1786 - Portlock and Dixon visit Alexandrovsk and map area.
- 1786 - Fort St. George founded by Lebedev-Lastochkin Co.
- 1790 - Baranov appointed chief manager for Shelikhov-Golikov Co. at Kodiak.
- 1791 - Vancouver explores the area near Alexandrovsk.
- 1791 - Fort St. Nicholas established by Lebedev-Lastochkin Co.
- 1792 - Baranov moves the settlement at Three Saints Bay to the new Kodiak site.
- 1792-1794 - James Shields builds the first ship on the Pacific Coast. (Near Seward)
- 1794 - First missionaries sent to Kodiak from Russia.
- 1799 - Russian-American Co. receives the charter for Alaska.
- 1803 - Expedition of Russians and Aleuts leave Kodiak for California.
- 1804 - Baranov moves the Russian-American Co. headquarters to Sitka.
- 1812 - Fort Ross founded by the Russian-American Co. in California.
- 1830's - John Moonin is born near San Francisco.
- 1841 - Fort Ross sold to John Sutter.
- 1848 - Gold discovered at Sutter's Mill, California.
- 1855 - Coal mine established at Coal Village.
- 1860's - John Moonin moves from San Francisco to Kodiak.
- 1867 - "Seward's Folly"
- 1867 - Alaska Commercial Co. replaces the Russian-American Co. in Alaska.
- 1874 - Nicholas Moonin born in Alexandrovsk.

- 1883 - St. Augustine violently erupts, causing a tidal wave at Alexandrovsk.
- 1884 - Flu epidemic hits the Kenai Peninsula; a large part of Alexandrovsk's population dies as a result.
- 1870's and 1880's - Maxwell Cohn is manager of Alaska Commercial Co. at Alexandrovsk.
- 1890's - Present-day English Bay church purchased for two sea otter pelts.
- 1893 - Nicholas Moonin goes to Sitka for education.
- 1896 - Nicholas Moonin returns to Alexandrovsk with Father Bortnovsky and starts a school for fourteen children.
- 1905 - Sergius Moonin is born at English Bay.
- 1909 - U.S. Geological Survey misnames Alexandrovsk as English Bay.
- 1912 - Cannery established at Port Graham.
- 1915 - Fisherman's Co-op starts a halibut cold storage at Port Chatham.
- 1917 - Mining for chrome is developed in Chrome Bay.
- 1919 - Juanita Moonin (Melsheimer) is born at Qugyugtuliq (Dogfish) Bay.
- 1931 - Nicholas Moonin moves family back to English Bay.
- 1937 - Nicholas Moonin is ordained as a deacon.
- 1938 - Marfa Moonin dies of pneumonia.
- 1950 - Portlock Post Office closes and Portlock becomes a ghost town.
- 1952 - Sarge Kvasnikoff and Juanita Melsheimer start a school at English Bay.
- 1954 - Father Nicholas Moonin is ordained into the Russian Orthodox Priesthood.
- 1958 - Present-day English Bay school built by the B.I.A.
- 1959 - Alaska becomes the 49th state and an airstrip is built in English Bay.
- 1960 - English Bay Mercantile is established.
- 1964 - Earthquake ruins the airstrip and homes at English Bay.
- 1971 - Native Land Claims Act is passed and the population of English Bay increases.
- 1972 - Father Nicholas Moonin dies at age ninety-eight.
- 1974 - Village generator electricity established at English Bay and is later changed to direct-line power in 1978.
- 1977 - High school program is initiated at English Bay school
- 1980 - Sea otters are alive and well at English Bay.

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#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Richard A. Pierce, "The Russian Coal Mine on the Kenai," Alaska Journal, Vol. V, No. II, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup>Gregg Brelsford, Dir., North Pacific Rim Health Dept., Ggwangkumtenek Sungcarluta (Anchorage, Alaska: North Pacific Rim, 1977), p. 11.

<sup>3</sup>Brelsford, Ggwangkumtenek Sungcarluta, p. 12.

*Layout by Tom Evans  
Drawings by Roy Evans*

“I Hope This Will Go On  
Forever Here In English Bay.”

JUANITA MELSHEIMER



Juanita Melsheimer is a native of this area and was born in 1919. She is a very outstanding individual and is well known for being helpful to all. In September of 1979, she received recognition for outstanding involvement in the church committee and was awarded a Gramata Award by his Grace, Bishop Gregory.

During her many years here, she has seen many changes both good and bad. In this story she tells about her family history, childhood, and past customs and practices. During my interviews with her, she expressed her hopes that this story will help her grandchildren better understand the past and their beginnings.

Being her son, I found these interviews to be very enlightening and intriguing. This is her story:

I am Aleut as my mom was. My dad was part Russian and part Aleut. I was born at Dogfish Bay, July 30, 1919, which is six or eight miles away from here. I don't know much about the place, but once we took a trip there. We did not stay an hour.

I started school when I was eight or nine years old. I didn't even know how to say thank you, yes, or hello in English. I never understand nothing, just in my language (Sugcestun). I had a girl friend, Vera Nelson. She's the one that used to teach me how (to speak English) at the same time (we were) going to school. I'd think in my language and she'd talk in her language (English). The first words I started out with were "Vera look" and that's all. She would look and I'd point. From there on, little by little, I started learning. Even now days I can't talk good.

I think I was in kindergarten when our first teacher,

Mrs. Jesse Patterson, came. Our second teacher was Miss Clarence Muntze. She was teaching for one year and then Mrs. Striker came. She taught for two years. She was a real nice old lady. She had a husband and her janitor was Mr. Chambers. And the school board (members) were my dad and Mr. Nelson and Clyde Combs. They used to watch us. My dad was real strict, he used to watch us after school. But we never used to have a curfew. We were taught not to run after it gets dark. Sure, we'd play and then at seven o'clock, we'd all be home. All of us. We were never absent (from school) except when we were sick.

They (our mom and dad) would dance and take us to the dances, or sometimes leave us home and sleep. I and Vera Nelson and a boy named Pat Carlough, three of us learned this first dance, the Charleston. They (the grown-ups) used to let us dance that whenever they'd dance. They danced every night, you know, what they called the Fox-Trot and Two-Step and Square Dances. Mrs. Nelson, Vera's mom, tried to let me dance the Charleston with my hands together like this (in front of her face), bending down. Oh I hated that. I'd run away from her and tell her I don't like to dance like that.

We used to play Aleut baseball, jump rope, and we used to have a big swing. We'd (also) try to walk on our hands. In winter we'd slide (on sleds).

One time I was sliding down the hill. I stole Earling Nelson's little wagon, crazy girl, you know. I didn't know what will happen to me. That's how I fell down from the dock (below the hill). I rode down (the hill) real fast (in the wagon) and fell right down over the dock. They told me Norman Nelson jumped right after me. He even felt

crazy and dizzy and was running anywhere. I think he was excited and thought I was killed. But nothing happened. Just my left arm came out of joint and Mrs. O'Neal, she was kind of a nurse, pulled and fixed my arm. Ah.... it hurt. I got all right and I was all bruised up from the gravel on the beach. That place I think was about a thirteen or fourteen foot fall.



*"Crazy girl, you know."*

When we grew up, Mom used to train us. When we were about nine or ten she would let us work. She used to tell us to be clean as much as we could, you know.

We hardly used to have new clothes but would patch up things. When we were real small, she used to fix these, ah, what they call these things, gunny sacks. She would fill them with straw and duck feathers and make mattresses for us using a cloth (as a cover).

My mom used to have an old sewing machine. She used to make suits for all my brothers and a dress for me. My dad would get some material from Seldovia. The store there was H.S. Young's Store. That's where they used to buy things for Christmas. Each of us would have

one toy. I'd have a doll and my brothers would have little cars or boats. Not like now days - you know. Kids have everything, all the things they can think of. But we lived happy.

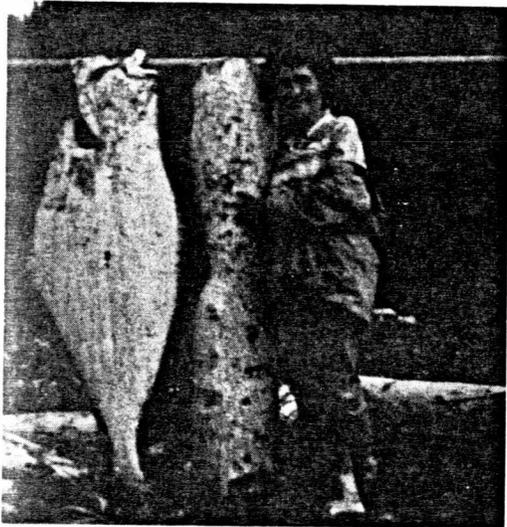
In early fall we put up berries of every kind. My mom used to put up all kinds of jam for winter.

Mom would go and we would go to the little flats up the bay and pick berries of all kinds, these low bush cranberries and, oh, lots of blueberries. We'd get gallons and she'd make jam. We would pick some for Mrs. Nelson. She would make some kind of a juice for winter. When we'd go around with the star (at Christmas), she would treat the people with blueberry juice.

I think we even used to have these dungeoness crabs. We used to go out for picnics and my dad would get those. He would have a little stick to poke those crabs from the bottom of the water. We would build a big (fire under a) pot and boil them. We would get some porkies (porcupines) at the same time. They used a 22 rifle, or would climb up a tree where they would see two or three of them and knock them down by hitting them with a club. We used to cook porkies, roast them, make soup out of them, or just boil them straight with potatoes and fish. We ate the broth from the porcupine with our dried fish. We liked dried fish and salted fish. We used to salt some fish and dry some here (in English Bay) in summer. It was just wonderful.

In winter we'd have rabbits and grouse. They snared those little rabbits. They used to make wires so the little rabbits could go into the snare. They used to catch three or four rabbits at a time, bake them in the oven, and they would be really good.

They used to hunt ducks in winter and get seals from the islands. They had guns like they do now. In the spring, they would go for bears. There was a lagoon behind where we stayed. They used to go for tom cods and (other) fish and they would go out (front in the bay) and jig for halibut, cod fish, and Irish Lords. They'd get clams and cockles from Clam Point, that place where you go out of Portlock.



*Juanita is as good at fishing as she is at cooking.*

We used to have this ice cream (akutaq) made with stinking fish eggs, seal oil, and potatoes. Mom used to boil most of our food with potatoes, such as porcupine and fish (that was) salted and soaked overnight.

They used to make fish pies using seal oil. They had no lard (at) that time you know, it was scarce. They could not get much groceries from the stores unless they got some sea otters. They'd go out trapping and get the fur and trade it for food.

Mom used sourdough and little cake shaped yeast for bread. She would leave her dough overnight, then use some of her sourdough to make her bread rise.

She told me that she used to make potato yeast, but once her nephews stole a jug of it and got drunk. Ever since then, she quit making it.

My dad used to hustle, go after wood. When holidays came he would pile lots of wood by our yard. We used to have a cook stove and one drum (stove) like these drums of oil they use (today). He'd fix that for a heater.

(In Portlock) on holidays the teachers would let us use the school for a church, like on Easter, Christmas, and every holiday. On Sundays we used to have church in our house. My dad was a reader. We used to go to church every Sunday.

My dad used to go around and baptize wherever the babies were born. He'd go to Port Graham and Seldovia to hold church services.



*Juanita's dad, Nicholas Moonin, at an early age.*

He would come to English Bay ahead of time on holidays. Sometimes in fine weather he would walk from Portlock with some guys like his nephew, Mike Moonin, and walk from here (English Bay) back to Portlock. They used to tell us that it used to take them seven or eight hours to walk in winter snow. He hardly traveled on the sea because the sea is rough in the winter. My dad would tell my mom when he would arrive, so ahead of time Mama would bake and cook and put things away.

Two days after Christmas, they would come back to Portlock. We would see the fire across there (Port Chatham Bay) and we knew that was them coming. Some guys would go across on the skiff to get them. Then we'd have our Christmas.

My dad would bring little gifts from some kind people here (in English Bay) that liked us. They would send us some candy or little toys. They'd send me little dolls.

Some guys like Mike Moonin, Pete Moonin, and Vera Ukatish used to walk down from English Bay to Portlock. They'd come for a holiday, you know. Mike was a cousin to me and he used to come to help us with the (church) services.

When we were in Portlock one year, they (my parents) came here to dig the potatoes and they left me with my sister, Helen. They stayed here for one week. They brought (back) twenty sacks of potatoes, two big boxes of cabbage, and all these vegetables.

My dad made a little cellar, a little house-like thing. He dug way under the ground and filled it with grass and he dumped all the potatoes there. They put the cabbage in a barrel upside down and sprinkled them with salt. They covered the

barrel real tight and we used to have them for winter you know.

They brought out (grew) twenty sacks of potatoes from fifty pounds of seed they bought in spring. All the people were surprised and my dad was kind, you know. He gave all the potatoes to all the people in Portlock, even these white people. They (the white people) were so thankful, they even made a newspaper (story) out of those potatoes my dad raised.

We'd move here (to English Bay) in May after school. All the Portlock people would come here to work in the canneries at A.C. Point and Port Graham and to fish in the summer before we'd go back to Portlock. Then the tender boat would take us back to Portlock and be just full of things - food ready for winter; native food like dried fish or tamuqs and smoked salmon or paliks. My dad would buy some groceries from Port Graham after fishing. We'd take them down to Portlock for winter.

One year Port Graham (cannery) didn't run, so we stayed (in Portlock) all summer. That summer is the time we didn't get paid after we worked all summer long (in Portlock's small hand-pack cannery). The Nelson's said they couldn't get no pay. I think they just didn't want to pay the people.

There was a sawmill there (in Portlock). Mr. Nelson used to let them work, but not enough pay. They all quit on him.

I quit school in the fifth grade. Mickey (my brother) was graduating from eighth grade. So I, Herman, and Elias, my brothers, we were the only ones who quit school. My father didn't like (working in Portlock) because, you know, he was working logging there and this guy, Mr. Nelson, didn't pay him much. He

said he'll find a better job here (in English Bay). He didn't want to be, you know, jobless, and so we moved here.



*Portlock School*

There was no school here. I didn't even know about these correspondence schools. I would have kept on going; I wanted to learn more. In Port Graham they had a school, but we had no place to stay (there), or else we would have moved there.

When we moved here, they (my parents) made a big garden above the church on this little hill you see. They'd raise potatoes, cabbage, turnips, carrots, and lettuce. In fall they would go dig out the garden.

My dad would fish for Whitney Fidalgo sometimes and my mom would fish for two or three weeks and work in the cannery. When I was sixteen, I worked as a slimer for one and one-half months and earned \$300.00. Oh, I thought I was rich! I gave my money to my parents and they gave me \$30.00. I made an order to Sears and got myself all kinds of clothes and even a record player, the kind you had to wind up to play. I also got all kinds of shoes. Just think, \$30.00 bought me so many things!

My mom used to tell me she was born here (in English Bay). I think Grandpa Peter Macha (her father) was born in Yalik around Nuka (Bay) someplace or other. Grandma Katherine (his wife) was from here. My dad was born here. His father, my Grandpa John Moonin, came from California. He was part Russian, Indian, and Spanish. He went to school in California and became a reader (for the church) while he was there. I think the reason he moved to Alaska was because of the lack of priests and readers. You know they were sending readers and priests to every place in Alaska.

When he (John Moonin) first moved here, all the people weren't baptized. They had no religion. They didn't know what God meant. He told them and taught them (about God). They wanted to be Russian Orthodox Christians and so he baptized them all. He was a reader in church. (As a reader, he held church services when there was no priest around. When a priest came over, he would help the priest in church.)

The people didn't know how to pray and so he taught them all the prayers. The people were so happy when they turned out to be Christians. All the men would go out and hunt to get him food. Whenever they had a little money, they would give him gifts of money and groceries. They just didn't want him to work (labor). They all respected him as their Father and they were so kind, these Aleuts.

My dad's mom came from Kodiak. Her name was Helen Medvinekoff before she married my grandfather, John Moonin. They were married and lived here.

My grandfather (Peter Macha), they said he used to help people, too. A real nice guy, and he had a little farm. He had things

like chickens and little gardens. He loved his daughter so much that he made a little garden (for her) and raised vegetables, even though he didn't know about vegetables. Maybe my grandfather, John Moonin, told him the vegetables are good food and makes them healthy.

In summer, he (Peter Macha) would eat some greens from here, like goose tongues and fireweed. When they'd (fireweed) grow two inches long, they'd cut them and boil them with seal oil. My mom used to tell me they were just as good (as vegetables).

They (the Aleuts) were very poor, my mom used to tell me. They lived on seal, ducks, bears, and fish in summer.

When they first used these shotguns, my dad used to tell me they put powder in them. They were stronger (than the ones nowadays). One guy would go after ducks and use a shotgun with the powder. They'd find him on the beach or lagoon passed out and nose bleeding. The gun would be too strong for him, but there would be lots of ducks (laying) around him. He wanted people to think that he was a strong guy, even though he'd get a nosebleed from that gun he used.

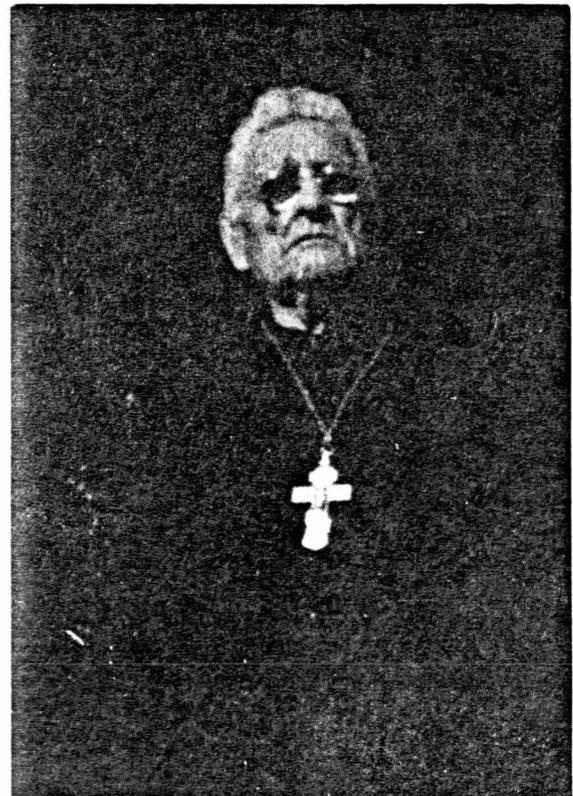
When my mom (Marfa Macha) grew up (in English Bay), she married my dad (Nicholas Moonin). She used to be a babysitter for some storekeepers here. They had a little store here and she earned a little money from there. That is how she learned to do white people's things like cooking and cleaning. She was a full-blooded Aleut and she was clean. Her mom passed away while she was young and she stayed with her father until she married my dad.

When my dad was sixteen or seventeen, Grandfather John sent

him to Sitka to go to school to become a reader. He went to Sitka for three years to school. He came back to English Bay and he married my mom.

Bishop Amverosy came here. It was in 1937 and he ordained him (Nicholas Moonin) as a deacon. He was deacon here for many years and then another bishop came. It was in 1954. Bishop Zloban said, "You have worked long enough. I will ordain you as a priest." My dad didn't want to, but Bishop Zloban said, "You just have to come with me." He took him to Kenai and my dad couldn't refuse. He was scared of the bishop.

Dad left us here because he had no money to take us along. They used to go from here on boats to Homer and from there they drove to Kenai. Joe and Alma Tanape went with him because they could pay their fare and Dad's. Alma was telling us how fun it was at Kenai when they ordained my dad as a priest.



*Father Nicholas Moonin*

My dad, grandma, grandpa, mom, and her parents, they all lived here (in English Bay). There were twelve of us (kids in my family). Apollos, Dick, and Elias are dead; and my sisters Ann, Helen, and Anesia (are dead, also). My brothers that are living are Sergius Moonin, Mickey, Herman, Pete, and John. Three brothers and three sisters are gone.

I had a younger sister, but she died from diarrhea. I don't know now, but I think it was also leukemia she must have had. She was running out of blood. Just for one week she had diarrhea and she died. She was about two years old. Her name was Ann, and her name day will be this coming Saturday (December 22).

My brother, Elias Moonin, died. He died from TB or something. We never used to have doctors here. We didn't know what caused him to die.

He was just happy that night he was ready to die. He had a little ukulele playing and he danced for him. He said, "Let's pretend we are happy here. I'll play and you all dance. Do the masking (Christmas celebration dance) for me." So we did. He died on August 30th (when there is no masking then. We danced for him; we thought he was getting well. He looked well and he was happy.

Two hours after that, Mama yelled from downstairs. We were sleeping upstairs. Mama, she screamed and yelled, and we ran down. Here he was dead, blood all over. He was vomiting blood-- just long strips of blood on the floor. Oh gee, we felt bad. What could we do? So we all waited for him to breathe again. But nothing, he just died. He was about fourteen when he died-- ya, fourteen.

I'm glad I'm an Orthodox Christian. I like my religion. My mom was a very religious person. She believed strongly about her religion and she told me to do the same, and I always keep her word.

Priests long ago said after a girl has had a baby, they weren't supposed to go to church for forty days. After forty days the priest would take her and her baby to church. He'd pray for the mother and child. They were doing it like when the Virgin Mary went to church with baby Jesus. We should still follow this.

Priests used to tell us not to go to church when we had our monthly. Now the priests tell me that even when they (girls) have their monthly, you know, they can go to church, but can't go to communion.

They (priests) used to tell us we weren't supposed to divorce after we are married (in church). I myself divorced.

People died just like animals. They'd throw them away and just bury them without coffins before Grandfather (John Moonin) came here. They did not pray for them (the dead).

A long time ago, they used to wait for our Father. They used to think He would come on New Year's Eve (Russian New Year, January 14). This place here used to be so quiet before twelve o'clock midnight. The people used to start praying from seven or eight o'clock (p.m.) and pray until midnight. After midnight they would be so happy. Joy comes to them. They'd tell themselves they started a new life again. They'd feast with whatever (food) they had. They'd be happy, but would not dance.

You couldn't kiss the cross or the icons in church after you

masked until the priest blessed you and put Holy Water on our heads. On New Year's Eve, they let us kiss the cross.

When a person is sick real bad, they used to give them Holy Water to drink. That was the only medicine they had for these fevers and real bad sicknesses.

There is a plant that grows here in English Bay in summer. These plants have tiny little leaves and little white flowers. They are about two feet tall. (Boil the whole plant in water and use the water as medicine.) When people have pneumonia, you drink that (water). Don't go out and don't sit or stay where it's drafty in the house. Just cover yourself up and the next day it (the pneumonia) will be gone. My mom used to tell me to be very careful when you take that. If you drink those and go out, you'll just die from it.

They used to use these yarrows, (small fern-like plants that grow along the coastal area in small clumps). They boil them and soak them. Then they wash the cut with that (the water that the yarrows were boiled in). Then put them (the yarrows) where they have a big infection. They drink the juice, too, any amount at any time. It don't matter how many cups you drink a day.

This is sort of funny. I used to laugh at it, but it used to work. One time my brother almost cut his hand off with an axe. The cut was real deep and big, just wide open. You know what they put on? They put a leaf of tobacco on that cut. They washed the cut first, then put it (tobacco leaf) on the cut. It healed in no time.

When pus is coming out of big cuts, they used highbush cranberry stems. They cut the (berry bush) sticks and peeled

the bark off. Inside the stick there is some green stuff. They scrape that and boil it (in water). You soak your cut in the water with the green stuff in it.

I remember one time my sister, Anesia, her breast was just swelled up and she could not sleep. It was just bothering her. No doctors, we were just giving her yarrows and that would not fix her. My mom went out and brought some highbush cranberry sticks. She scraped them (after peeling the bark off) and boiled the green stuff. After they got a little cool, (she soaked a cloth in the mixture and), she put it over Anesia's breast where the pain was.

Next day when she woke up, yellow stuff was flowing out of her breast, a whole bunch of it, just like it busted itself. After, it started bleeding and that pus was all gone. Mom washed it real good with yarrows. She put some yarrows in a little cloth and put it over Anesia's breast. It healed before one week.

They use alder berries for diarrhea. We never used to know how to cure it. My brother, Sergius Moonin, learned about these alder berries from some other natives. They do help. He said whenever you have diarrhea and you can't cure it, go out and pick some (alder berries). Put them in a little pot and boil those berries for about half an hour or hour. Then take a teaspoonful three times a day and that will help.

The devil club roots they used for big swells on the body. I remember one time Elias Romanoff's leg just swelled up and he could not walk anymore. They took him to a hospital in Seldovia.

After one week, Helen (his mom) went up to see how he was doing. Elias's leg was still swollen, and he got skinny and run-down. He did not want to eat. He just missed his home, and the doctors were putting some kind of ointment on his leg. Helen told the doctors she'd take him home and use native medicine. The doctor told her, "Well, if you take him home, he won't live. He'll die from this, it's dangerous." Helen (my sister) got really mad and she took Elias out from the hospital and brought him home, here to English Bay.

(This is how she doctored him.) She used devil club roots. They washed them real good. He (Helen's husband) used a hammer to pound them and make them real soft. They brought a little rock and poured boiled water on it to make it real hot. They put it into a basin and put these (smashed) roots over where it was real hot (on the rock). They turned them (the soft roots) over twice or three times until they got real hot. They put a damp cloth on his leg where it was swollen and put these hot roots over it. Helen kept doing this and that big swell was gone. Now Elias is still living.

I never used to listen to what my mom was trying to tell me about the old times and what they used to do. I never used to listen and now I'm sorry. I should have dropped everything and just listened to her. I would know lots of things.

Kids don't like to listen when I tell them something, but some are real nice. Like the other day, little Kevin Seville (my grandchild) surprised me. He said the Lord's Prayer all by himself without nobody helping him. I was surprised and I felt like crying. I thought, ah gee, I hope this little boy wouldn't change. He is only four years old and he was praying the Lord's

Prayer, a prayer we should read when we pray. That little boy was praying loud.

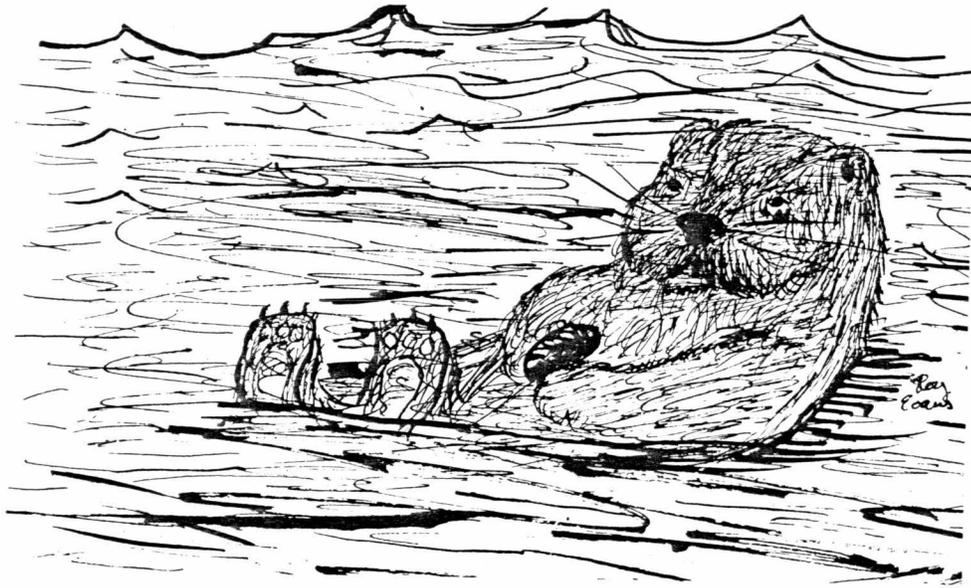
I have my family and I love all my kids. I'm happy I'm still living with my family and all my little grandchildren. I love every one of them. My mom used to tell me, "You'll have lots of kids and lots of grandchildren." Her words came true. Maybe she helped me in a way even though I don't see her. I know she watches me sometimes.

The people used to help each other. My dad used to tell me they used to help each other even with wood. They would get wood. They would get piles of wood for this neighbor, and the next day for another neighbor until everybody had wood to burn. All the houses got food; they'd help each other. My dad used to say, "I hope this will go on forever here in English Bay, helping each other."



Layout by John Kvasnikoff  
Story and transcription  
by John Kvasnikoff

# SEA OTTERS



Sea otter pelts are very valuable furs. They were first sought by the Russians in Siberia. The Russians were the first ones to sell sea otter pelts to the Chinese, who valued them very highly. They sold their second-rate furs to them, but the Chinese were still willing to pay plenty for them.

In 1777 when Captain James Cook (the English navigator) came to Alaska, his men traded for furs along the Pacific Coast and took a number of them to Canton, China. For the first time, the Chinese saw top grade sea otter pelts. Wealthy Manchurians were willing to trade great amounts of tea, spices, gold, and other riches for the precious pelt that they used for trim on their royal ceremonial robes. When Cook's men returned to England with their bounty, the English merchants realized the potential of great wealth in the sea otter and a fur rush began into Alaskan waters.

Had the sea otter not been a popular fur for the Chinese royalty, it is likely that the Russian, Gregory Shelekhov, would not have founded Alexandrovsk. Actually, Alexandrovsk was built for two reasons. The first reason for its existence was to gather sea otter pelts. The second purpose of Alexandrovsk was that of a lookout to keep an eye on competitive fur traders. The redoubt (fort) was located near the entrance of Cook Inlet and Kachemak Bay, where Shelekhov's men could easily observe ships coming and going in that area.

In 1867, the Russians sold Alaska to the United States and the Alaska Commercial Company took over at Alexandrovsk. Maxwell Cohn, an agent of the A.C. Company at Alexandrovsk for eighteen years, told Johan Jacobsen of the Berlin Ethnological Museum during his visit to the post in 1883 much about the habits of the sea otter.



*Joe Tanape with a sea otter pelt that he skinned for the students. The sea otter was found dead on the beach by Martha Anahonak in April of 1975. A visiting doctor did an autopsy on the sea otter and determined that it died of an apparent heart attack. The pelt is displayed today on the wall in the entrance of English Bay School.*

Jacobsen recorded information about this docile sea mammal from their conversations in his diary, which was later published as a book, Alaskan Voyage 1881-1883.

It was said that during this time, sea otter pelts sold for as much as four hundred dollars, whereas a pelt from a 1,400 pound brown bear only brought fifteen dollars. A full size sea otter pelt is about five feet long and about thirty inches wide. It is covered with a fine durable fur which is about three-fourths of an inch in length. It exhibits a rich reddish brown to jet black glossy color on the surface and has a silver appearance when blown open.

The sea otter spends most of his life at sea, even sleeping afloat. They mate every year and have only one offspring a year. The pup can be born in any season.

Mr. Cohn told Jacobsen that sea otters feed mostly on shellfish and seaweed. They dive as deep as thirty to forty fathoms, bringing up shellfish. Then floating on their backs, they break the shells by beating them against their chest or sometimes using a rock for that purpose. After the shell has been shattered, the sea otter rolls over to let the shells sink as they hold on to the meat. Lying on their back again, they bend forward to eat the meat.

A favorite food of the sea otter is fish eggs or spawn. In stormy weather, spawn is deposited on rocky cliffs near the shore. The sea otter comes to land during storms and finds this delicacy. The sea otter that had given himself over to this kind of gormandizing often did not even notice the approach of a hunter in his bidarka (kayak).

Aleuts were very good at hunting sea otters, whereas the Russians were inexperienced sea mammal hunters. For this reason, the Russians forced the Aleuts into hunting by kidnapping their wives and children and holding them hostage. The Aleuts had access to firearms after the Russians arrived, but preferred not to use them. They used bows and arrows for hunting the sea otter instead.

A common way that they hunted the sea otter was by drowning, thus leaving the pelt unmarked. They used bidarkas, skin boats, to hunt the sea otter. As soon as a sea otter was sighted, the men in the bidarkas would paddle towards it and rapidly form a circle around the signal boat, which stationed itself directly over the spot where the sea otter had last submerged. The sea otter, unable to remain under water for a great length of

time, was soon obliged to come to the surface for air. When it rose to the surface, the hunters quickly shot arrows in its direction to scare it underwater before it could replenish its air supply. If it could be driven down five times before it had a chance to take a full breath, it would usually drown and float up to the surface.

Old and experienced sea otters would stay on the surface long enough for air when approached by hunters. Then they would roll over on their back and wait for the hunters arrows. Maxwell Cohn told Jacobson that the sea otters seemed to understand how to divert the arrow with their forepaws. Often, a sea otter that had diverted an arrow with his forepaw, was struck in the paw. He would simply bite off the arrow and often save himself. This type of behavior was rare among sea otters, and hunters more often than not caught their prey.

In the early 1900's people began to realize that the sea otter was in real danger of becoming extinct. Since the year 1911, sea otters have been protected in United State waters. Thanks to that action, they can be seen today in large numbers in the area of English Bay.

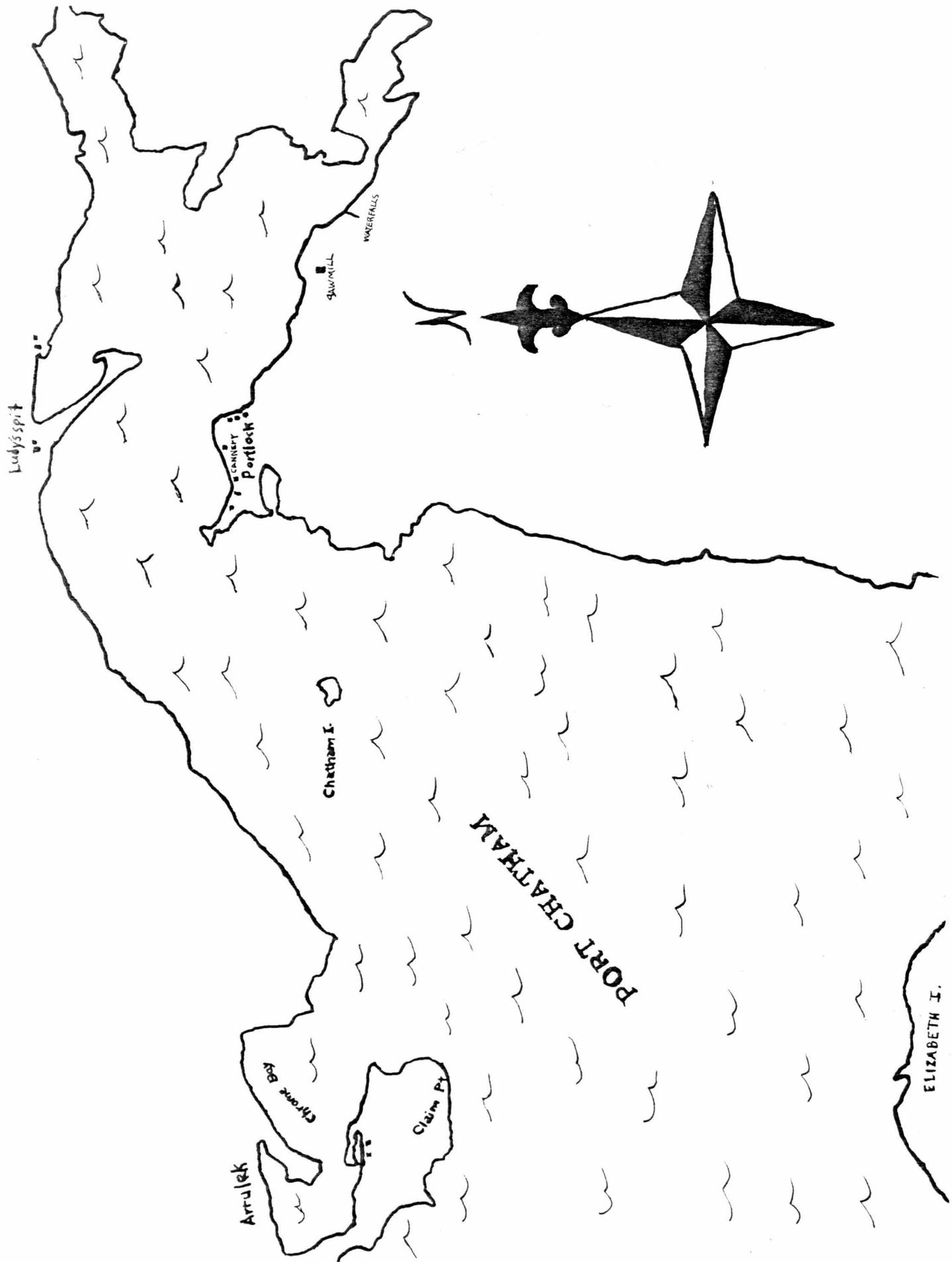
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*Drawing by Roy Evans  
Story and layout by Wasaka  
Matthews*



# Searching For Roots At Portlock

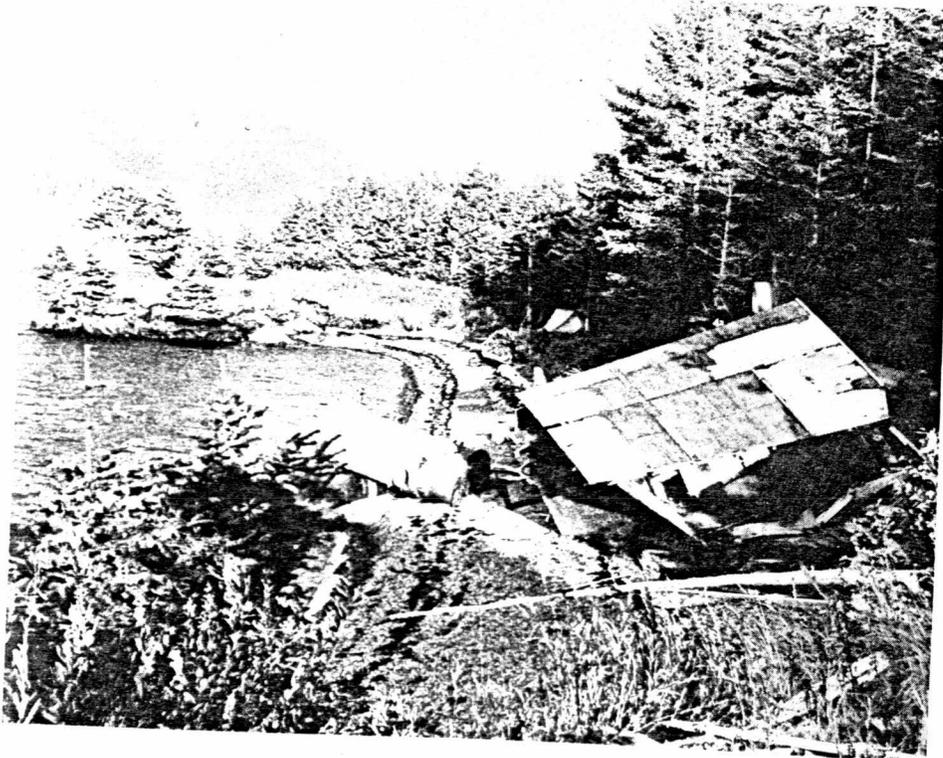
By Vince Evans



*Uncle Sergius and students looking for keepsakes of the past at Portlock.*

Portlock is an old abandoned village in Port Chatham Bay. It is where our grandmother, Juanita Melsheimer, grew up and went to school. Portlock started out as a cold storage co-op for halibut fishermen in 1915, but that venture wasn't really a success and died off shortly after it began. There was a lot of economic activity going on in Port Chatham Bay during that time, which helped it survive. The village served the area of Port Chatham as a sort of hub from which the spokes of logging, mining, fishing, sawmills, and fox farms were connected together by a common port, post office, and school. Many people involved in the various industries around the area took up residence in Portlock so that their children could receive a formal education there.

The first people who visited the area of Port Chatham were probably northern coastal aboriginals, who migrated into the area thousands of years ago. Sergius Moonin, Juanita Melsheimer's older brother, told us that there was a very old village at Chrome Bay near the entrance of Port Chatham called Arrulek, which means "a place of whales." This village was mentioned by the English explorer, Nathaniel Portlock (for whom the village of Portlock was named), when he explored the area in 1786. Vancouver, another English explorer, mapped the area in 1791 and named Port Chatham Bay after his ship, Chatham. The Russians became regular visitors to the area from the late 1700's on. They searched for sea otters there, and also found safe mooring from storms when sailing from Cook Inlet to Kodiak.



*Portlock Beach and cannery ruins.*



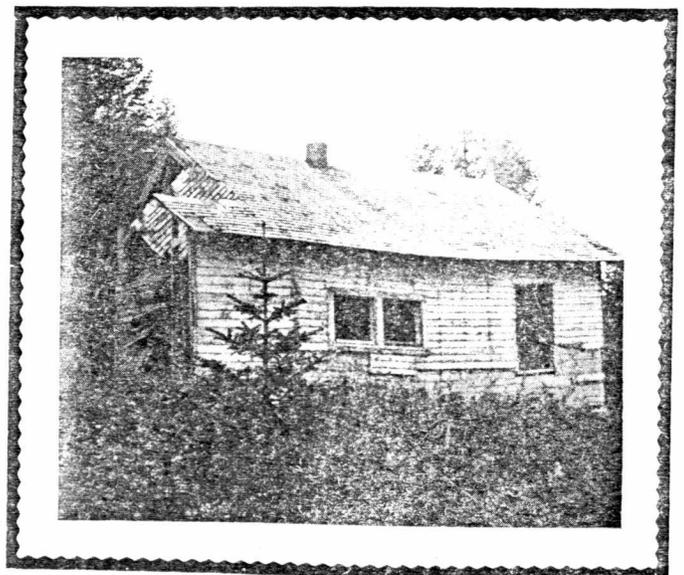
*Part of the sawmill equipment left at Portlock.*

A chrome-iron claim was staked near the old village of Arrulek in Chrome Bay by William and Charles Anderson in 1910. With the advent of WWI, chrome became a valuable mineral and the mine began to flourish. Much of the ore deposit was located near the edge of the water below the tide line, which made mining most difficult. In spite of the hardships involved, the firm of Whitney and Lars extracted near a thousand tons of chrome-iron ore from the mine during 1917 and 1918. The price for chrome dropped after WWI and the mining ceased in Chrome Bay.

A sawmill was erected about a mile from Portlock around 1918. Some of the sawmill laborers, who came from Port Graham and English Bay, made their homes in Portlock and the village began to grow. During this era, both a sawmill and handpack salmon cannery was established by Adolph Nelson in the village of Portlock, but neither venture was really successful. Fire destroyed the sawmill and the cannery was not profitable. In 1921 a post office was established in Portlock and shortly after a school was built there.

During the 1920's and 1930's, the golden era of Portlock, Slim Giles operated a sawmill across the bay from Portlock, near the sight of the present day Port Chatham logging operation. Tom Stofferson owned and operated a logging operation also in the 20's. Jim Collias ran a fox farm on Elizabeth Island, and had a home in Portlock as did other prospectors and fisherman who worked in the area.

The grades at the school went as high as the eighth, and in the beginning there were twenty-seven or more students in attendance. The school board consisted of Clyde Combs, Adolph Nelson, and Nicholas Moonin. Uncle Sergius Moonin (Nicholas' son) told us that Mrs. Jesse Patterson was the first teacher at Portlock and he was among her first students. Other teachers during the time the school was in operation included Mrs. Bertha Striker, Mrs. Clarence Muntz, and Mrs. Harry Smith. The school later died down as did the village, and in 1950 when the U.S. Post Office was closed, Portlock was officially pronounced a ghost town.



*The cannery manager's house.*



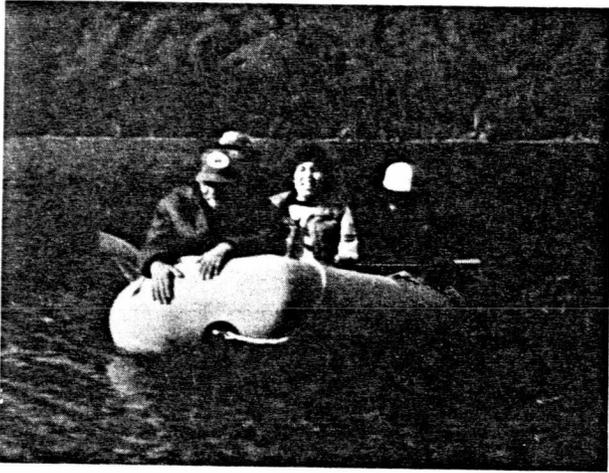
*Departing from Portlock on the Nanwalek.*

This fall, our teachers, Tom Thorpe and Seraphim Ukatish, took the junior and senior high students on a three day field trip to old Portlock. We were accompanied by our 74 year old great uncle, Sergius Moonin, who gave us firsthand stories on the history and legends behind Portlock.

Larry Thompson of Homer Air Service landed us safely in a Cessna 206 on the beach at Ludy's Spit, across the bay from Portlock. The spit is now the home of a Coos Bay Oregon logging firm that has leased the timber rights for the area from the English Bay Native Corporation. They ferried us across to the sight of Portlock and picked us up three days later in the corporation-owned barge, Nanwalek. The loggers gave us the red carpet treatment on our trip, which included a tour of their logging operation at Chrome Bay.

Once camp was established, we split into groups and explored the area. Uncle Sergius took us on a tour of the village and identified all of the old abandoned buildings. He has a wonderful memory and was able to relive much of his younger days in Portlock with us. Our teacher, Tom Thorpe, brought along his Zodiac raft and a small outboard motor. We used this craft to explore the nearby islands and the sight of the old sawmill about a mile from Portlock.

On one of our excursions to a small nearby island, we observed a sea otter nursery in a kelp bed. A half dozen mother sea otters with their babies were sunning themselves in a quiet little bay next to the island. The sound of the mother sea otters softly cooing to their young was a memory that we'll never forget.



*Uncle Sergius and students touring the area by raft.*

Throughout the years, Portlock has gained a reputation for being frequented by Bigfoot or Nantinaq as we call them. Many is the time that a fishing boat has anchored off Portlock for the night, only to have the crew awoken to crashing sounds in the village. At our insistence, Uncle Sergius shared with us an experience he had with Nantinaq.



*Aboard the Nanwalek  
Story and layout by  
Vincent Evans*

"The first time I heard it (Nantinaq) was when I was about sixteen or seventeen. My girl friend and I were checking her traps near the sawmill (about a mile from the village). There was a loud whistle. It was a clear whistle just like it was close by ringing in our ears. She (my girl friend) couldn't stand it. She said, 'Let's go back (to the village).' The whistling got louder and louder, so we ran home as fast as we could and told our parents.

"A week later we were walking up toward the creek when we stopped and listened. We heard someone walking on the beach. We looked down off the small cliff and saw Nantinaq. It was huge, covered with fur and was carrying a club. She (my girl friend) tried to scream, but I told her not to. We ran back to the village and told our parents, but nobody believed us."



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# About Sarge



*Sarge relaxing at his fish camp. (Picture courtesy of John Jonas)*

I was born in Ninilchik on September 28, 1914. I was seventeen when I left Ninilchik. My mother died when I was nine. Me and my father had a little house of our own there.

The first paying job I had was in Ninilchik - I worked for Armstrong's Cannery for ten cents an hour. The job I had was stacking canned fish. I worked at that for two years and later on I got a better job; it was catching cans and putting them in the cooler. They paid me twenty-five cents an hour for that.

The first payment I got was for fifty dollars. I felt like a millionaire. I gave thirty dollars to my father, kept the rest and ordered clothes from Sears and Roebuck Company. I got myself boots, pants, shirts, and a jacket for twenty dollars.

My dad had to go to work at Stariski and I had no place to stay, so I had to follow my dad wherever he went. We stopped at Stariski and I stayed with Mrs. Wally for three years. I worked for them and also did some hunting. I didn't work in the cannery anymore because they (the

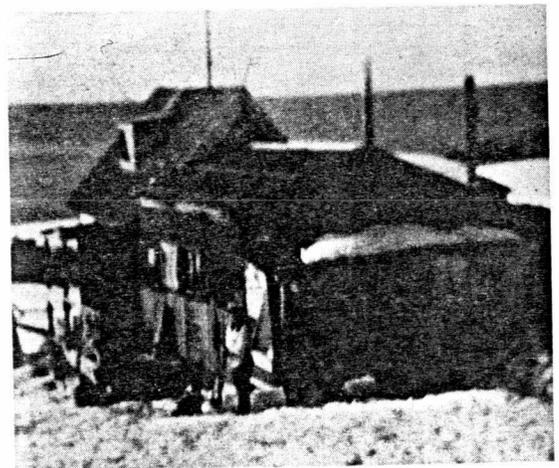
Wallys) took care of me. They bought me some clothes. I didn't go to school, but had some learning experiences. I would listen to the radio and my most interesting book was a cowboy book.

One time I really wanted a ten gallon hat. Mrs. Wally was going to order one for me, but asked how I was going to pay for it. She said, "Forget the ordering and we'll make you one out of bear skin." And they did make me one. It didn't have fancy writing in it, but it was good. They had cows and horses, so they took a picture of me with my outfit on while riding a calf.

Later on I moved down to Seldovia and worked in the cannery there. I stayed with Jack Emerson. He had a boat named "Illious," and I also worked for him as a deck hand.

My dad called me here to English Bay when it was in the winter. He was married to the ex-chief's wife. That was Chief Ephim. He was Nicholas Moonin's, Father Moonin's, brother. He had died and she was a widow. I got married to Juanita (Father Moonin's daughter) in 1937. I was married for thirty-one years and I have thirteen kids.

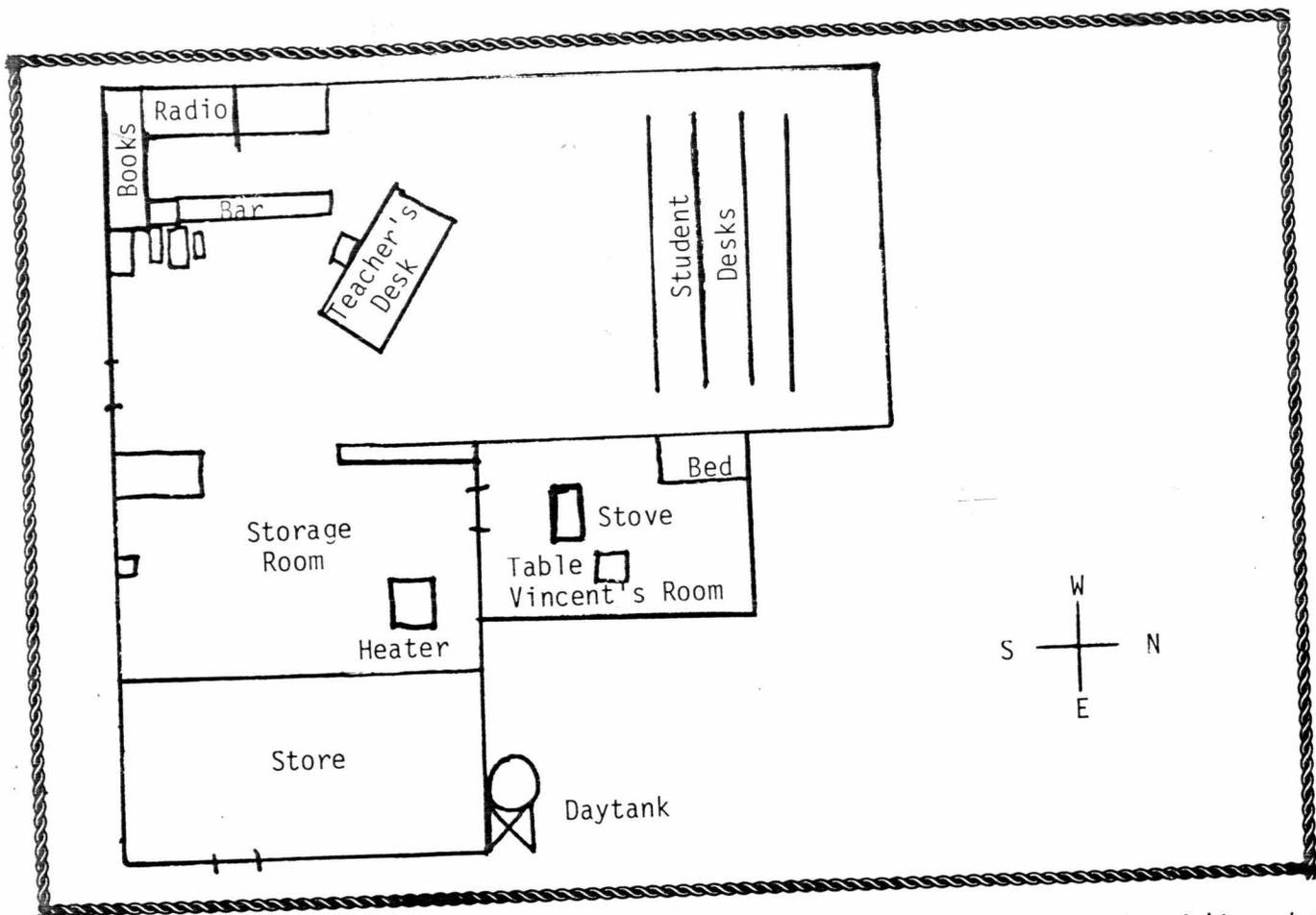
I have a strong feeling about our religion (Russian Orthodox). My mother taught me about it before she died. My grandfather was a church warden in Ninilchik. He built a church and my father was a lay reader for thirty years. When he moved to English Bay, he taught some of the boys like Sergius and John Moonin to read Slavonic in church. He pushed Nicholas Moonin to become a deacon and a priest.



*Sally's Cafe*

## Sarge and Juanita's School

Juanita and I were the first teachers here. We taught the smaller ones. When I got here to English Bay, there were only five houses. There were some kids that needed to go to school and we figured that we needed a school here. My dad pushed me to teach the kids. I talked to the Commissioner of Education in Juneau; and also the B.I.A helped me fight for a school. We finally got one, and I stayed on for five years. I taught the adults at night and the kids during the day. Our school was getting smaller, so they built a new school and I had to quit teaching because my education was low and I didn't finish school. Our first B.I.A. teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Tait. I worked for two years as a janitor at the new school.



Sarge then draws a sketch and explains about the old school building he taught the children in.

Here's my house. Here is my warehouse - just a common warehouse. I taught over here in the parish house that used to be my dad's house. He fixed it up when we first started. That's where we (Juanita and Sarge) taught, right here down below. It was finally condemned, it was rotten, decaying, and everything was leaking. The B.I.A. said we needed another building or else we would have to send our kids to Wrangell. Nobody wanted to send their kids to Wrangell because it took money and the parents didn't have it.

So I wrote to Max W. Penrod (B.I.A. officer). I told him that if he gave me time, if he just let me have one month's time, I could have another room built and start that school that fall. There was an old fish

commissioner's house up, you know, where you see them posts where you catch those humpbacks (on English Bay River). Okay, up the river above Vincent's place, there was another watchman's house. He used to watch the fish weir. They had a weir in the river where they would count the fish, you know, going up. That's what they called a fish weir, and they had a house there.

It was just a shed house; it was a lightweight house. It came in sections and it was small. I don't think it was more than 12' x 14'. So I bought that house. I wrote to Fish and Game and they said they'd sell it to the highest bidder. So I bought it for sixty dollars. I took it apart. I took it in sections like, you know, walls and the

roof. So it was just a shell house.

I got it for sixty dollars and I brought it down on high tides. I set it up next to this one (shown on the drawing). That gave me that much more room. It was only 12' x 32', so that still wasn't much. I got some more and built that up. Then I built another place out of planks, beach planks. That's what my classroom was like and this is class was still here. So, I had classes in a small room and that's the way it looked.

The B.I.A. gave me food for every student's family. They have (school) lunches now, but we just had food. We couldn't cook, no way. The only way I could do it was just give it away every weekend. I would give so much per person, so many pounds per family. The biggest family had the biggest portion, like raisins, rice, beans, milk, powdered milk, and whatever we had. So I had to distribute the food every Friday to the families, you know, for the kids to eat during school. I just had to pass it around. When they got them, they used to mix them up for the children to eat during school. They used to make the food last till the next Friday.

When I got through with the new classroom, we used it as a community hall and that's where I had my little store. There in the back I had another little room. That's where Vincent (Sarge's son) had his room after he came back from the Army. Even George Cook and Annie used to stay there. They rented it for awhile.

I liked teaching. I wish I had gone on to school every time school was out in the spring. If I could have gone in the summer and got more education on teaching, maybe I would be doing pretty good. Maybe I could have

taught higher grades. I had to fish and I had to help my family, too. There was just too many things going on at one time, fishing in the summer and then teaching in the fall. That's why, well, that's why the kids didn't learn too much from what I knew. You know, my knowledge was from books (that I) read. That and talking to them was all I could do, because for me, I had no high school education. I had a fifth or sixth grade education at that time when I left from school myself.

## Sally's Cafe and English Bay Mercentile

Before the store started, I had Sally's Cafe. I named it after Sally, my daughter. In the summertime I used to have tourists come in (and I would take care of them) in the little snack bar I had. It was more like a community hall (we used it for lots of things). I had a radio there where I had contact everyday or twice a day - once in the morning and once in the evening - with places like Seldovia and Homer. When we had an emergency, that's what we would use the radio for. I had that restaurant opened in the summertime till very late in the fall when the silver season was still on. After that, there wasn't too much business because there weren't too many tourists coming in.

So after that, we used it (Sally's Cafe) for a dance hall; we used to have an old broken piano. I bought it for my girls and gave it as a present to them. From then on, I bought them a pinball machine. They had that and a jukebox, an old jukebox. I bought it for a hundred dollars and gave that to the rest of my daughters. We used to have dances here; they used to come

here to Sally's Cafe. So anything that happened, it used to be at Sally's Cafe, dances and gatherings of all kinds. That's the way I used the building.

It was between 1960 to 1962 that I had the store for the people that surrounded the village. I mostly sold staple stuff, and when I talk about staple stuff, it's something that you really need most all the time. It's not them little sweets like candy or whatever, but it was like flour, milk, sugar, rice, beans, and some dried fruits (a line of apples, prunes, and raisins). I had a few candies, maybe cookies, but not much sweet stuff, mostly day by day type of things. My store was located right where Vincent's new house was (the first one). I had it (the building) for Sally's Cafe and partly I had a store on the east side of the building.

My hours were something I really didn't hold down. Whenever the people or even the kids needed something, they could get me to open it (the store). I had a little candy for sale and they (the kids) were after that. They wanted me to open anytime. Boy, I had a hard time to keep any hours of the day. It wasn't like a big store and, you know, I couldn't hold a regular schedule from 9:00 to whatever, 6:00. But it was for the people when they wanted to come over and buy some kind of food. I didn't have (hired people); no I had either my wife help me or my kids would help me.

I used to make an order from Alaska Brokerage or the wholesale stores down in Seattle. Alaska Steam would bring it into English Bay. At times I would have a little trouble. People didn't understand, they thought the store sounded good. They charged everything. Most of the time it was the older people who

had a pension that paid the bills for me. I got a little money out of that; but the rest, sometimes they didn't have money and the people didn't have much work around like they do now. I had a hard time to get money out of them, so that's why I just quit. In two years I had to - I went broke. I had to pay my income tax and pay the people who financed me. It took me a long time to pay out my debts before I could clear the whole store. I still have my records of it in my trunk or someplace laying around, but I have them. I'd say I had the store for two years. I closed it down because I went bankrupt. I couldn't pay for my debts. That's what happened to my store venture.

I also had a boat and went fishing. Steve, Herman, Pete, and John Moonin would go with me. My ex-wife, Juanita, had a fishing site from John Moonin. I later worked as a janitor at Wildwood in Kenai. I still have a chance to work, but I like working with my people.



*Story and Layout by  
Emily Kvasnikoff*

“  
**I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STEER  
THAT OUTBOARD AND SKIFF.**  
”

**Teresa Wilson**

*Story and layout by Anita Evans*

Teresa Wilson was born here in English Bay. She is the oldest of Sarge Kvasnikoff's and Juanita Melsheimer's thirteen children and now has seven children of her own. Teresa is a member of the Village Council, a member of the Parent Advisory Committee for the school, and is our village secretary. The following is a humorous short story about an incident in her youth that she told us about.

I was about fourteen or fifteen years old at the time. That was when I was running around helping Mom with the nets (gill-netting for salmon) and working in the house, helping take care of my younger brothers and sisters.

I remember doing a lot of baby-sitting when they (my parents) were out fishing. I also remember doing a lot of cooking while Mom worked in the cannery. I used to go gill-netting with Mom while Dad went out seining for salmon.

One day my mom told me to go out and tell Dad to come home and eat dinner. He was fishing way out towards Flat Island (three miles south of English Bay). I didn't exactly know how to start the outboard motor on the skiff, but I went ahead and started it with my own hands. It didn't have a starting cord to start it. I just kind of turned the head (flywheel) of the outboard and finally it started.



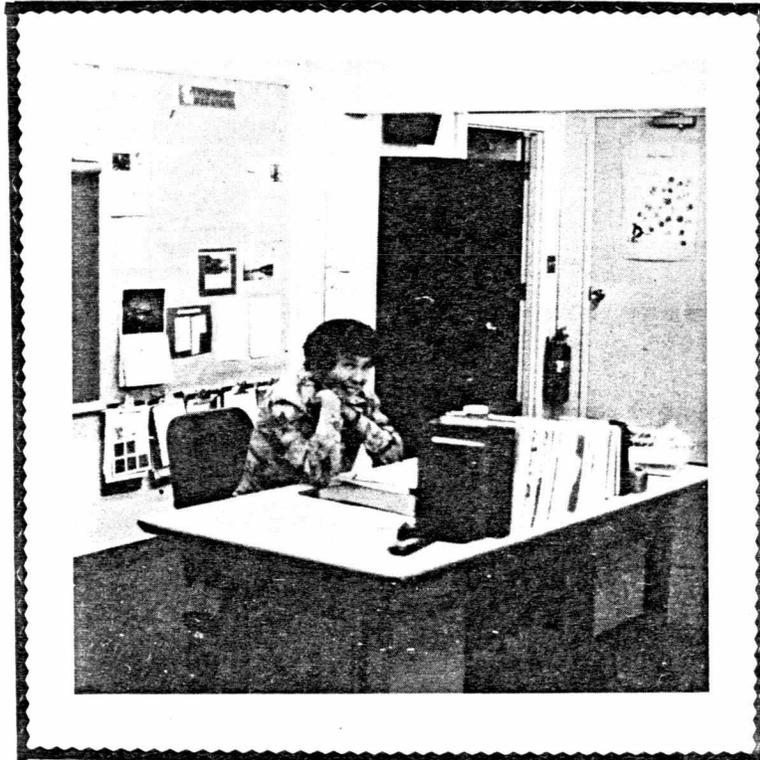
*Teresa Wilson near the beach.*

I went out to tell Dad that it was time for dinner. Dad was sitting out in his boat, plus there were five or six other boats out there with him.

I didn't know how to steer that outboard and skiff. I crashed right into my dad's boat and almost knocked him off the cabin. That really embarrassed him. He was yelling his head off. I really didn't know how to stop that thing (the outboard). I just went straight into his boat. Bang! Crash! I was almost knocked off, too! He was yelling, swinging his arms, trying to stop me.

# A Bird's-Eye View of Education

Seraphim Ukatish



Seraphim Ukatish was born and raised here in English Bay. He remembers as a boy, visiting John Kvasnikoff's school where reading and writing were still taught in Russian. He later remembers visiting classes in which Father Nicholas Moonin also taught students in Russian. Seraphim first went to school at the age of six years in a small, one-room (14' x 14') building near the beach. His first teachers were Sarge Kvasnikoff and Juanita Melsheimer, his aunt and uncle, who had taken it upon themselves to educate the children of the community.

In 1958, the B.I.A. built a school and hired B.I.A. teach-

ers for English Bay. Seraphim was among the first group of students to attend the new school. He was twelve years old at that time. In 1962, he traveled for the first time by himself outside of the community to attend a B.I.A. summer school program in Fairbanks at the University of Alaska. He graduated from the eighth grade in 1963, and that summer he went commercial fishing.

He left for high school the next fall and traveled all the way to an Indian school in Oregon. After school in Oregon, he was drafted into the Army for two years, one of which was spent in Vietnam. On completing

his service duty, he returned to English Bay and later received training at the University of Alaska on Plant Operation for water and sewer treatment.

Seraphim later found employment as a janitor at the Kenai Mall in Kenai. From Kenai, he moved back to English Bay and worked at the school as a janitor. Then he moved again to Kenai to receive pilot training, and first soloed on February 16, 1973.

Seraphim returned to English Bay and served as the president of the English Bay Corporation for one year. Following his corporation work, he was chosen by the Village Council to teach the Bilingual Program at the school, which he has been doing for the last four years.

Seraphim has been involved in the educational process in English Bay from the time before the B.I.A. began education to now, when native students are no longer required to leave their community to receive a high school education.

#### SERAPHIM'S STORY

I can barely remember visiting John Kvasnikoff's school when I was small. He was teaching his students reading and writing in Russian. Then I remember later visiting Father Nicholas Moonin when he was teaching Russian, too.

The first school I went to was in Sergius Moonin's house. It was down by the beach. We moved from there to John Kvasnikoff's old house. The main reason we moved was a space problem (not enough room). John Kvasnikoff's house wasn't much larger, that's why they split the grades up. The lower grades attended school in the morning,

and the higher grades went in the afternoon. From that building, we moved to Sally's Cafe which was a little bigger. John Kvasnikoff's old house was rotten - that was why we moved. The B.I.A. condemned it, so Sarge (our teacher) built a new building that was later called Sally's Cafe. From Sally's Cafe, we moved into the school that we use today.

I was about six, as I said, when I started school. The first school I went to was small. It was only about 12' x 14' or 14' x 14', I don't know which. The second school was about a 20' x 20' one-room schoolhouse. When we first started, there were about five or six desks and one long table. There were steps going up to an attic in the second school (John Kvasnikoff's old house), but Sarge took them out to give us more room. The next school we went to was a little bit bigger. Anyway, while we were going to school in that other place (Sally's Cafe), we had gotten some tables and wooden chairs. One of those tables is in Alice's Title IV A room in our school today, and the other one is in the typing room. I don't know what happened to the chairs, but we brought all of that equipment up here in 1958.

When I was young, all I spoke was Aleut and I didn't even know one word of English. When I first went to school I learned to write the alphabet. I remember very clearly the alphabet, and I remember it was in English. What we did most of the time was write the alphabet, numbers, and draw. I remember the first day of school when I learned how to write the alphabet from A to G. I remember Juanita Melsheimer writing the letters and I copied them. I remember my letters were getting smaller all the way down to the bottom of the page.

When it was lunch time, we had to go home for lunch, but in the morning we used to have a snack like juice. They used to give us vitamins every morning and sometimes cod liver oil. I used to go to school in the morning from about 8:30 to 12:00.

When I was younger, the games we used to play were London Bridge and Red Rover. When I was a little older, we played Aleut baseball and John Moonin used to let us box. We had boxing gloves that I think John Moonin got for us.

There were about nineteen or twenty of us in Sarge and Juanita's school for about five years. Sarge Kvasnikoff was the teacher then for the older kids. He was pretty good. He used to use kerosene lamps (for the classroom) when it was dark and snowing outside. (There was no electricity.) Sarge used to do neat things with us. When he wasn't feeling well, Herman Moonin used to take his place. Herman wasn't any different, not that I remember anyway. The subjects we had were writing (that was penmanship), reading, and math.

Then in the summer of 1958, the B.I.A. came in and built a new school. It wasn't until the middle of December 1958 that we were able to move into that new school. The first teachers we had there were Mr. and Mrs. David Tait. On December 25th, the lights went out and we didn't have electricity at the school. The generator went out and we went to school with kerosene lamps. It was cold! I remember we had a little Christmas party in the main classroom. The basement wasn't finished then (just a dirt floor).

We used to use the east door only (of the new school) to enter. We couldn't go through the south door. This school is a lot different now. I was about twelve and I was in the fourth grade when we started here. The Tait's left after school was out in the spring of 1959 and the Knapes (Walter and Marie) came to teach. They stayed here for four years until I graduated from the eighth grade.

When I was about sixteen, I went to Fairbanks for summer school. I was there for about six weeks, starting in the middle of June and finishing in July. I took math, reading, science, and English while I was there. I came back to English Bay and in September, I went back to school here. At the end of the school year, I graduated from the eighth grade. We had a graduation ceremony and there were about five of us who graduated. That was Irene Kvasnikoff (Ukatish), Nick Tanape, Ben Ukatish, Natalie Ukatish (Kvasnikoff), and myself.

After school was out, I went fishing. Then around August or September, I went to school down in the states in Chemawa, Oregon. That was in the Willamette Valley. I stayed there for about a year. School there was pretty good and I liked it. When I was first there, I was scared. I traveled to Anchorage by myself, from Anchorage I took a jet plane to Portland, and from Portland I took a bus to the school. I was really scared of getting lost. High school was a lot different than school in English Bay. It was a boarding school and there were dorms for the students to stay in. There was one guy from Port Graham that I knew; his name was Theoplus Mumchuck, and there were quite a few students from Kodiak.

The guys from Kodiak were okay. I made friends with them after I got to know them. I was eighteen when I was in the ninth grade. I think I was the oldest in my class. The subjects I took there were General Math, Algebra, English, Reading, Science, and World Geography.

After I came back home, I went fishing. Then in November I was drafted into the Army. When I left this time I was a little bit scared, but not like the first time. I went from here to Homer, then from Homer to Anchorage. I was weathered in Thanksgiving Day in Anchorage. I went from Anchorage to San Francisco. The Army met me there and took me to Fort Ord. From Fort Ord I went to Fort Lewis. I was stationed there for about eleven months, during which time I took and passed the high school G.E.D. exams. Then I was assigned to overseas duty in East Vietnam. I was in the Army for about two years, not exactly two years. I got off three months early because I was in overseas combat.

Well, when I got back, I saw all kinds of changes at the school. There was cement down in the basement floor of the school instead of dirt, and the Kenai Borough had taken over the school from the B.I.A. Arnold Melsheimer was teaching here at the time. The basketball court was just dirt and there used to be little puddles all around it. It wasn't until about five or six years ago that we put the cement on the court.

I took some training after I got out of the service and worked at a few different jobs. Then I came back here to English Bay and I asked for the janitor job at the school and got it. I worked here for a couple of years. Then I got a chance to learn how



*Seraphim and Tom Evans at a Foxfire Workshop in Kodiak.*

to fly at Wildwood in 1973, so I took it. After I came back to English Bay, I got involved in working for the Village Corporation for a year.

I was later picked by the Village Council to be the bilingual instructor here at the school. I didn't know how to read or write in Sugcestun (Aleut language), but I picked it up real fast and was reading after a few days of instruction.

I think the school here in English Bay has improved a lot through the years. I like the way it is now, but would like to see it grow and have a gymnasium for the kids.

It is important to get an education even if you plan on staying in the village and fishing. What happens if the fishing goes bad? Yes, it's important to get an education - it will help you get another job. I really feel that education is a very important part of life.

*Story and layout by Jeff Evans*

# Maskalataq



*Masking in the 60's at English Bay School.*

Maskalataq (masking) is an activity that happens annually in the village of English Bay in connection with the Russian Christmas holiday.

Uncle Sergius Moonin (age 74) said that his grandfather, Peter Macha, told him about a sort of masking ritual that took place in the darkest part of the winter by the people of this area before the Russians came. He said they used wooden masks adorned with eagle feathers back then. His grandfather said he remembered seeing this in the village of Yalik (at the mouth of Nuka Bay) when he was a boy.

The modern day Maskalataq (derived from the Russian word for masking) was brought here by the Russians in the 1700's, and the tradition has been going on ever since.

Uncle Sergius said the symbolism of masking is believed to have come from the Bible when King Herod told his men to go out and kill the baby Jesus. Herod's men dressed up in old clothes and disguised themselves so that the people wouldn't know they were soldiers. People in English Bay don't pretend that they are Herod's soldiers looking for the baby

Jesus. We just mask for fun and do not really look at it that way.

Masking usually starts on the 8th of January, and continues nightly until the 17th of January, with the exception of the 14th. On January 14th, the New Year's game (Nutaag) takes place and nobody masks on that night.

When we mask, we dress up any old way we want to. We dress the way we feel like dressing, but try to disguise ourselves with a cloth mask. We don't dance the usual way you dance with a partner to rock-n-roll or disco music. We just dance the way we feel. The music is usually that of a guitar with a fast beat, which varies from soft to loud over and over again. Two guitar players usually play, and sometimes an accordian is added. All maskers dance in a circle around the room with the musicians playing off in one corner. We just sort of dance around in a funny way. Then we go out and change our costumes, come back again, and do the same thing over.

Masking usually starts at about 7:00 p.m. and continues to 12:00 midnight with maskers coming in and going out. Only adults are allowed to dance before the 14th. After the 14th, the kids can start masking.

A long time ago, the old ways of masking were a little different from the way we dance or dress up today. After the people had masked on the last night of masking (January 17th), they would run down to the beach. They all ran and jumped into the sea no matter what kind of weather it was. Some people would catch pneumonia and die. Those who made it were lucky. After they had washed themselves in the sea, they would come up to the church and kneel down about fifty to one hundred times. Kids

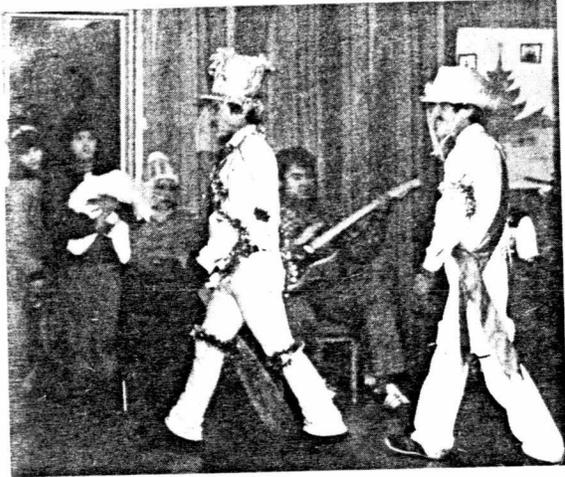
in those days weren't allowed to partake in or even watch any of the masking. Women with newborn babies weren't allowed to watch either. The people that wore masks weren't supposed to go into a woman's house who had just had her baby.

Now there is no more jumping into the sea after masking. Instead of jumping into the sea, we go home to cleanse ourselves with a bath. We don't go and kneel down in the church after masking, but we wait usually until the next day. We now kneel down in the church about twenty to twenty-five times if we have masked. Then the priest blesses us by putting Holy Water or Holy Oil on our forehead. Another change is that women who have just had babies and kids are no longer restricted from watching the masking. Kids can even partake in it from the 15th until the 17th of January.

The tearing of the masks just started from the people around here. That just happened a few years ago. The tearing of the masks is on the last night of masking. The maskers will tear each others masks up right at twelve midnight. They didn't do this a long time ago. Uncle Herman told me that the tearing of the masks began one time when Mike Tanape didn't want to take his mask off. They just took him down and tore his mask off and tore it up. Ever since, the tearing of the masks has become a tradition. The New Year's game is sort of tied in with the masking, but not directly. The New Year's game is really a different event in itself.

*As told to Alma Cook by Sergius Moonin, Juanita Melsheimer, Peter Moonin, and Joe Tanape.  
Story and layout by Anita Evans*

# NUTA' AQ



*The New Year and M.P. entering.*

Russian New Years is celebrated every year in English Bay on the 14th of January. In our village, the Christmas and New Year holidays are still celebrated by the Julian Calendar. This means that the 14th is really the first day of the year by the Julian Calendar.

The New Year's celebration can be compared to a skit or a game that is made up of twenty layers: an Old Year, a New Year, an M.P., three old ladies, twelve months, and usually two musicians. There are twelve rounds to the skit that are about ten minutes long each, starting at 9:00 p.m. and continuing until the climax at 12:00 midnight. Each round is basically the same theme with the exception of the first and last round. The varieties of the play are provided by the lines and antics of the three old ladies.

The skit begins with the New Year entering the room, bowing to the audience, and marching around three times to the repetitive beat of the musicians' guitars. He then stops and blows his whistle, which signals the M.P., the twelve months, the Old Year, and the three old ladies to enter. The players then march round and round the room to the beat of the music. The New Year keeps the Old Year in front of him and watches him closely. The twelve months follow the New Year with the M.P. The three old ladies dance in the middle and harass the M.P., whose job it is to keep them under control. When the Old Year gets tired, the twelve months group together and help him along. When he gets going again, the New Year tries to chase him out early by hitting him with a large paddle on his humped back. The three old ladies try their best to protect the old man from the New Year. At the end of each round, the Old Year and twelve months leave the room first. Then it is up to the New Year and M.P. to remove the old ladies, who usually don't go out gracefully.



*The Months helping the Old Year.*

The Old Year is usually dressed in rain gear with padding for his humped back. He wears a canvas mask with a beak-like nose and beard. He carries a stick cane with dried-up limbs on top. The New Year is dressed in an all white outfit decorated with garlands and ribbons for arm and leg bands. He wears a special decorated, tall, white hat and carries a large paddle. The M.P. (the New Year's assistant) is also dressed in white, with garlands and ribbons, but wears a different (low) hat. The three old ladies are dressed up in old ragged dresses, with long-johns covering their legs. They wear scarves and cloth masks with beaks. They each have a purse full of funny items, and they make fun of the M.P. and New Year by squawking their jokes in Sugcestun (our native language). All of these roles are usually played by men because of the roughness of the game. The twelve months are played by ladies dressed in formal dresses with a white blouse. They each wear a veiled crown and a shoulder sash that tells the name of the month they represent. The musicians don't wear costumes and stay in the room throughout the play.

The skit ends at midnight when the New Year successfully chases out the Old Year and the three old ladies. Three shots are fired from a rifle outside to signal that the New Year has taken over. The Old Year and three old ladies then come back inside without their costumes and the players sing a religious song called "Many Years" with the audience participating. Then the people who played in the game waltz with each other to a slow, easy beat, after which the audience is invited to join in.



*The New Year removing an old lady.*

(Peter Moonin, a life-long resident of the English Bay area, told us some of the history of the New Year's celebration as told to him by his father, Rev. Nicholas Moonin.)

"Yeah, Papa used to say a long time ago they had the New Year's game with just the Old and New Year in the game and nobody else. They went from 6:00 p.m. to midnight without stopping. Just the two of them dancing. The guitar players in those days wore veils, too. Then, later on, they started having the twelve months, a couple of devils (two men dressed up in devil outfits), and I don't know what you call it, but they had an extra person dressed to look like a dead man. I don't know what they had him for.

"Then a guy from Cordova, Pete Klasnikoff was his name, brought the idea (when we lived in Portlock) to have old ladies.



*Nuṭa'aq in the 1960's.*

And since then, we've had our old ladies. The priests had stopped the part of the devil. They were afraid the devil would get too powerful because of the way the devils would act. They would stand on drum wood heaters (Yukon stoves) and count the months as they went by without burning themselves. They did weird things that really made us think that they were real devils. The priest also stopped the part of the extra person dressed like a dead man.



*Nuṭa'aq 1980*

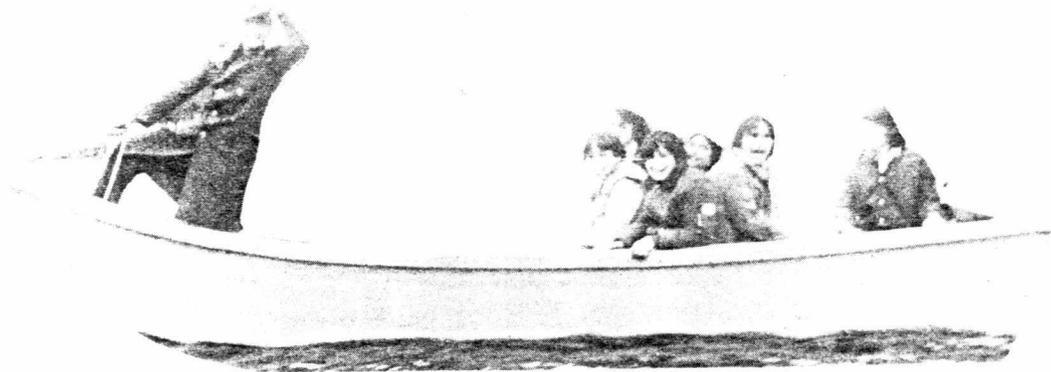
"Long ago when the devil was still in the game, he watched the months really close. If they tried to take their veils off, he'd run over and practically scratch their faces. Even the musicians had to use them in those days. I don't know why.

(There was the idea about death in the game.) "Towards the last round, they didn't want anybody getting in the way when the New Year chased the Old Year to the doorway and hit his humped back. If somebody (in the audience) happened to get in the way, the Old Year and New Year wouldn't stop for anybody. It meant the person that got in the way would die that year. They really got rough towards the end, and the old ladies danced real hard. The old man knew he was losing, so he kept hiding behind the months to keep from being thrown out by the New Year."

*As told to Alma Cook by Sergius Moonin, Juanita Melsheimer, Peter Moonin, and Joe Tanape.  
Story and layout by Anita Evans*

# Building A Setnetting Skiff

Marlon Ash



Tom Thorpe, our teacher, hired Marlon Ash to help us build a skiff through Title IV A funds. He obtained funds for the building materials through a Johnson O'Mally small grant with the aid of the North Pacific Rim Native Association. We auctioned the skiff when we completed it and will be using the money we earned for similar shop projects.

Marlon injured his back during the fishing season and was unable to partake in any of the physical part of the skiff project, which made for a total learning experience for us students.

Skiffs are the main mode of transportation for the community of English Bay, where the only access to the outside world is either by boat or plane (no roads). They are a necessity for the main source of income, fishing. They are used to haul fuel and groceries from Port Graham and Seldovia and are also used for hunting, visiting, and entertainment.

As Marlon explained it, there is more than one way to skin a cat and the same goes for skiff building. But his method might give someone in a village without a lot of fancy tools an idea of how to go about making one of the most important tools of fishing.



*Seraphim and Marlon relaxing near Sarae's cabin.*

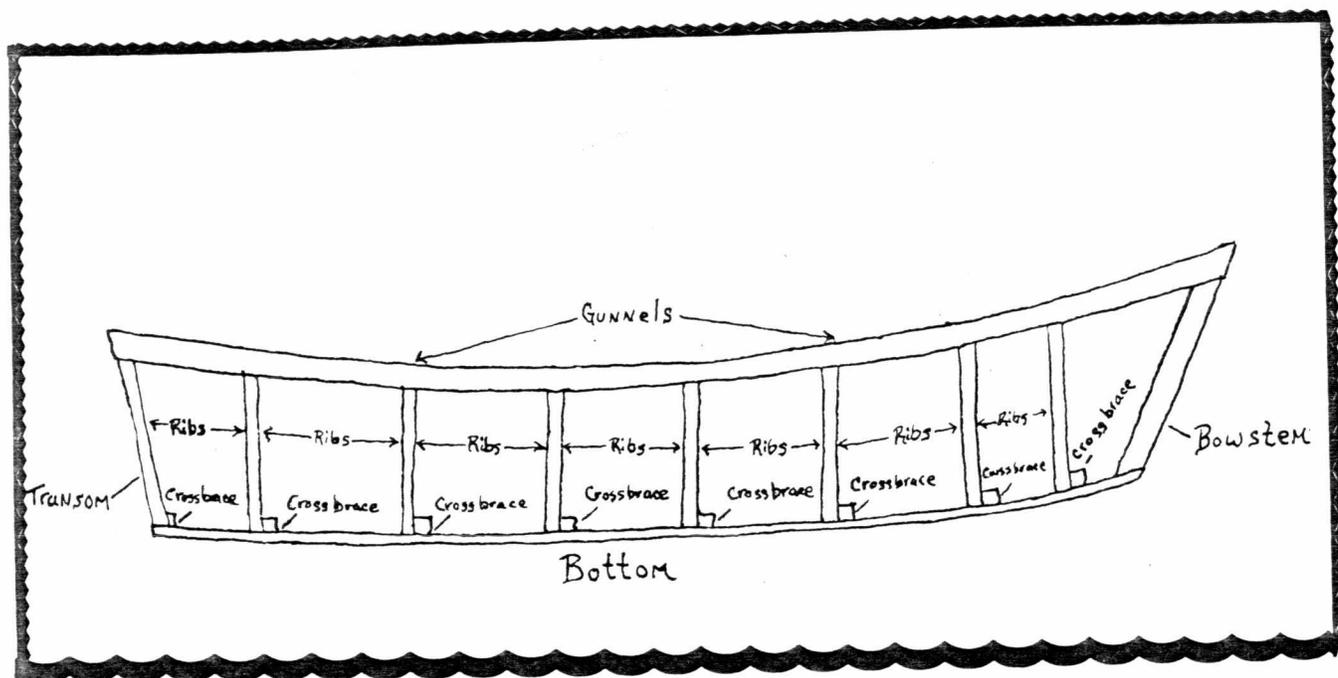


Diagram 1 - Sideview of the skiff

The first thing you do when you build anything is to design it, deciding how you want it to look and what you want to use it for. Like in the case of the skiff we built, it was designed for setnetting. There are certain things to think about when you sketch out your design. You have to put the outboard motor well off to one side so you can feed the net out the back on the opposite side and so on. (In contrast) if you design a skiff for seining, you make it shorter and wider, making it powerful for towing.

Next, figure from your design approximately what kind and how much of material will be needed for the project. In the school skiff we built, we used clear pine planks for the bottom instead of plywood because around here when water gets inside the plywood, the glue breaks down and the plywood comes apart. So planks are better. Some people

say that marine plywood is all you can use on your sides, but some of the boat builders in Homer use A-C plywood for their fiberglass frame molds. Marine plywood is about twice as expensive as A-C plywood, so we used A-C plywood for the sides of the skiff and covered it with fiberglass. We used marine plywood for the braces on the inside because there is a lot of stress there. Mahogany was used for gunnels because they take a beating when you pull nets over them. For the bottom braces, we used oak.

When we began to build the skiff we, started with the bottom and built the skiff around the bottom. Most skiffs they build now days, they cut out the ribs and assemble them first, putting on the sheeting or plywood last. But when you use a plank bottom you can start with the bottom first and attach the ribbing onto it.

The normal width of a set-netting skiff is about five feet wide. The wider the skiff the more stable it will be for picking nets. We took 1" x 12" planks about sixteen feet long and laid them side by side. A lot of times when you put planks right next to each other, you've got to make sure the planks aren't warped so there's no space between them. If there is a space, you have to take a saw or plane and square the planks off. Sometimes you can work it (laying the boards together) like a puzzle by just seeing how they fit best, turning them around until you have the least amount of cracks in them. Once that's completed, you put some sort of calking between the boards. We used silicone bathtub calk on the school skiff. Some builders use cotton because it swells up when it gets wet, but since we were going to seal our bottom with fiberglass, we wanted a material that would seal dry.

You should have the ribs and cross-bracing cut out before you apply the silicone calking. The cross-bracing should be made of a hardwood because it has to be really strong. We used 2 x 3 oak ribs that we split from 2 x 6 boards. Be sure to knotch both sides of the cross-braces about twelve inches in on the bottom so water will be free to drain out of the compartments. After your boards (bottom planks) are laid out and your ribs and cross-braces cut, you mark with a chalk line where you want your cross-braces to go. Then put the calking in between the planks, tighten the planks together, and secure the cross-braces to the planks.

Most boat builders use pipe-clamps, but a rope and a 2 x 4 or pipe will do the job just as well. You put the rope (about

1/2" diameter) around the planks near where you're going to secure your first brace. Then you start to cinch the boards together by twisting the 2 x 4 to tighten the rope. That's what we did on that school skiff and you could see the gaps come together as we put quite a bit of pressure on the planks. Then we laid out the cross-braces and secured them to the planks with bronze screws. You can use boat nails. They work okay, too, but we thought screws would be best. You put at least five screws on per cross-brace and just keep moving the rope clamp down the planks to each mark that you are going to put the cross-braces on. We separated our cross-braces two feet apart from each other.

Now you are ready to cut out the design of your bow from the bottom. There are several ways to measure this out and the design of your bow will, of course, depend on what kind of skiff you're building. We made a paper pattern for just one side of the skiff bow so that it was exactly half of the bow, and then turned it over to draw the pattern on the other half of the bottom. We just drew it out (the pattern) kind of keeping in mind what the bows of the good set-netting skiffs in the village look like. You can use a jigsaw to cut out the bow, but later you'll have to plane it down so that the plywood will fit just right against it.

The next thing you do is set the bottom up on sawhorses, cut out the ribs, and bolt them to the bottom. Most boat builders cut out all the pieces of the skiff that they can (like a kit) and then put it together. But since we were teaching how to build a skiff step-by-step, we did it this way.

The way you cut your ribs out is to take 2 x 6's and cut them in lengths longer than the length of the sides. Since we were making thirty inch sides, we cut them out thirty-two inches long. Then measure four inches in on one end of the board and do the same on the other end, only start on the opposite side. You should have a diagonal line lengthwise on the board when you connect the two points with a straight edge. Following that line, saw the boards in two pieces and you should have two ribs that match up exactly the same. Because your ends are squared off (90° angles), you have straight side ribs and that won't work too well for a skiff.

It's hard to figure out the exact flair you want on your sides because everybody's likes are not the same. You just put the rib up next to the bottom and cross-brace and bend it out until it looks right. A rule of thumb is to measure one inch up the straight side-base of the rib and draw a straight line from that point to the corner on the opposite side of the base. This will make your flair at about 105° which is just about right (see diagram 2). Cut out all of your ribs using the same pattern (with the exception of the first two sets) unless you want to change the angle of the side back toward the stern. Cut off a quarter of an inch less angle than the rib before it on your last three ribs if you want the sides straighter toward the stern. The outward flair of your bow is somewhat determined by the way you cut out your bottom, so you need to wait until later to cut the angle on the first two sets of ribs past the bowstem.

The next step is to secure the ribs to the bottom braces and

attach 1/2" marine plywood reinforcing plates to the ribs and cross-braces. You use bolts to attach the ribs and countersink them. It is important to make them secure because weak ribs are the biggest cause of leaks on wooden skiffs. That's why we used plywood plates as reinforcers. You can just cut them out with a sabre saw so that they match the rib and cross-brace. Then bolt them on between the rib and the cross-brace in a sandwich fashion, using marine glue and nails to secure it to the face of the rib (see diagram 3). You need to make sure that you bolt the ribs and plates flush with the edge of the cross-brace and bottom so that the plywood sides will fit flush. That's important.

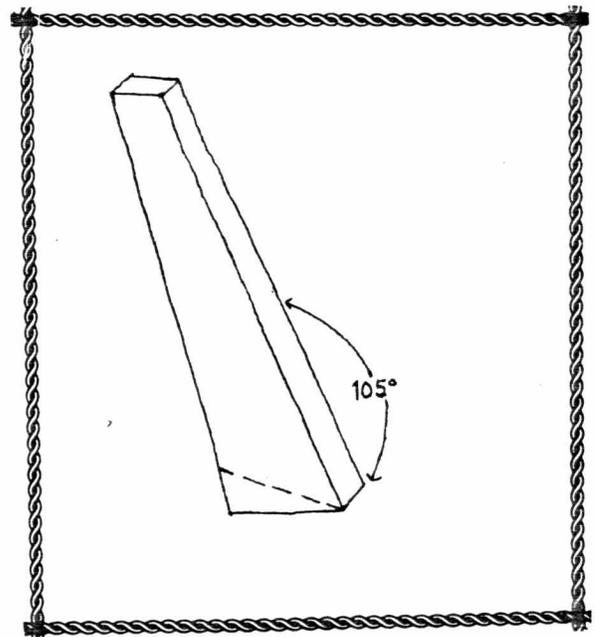


Diagram 2 - Rib

Now you're ready to cut out the transom and attach it to the last bottom cross-brace and ribs. The way you do that is to take a piece of plywood. (We used two sandwiched pieces of 3/4 inch A-C plywood.) Measure the

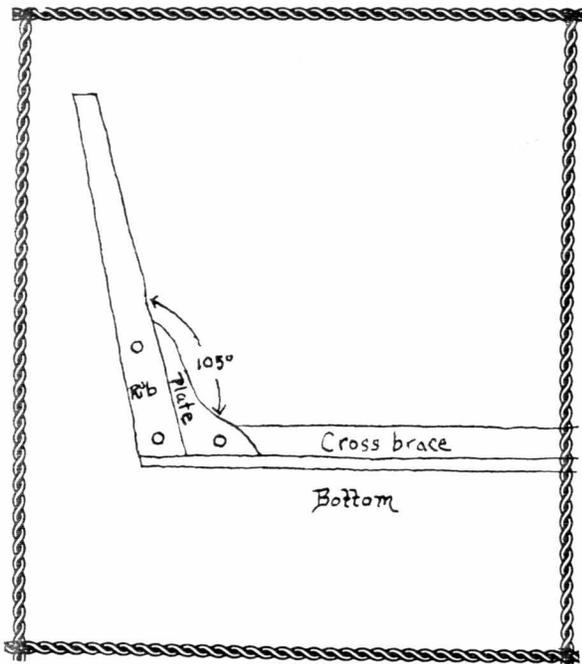


Diagram 3 - Rib, Plate, and Crossbrace

width of your bottom, measure the angles of your last ribs, and cut the transom. It's good to have the transom at a bit of an angle flaring out, so you should taper the end of the plank bottom and cross-brace with a skilsaw at about a 10° angle. This will help keep the water from splashing in over the stern of the boat. The transom should be level with the sides of the skiff until you reach the outboard motor well. The engine well should be cut out wide enough for the engine you're using to turn freely in either direction. You usually angle it down from about twenty-seven inches wide on the top to about sixteen inches wide, twenty inches (lengthwise) from the bottom of the boat. A long-shaft outboard should be mounted twenty inches from the bottom of the boat. Most boats have the motor mounted on the center of the transom, but setnet skiffs have the engine well cut out on the starboard side so that you can feed your net out the back port side (see diagram 4).

The transom has to be firmly secured to the stern of the skiff because it's supporting the weight of the outboard. Most skiff's transoms are attached to the stern by using the cross-brace at the end of the bottom and ribs on the sides to secure it, because you can't nail it onto the sides and bottom and expect it to hold. You should use calking to seal it and bolts to hold it together real good to the ribs and cross-brace. On that school skiff we also put in a brace from the hatch to the transom to make it even stronger.

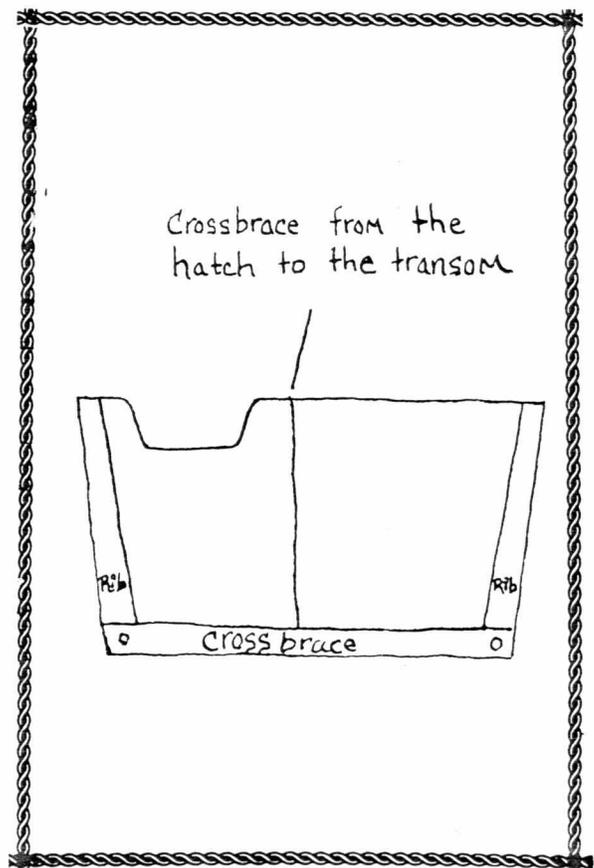


Diagram 4 - Transom

Bending the bow comes next. Most people around here like the skiff to have a flat bottom from about the middle on back and have the bow raised up a little, say four or five inches. They say

it planes better that way. The bottom of the skiff should be setting on sawhorses. If your sawhorses are about three feet high, then you need to cut a 2 x 4 (board) about that and six inches more. You need to keep in mind that the bow will straighten out a little after it is bent. Next brace the bottom well and force your 2 x 4 under the bow point. Be careful not to split the wood. Boiling water poured on the bend (of the bottom boards) will help make it more flexible and keep it from cracking.

When the bottom has been bent you're now ready to put on the bowstem. A four foot piece of 4 x 4 cedar works best. You have to cut the post lengthwise on both sides so that it is flat on the back and pointed toward the front. We build skiffs with what you might call an educated eye and in this case you just look at your bow and figure the approximate angle. It's wise to figure a little over so that when you match up the sides with the bowstem, you can plane it down to make a tight fit. The bottom angle of the bowstem is figured by looking at the angle of your bottom and cutting it off accordingly. Don't cut the top off until after you've put the gunnels on. To hold the bowstem in place, put a couple of big nails through the bottom and tack it to a thin strip of wood connected to the ribs. You can tell if it's straight by looking from the stern to the bow. (See diagram 5.)

Now you have your bottom, cross-braces, transom, bowstem, and ribs assembled with the exception of the last two bow

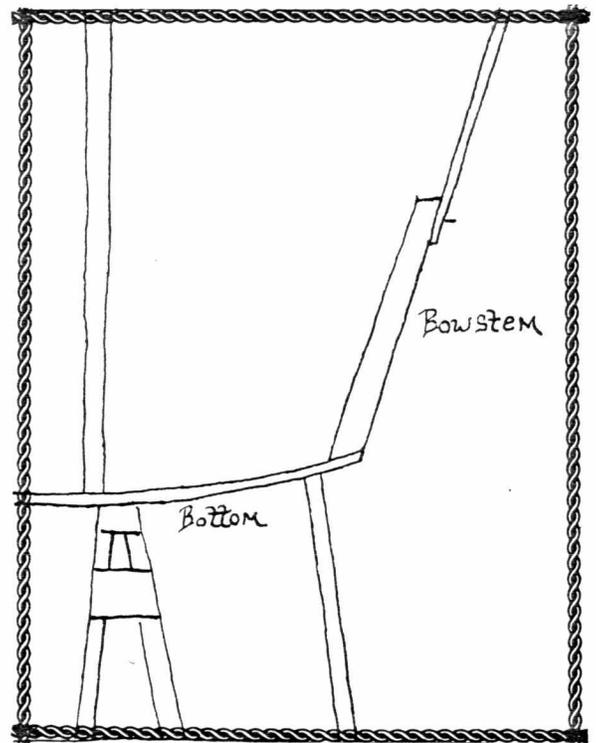


Diagram 5 - Bowstem

ribs on each side. I don't think anyone else puts the last two ribs on this way, but it works for me. You can figure the angle of those ribs by taking your plywood side and clamping it to the bowstem and bending it back around to the side ribs. Then attach your two front ribs to the cross-braces according to the angle of the side, unclamp the plywood side, and attach the thin strip of wood to the bowstem and ribs to keep them at the correct angle. If you want thirty inch sides, be sure that your ribs and sides are over that length so you have room to spare.

When you cut the sides of the bottom, cut them at the matching angle of your ribs so that the sides will fit flush with both the ribs and the bottom. We used 1/2 inch plywood for the sides of the school skiff.

It's strong but it's also hard to bend, so you have to use boiling hot water and weights to bend it before attaching it to the skiff. If you're building about an eighteen foot skiff, it's best to use those long sheets of boat plywood so you can avoid splicing because that gets you into a few extra problems. If you're set up with the right kind of equipment like regular boat builders, there's no problem. But out here you have to do kind of rough splicing, so the longer plywood is better. If you do have to splice, use a piece of 1/2 inch plywood on the inside of the entire (two foot) section between the ribs where you want to splice. Put your two side pieces so that they are centered between the rib section. Secure the splice to the side pieces by both glue and bolts because there is a lot of stress at that point and screws just aren't strong enough.

As you attach the sides to the ribs, start from the stern and work toward the bow. Be sure that your ribs and bottom fit flush with the side. Plane them out smooth if necessary. Don't stretch your nails. Use boat nails to secure the sides to the ribs (they're the kind that won't vibrate out) at about every four inches, but don't nail the side to the bottom yet. You don't need to be afraid to overlap your plywood a little on the bottom; it will be easy to trim when you're finished. Now you can trim off the top of your ribs and sides so that they form a uniform line from stern to bow.

The gunnels come next. They help the top keep its shape. We used mahogany 1 x 4's on the

school skiff because it's tough and can take a beating better than, say, plywood or pine. You attach the 1 x 4's to both the inside and outside at the top of the skiff. You can use either screws or boat nails to secure them to the sides and ribs. Because we were building this skiff for setnetting, we covered the tops of the gunnels with 1/2 inch plywood so the nets wouldn't get hung up in the spaces between the gunnels and the ribs. It's important, for that reason, that the gunnel is real smooth. So you have to sand them down real good. The outside lower edge of the gunnel needs to be tapered because later when you fiberglass the gunnel, it won't be smooth if the fiberglass has to make a sharp turn and will rip nets. (See diagram 6.)

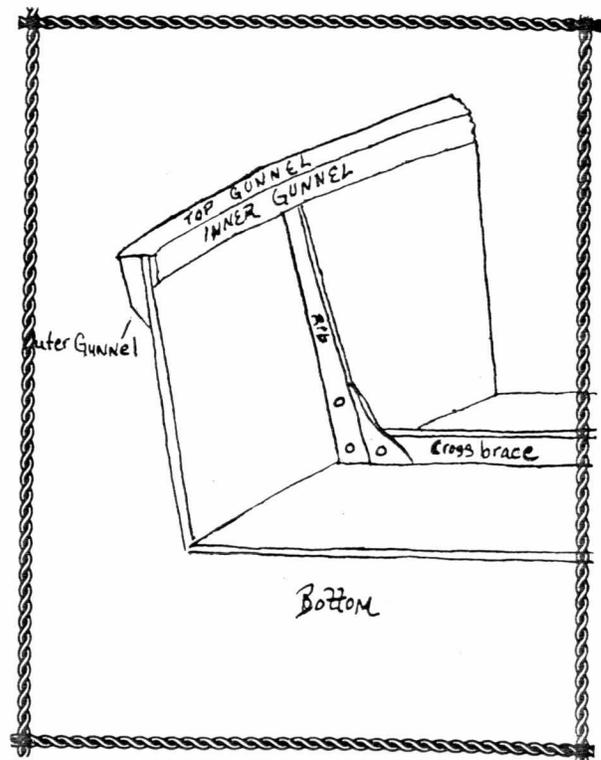


Diagram 6 - Gunnel and Side

It's a good idea to put two hatches between rib sections in your skiff. One should be just

aft of the middle and the other should be forward of the center of the skiff. They help make your boat stronger, double as a seat, and can be used to store fish. They're easy to make. You just put 2 x 4's (lengthwise) across to the top of the ribs and attach 1/2 inch plywood to the cross-brace, rib, and 2 x 4. It's best to put a 1 x 4 brace on the top center of the hatch and tack 1 x 1 strips on the inside of the plywood for the hatch cover to sit on. (See diagram 7.)

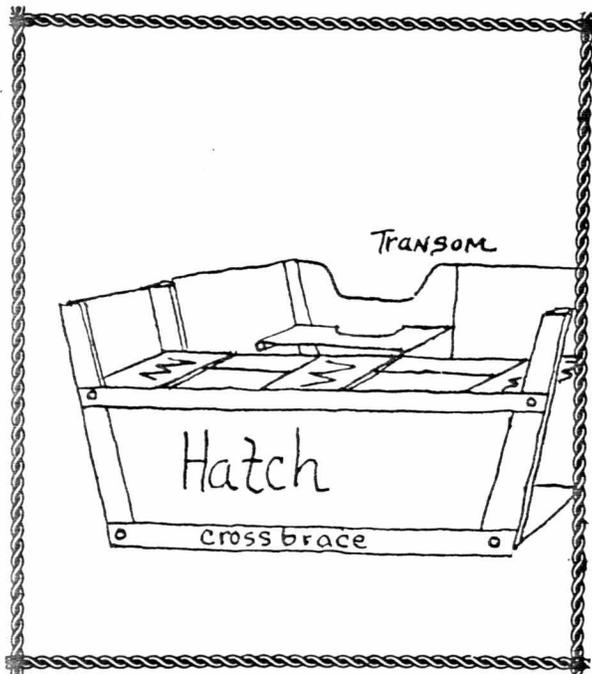


Diagram 7 - Hatch

Now turn your skiff over (bottom side up) and trim off any excess plywood sides. Use a plane to smooth it out and fill in the cracks with calking. Then you can secure the bottom by using screws or boat nails. Use a lot of them and be sure you're not splitting the bottom by being off-center. On a setnetter it's a good idea to countersink all the bolts and use a grinder to smooth down everything.

Sealing the outside of the skiff comes next. I've heard boat builders say that you're not suppose to put fiberglass over a wooden skiff because it won't stick properly. But out here it's the only thing that will save the bottom from the rocks and the barnacles on the beach. Usually, we have to refiberglass each fishing season, but it saves the bottom where just paint doesn't.

Fiberglass comes in three parts; the matting, which is the actual fiberglass, the resin and the hardener, which are like two-part epoxy glue. The resin and hardener makes the matting stick to whatever you're covering. The matting comes basically in two forms; fine thin cloth or coarse weave thick cloth. It's important to apply the resin in warmer weather (about 65° to 75°) and use the correct ratio of the hardener to the resin. If you use too much hardener, it will set up too fast to work with and will be brittle. But then again, if you don't use enough hardener, the resin will never dry properly and be sticky. You kind of have to have a feel for the stuff and a paint roller is the fastest way to get it on.



Carrying the finished product to the beach.



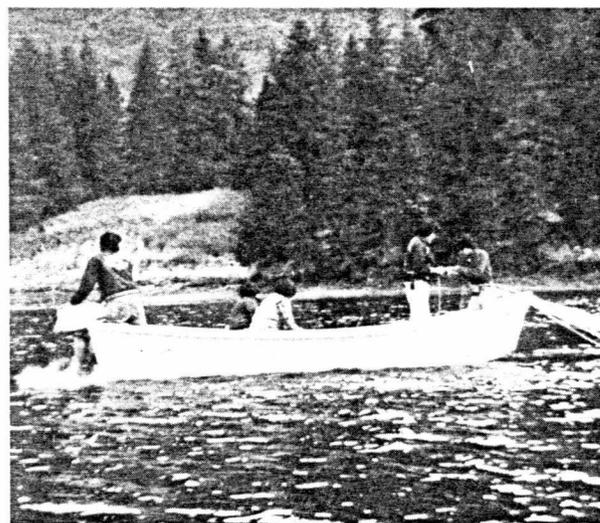
*Setting a net.*

Paint works well for the inside of the skiff. It's best to pick a non-glare color, though. For the school skiff we used grey marine enamel and that seemed to work well.

The biggest worry we had with that school skiff was wondering whether or not it was going to fit out of the shop doorway, but it went out fine with at least an inch to spare.

(When skiffs are as important to a lifestyle as they are in English Bay, it's important to know all you can about them.)

When sealing the bottom it's best to use fine matting for your first layer because that stuff sticks a lot better. Of course, the more layers you can put on, the better off it will be. The way the school skiff was sealed was with a layer of fine matting first, then a layer of coarse matting, and lastly another layer of fine matting to finish it off. One layer of fine matting on the sides and gunnels will do the trick there.



*Straightening out the net with the skiff.*

*Story, Drawings, and layout by Roy Evans.*

They have color pigments that you can mix in your resin that will color your boat. It works better than paint and is a lot cheaper. If you paint over your fiberglass, you have to take it all off the next season because the resin won't stick to paint when you try to recover the bottom or sides. The easiest way is to glass the bottom and sides first and after it dries, roll the skiff over and do the gunnels last. Be careful not to get any of the hardener on you skin, it's bad stuff, and use acetone to clean up with. After the resin hardens, you need to take a grinder and smooth off all the rough parts. Then hand sand and touch up with resin if necessary.

# Sugcestun, Our Native Language

The term Sugpiaq was originally used to distinguish ourselves from other tribes of this area. This name is still used by the people here. The word Sugpiaq means "real person" and the derivative word Sugcestun means "as a real person"; whereas Aluutiq simply means Aleut, a name the Russians gave the Sugpiaq.

The Aluutiq language is not the language of the people who inhabit the Aleutian Chain, rather it is the ancestral language spoken here. This language spoken is split into two dialects: Koniaq Aluutiq (Kodiak Island, Perryville, Chignik, Port Heiden, and Pilot Point on the Alaska Peninsula) and Chugach Aluutiq (Port Graham, English Bay on the Kenai Peninsula and Prince William Sound).

The language spoken here is commonly called Sugcestun by the people here.

Seraphim Ukatish

## Bilingual Cinquains

Portlock  
Old and abandoned  
Aging, rotting, and exciting  
Running up the hill  
Place

Vincent Evans

Bigfoot  
Furry, big  
Running, walking, running  
away  
The Bigfoot is scary.  
Bigfoot

Jeffery Evans

Duck  
Wet and drippy  
Quacking, splashing, dipping  
Getting shot by hunters  
Bird

Tom Evans

Arrulaa'ik  
Qangirllauluni, suilluni  
Qangirllauluni, aruluni, amiku-  
uhnarluni  
Qecengluni ing'imen  
Elwik

Lantiinaq  
Culugluku, angluni  
Qecengluni, kaggwagluni, aularl-  
luni  
Lantiinat alingnarlartut.  
Nantiinaq

Tim Kvasnikoff

Saqulek  
Mecuuluni, kucirluni,  
Qalrialuni, cignerlluni,  
ciktarluni  
Pisurtet nuteglaraat  
Saqulek

# JOE CUN



*Joe Tanape standing by his banya (bathhouse).*

Joe Tanape is the oldest person in English Bay. He was born and raised here, spending most of his life in the village. At the age of 70, he is still an active person. He chops wood, hunts seals, travels alone by skiff to Koyuktoik Bay and Port Graham, and even ventures as far as Seldovia in good weather.

Joe was married to Alma Kvasnikoff (Sarjus Kvasnikoff's sister) who died, leaving him with seven sons and several grandchildren. He was once a successful salmon fisherman, but now is retired and leaves the

business of fishing up to his sons who have learned well from him.

Joe went to the same school in Portlock as Juanita Melsheimer did in the 1920's. He remembers when his family used seal oil lamps, groundhog blankets, bear-skin mattresses, and seal-gut parkas. Joe also remembers a lot of the old ways and was very helpful in providing us with information about some of the masking practices of the past.

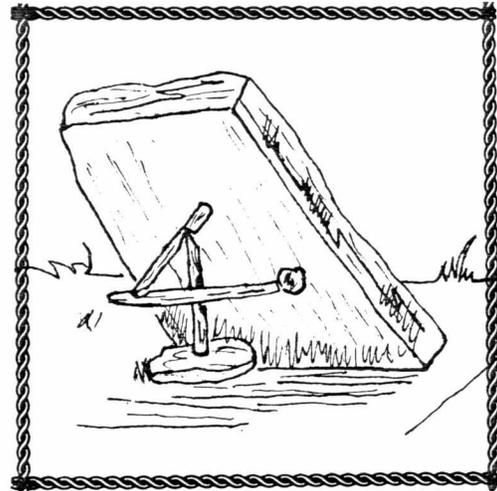
The following short story is one he told us about water transportation in the old days.

My relatives used to trap for their subsistence. Some people made traps out of wood from the beach (figure four traps). They trapped squirrels, weasels, and other things like that. They also ate seal, porcupine, and other things they caught. The men would go to faraway places to hunt. I used to follow them around when I was five or six years old. We went hunting to places like Seward and around that area. We went there because my grandfather was born near there, and we also had some friends from there that we hunted with. Some of us went hunting in seal skin boats which were called bidarkies (kayaks). That was the way we traveled in those days.

I watched some of the men put the boats together. I also watched Alex Anahonak build a bidarki kayak for the last time. We were down at the beach; here's how we did it. First, we put some rocks into a container of water and made the water boil so when he was ready to bend the frames, he just had to put them in the water. That made them bend easier. Then he put the ribs and frames together with sinew, you know, to tie them together. When that was finished, he let his wife sew the seal skin on the frames. The women used whale vein for thread sometimes because it was strong. They used two different kinds of bird bones for sewing needles (large and small bone needles).

They made their boats down by the beach so they wouldn't have to carry them down to the beach from their homes to try them out. Bidarkies were the main way they traveled and hunted in those days.

*Story, translation, and layout  
by Emily Kvasnikoff*



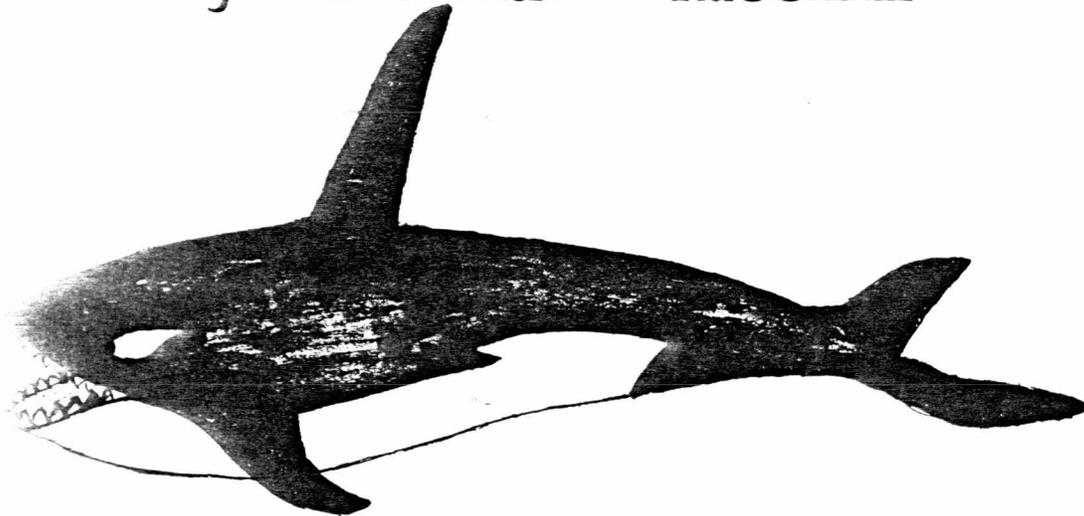
*Figure Four Trap*

Ilanka qangiq llangama kapkaanek piliilalrit. Nalit sug-et naneryalilalrit qupuranek qutmek aturluteng. Kapkaanarlalrit elkianek, amiitatugnek taumi cacaqinarnek. Taumi piturlalrit qaigyanek, qangaateranek, taumi cacaqinat pitalluteng. Nupallkiat agurluteng natekcak pisuryaturluuteng. Qutaallermen tekirqelluteng. Aglalraakut tawaut ellin apaaga ang'aungqertellra tawaken. Il-aapet agelalriit qayatgun. Tawaten ang'asiiglalrit qangiq.

Ulutekenka nupallkiat qayaliingata Apagki-rurrlulleq qayaliingan kinguqllirpaamek. Qutmi piliaqegkii, ggwaten aularnilraakut. Yaamarnek ekilra cacamen, qallaurcesluku meq. Taungna meq qallaurcesterarluku taugkut kenerkat tawaut ekluki taumi per'qelluki. Taugum merem kayagnaicesluku pernerat. Taugkut qillrulluki angkinek. Taquuhngamta nuliini mingqigkuarpagtau. Qaigyam amia mingqelluku qayamen. Aturlalrit arwat nukgiitnek. Mingqisuteklluki saqul'et nanerit aturlaqait. (Angqat taumi mikelngut saqul'et nanerit aturlaqait.) Qayateng pullaqait nanwami, amiitacesterarluki enmegta caniani, taumi qutmen atmagluki. Qayat aturlaqait cilla naten angasig-suteklluki qangiq.

# Killer Whales Arllut

by Herman Moonin



used to talk about  
whales a long time ago.  
Moonin died, it was be-  
cause person would turn  
killer whale. People  
killed killer whales and  
killed them. They would  
kill whales for anything to  
be hunting. Sometimes  
used to get the people  
scaring the seals  
the hunter. The people  
to the whales through  
their boats out in  
From far away, the  
come right by the  
they would just  
hunters would ask  
to bring them some  
seals, and the  
come back with  
seals.

one man one time  
see if it was  
killer whales bring  
So he went  
didarka skin  
the snuff (tobacco)  
whales. He called  
killer whales,  
the snuff." They  
their mouths  
their lips and  
he was going  
in their mouths.

Arllut quliyanguaqllaqait  
qangin. Suk tuqukan, arlluur-  
llarniluku. Pica'aklluki, ar-  
llut ling'aklluki misai'iryuu-  
mirkunaki. Cacamek piicagwikll-  
uki, cakuneng qaigyasurlriit  
qaigyamek taiceqlluteng nupu'u-  
lluki arllut. Arllum-llu taill-  
uki qaigyamek qaillun pakiiutkun  
nupu'uqurluki. Unani ellkata  
nupu'uqurluki yaggwakcagmi  
et'engraata. Tailuteng-llu, can-  
iatni pugtaaq'arlluteng quliruu-  
lluki-llu cacaicagtat qaigyanek  
ggwall'u wiinamek pikarceqllu-  
teng, unilluki, taumi alairluteng  
qaigyamek taumi wiinamek tai-  
lluki uk'eqluki, uk'eryau-  
lluki. Tamaakut sug'uniluki.

All'ingumek takuurterluki  
tawaten pikarqegkwarraarluni.  
Iqmignek agucimakai, una'ut  
atrulluni iqmigpakanek. Tuut-  
erraarluni qayaguurluki yauq-  
gwani et'engraata "Arllut taici  
iqmigyaturci." Arllut alair-  
luteng qanteng ikirngaluki  
neruteteng paingaluki, nat'en  
iqmit lliciqaki, taumi awatiikun  
pug'arlluteng, taug'um aglauruki  
iqmegnek, natguqiinaq awatiikun  
pug'arlluteng, iqmignek tuut-  
eqiinarluteng cikqaqlluteng  
allat pug'arlluteng.

These whales were swimming all around his bidarka and the hunter was throwing snuff in their mouths. The whales would take the snuff and dive under the water, then other killer whales would come up for snuff. When he was out of snuff, the killer whales left and swam into a cove.

This man was very curious about the whales, so he followed them into the cove. He waited and waited for the whales to come up, but he didn't see them after they went into the cove. So he paddled his bidarka all the way to the end of the cove to wait for them there. It was muddy at the head of the cove and when he got there, he saw tracks. The tracks that he saw were like humans but different. Some were real small and some were huge. They all headed inland toward the same direction.

The hunter thought to himself, "Killer whales must really be people that put on killer whale clothes."

A long, long time ago the people around here used to believe that when a person died, the killer whales would take them to a certain cove and dress them like killer whales and they would become killer whales.

Tugiikepiarluki kangiqu-  
lugmen iterngata sug'em maligci-  
makai kangiqulugmek anmigkuna-  
teng. Tangerhmigkunaki cali  
awatemini pug'arlriit kangiq-  
ulugmen iterngami tangerkau-  
n'irngamiki, kangiqu-luku egkur-  
caulluku. Kangiqu-luk egkur-  
hngaumiu qayamikun qutmen culur-  
lluni utaqaiyatuumaluni. Qiku-  
nguarluni kangiqu-lum egkua.  
Tamaani tangrrumaluki sug'et  
tumait ayuquten'ellpairluteng,  
ilait mikenguasa'arluteng ilait  
angluteng, tawaten nunatmen tag-  
luteng tumlirluteng arllut.  
Umiartumaluni sug'umuut picinek  
sug'uluteng kamguirraarluteng  
agumuut atkuteng aturluki.

Qangin tuqukan suk kangi-  
qulugmen agucukllaumakiit atkug-  
cesaturluklu tuqulleq suk ellmeg-  
cicestun.

*Story and translation by  
Kathy Kvasnikoff  
Drawings by Roy Evans  
Layout by Kathy Kvasnikoff and  
Roy Evans*



# The White Groundhog

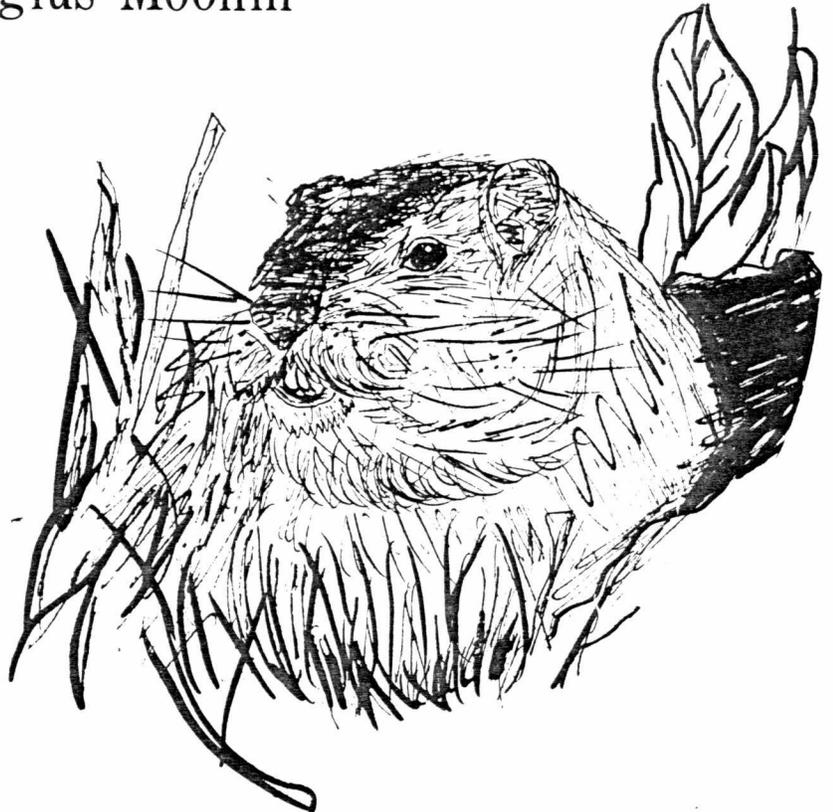
# Qaterqaa Quirriq

by Sergius Moonin

There was once a man who trapped groundhogs with wooden (figure four) traps. He used to check his traps every morning. One day he caught a big white groundhog in one of his traps. The man was very pleased with his catch and said to himself, "I'll make a hat from the skin of this groundhog." He stuffed the white groundhog into his pack and continued to check the rest of his traps.

After a while the man began to feel his pack move, and he began to wonder if one of the groundhogs he had caught had come back to life. He stopped and took his pack off to tighten up the strings, when all of a sudden the white groundhog jumped out of the pack and started running away. The man didn't want this unusual catch to get away, so he just dropped his pack and started chasing after the groundhog.

The white groundhog ran into a big barabara (sod house) and the man followed him in. When the man's eyes adjusted to the dim light, he looked around and saw groundhogs sitting all around the room. The white groundhog told the others that he had been caught in a trap and had passed out. He said that the man had come along and saved



Nupallkiaq quirrisurlau-  
malraa taumi takulaumakai kap-  
kaanani ertii, taumi unuan'a  
aqwaluki naneryami pitai.

All'ingumek takunermini  
naneryani, qaterqamek quirri-  
itanggerlluni. Umiartuumaluni  
saapeliaqeciqaqa taumi atmaminun  
eklluku, allat quirrit akuliit-  
nun agqatanermini ellpekaarcim-  
aluku cacaaq atmamini petagluni  
taumi atmani yuuluku tangertuu-  
maluku cunang qaterqaa quirriq  
unguiyumaluni qillerlluangnaq-  
nerani atmaa taugna qaterqaa  
quirriq ketgerluni anqercimaluni.  
Atmani uniteqiinarluku malirgau-  
maluku quirriq ana'iyuumirkunaku.

him by taking him out of the trap. The other groundhogs thanked him for saving their chief and asked him to stay the night in the next room of the barabara so they could reward him. The man readily agreed to stay the night.

When he woke up the next morning, he was all alone. He went outside of the barabara and was looking around when he noticed that the grass had grown taller. He sat down puzzled, and was trying to figure out what had happened when some men in a bidarki kayak (skin boat) came drifting by. He hollered at the men, "Oo-hee." He thought he was still a human being, but he wasn't. He had turned into a groundhog. The two men in the boat had heard him call, and one said, "It must be time for the groundhogs to come out." Just then the groundhog (man) said, "Oo-hee" and the other man in the kayak said, "Yes, I see one up on the hill."

Now the groundhog (man) heard what the men in the boat had said. He looked at his hands and they were covered with fur. Then he realized that he had turned into a groundhog. He cried, "I was only going to stay with the groundhogs one night, and it turned out to be all winter. How did this happen to me? I don't want to be a groundhog!"

What the man that turned into a groundhog didn't know was that one night meant all winter to the groundhogs.

Taumi qecengtuanermegtegni itqercimalutek ciqlluakcagmen taug'um nupalkiam maliglluku. Kiar'ngami tanger'lluki quirrit ciqlluaq wigpiarluku aqum'aluteng. Cunang quirrit anga'uqaat pitaqumaluku. Quirrit quyaklluku anga'uqarteng taihniluku.

Taumi taug'um quliruulluki ilani qangin anakaumallruniluni naneryami nalluqercaulluni. Taumi taug'umen nupalkiamen ilillruniluni yuuluni naneryamek. Quirrit cali quyawikenqiglluku.

Taumi apqaumaluku all'inguq unuk qawartarnayan'etacianek ilaarluteng. Aa'arluki eciiqniluni all'inguq unuk. Taumi qawartaumaluni all'inguq unuk. Angami categyuumaluni nauriit takllimaluteng. Aqumanani categyugluni, qayaq alairluni. Nupallkiak qayagu'malukek "Ugii!" cali suguyuklluni, cunang quirriurcimaluni. Taugkuk nupallkiak piwagtak. "Quirriit awa anumuut sukumiiyaaruartut nani!" Cali qayaguunqiglluni, "Ugii!" taumi kiikia piwagta "Aa'a tangrraqa ika pehgumi." Niihngamiu taug'um nupallkiam quirriutellrem, aiggani kiarci-maluki culuglluuluki-rruq aiggai, qiamaluni taumi umiar-tuumaluni quirriuyuumirkunani ilaaryumirkunaki, quirrit. Quirriurcimaluni qawartaqiinarluni all'inguq unuk, cunang all'inguq unuk quirrini all'inguq uksuumaluni.

*Story by Tim Kvasnikoff  
Drawing by Roy Evans  
Layout by Jeff Evans*

# BIGFOOT LEGEND

# NANTIINAM QULIANGUA

by Sergius Moonin



There was this man from here (English Bay) named Mumchuck. He and his partner went toward Seldovia to hunt one time by bidarka qayag. When they were returning by Point Pogibshi, Mumchuck put down his paddle and just grabbed at something in front of him. He started biting and chewing; and when he turned around to his partner, blood was running down the front of him.

Nupall'kiaq ellaumalraa maakermiuq atengqerlluni Mark Mumchuck. All'ingumek qayakun Angegkitaqnuum tungiinun agumalriik pisuryarlutek. Kipuqatanermegtegni Cingyacungagmen tekihngamek. Llarllinaq tuq'ercimakii taumi angulaluku, angayuan kiarcialuku, angulakengaa cacaq arun'arluni ggaatiinun maqlluni.

Mumchuck told his partner that they were not going to go back to English Bay. His partner was frightened and did what he said. They paddled the bidarka out toward the ocean and finally landed at Koyaktolik Bay. When they got out of the bidarka, Mumchuck turned into Nantiinaq (Bigfoot).

When they didn't come back, people thought they were dead; but they weren't. One had changed to a Nantiinaq and the other just stayed with him. The Nantiinaq was covered all over with hair like a black bear, and he had forgotten his language. When he talked, the only sound that would come out was whistling. It's said that down below, the devil only talks by whistling. That's why the priests don't like whistling. I don't like it myself.

The Nantiinaq used to come down around here near the lagoon and go up the river. He was married before he changed, and I guess he was looking for his wife. But she was scared of him and stayed away. Anyway, they used to see signs of him around here.

Nantiinaq can change into any kind of animal when he wants to, and that's why no one ever catches him. Two guys over at Illiamna shot a Nantiinaq one time, but when they walked over to the area where he fell, all they saw was a little mouse running around.

Taumi anga'uni pimaluku awa kipuhmininihnilutek maa'ut Nanwalegmen. Unaaguk-cak pakiurlutek agumalutek Qaugyugtulimen. Tekihngamek Qaugyugtulimen Mumchuck nantii-naurcimaluni.

Taiminehngagta sug'et umiartuumalriit tuquyukllukek awa. Angagua cunang nantii-naurcimaluni taug'um kiikian nayuqiinarluku. Nantiinaq culungluni luucirpiarmi qai-llun tan'erliq taumi nupughneq aguurluku nupu'uskuni tawa awa sukumiiyaqiinarluni. Tawaten tawa awa iyyaq nupugllaumuq, tawaten apaasinat asikllan'etait sukumiiyalriit ggwi cali asik-llanetaqa.

Nantiinaq tailaumalraa maa'ut nat'en ima culurlluni, ggwall'u kuigmen tagluni nat'en. Kasuusngalaumalraa Nantii-naurpiilami taugna all nulini aqwangnaqllaumakii am nulirran aliklluku ullagkunaku, tanger-llaumakait tumallri maani.

Nantiinat cimirlaumuut cacaqiinarnun ungwalraanun piugciat. Tawaten pitaqllane-tait. All'ingumek mal'uk nupallkiak Illiamna-mi nutgumakiik nantiinaq. Takungagnegu nat'en igtellraa tangruumakiik tawa awa qupilnganguasaaq qeceng'ualuni.

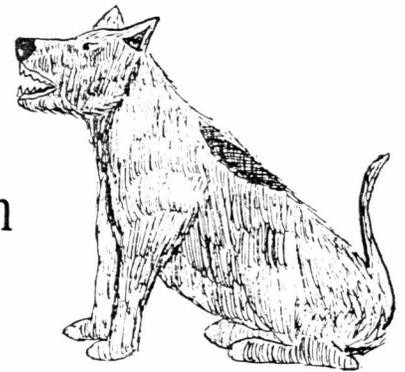
*Story and translation by  
Kathy Kvasnikoff  
Drawings by Roy Evans  
Layout by Anita Evans*



# The Young Bear Hunter

## Tan'erlisurta

by Sergius Moonin



There once was a bear hunter who was young and inexperienced. He saw a large male bear and was too scared to shoot. The male bear began running after him and the poor young hunter didn't know where to hide. He ran and ran, and just about the time that he was ready to collapse, he fell through a spot on the ground. When he landed, he looked around and saw that he was in a nice barabara (sod hut).

In one corner of the room sat a beautiful woman. The woman asked him what had happened and the young hunter told her that a huge bear had been running after him. Just then, they heard a noise and the woman said, "Hide quickly. That was my husband who was chasing you." The young hunter had just hidden himself in a dark corner when the big male bear came into the barabara. The bear looked at the woman and said, "Umm, I smell a human in here." His wife threw him some man's mittens that she had found and hung on the wall and said, "Here, these are the ones you always smell when you come in." "Oh," the male bear said, "you're right. I will have to leave for

All'ingumek tan'erlisurta ellaumalraa nallunrauluni. Eri-legmek tan'erlimek tangruumalraa taumi alingwakarngami nutegluku. Eril'em tan'erlim malirqaumaluku nuuyawingegkunani. Qecenggii-naumaluni. Iquniiyarpianermini pianekcak nunamen ek'arcimaluni. Tuhng'ami kiarcimaluni taumi asirqangiiyarmi ciqlluami ec'i-maluni. Qipayami arnangiiyaq aqum'amaluni. Taug'um arnam apqaumaluku tan'erlisurta "Calratenmi?" Tan'erlim malirqaraanga." Cacaq niiyar pagtagnegu taumi arnaq taugna piluni, "Cuka nuuya. Taugna wiika, tau'gum malirqaqekiiten." Tan'erlisurta nuuyaqercimaluni. Erilek tan'erliq itrimaluni taumi pimaluni, "Umm, sugmek narua." Arnam sug'em aritek egpagtakek taumi piluni, "Taugkuk nar'agken, cilla taugkuk narlaaten." Taumi tan'erlikcak piluni "Ah, picuu'uten awa agkutartua piturkanek kiaraallua." Tan'erlikcak anwagta taumi tan'erlisurta ketgwarpagta.

Arnangiaraam tan'erlisurta ulutegumaluku taumi piluku, "Piugcikuut ecuumuten ggwani wiika pihnguan'ani." Pisurtem niilluku arnangiiyaq cunang tan'-

awhile to look for food far away." Then the big male bear left and the young hunter came out from his hiding place.

The beautiful woman looked at the young hunter and said, "If you want, you can stay here while my husband is away hunting." The young hunter didn't know this, but the beautiful woman was really a black bear. He stayed with her for some time and they had two children who were bear cubs.

Then one day the woman said, "You had better leave now, my bear husband will be back from hunting soon." The young hunter prepared to leave and just as he was going out of the barabara, the woman said, "Take our two babies (bear cubs) with you and care for them. Every time you hear a dog bark, you had better protect our two children from the dogs." The young hunter promised to care for the cubs and took them home with him.

One day the man had let the bear cubs loose to play outside and was sleeping. He heard dogs barking, but was too tired to get up. The hunters and their dogs chased the two cubs down and killed them.

The cub's mother had also heard the dogs and came looking for them. She found her babies and they were dead. She then went to the young man's home and said, "I have found our children and they are dead. I thought I told you to protect them when you hear a dog bark." The young hunter said, "I'm sorry, but I must have fallen asleep and didn't hear the dogs barking." The beautiful woman said, "You're not good enough to have children!" Then she turned into a black bear and tore the young hunter apart.

erliumangraan. Pisurta ecimalraa mululuni arnaq-llu taumi kukungu-malutek taugkuk tan'erlignek, all'ingumek arnaq piluni, "Awa agyaraurtaaten tan'erliq wiika tainniiyartuq." Pisurta agniiyarpian'ani arnam piluku, "Kukupek tan'erlinguasagaak tuukikek taumi aulukllukek. Niskugki piugtet qilugluki kukuk uluteg-piaqikek." Pisurta aa'arluni aulukeciqinilukek, taumi enminun agupagtakek.

All'ingumek saategkuaumaluni taumi piugtet qilugngata nallupia saaluni, pisurtet taumi piugtet malirqaqumalukek taugkuk tan'erlinguasagaak taumi tuqullukek.

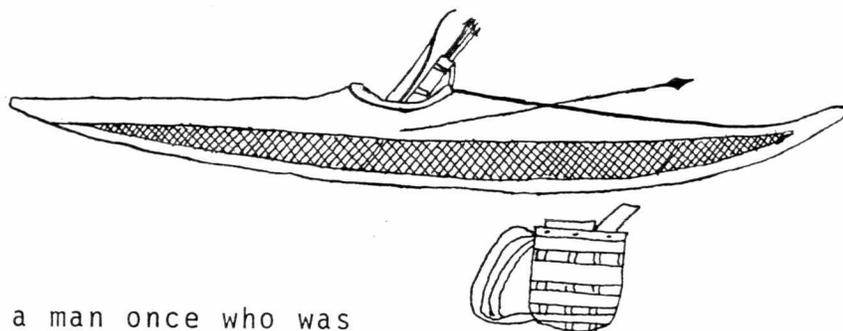
Maamaagta niicimaluki piugtet cali taumi takulukek ikuumalukek tuqumalutek. Pisurtem eninun agwagta taumi piluku, "Kukupek tuqumauk quliruu-cukekemken teg'isqellukek kukuk piugtet qilukata." Pisurta taumi piwagta, "Saategkwaumalraanga niiciman'ellkenka piugtet qilugngata, Arnangiiaq piwagta, "Nallunrauwakarluten kukungyaraurteksiituten." Tanerliurlluni taumi pisurta caqtaumaluku.

Translation by John Kvasnikoff  
Layout by Vincent Evans



# The Man And The Groundhogs

# Nupallkiaq Quirrit-Ll'u



There was a man once who was playing a stick game (Kataq) with his cousin. They were gambling and his cousin beat him every time. The man lost his riches, his wife, his family, and even the clothes on his back. His cousin told him to get out of his (the man's) own home. His cousin said to him, "Leave! Everything you owned is now mine." His cousin was probably thinking that he wouldn't survive without clothing because he said, "Go out and die!"

The poor man walked out of the barabara (sod house) naked and sadly walked down the beach. (But he didn't die.) After a while, he spotted a groundhog's skin on the beach. He put the skin on like a loin cloth and started walking up a mountain. At the top of the mountain he spotted a barabara with smoke coming out from it.

The poor man walked up to the barabara and he saw a woman cooking inside. The woman (who was really a groundhog) said, "Come on in and sit down." So he came in and started talking to her. As he was talking, the groundhog skin he was wearing began to move. The poor man

by Sergius Moonin

All'ingumek nupallkiaq kaataumalraa iluwani waamulluku. Taug'um iluraan qakgwau-maluku cacai nangpiarluki. Qak-gwarluku nulillertuumaan, atkui-qauilluku taumi pimaluku anes-qelluku cacai nangpia pikniluki, anesqelluku tuquyatusqelluku. Taumi taugna anluni atkuillpia qutmen atrarluni kuinglluni, kuingnermini ikuucimaluni quirrim amianek. Taumi taugna ac'imaluku parestaniigcestun, taumi ing'imen ugcimaluni. Kangeqllihngamiu tangrumaluku ciqlluaq puirluni. Takumaluku, qinerhngami tangrumaluku arnaq egaaluni. Taug'um pimaluku itresqelluku.

Nupugneragni tawani amiq atuqengaa petangwagta-rruq. Wigyarluku ang'aqungnaqlluku anqercaucimaluni quirringuasaq cunang taugna maamaan pellasngalaumaluku. Arnam pimaluku "Naken-mi ikuken kukuqa, qangin pellaskegka," taug'um nupallkiam kiuluku qutmek ikugniluku.

kept trying to hold it down, but he couldn't and up jumped a baby groundhog. It turned out that it was the woman's baby and she said, "Where did you find my baby?" The poor man told her that he had found him on the beach. She was so excited that she hugged and thanked him for returning her baby.

She told him to wait, for her husband would be home soon and would want to thank him also. When the baby groundhog's father came home, he warmly thanked the man for returning their child. He asked the man to eat with them and spend the night, which he did.

The next morning when the man arose, the groundhog had a small bundle packed that he gave him. He said that the bundle contained a reward of riches like those he had lost, including a bidarka--kayak. He said the riches had been made small for carrying but would change back to their original size as soon as he slapped them with his hand.

The groundhog instructed the man to return to his cousin's house and gamble with the items he had given him, for he would win this time. The man, being very grateful, thanked the groundhog and returned to the house his cousin had won from him.

He did everything that the groundhog had told him, and he won back all that he had lost. The man then said to his cousin, "Now you go out and see if you will have good luck like me." But his cousin walked out and never came back.

Taumi taug'um arnam quyakgwakar-luku ullakiinarluku eqlluku taugna nupallkiaq kukunii ikugn-luku.

Taumi taug'um arnam pimaluku utaqaisqelluku wiini tainiiyar-niluku. Taumi alairngami atiita quyanaarluku kukurtek ikugn-luku. Taumi apqaumaluku pituryuumirtacia ila'arluteng taumi cali pimaluku qawartaasqelluku.

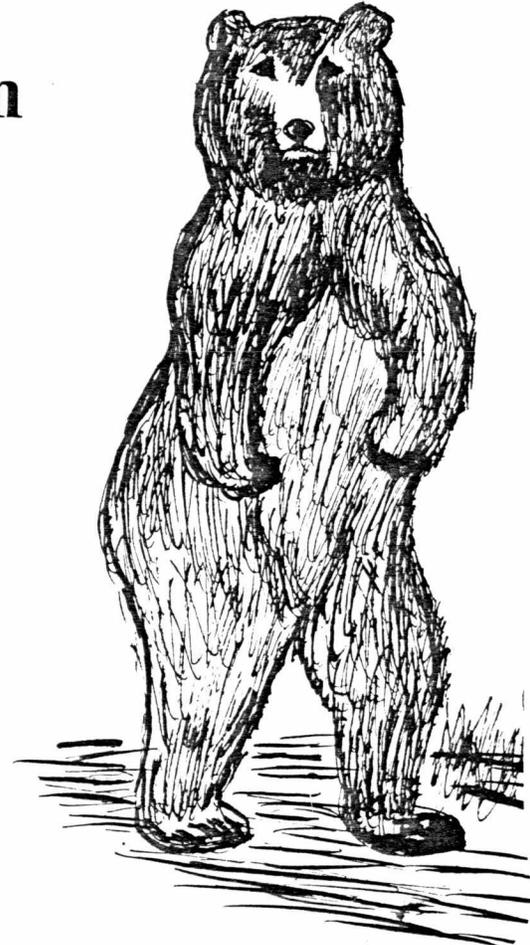
Unuaquani makngami nupallkiaq quirrim pilimaluku cacaq-iinarnek, migtarluki mikllingua-sa'arceslluku, taumi pimaluku kipuceqlluku iluraanun kaatar-yatuusqelluku taaggwa qakgwa'ic-iqn-luku. Quirrim pimaluku iluraan eniin canianun tekiskan cacat tunlleni qacarceqlluku angliqerciinqn-luki. Nupallkiaq agumaluni iluwaminun nangpia cacat pellatelleni qakgwarluki kiputmen. Taumi iluwani pimaluku "Kita ankina ggwangcestun naker-tatacin takuluku." Iluraa anu-maluni taimigkunani.

*Story and translation by Kathy  
Kvasnikoff  
Drawing by Roy Evans  
Layout by Wasaka Matthews*



# AQSI

by Sergius Moonin



Once there were two people that were husband and wife. The wife's name is unknown, but the husband's name was Aqsi. He was a good hunter and would not eat until he brought some food home.

He told his wife one time that if he died she was to place him in his bidarki kayak (skin boat) with his bow, arrows, and spears, and lay him to rest at a certain spot on top of the ground. He died shortly after that. Since she had listened to what he had said, she buried him with his hunting gear at the place he had desired.

The next day, Aqsi's wife went to his grave to visit his body and found that he and the boat were gone. She sat down at the place where she had laid him to rest and was trying to figure out what had happened when a little bird flew up to her. The little bird said, "Ciik ciik, I know where Aqsi is." The woman jumped up and said, "Tell me some more, tell me some more!" The bird said, "Aqsi has gone off to live with other women." Then the little bird flew a little ways from her chirping, "Ciik, ciik." When the woman would walk toward the bird, it would move again calling, "Ciik, ciik." And so she followed the little bird to the top of a mountain.

All'ingumek sug'ek ellau-malriik, Aqsi winga atengqerlluni, nulirran ima atra nalluaqa. Taugna Aqsi pisurlarluni. Pic'imagkunani piturlaumanenguk. Cacaqinarnek unguwalraanek taiqurluni. Aqsi awa all'ingumek nulini pimakii tuqukuni cacat pisursuutelleni nangpiarluki qaiyaminun ekluki qungumi qai-nganun llisqelluki. Qayaminun kiwegluki cacat makut petengqaaqelraalleni, pitegcalleni.

Tamaa nutellrit, tuqsiiquluki cacat qaigyat pisurlaqait, ugnakata asuugturluki. Iqallut tuqsiiquluki.

Aqsi's wife looked down the other side of the mountain and saw a barabara (sod house) with smoke coming out of it. The bird led her down to the barabara and she peeked inside. She saw two women cooking at a big pot, and it was then that she realized Aqsi was not dead but had left her for two new wives. She became so enraged, that she turned into a bear and burst into the barabara. She grabbed the woman nearest to the cooking pot and shoved her head into the boiling pot and said, "Have a frowning face." Then she pulled the frowning face from the pot and grabbed the other new wife. She shoved her head into the pot and said, "Have a smiling face." The she-bear drug the two dead women out of the barabara and sat them side by side on the path.

Her anger passed and the bear turned back into Aqsi's wife. It wasn't long before Aqsi came home from hunting. He walked up the path to the barabara and saw his two new wives sitting there. He walked up to them and kissed the frowning faced woman; she fell over. Troubled, Aqsi kissed the smiling faced woman and she fell over, too. Aqsi said to himself, "What could have gone wrong here?" Just then Aqsi's wife walked up to him and said, "I thought you had died; but you haven't, so now I will teach you how to die!" And at that, she became so angry that she turned back into a bear and tore him up.

Taug'um awa tuqungan nii-lluku qayaa lliimaluku cacai kiwegluki takularluku awa gaugciatni takungamiu pilluni qayallra, mulun'ellpia anumaluni qungercesterrarluni. Tuqunguicimaluku cunang qalingqerhngami mal'ugnek arnagnek, taugkuk ull-aumalukek Aqsim. Tawani umiar-teqenani nulillra saquleng-uasagaam ullaumaluku atuulluku "Ciik ciik, Aqsinkuk tutegtuk." "Cali, cali," taugum arnam piluku.

Tawaten tengqeraanguarluni maligceslluni ing'iq et'uluku kang'anun tekihngamek tangruumaluku ciqlluaq puirluni. Tekihngamek teg'iqusaaglukuku tangrrumalukek mal'uk arnak. Iterluni arnak mal'uk cunang nulik tuqullrem willran. Awa ggigyagluni taugna arnaq laqlaumaluni. Taugkuk arnak egalutek cukunak-cagkun. Kiikia tuq'ercimaluku cikceslluku qallamaqamen, piluku "Putumaluten pug'kina." Putumaluni pugumaluni tuqumaluni. Awa aqumegkwaumaluku aprutmen. Kiikia cali tuq'erlluku cikceslluku cali qallamaqamen piluku "Englaumaluten pug'kina." Taumi cali taugna englaumaqaq aqumegkwarluku canianun putumaqam. Nuuyaluni awa taugna Laq-laq qayaq taingan.

Aqsim tekihngamek putuumaqaq cingaryarua'umaluku iquluni, suqnirqaq cali cingaryaruarluku cali taugna iquluni. Aqsi pimaluni, "Ggwami cacaa pimaa." Ketgwarlluni taugna Aqsim nulillra piluku, "Naama tuqulraaten ggwi awa tuqunermek litnaurciqaken." Taumi Laq-laurlluni willeni caqtarluku.

*Story, translation, and layout  
by Martha Anahonak*

# Bigfoot Sighting

# Nantiinaq

By

Herman

Moonin



One evening in January or February, I went duck hunting in the lagoon (at English Bay) when I was about sixteen years old. Another guy came along, his name was Bergus Dolchuck. All at once he got excited. He told me to look behind me. When I looked back, I saw something big. It looked like a gorilla that I saw later at a zoo in Washington D.C.

If that thing would have grabbed us, we probably would have been dead. The smell of it was terrible, it could just about knock you out. I think it was seven or eight feet tall and his arms were past his hips. I guess his weight might have been over a thousand pounds; it was a big monster.

When we saw this thing, we started running home. At first I kept up with our fast pace; but when we got halfway home, we looked back and it had vanished. I told my dad what we had seen and he said that it was a Nantiinaq (Sugcestun for Bigfoot).

All'inguq akguuwaq January-mi allrak February-mi agelraanga saqulegsurlua nanwamen qula arwinlegnek uksurtanemni. Allam nupalkiam mali'iskiinga, taug'um atra Silkinguasaq. Amikuunguaqiinarluni kingutmen kiarceqekiinga nutegyaqutarpianemni. Kiarhngama tangerpagcia cacalaa-yak makaakakcak ayuqlluku, qecengwagcesnuk maligtepiarlunuk kingumtegkun, tekihniyarngam nuk kiputmen kiarpagcesnuk awa piilluni. Taataqa quliruhngamtegni cacamek tangerhnilunuk pikiikuk nantiinamek tangerhnilunuk. Taaggwa asiitellraa tepii. Nalluq'ercesnayaraaten. Kanagtucalraa taumi sautek takekcaglutek. Tuqumanayalraakuk tuq'ercimakakuk, angekcacalraa cacalaa-yak.

One day in Portlock, my brother went after some water around the point where the creek was. He soon came running back yelling, "Nantiinaq!" My dad and two other men went to see it, but they only saw a porcupine crying and whining while climbing a tree at the place where my brother had seen the Bigfoot. One of the men with my father was going to shoot the porky, but my dad told him not to because Nantiinaq can change into any kind of animal.

All'ingumek arrulaa'igmi uyuwaqa mertalraa qecengluni kipupagta. Taatama takuwagtau'u alla nupall'kiaq ilaklluku cacautacia tawa awa tangrumakiik gangateraq mayurluni napamen qalrialuni. Nutcinia'umakii taumi taatama nutegcesiman'ellkii quliruulluku nantiinat cacaqiinaurllarniluki cimirlarniluki gangateraurhngnarluiki, ukariurhnguarluiki saqulenguasaa'urhnguarluiki qupilngaurhnguarluiki, taumi cacaqiinaurqaqlluteng.

*Story and translation by Kathy Kvasnikoff  
Layout by Tim Kvasnikoff and Ernie Anahonak*

## Riddles

## Cakiartat

by Sergius Moonin

Riddle, riddle  
What is half daylight and the  
other half dark?

(hali'but)

Cakiaq, cakiaq  
Cacaq-mi qupii erlluni qupli  
unugluni?

(sagib)

Riddle, riddle  
What goes forward and doesn't  
look back?

(clock)

Cakiaq, cakiaq  
Cacaq-mi cutmen arlartuq  
kingutmen kiartegkunani?

(casab)

Riddle, riddle  
Two weasels from their den they  
peek. They would peek real  
fast then they would go  
slow?

(snot)

Cakiaq, cakiaq  
Mal'uk amitatuk ngigtemegtegnek  
qin'artaruarlutek cuumi  
cukalutec qin'artarlutec  
taumi cukaiyullutec?

(kakeglluk)

# Village Wives Tales



by Juanita  
Melsheimer

## The Banya Game

## Maaqiim Wamquta

There was this man, I think  
came from Kenai or Seldovia.  
I don't know, but anyway, when he  
was asked some guys here if  
he wanted to try his thing about  
the bath house. You first take a  
cat, a rooster and any instrument  
like a guitar. So this man made  
an instrument out of wood and he  
put some strings on it. He used  
a string for a string and he put  
some things on with wooden pegs  
in a way. He was pretending he  
was an instrument. So when he  
went to the banya first he told  
the people, "I'll try. I'll do

When he was finished, he had  
told the people you better not  
do it. It's a bad thing. And  
he just passed out. He just  
fainted inside the bath  
house. He was telling my parents,  
when he touched the strings,  
at the bath house side  
the men and little people  
came in. They were about two  
feet high, real small people.  
They all have one eye, some  
have one or more arms.  
They had only one eye in the  
middle of their forehead. Some  
had real hairy legs, ugly  
features.

Cacaqiinarnek wamyuumiquut  
cauyanek kilmuniinek, kitaalanek  
cacaqiinarnek. Alla wamqutallrat  
cali ggwaten aglaumalraa. Una  
nupallkiaq naken ima taimalraa  
Angagkitaqnuumek, ggwa-llu  
Llurwigmek, nalluwaqa naken ima  
taimalraa. Apqaumakai takuyuu-  
mirtaciatnek una maqiq. Itrull-  
uten kuskamek, pituugamek, taumi  
cacaqiinarnek cauyanek, kitaal-  
anek allrak. Taugna nupallkiaq  
pilimalraa kitaalanek kenerkamek  
taumi struunalirluki angkinek  
(sinew-nek) kenerkamek qeluces-  
uutelirluki. "Takuuciqaaq."

Quliruucimakai takusqeg-  
kunaku asiihniluku nalluq'erpaya-  
aumalraa taumi taatankuk maama-  
llu quliruskek, strunat  
agtuqautmini maqim akia  
luucirpiayan ikirhniluku taumi  
sunguasagaat agnguarluki, ilait,  
all'ingumek ingqerlluki, ilait  
all'ingumek gwall'u amlerqanek  
sautengqerlluki naliit taumi  
iruit cululaayagluki, tanger-  
niitelaayagluteng.

Tekiciniiyaqatni alingaqami  
kuskam pamyua qacuuglaumakii  
taumi-llu kuskaq qal'iqan  
pellaq'erlluteng, nallukai na-  
'en aglartat, qaugcinek taku-

They would try to get near him and he would be so scared he would pinch the cat's tail and the cat would meow real loud and let the people disappear. He wouldn't know where they went. He tried again; the next day he played any instrument he could get his hands on. After he did that, the priest came. The man told him what happened and the priest told him that he couldn't go to communion at church for seven years. That guy felt so bad. So he didn't try anymore and he didn't care to play any instrument after what the priest told him.

Later some guy named Pete Malchoff, who was from Kodiak, used to tell us they had the same play in Kodiak, except on the ice on a lagoon or lake. They would make three large circles in the middle. They would take an instrument and play and little creatures would pop out from nowhere from the circle he made. If he was getting scared, he was to pinch a cat or a rooster to make them (the little creatures) go away. But that was just a game they had.

## East is Best

A long time ago the people around here had this game. Some of the people used to tell me it's true. On the 18th of January, any single person who wasn't married would play this game around 12:00 midnight. They would take their right shoe off and throw it over their smoke house or the place where they stayed. The next morning some would be so excited. They would go out and check to see if the shoe was facing east; that meant they would be getting married soon. And sure enough that would come true. They would be married that same year. If the shoe faced north, south, or west, they would be sad and lonely.

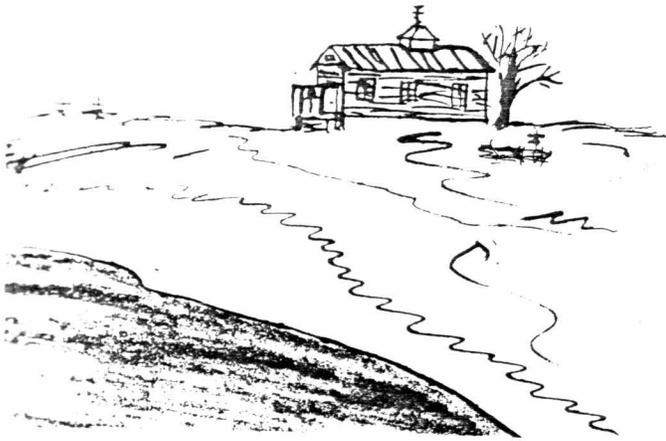
makii, unuaquani taumi cacaqii-naat cauyat tuuqiinarluki waamumakai taumi apaasinaq taingan qulirucimakii calraa, taumi apaasinam pimaluku augturkaun'ehni luku pusirwigni mallruunginek uksurlluku nunaniisugceslluku. Awa takuyuumiumanellkii qulir-uutellrungani apaasinam, awa cauyaryuuminirluni.

Qaugcinek uksurcesterrarluku, all'inguq suk atengqerlluni Pete Malchoff tailraa Qikertamek, quliruullaqiikut tawaterpiaq wamlarniluku cikumi, pililaumalriit akagngaqanek ping'aunek, taumi cauyarluteng cacalaayanguasagaat agnguarluteng akagngaqam qukaani taumi alingkuneng qac'ugluku kuskam gwall'u pituugaam pamyua pellaq'erceslluki. Am taugna wamqutaq'erqiinarlaumakiiit



## Caumaqaaq Ungalamen

Qangikcak sug'et maani wamqutangqerllaumalriit. Naliita sug'et quliruullaqiitnga picuuniluku. January-mii qula inglutuini kinkuqinat kasuusnganengut wamlaumakiiit qula mal'ugnek kauwaqau'u unuk qukaqan yuurraarluki tallirpiit kam'uteng egllaumakait ciqlluaq qulaiyarlluku gwall'u nani et'at.



## Voices

A long time ago some guy came here. Another man from here (English Bay) told this newcomer that if he wanted to know how he was going to die, just wait till 12:00 midnight and go to the church at the east-side corner and listen. That newcomer, his first name was Flor, he was staying here and was married and had a son. He didn't believe this thing. Some older people had also told him if you want to hear how you're going to die - in the water, on land, or anywhere - go there (to church) and you will hear a voice. So he went to the church in the middle of the night. This guy, he didn't believe it and he laughed.

When he was outside the corner of the church standing there, he heard some guy hollaring just like (he was) in the water, and he got so scared. He went back home and he felt kind of bad. He said, "I heard a guy screaming in the water. I think it might be me." And sure enough, that spring he died out here coming out from the creek (English Bay River). It was windy, southwest. He went in his kayak. He took his son with him, and a big wave tipped him over. They just drowned there. In a way they thought that it was true. This happened way before my mom got married.

Taumi unuami takulaumakait amikuunguqiinarluteng nat'en causngataciit. Ungalamen-rruq causngakan kasuutkauluni. Taumillu tamaa uksuq kasuulluni, taugna kinam kamgua ungalamen causngalraa. Nat'en am allamen causngakan picuurteggkunani nunaniisugluteng.

## Riinat

Qangikcak suk taimalraa maa'ut taumi quliruucimakiit nupallkiaq nalluyuminellkau'u qaillun tuquciqa, utaqaisqelluku qula mal'ugnek kaugnatii taumi puusirwigmén taqluku ungalam tungiini qipayami niicugnisqelluku. Taugna nupallkiaq ellaumalraa maani atengqerlluni Flor uk'equman'ellkai takuluku agumalraa puusirwigmén unuk qukarng'an. Cuqllin quliruutellrumakiit cali una suk uk'eryugkunani englaarluni.

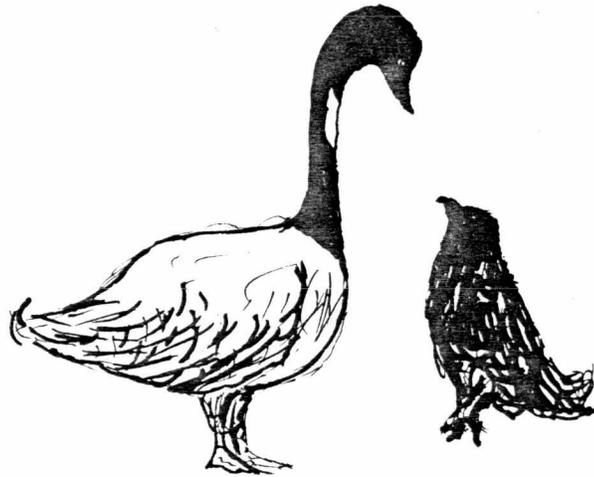
Taumi tagumaluni puusirwim canianun tawani nangarnganermiini niicimaluku suk mer'em aciani qaillun elnguq qalrialuni. Taumi tamaa iciwaq tuqumalraa taugna suk kuigmek anqatanermiini aqllatekcan'ani qayamikun mugtani ilaklluku, qailikciim ullpegcesllukek qagrumakek tawani tuqulutek taumi picuuyukegkiit. Una tawaterumalraa qangikcak maamaqa kasuupiilan.

*Story and Layout by  
Vincent Evans*

# The Raven and the Geese

# Qanitiisaakcak Temngiat-II'u

by Herman Moonin



One fall the geese asked the raven if he wanted to be their brother-in-law. The raven said yes, he really wanted to be a brother-in-law. He was so excited that he started showing off for the geese. He tumbled and twirled around just the way a raven flies.

Now, before the geese got ready to fly south, they talked to the raven and told him that if he was going to come along as their brother-in-law, he would have to fly slow. When they left, the raven flew out ahead of them and began tumbling and twirling around. The geese told him again to fly slow because it was a long way to where they were going. But the raven didn't listen. They told him again, "Don't be in such a hurry." But the raven paid no attention to them.

Before long, the raven got weak and tired. He fell to the ground. As the geese passed him, they honked, "We told you, but you wouldn't listen." And that's why ravens stay here in the wintertime.

Uksuarmi qanitiisaakcak temngiat apqaumakiit nengauksuumirluku. Qanitiisaakcak piugcipiarluni nengaungurcuumirluni. Sulinangnaqnguilluki tenguurluni ullpegaartaruarluni, wiigaartaruarluni qaillun qanitiisaakciit tenguurlartut.

Temngiat nunamegtehnun ag'kutarngameng allerquumakiit cukailluku tengesqelluku. Teng'ameng qanitiisaakcak cungatni agumaluni ullpegaartaruarluni, wiigaartaruarluni. Temngiat pimaluku cukailluku saqiu'usqelluku yuaqsegniluku agwigkarteng. Niitenellpiarluni qanitiisaakcak cali pinqiglluku patagtuusqegkunaku.

Tekihniiyarpianermegtehni qanitiisaakcak tuknia'ucimaluni sakaarluni, Igca'ucimaluni temngiat uniteqiinarluku piluku allerqullruniluku niitenetellruniluteng.

*Story and translation by  
Kathy Kvasnikoff  
Drawing by Roy Evans  
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