



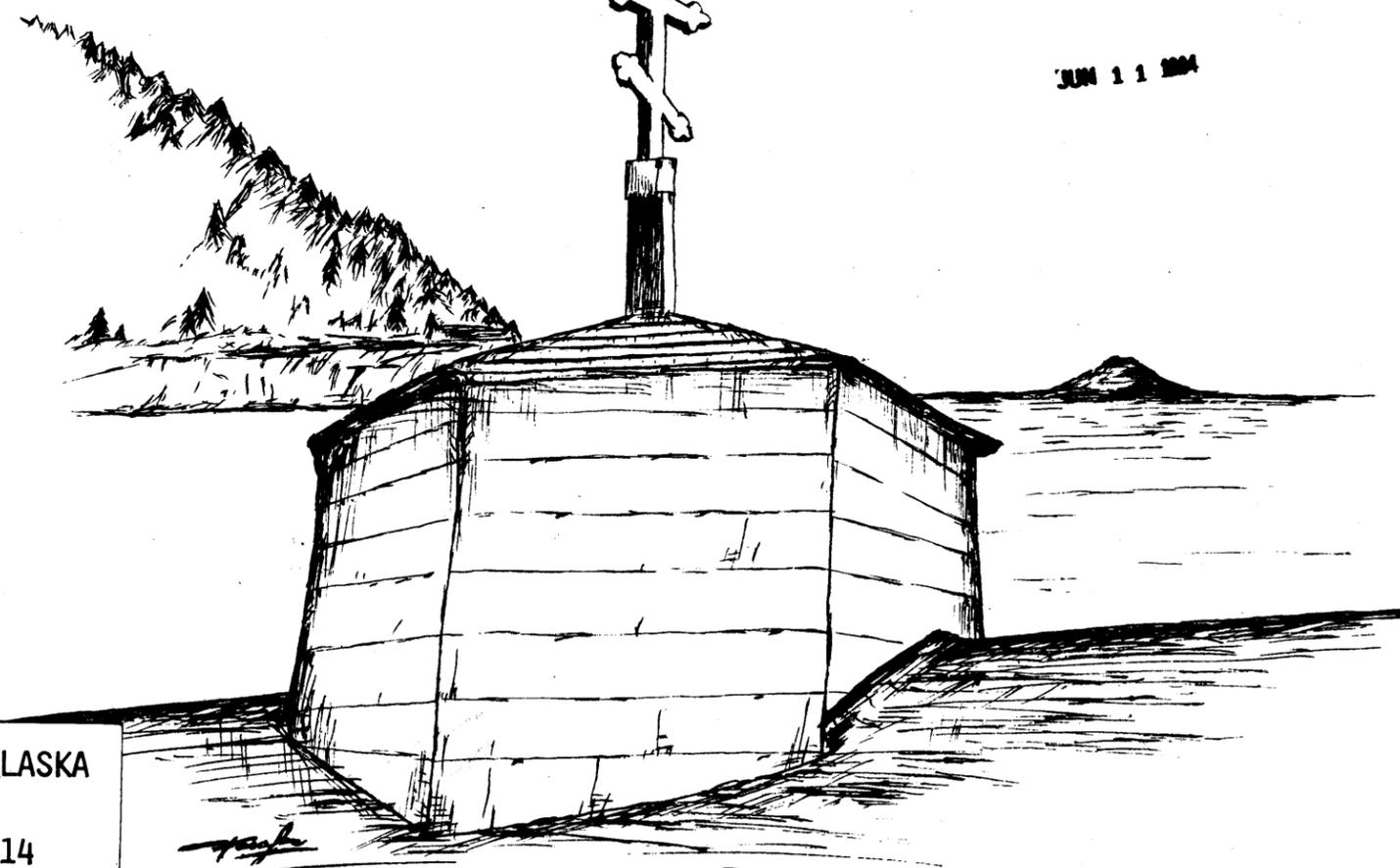
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ALEXANDROVSK
English Bay In Its Traditional Way



JUN 11 1984



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Dedicated
to the memory
of

Arthur Moonin

March 9, 1953 - February 22, 1979

Dan Anahonak Sr.

October 16, 1923 - November 1, 1981

Tania Romanoff

January 24, 1950 - May 1, 1981

ALEXANDROVSK

**ENGLISH BAY IN ITS
TRADITIONAL WAY**

English Bay Elementary/High School
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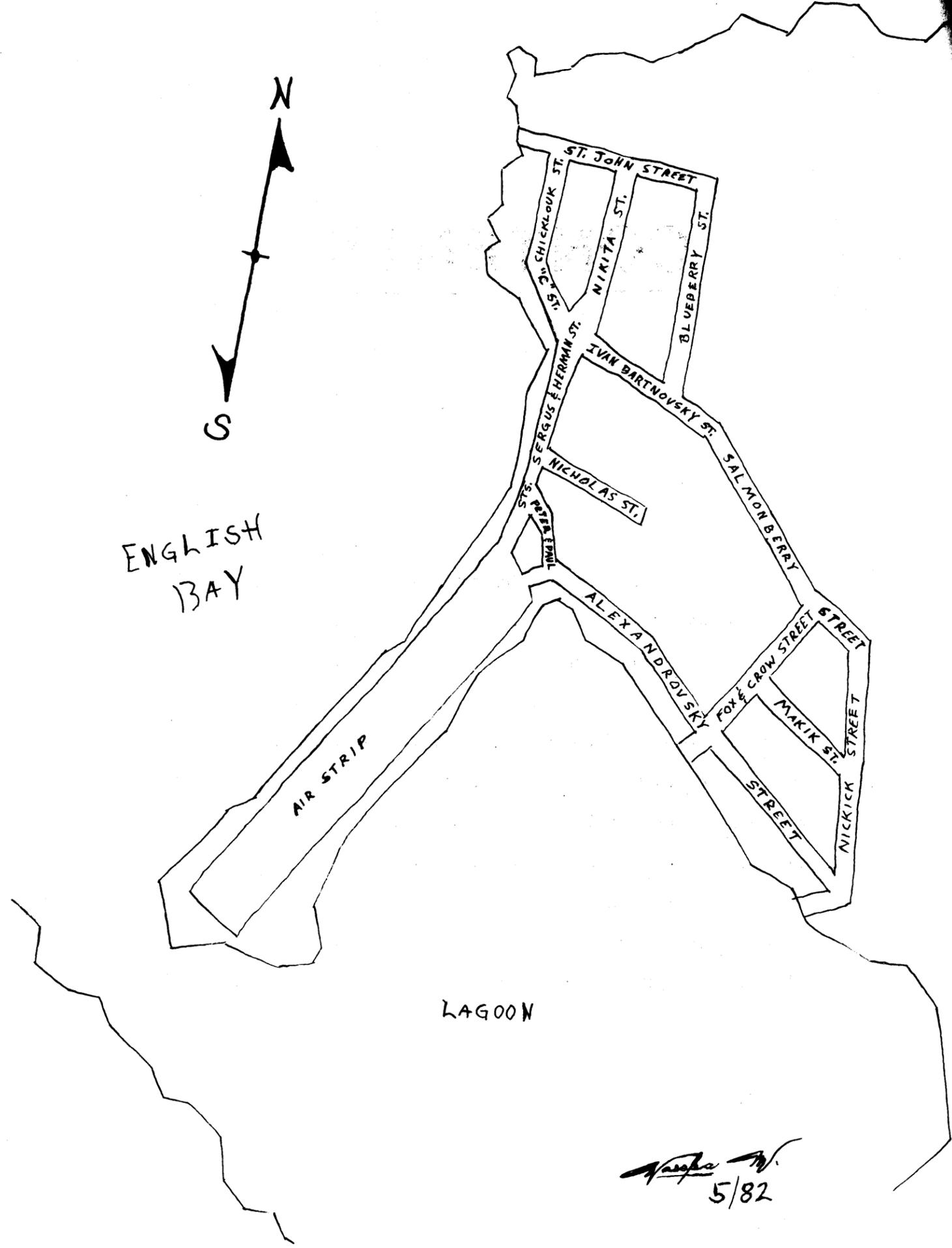
STAFF



Back (L to R): Serphim Ukatish, Ken Farr, Luci Farr, Jeff Evans,
James Kvasnikoff, Timmy Kvasnikoff
Middle (L to R): Kathy Kvasnikoff, Priscilla Moonin,
Becky Kvasnikoff, Helen Moonin, Emily Kvasnikoff, Paul Swenning Jr.
Front (L to R); Roberta Kvasnikoff, Macky Ukatish

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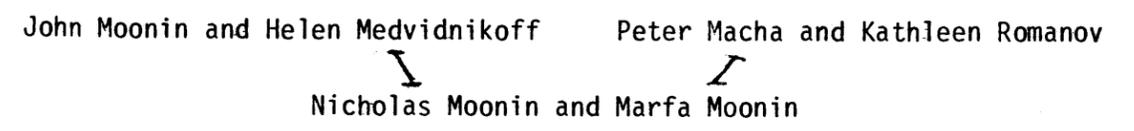


“ROOTS”

Alexandrovsk I related the history of English Bay and described the role Father Moonin and his wife played in its founding.

The following chart appeared in that issue of Alexandrovsk.

This article describes the descendants who still live in English Bay.



(Nicholas & Marfa's children)	Stephanida* (Juanita)	Herman*	Elias**	Ann**	Peter**	John*
(Number of Nicholas & Marfa's grandchildren living in English Bay)	11	3	0	0	8	0
(Number of Nicholas & Marfa's great grandchildren living in English Bay)	40	8	0	0	7	0

Sergius	Apollon**	Anesia**	Elena** (Helen)	Demetri (Mickey)	Teacon** (Dick)
0	0	6	4	0	0
0	0	18	6	0	0

Number of people in relation with Nicholas and Marfa Moonin - 111 people living in English Bay.

* - Living
** - Deceased

Children of Juanita Melsheimer; Daughter of Nicholas and Marfa Moonin

A. Teresa Wilson is a counselor on alcoholism and a homemaker. She is also a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood, a mother fo eight children, and a Village Council member.



C. Mack Kvasnikoff is a Public Health Service worker. He works in the pump house for them. He set net's in the summer and he is a father of five children.



B. Vincent Kvasnikoff the Village Council President, is a Health Aide and the father of four children. He also fishes in the summer.



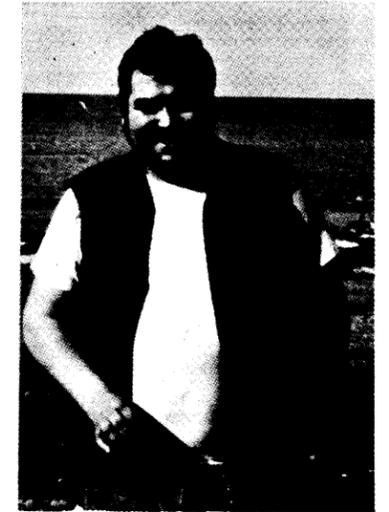
D. Kathy Kvasnikoff is an assistant Health Aide and a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood. She is a homemaker and the mother of three children.



E. Irene Ukatish is the mother of four children. she provides child care services for many children in the village. She is a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood.



H. Robert Kvasnikoff is the President of the English Bay Corporation. He is the leader of the English Bay band. He has five children and fishes in the summer too.



G. Pauline Moonin is Treasurer of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood and the mother of five children.



I. Wally Kvasnikoff is a fisherman, the father of three children and a member of the English Bay band. He is the Vice-President of the English Bay Council.



K. Rhoda Moonin is a homemaker and a mother of four children.



L. Alma Cook is the secretary of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood, Village secretary, and the secretary of the English Bay Corporation Board of Directors. She is also the mother of two children.



M. John Kvasnikoff is the father of one child. He is a member of the English Bay Band, fishes in the summer, and is a member of the village council.



Children of Herman Moonin; Son of Nicholas and Marfa Moonin

B. Nick Moonin, the Vice-chairman of the English Bay Corporation. He fished in the summer. He is the father of one child.



C. Tessie Moonin is a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood. She is the mother of four children who fishes in the summertime.



E. Charlie Moonin works as a custodian in the English Bay school. He fishes in the summertime and is a father of three children.



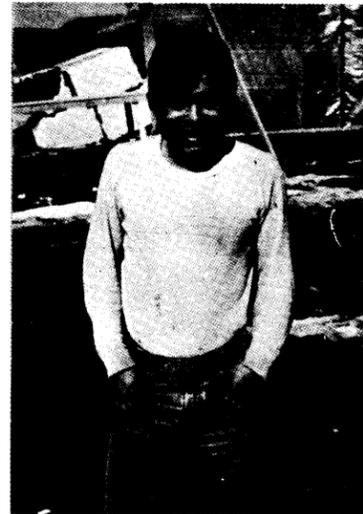
G. Susan Kvasnikoff is a homemaker and the mother of five children. She does odd jobs, and is a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood.



H. Eloise Meganack Is a member of the Virgin Mary Sisterhood. She also does odd jobs.



I. Tim Moonin fishes in the summer and does odd jobs.



Story By: Helen Moonin
Layout By: Emily Kvasnikoff



Wintertime Scene Of English Bay.

Robert Kvasnikof's new home being built.
To the left is the English Bay School.

Juvenalii of the Kenai

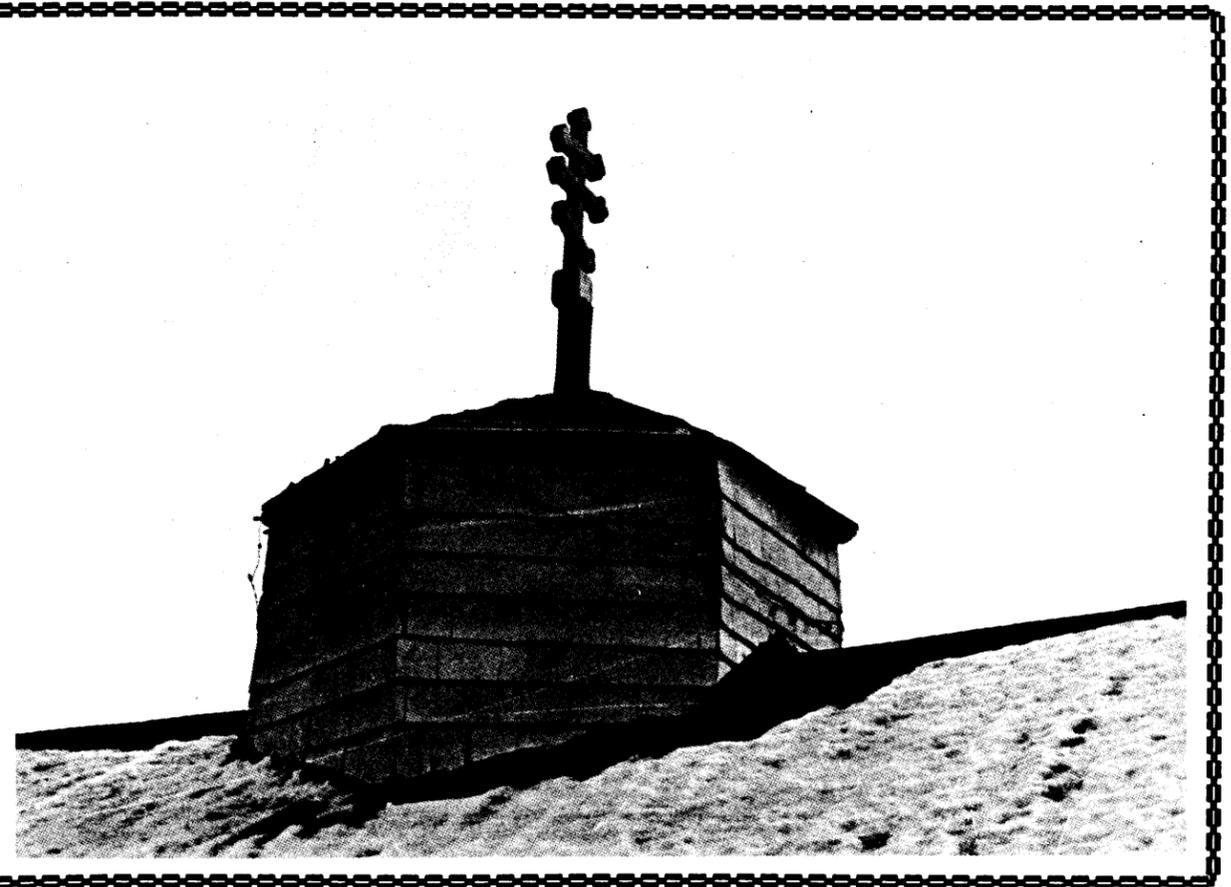
This is an inspiring story of a man's life and the Word of God he was called to teach in the new land of Alaska.

A young man named Iakov Fedorovich, son of a factory manager in Russia, had the hopes and dreams of any boy his age recently out of school. He joined the army and went into the engineering department. He worked his way to an officer's rank when, at his own request he was discharged.

For some time, Iakov and his brother had shared the same dream or calling. That was to enter a monastery in central Russia and to preach the word of God.

In 1791, immediately after his discharge, he and his brother began their lives as monks of the Orthodox Faith in the Valaam-St. Petersburg monastery. Three short years later, Iakov was ordained a priest.

Upon entering the monastery he received the name Juvenalii, which he was to keep for the rest of his life. He was one of the first ten missionaries to come to Alaska. It is not certain if his brother accompanied him.



Their arrival in Kodiak on September 24, 1794, was the beginning of the conversion of the Aleut people to the Orthodox faith.

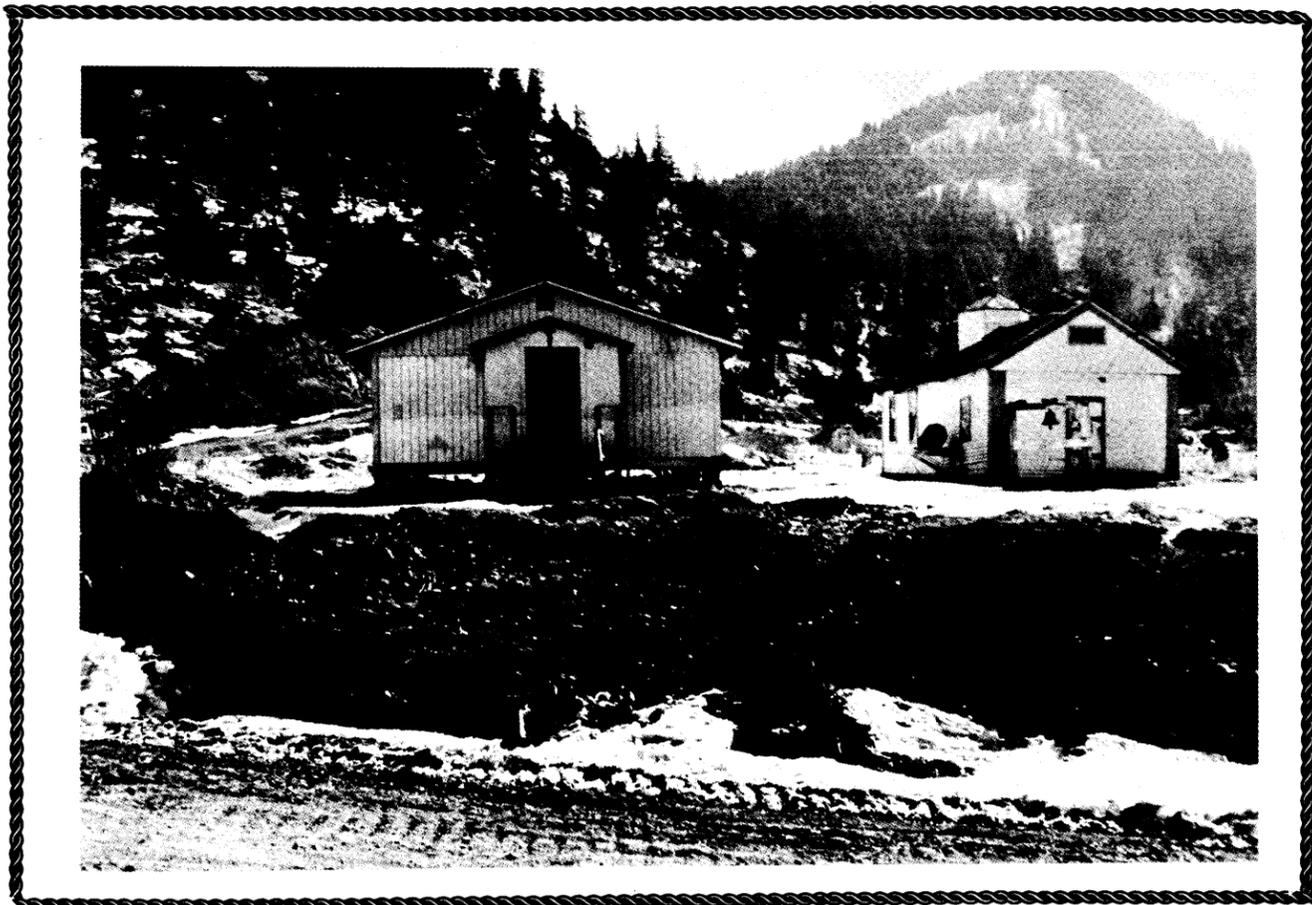
Kodiak became the center of their church in Alaska and it continues as such to the present time.

Every priest had a specific area in which to preach, teach, and work with both Russians and Natives alike. The church gave Father Iuvenalii the Kenai Peninsula as his area. It included Port Lock, Alexandrovsk (English Bay), English Bay (Port Graham), Susitna, and the Iliama area.

The change in the names of English Bay and Port Graham

occured when it was, "...Mistakenly misnamed in 1909 by a U.S. Geological Survey Mapping team."¹

Father Iuvenalii was always rushing off to other places to preach and convert more souls. He traveled everywhere he went in a small skin boat. He became quite a good navigator. Once he set out on a long journey to preach and to baptize more people. He started up the eastern coast of the mainland to Chugatsk Bay and then northwards along the coast, crossing the mountains to Kenai Bay, where he spent winter baptizing and teaching the Natives. After leaving there he went to the Chugach area where he worked with the Alegmuit tribe. He eventually visited many other tribes including the Ungalikhmiuts and Yakutats.



Father Iuvenalii was responsible for Russian soldiers stationed at Alexandrovsk and more men stationed at the Kenai post. So, one might say, he had his work cut out for him. He did not feel this way in the least; in fact, he was always looking for more work. He once had a dispute with his good friend Father Makarii, for both wanted to serve the Aliaska area (now Alaska Peninsula). Later on Makarii, would return to Russia, and Iuvenalii would keep the area.

In 1795, Iuvenalii left Kodiak for Nuchek, where he baptized more than seven hundred Chugach. He traveled throughout the Kenai area spending the winter preaching and teaching. Hieromonks Makarii and Iuvenalii baptized more than five thousand Alaskans.

In the coming summer of 1796, Father Iuvenalii first crossed the bay to Aliaska. It is here that he will later be killed. There is still no reliable information as to how he died, or which tribe took his life. Here is one report on how he died.

It is said that the first thing he did after baptizing the natives this time was to order them to give up polygamy. Half of the people agreed to give it up and to keep only one wife. The other half did not.

Father Iuvenalii had also persuaded many to give up their children so that they could be educated on Kodiak Island. The shaman, a few toens: leading men of the village, and other tribesmen did not like his having taken the children.

Regretting having given so much that day, they planned an attack. They seized him and the people in his party as they started to leave. Father Iuvenalii did not think of defending himself, or of running away, which he could have done since he had a firearm with him. Instead, he was taken without resistance. He only asked that those with him should be spared. This was done.

The Americans themselves, who were witnesses, related that after Father Iuvenalii was already dead he rose following his murderers, saying something to them. Thinking him still alive, they attacked him again and beat him. As soon as they left him, his limp body again stood up and followed them. This was repeated several more times. Finally, to be rid of the living dead, they hacked his body to pieces. "Only then did this fervent preacher fall silent, a martyr of the word of God."² It was then that a column of flame appeared reaching up into the air. Soon it receded and there arose a puff of smoke.

The footprints of Father Iuvenalii still remain. The seed he so carefully planted has grown fruitful. The church of this village, English Bay which he established, continues to flourish to this day.

Story and layout by Wasaka Matthews

¹Richard A. Pierce, ed., *The Russian Orthodox Religious Mission in America, 1794-1837* (Ontario, Canada, 1978), p.45.

²*Alexandrovsk No. 1; English Bay in its Traditional Way* (Anchorage, 1980), p. 8.

GREAT LENT

SPIRITUAL PREPARATION

FOR EASTER

Easter Lent, called the Great Lent, usually starts in the early part of March. It is the time of preparation for the Feast of the resurrection. It lasts about six weeks.

During this time we (Russian Orthodox) don't eat meat starting from Meatfare Sunday, One week before Great Lent. We don't eat dairy products from cheese-fare Sunday. That is one day before Great Lent. We don't dance or listen to music much.

This is the time when people get closer to everybody. We do this by helping the people who need help. We carry packages, help clean their houses and do what good neighbors do.

During Lent "the royal gates to the altar area in the church remain closed to signify man's separation from the kingdom of God through sin. The church vesting is a somber color usually black". The vesper service which begins the Lenten service is called the Vespers of forgiveness. It is customary at this service for the faithful to ask forgiveness and to forgive each other.

The way we (Russian Orthodox) do this is to go kiss everyone and ask for forgiveness when we have offended a person in any way.

On Palm Sunday we go to church and the priest gives out flowers to the people. The Flowers represent the Palms put on the road before Jesus when he came to Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

The last week of Lent is called Holy Week. Each day of the week has its own particular theme. The theme of Monday is the sterile fig tree which has no fruit and condemned.

Tuesday the theme is the wise virgins who unlike their foolish sisters were ready when the Lord came to them. Wednesday the focus is on the fallen woman repents.

The vigil of Holy Thursday is dedicated exclusively to the Passover Supper which Christ celebrated with his twelve apostles. On Holy Thursday people go to church, the reader or the priest, if he is here, reads the twelve passion gospel. The twelve gospels tell how Jesus suffered. It is the day before Good Friday, which is the anniversary of Christ's death. People go to church dressed in black. Before the people go to church they don't eat anything. At church men bring the picture of Jesus from the altar room. The priest walks under the picture then they put the picture in the middle of the church. It is surrounded by a black cloth and flowers.

A procession of the people on Holy Saturday, bears witness to the total victory of Christ over the powers of darkness and death. And this time the people with lighted candles follow the priest around the church, he has the winding sheet over his head and a Holy Gospel in his hands.

And that is what it's like during Great Lent before the celebration of Easter.

Story by: Becky Kvasnikoff
Layout by: Kathy Kvasnikoff

Father Thomas Hopko, *The Orthodox Faith*
Vol. II, No. 11, 1972, New York, pg. 78-99



EASTER in English Bay

Easter is a very special holiday in English Bay. The night before Easter we go to church from 11:00 at night till 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning. The church is decorated with flowers.

Around two in the afternoon the day before Easter, the black cloth from Lent is taken off the icon stands and the members of the church put lighter colored cloth like light green, pink or light blue on the stands.

We sing Lenten songs. Then at midnight we walk around the outside of the church three times with lighted candles and sing Easter songs. Then we go back into the church and we start singing again. The priest blesses the Easter bread (recipe follows the article) and the eggs with holy water before we take them out of the church.

We hard boil some eggs and dye them red. Then we take them to the church. After church we go around exchanging eggs with each other. Before we exchange the eggs we have to kiss the people. Then after we exchange the eggs, we kiss the eggs.

About 2:30 or 3:00 a.m. we have Communion. After Communion we keep singing for a little while until the priest brings out the Holy Bread (the recipe follows the article) which is cut into little cubes. We go up to kiss the cross and take some Holy Bread.

After church the people take their Easter bread and eggs home and eat them. We eat the Easter bread with butter, but the Holy Bread we eat without butter.

In the morning after church around 4:00 a.m., we kids and some adults go play baseball. Some men and older boys go to the school and borrow a basketball and play. The other older people go home to rest or make a big breakfast.

In the afternoon the ladies of English Bay get together and prepare a meal so we can have a big dinner. About 2:00 in the afternoon the kids go Easter egg hunting.

The big Easter dinner is at the end of a busy Easter Day. Easter is a very special day for everybody.



English Bay Church

Recipe for Easter Bread

from Juanita Melscheimer

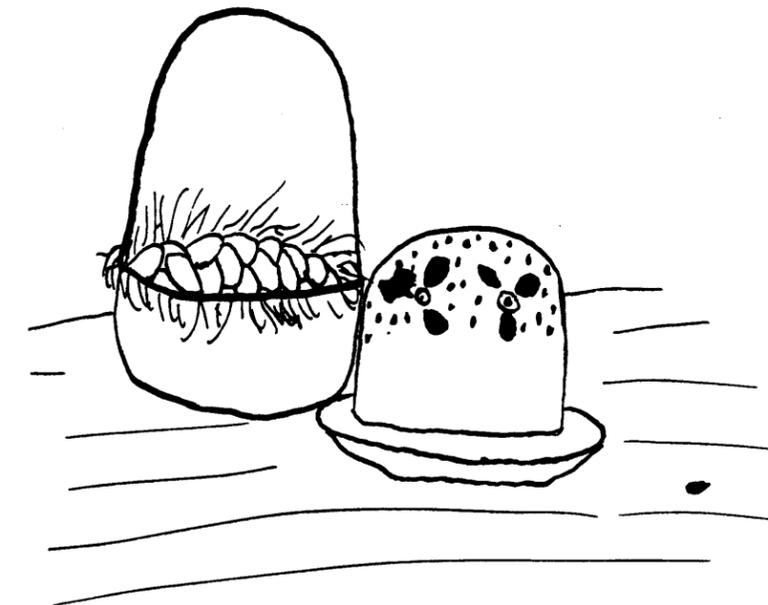
2½ C. sugar
1 to 1½ Tb. salt
1 lb. butter
1½Tb. shortening
3 Tb. yeast
2 C. scalded milk
6 eggs slightly beaten
4 Tsp. extract (any flavor you choose)
If you use pineapple extract you should add one can of pineapple crushed or 2 Tb. extract
2 C. raisins (soak for 4 min in hot water, drain before using.)
2 C. walnuts (chopped)
flour

Use a large dishpan. Fill it half full of boiling water. And sugar, salt, butter, and shortening. Stir the contents until completely dissolved. Mixture should be warm, not hot, when yeast is added. Set aside the mixture. Then use another bowl for scalded milk and 6 eggs slightly beaten. Add extract. If pineapple extract is used, now is the time to add the crushed pineapple. In any case, add raisins and walnuts. When the yeast starts to work, put both mixtures in the largest pan, add flour a little at a time, mixing and kneading the dough until it isn't sticky. Let the dough rise until it is doubled in size. Work the dough down again. Fill the greased cans one third to one half full. You can use aluminum bowls, coffee cans, or shortening cans. Put the dough where it's not drafty. After the dough rises put in the oven at 375 degrees. Bake for one hour.

Recipe for Holy Bread

from Natalie Kvasnikoff

2-3 C. flour
1 C. warm water
1 T. yeast
Mix all ingredients together to form a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic. Let rise until double in bulk. Punch down then shape dough. Form a ball about the size of a lemon for the bottom. Cut the top with a small glass. Moisten the two pieces with water and stick them together. Let raise again. Bake at 350 degrees for ½ hour.



Story by Roberta Kvasnikoff
Drawings By Jeff Evans
Layout by Wasaka Matthews

If I Did Go Over The Bluff....

Bear Hunting



Pete E. Moonin, his name was a little old guy.

In spring Pete E. Moonin and I went bear hunting. He had a nice new dory. The dory's name was "Vera." We had two pairs of oars. Well, we rowed down to between Two Creeks they call it. Just below and past Magnet Rock.

We went into those creeks where there were nice hills where bears would come out of their holes and sit around.

So we got down there, pulled the dory and tied it up.

Well, we started to look up on the hills. Watching up on the hills for bear, to see if we could see any black bear around.

I went in farther and looked out, way in on the inner end where the hills are. Pete was towards the beach. He didn't go very far. Oh, we sat there. It started to get dark.

Same thing happened, (as in the seal hunt story) it started to rain.

We came up to that little, old, three sided place where they had a shelter a long time ago when the people hunted before. There was a little shelter. We couldn't make a fire. We were all wet. Our matches were wet, nothing to eat. We didn't take anything. I had one slice of bread, that I took. Pete didn't take anything, but I kind of helped him out. I divided the bread in half. I took my part, and gave him the other half. Then we went out to look for bidarkies. Well we found some of them. Then we brought them back to the little three-sided shelter. We ate them. There was nothing else to do. We checked the dory, the dory was high. We had pulled it high enough.

We had nothing to do, so we had to go to sleep, or try to go to sleep with our clothes on and all. It was raining right through that little shelter. There was no fire. I was shivering with my teeth chattering. And here Pete was in a slicker coat and pants. He was laying right there. He was snoring, and he was shivering too, but he was sleeping. I couldn't sleep all night long.

In the morning when we got up (we wondered) "What are we gonna eat? We gotta go down to the beach and beachcomb some more of those bidarkies on the rocks, mussels, anything we can eat."

(With) no motor, no nothing, they (the villagers)knew maybe we couldn't make it. I think they were worried about us. They sent Ralph (Ukatish), Mickey (Moonin), Joe (Tanape), on another skiff the next day (to look for us).

They found us. There were pretty big swells, but they landed.

We were glad that somebody came after us to bring us home. We left the dory right there where it was. (We had) no bear, (we were) just hungry.

They picked up the dory later on. I don't know who went, but some of the boys went to pick up the dory and brought it back to English Bay.

That was our hunting experience. We didn't get a black bear, we just got hungry and cold.

Story told by: Sarge Kvasnikoff
Story by: Emily Kvasnikoff
Drawings by: Paul Swenning Jr.
Layout by: Emily Kvasnikoff

Seal Hunting

Oh that was years back. I don't know exactly what the year was, must have been in the 40's or 50's

Alfred Anahonak and I went seal hunting. And it was after church. My father-in-law told me, "You shouldn't hunt on Sundays. It's bad luck."

Alfred wanted to go. So I thought, maybe if we get seal, we'll have some food for the family.

After church, after we had our little dinner in our homes, him at his house and me at my house, we got ready. I think it was Tim Ukatish's dory. If I remember, it was kind of light green. We took off with the tide.

It was nice weather, really nice weather. We went high water. (This means at high tide) We started with a little dory; about a 16 footer, with two pairs of oars, rowing down to Flat Island.



Drawing of Sarge bumping into the tree he slept under.

It took us about, oh I'd say a good hour and a half or so to row down there. I put the skiff on the beach because there were dead swells, dead rollers, it's rocky there. You can't put your dory on the beach unless you put it way up, or unless you have somebody in the dory. I was waiting for him to go up on the point where they look out for seals.

He sat there for hours. The wind started to blow slightly off shore. He sat there and I kept the dory out and I was getting pretty cold too, but finally all at once, more wind came in from off shore. I told Alfred, "We'd better get started across to the mainland." He hollered, out, "Let me stay a little more. Now it's half tide. Maybe there will be some seal showing up!"

So I let him have his way. I waited in the dory there.

The wind was getting stronger in gusts; like, all at once they'd come off shore.

At last, in another hour or so it got pretty strong. So I says, "Alfred, let's go." I keep hollering to him.

Well, finally he gave up. I think we sat there for about four hours, or so. I got him in the dory, cutting across. We were trying to hit Flat Island House. That's where Fred's homestead is now. (Fred Ukatish)

The tide was still going out. The wind was getting stronger and stronger off shore. It was hard to row, we couldn't make much headway. The tide kept pulling us out towards Magnet Rock. So more than a half way across, the wind was really like in squalls, like white foam on the water, sprays and everything.

We kept fighting our way to get to shore. We were drifting to Magnet Rock. The wind was bad. We couldn't keep our oars down rowing. We just took a chance and we got to shore.

He jumped; took the painter. (bow line) I jumped next. We took the dory and tied it up any old way. It was getting dark because it was in the afternoon, late in the fall.

Alfred says, "Well, we have to walk the beach, and then go to Flat Island." I says, "Okay." I just kept up. I wasn't very good on the rocks. I wasn't so used to those rocks, but the people here, they are so used to them. They would jump from one rock to the other like a goat. I wasn't so good at it, so it took me time to keep going. He says, "I'm gonna go to Flat Island, you just follow me." I says, "okay."

Finally he was so far ahead of me, I couldn't see him any more.

When I got to Flat Island House it was pitch dark. I says, "I don't know the woods. I won't be able to go where my homestead is on the lake." That's where the trail was.

He knew the road. It wasn't bad for him, but it was bad for me, I didn't know anything. I was so new about the woods around here.

I took the shore. I figured, well, if I could hear the breakers I could just go, keep following up and down those hills.

I had devil's clubs all over me and on my hands.

It started to rain heavy. By the time it got dark, I was bumping into trees, fighting with the devil's clubs, trying to make my headway. I could hear the surf pounding on the bluff down below me. I was pretty scared. I thought; I'd better not make too many mistakes. I couldn't see far. If I did go over the bluff, maybe the tide would take me out. I just kept crawling part way and grabbing devil's clubs and bumping into trees.

I figured I'm tired and all wet. I better get in someplace. I bumped into a big stump. It had a stump and a big tree. I crawled there, sat there and just shivered, all wet. I said, "I'm gonna wait for daylight before I'm gonna go. I might go over the bluff and fall off, and nobody will know where I am." So, I sat there for another two, three hours before daylight.

It rained all night. I was cold all that time; shivering. Finally, I woke up as it started to be daylight. I walked a little ways and I was right close to the point out here. Right on the point out here, where my gill nets are now. My gill net site.

Here I could see my home, and it was about six o'clock in the morning. When I walked home, the rain had quit. It was better. I was still soaked and wet.

That morning I said to myself, "I'll never go hunting any more in this kind of weather again, no matter who tells me to go hunting for seal." Well that was the end of that. I made up my mind on that. I was only a half an hour away from my house, and I didn't know it!

I got home. My wife says, "Well, you better get to bed, you're cold." So I did. I hit the bed and went to sleep. I had devil's clubs all over my knees. Oh, I was aching all over my knees.

Story told by: Sarge Kvasnikoff

Story by: Emily Kvasnikoff

Drawings by: Paul Swenning Jr.

Layout by: Emily Kvasnikoff

SHE LOOKS LIKE AN ALLIGATOR

There was a woman (in English Bay) who practiced witchcraft. The woman had a baby that had a great big mouth. It was from ear to ear. The baby had real sharp teeth in her mouth.

The woman died when the baby was born. The baby was buried alive with the woman right in front of the old church where the road is now.

The people were afraid of the baby because they thought she was going to be a witch too. She had big teeth. They showed all the way across her face. She was like an alligator. The baby had a mouth just like that. Nobody wanted her. The people were afraid of the baby. They thought she would be like her mom. They thought the baby would come back like the witch to do something to the people. They were afraid of her.

Nobody wanted to feed the baby because she had those real sharp teeth and a great big mouth. They didn't know what to feed her with, so they decided to bury her alive. They buried her right by her mom. The people said they buried her right in front of the old church. There is a road in that area now.

Whenever a person is going to die, someone would hear the baby cry. I heard that sound in nineteen thirty-six or nineteen thirty-seven. I heard it once when we were having breakfast early in the morning. My mom told me it was the witch again. She told us someone was going to die.

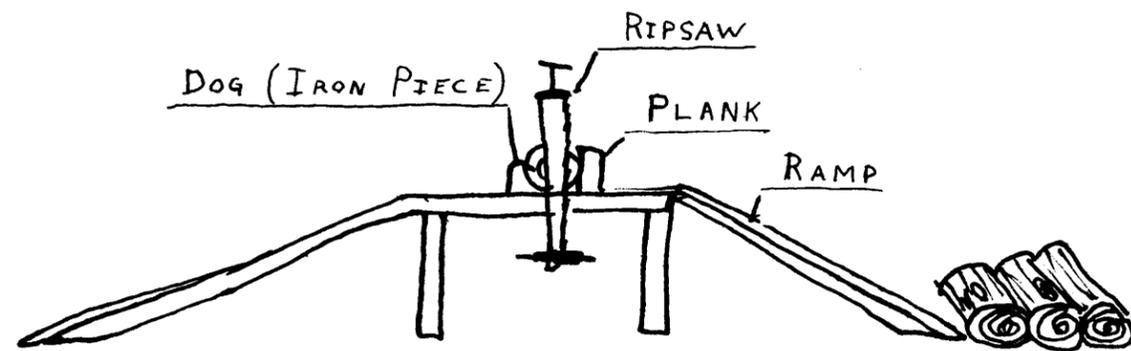
It was nineteen thirty-six or seven when I heard that crying. People were dying all around English Bay. There was a dead person everyday maybe two or three.

Story told by: Herman Moonin

Story by: Macky Ukatish

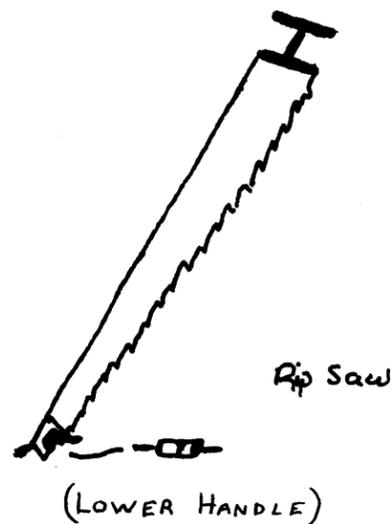
Layout by: Tim Kvasnikoff

THEY KNEW THE WOOD



Way back when I was home in Ninilchik, That was in my young days. There were Nick and Ted Crawford.

The first time I saw a lumber house built was when they (the Crawford brothers) started making lumber. They had a big crosscut saw. The frame was up on pilings. Nick and Ted had a runner up this way (Sarge is drawing). The logs were eight to ten feet, that was the height (of the frame).



After they laid one log down, they'd put another log across that one. On the other side they would do the same thing over again. Then both sides would be braced, one way or another. They didn't brace the part where they cut through the frame. It's just a brace here and there to keep it from moving. On the upper end they had fir logs that they called outside piling. The tramps brought wood in from the outside.

It was hard wood, but not too hard, it is a little different than our native spruce. Nick and Ted hauled them from a distance and rowed them up to the creek. When it was high water in Ninilchik, we'd bring them up to Nick and Ted's set up, by the saw mill. There would be certain lengths, I'd say about twelve foot. They would work everyday in fall and also worked everyday in spring. They'd be standing there and just be ripping the lumber.

There would be one man on the bottom and the other man on top. He had a plank running back and forth where he could stand and watch it.

They'd use a crosscut or a rip saw, (the teeth). That saw could be six feet or maybe eight feet, I would say at the most. That saw had to be filed right so it would be sharp. We would start out the two brothers, Nick and Ted. One would be on top, one would be on the bottom. They had handles on each end of the saw. The one on the small end of the handle would be short, but on the other end it would be tall. They marked their logs to square them into a block. They'd slab it off. They took the sides off and made it into big timbers. From there they would have to measure how much to cut off from the lumber. They had to cut all the lumber so they could make sure the frame is on the right level, cause if the lumber was crooked, you wouldn't hit the mark on the line.

They worked day after day and they had some of the lumber all piled up. It took them about two years. They got all the lumber together for a house.

They started to build a big house for themselves and for their whole family. In those days the roof was covered with tar paper and the porch too. They had a nice house. It was all made of lumber (about twenty-five by thirty feet.)



They had bedrooms, a kitchen and the living room, all of this was not covered because they had only one stove to keep them warm.

The lumber was really fine and they made themselves a brand new dory, (boat). In those days they did not have motors, They had to row.



Then they built a shed. They would be using the lumber and ripping the lumber. Soon the men would be using the old sawmill. There was always something for them to do and they were really enjoying it. I think they were interested in building anything like, tables, chairs and stuff used inside of a house.

They had a wooden plane that was hardwood or maple. That is how they smoothed out the boards.

Those boys were hard working boys. That's how I remember how they started lumber and building their own house furniture.

They knew the wood. What kind is hard to split. That's the way they started to cut lumber.

Story told by: Sarge Kvasnikoff
Article, layout and Drawings by:
James Kvasnikoff

No More Fishtraps For Me!



Hand Trap

Sarge said that he had been working on fish traps too hard. He does not want to look at them anymore--even pictures of them--but he will for us;

They used to call the fish traps, which weren't driven with the pile driver or pilings, hand traps. The poles they used were 45 to 50 feet in length. About wintertime, after Christmas when the days got long, we had to go in the woods and get them poles. We cut the poles. You go in the flats. You see them flats when you pass by all around Ninilchik and all the places. We get a place close to where you don't haul far away with the dog team. That's got to be figured out. So we cut poles, put them on the dog sled. Bring them to the village here and on the other side of the beach. Not on the beach but above the beach, way above.

Pile them, I'd say you'd get two hundred poles, two hundred and fifty, five hundred to the most. That's the poles we need to make a trap. So we had to haul them out, and sometimes it took two, three months. If the road is no good, the dogs would be used. If it snowed, we had to break trail. That kept us going till nearly April, by the time we got all our poles out.

When it got warmer, the skins start coming off. Then we start peeling them. We'd stay there for about a week, peeling them all nice, and piling them up, ready to go if you want to sell them or you use'em on your trap. That's how people made a little money that they spent on their holidays.

Well, first, before we started with the poles that were prepared to be used, we had iron pegs. The company used to bring old car axles and steel bars. They were about the width of a car--not over six feet, I'd say. They used to bring those in from Seattle or wherever they got them. We used to drive these down, one very eight feet or so. We had to drive them (to where the pot would be.)

You started out with a lead from the shore line a little way above the high water mark...

We had to work with the tide. As the tide was going out, we would drive them.

One time on putting the rails on, my dad said, "Put it here!" I says "Okay, I'll put it there." Bang! I hit him right on the toe. Oh, I thought he was going to hit me. So, I had to hold that rail for him to drive. You see somebody got to hold it. There was two, three people working all the time.

We worked ourselves out, if the tide was going out, and in, if it was coming in.

We had sledgehammers and all those iron bars. If we didn't have iron bars, then we had to make wooden pegs. They called them posts, and we'd use them. They were okay closer to shore, but the iron bars were best farther out.

These poles are shorter here at the shore line, but as we got deeper into the water, we had to use 45 to 50 footers-- if we would get them.

We had to work with the tides. We used to get minus tides, I say around eight point tides. We'd start to drive these because it was a minus tide, they were, I'd say, 21 to 22 footers. Along the Kenai Peninsula it (the tide) goes way out. You try to get all those pegs in. You've got to work fast with the tide coming in and going out. You have to work really fast, because you don't have much time.

Then we built a "heart." They called it that. It had about a four foot opening on that heart.

We had to drive this as long as the minus tides held out--we drove or else we had to wait for another minus tide we couldn't build it on one day, that's for sure!

They also had a "jigger." If you want to fish good on both ends--a flooding tide, going up the Inlet, or an out--going tide, you used a jigger.

They'd take a pot and first raise it up, (and) lash it with haywire, they used to call it. Then, they would put a middle capping on it, so it would hold tight. Then, they'd have to keep it from working out.

Then, on the high tides (again, we had to work on both tides--it all depends on the weather,) we put a top rig on, and it had to have a guy on there too. Everything has to be braced. They have to be solid, so it stands just straight.

When that's all braced we put on webbing. Web wire they call it. It's a heavy mesh. It's not chicken wire. It was for fish traps. We had to start way up there from the top capping down. If we couldn't get it at low water we had to use a dory, you know when the tides are small.

Into the trap itself there is a tunnel about a foot wide where the fish milling in the heart would feed into the trap. It was tied to the king pole.

About 3 poles distance from the trap they hung the apron. Light cable ran from top to bottom of the poles on each side of the heart entrance. There were rings tied to the sides of the apron web so it could be dropped when the light fishing period was closed. The tunnel was completely closed by swinging it to one side. The closures gave some fish a chance to escape up the stream to spawn.

When fishing was open they would raise the apron by it's strings (that's why it was called the apron) and tie the tunnel back on the king pole and they were ready to fish.

So, you have to work the pot and the heart, jiggers first, before you go along towards the shoreline. The fish comes this way, and if it's in the jigger it follows into the heart and it mills there.

And they'll mill there as the tide goes around, it goes into the tunnel. That's how they fixed it for fishing.

They fished the small tides and the big tides. When fish were in the trap they went out in a dory, cut the web and brailled the fish out. Whatever, king salmon, whatever the species of fish there is red salmon, silver salmon, and what not. Then they had a scow where they out the fish in for the tenders to pick up.

So that's the fish trap games. It's all hand work, that is why they call it hand trap. It took many days, many tides to make them. It's hard work lots of work to it. Sometimes big storms come, down it goes. And you have to start all over again if you want to. If you have the materials, you can go ahead and if you don't you're just out.

And everything cost money. They charge you. The company brings it to you, guywires and big spikes and that steel rails, whatever you need. They furnish that but they charge it to you when you're fishing.

Either if you're in a village, you hire your own man. They're dependable. They will do it, you know they'll help you. So they get their own man. The company don't have to hire.

But still they have to take it off your fishing statements, you know to pay the man. it isn't much. I don't know, maybe

three dollars a day or five dollars a day. That time there, the wages were pretty low.

I see pictures in Ninilchik. Some of my relatives has it, Victor Kalugin, he still has old scows and fish traps, hand traps."

The pile driven traps are different. Everything was easier to work. More people worked on it. The hammer does the hammering so you don't have to hit.

Driven traps, they're made out of piles. It's driven by a pile driver. if you've ever seen pile drivers. That's what they call it.

At block point there, they would drive out part of the way on the lead. And then it would be coal reef. You know the coal there on layer of coal they wouldn't drive. If they drive, the piling would pop out.

They would hang a cable across the top, then hang their wires, till they start driving again where they can hold the piling down. So it would be a distance of cable right here. And capping them is 2x8's or whatever they use capping. And the web wire is more higher. The pots are more bigger. And they have spillers.

The biggest trap was on Block Point. They had double spillers on it. And double hearts too. It was a sweeper now it is a driven trap. Some traps like McDonald Spit, we used to stay right on top of the rigging there. You know, they have a shack right there for the people. So you get up and when the boat comes in, you start working on your gear. Lift them up. It was easy. So was Seldovia trap. They had a small shack made for two people that took care of it, or watchman on that. Flat Island we didn't, I stayed there on year or two years. We had to come ashore.

We couldn't stay there on that thing. There was an old Northwestern fish house there. I think it was Northwestern Sanwans. When Fidalgo took over, the house was still there.

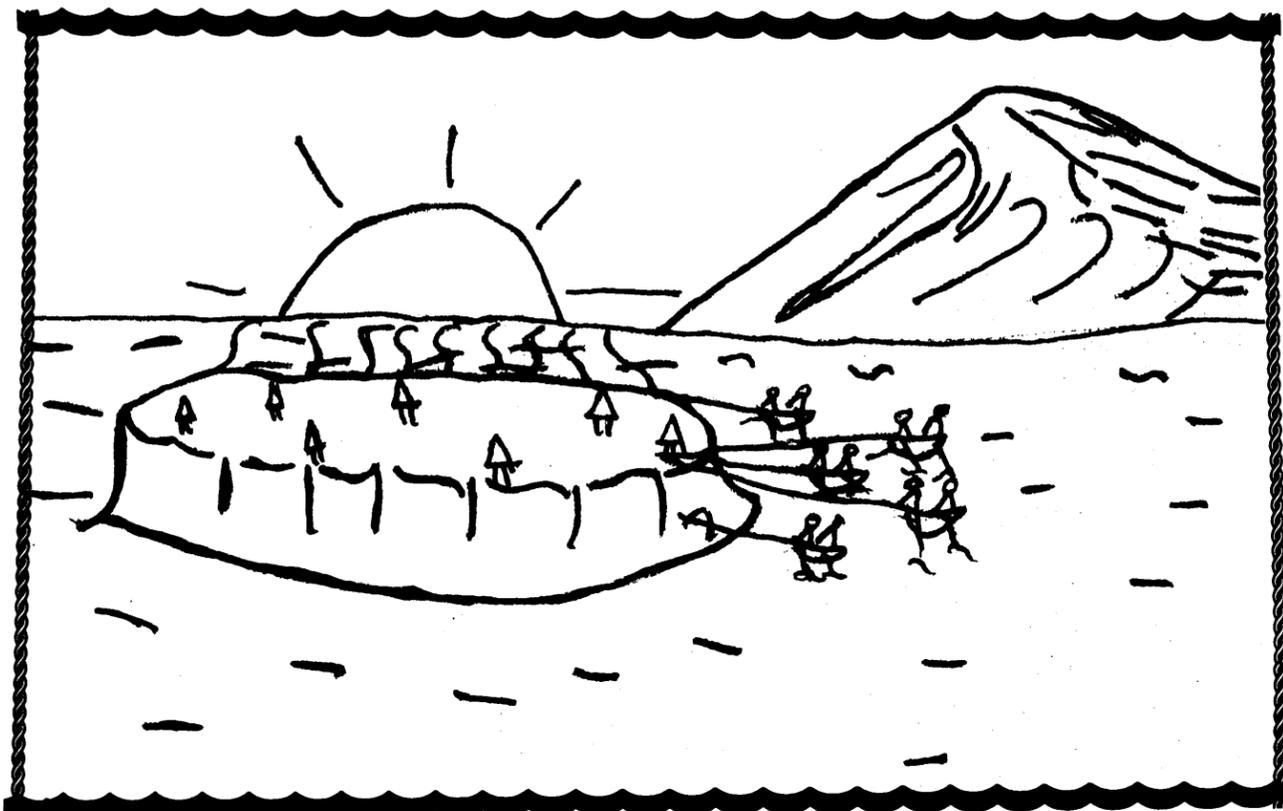
So we used just a dory to go in and out on the ocean. That was a bad one. We used to watch it, take a big gun and go up on the capping. Sealions, when there's a good run of fish, the sealions would go in there. They would tear up the King Salmon, the Red Salmon, oh something awful. So we had to shoot'em. Get rid of them, because they would chase away the fish. I and Harry Norman, that was my partner before.

Yeah, the boat had to brail it out. We had to roll it out, because it gets in there. Everytime there's fish in there, you would see the sealions, just around there all the time.

"They pull those traps out in the fall when they're through. We have to pull all them pilings out. Take them in the bay or wherever they have them laid for the wintertime, for nest spring operation. I was pretty small when I worked on them. But I did help my dad and somebody else before I worked on one of the traps. I was a teenager or smaller than that.

*Story By: Tim Kvasnikoff
Drawing By: Jeff Evans
Layout By: Emily Kvasnikoff*

MOVING ISLAND



The people thought they were moving the island.

There is an island someplace out there in Kachemak Bay.

The old timers had a village in front of the sea. They wanted to see farther out to the sea than they could. The men had a lot of Aleut boats. They tied these bidarkies up to the rocks and on the trees all in a row. I think they used kelp for ropes or sinew. Then they tried to tow the island farther away from the village so they could see farther out.

The men kept it up all day. The tide was turning. It was going out and you could see the ripples. The people thought they were moving the island. The men would yell, "The island is moving now." They were not really moving, but they kept on towing the whole day. They still couldn't move the island.

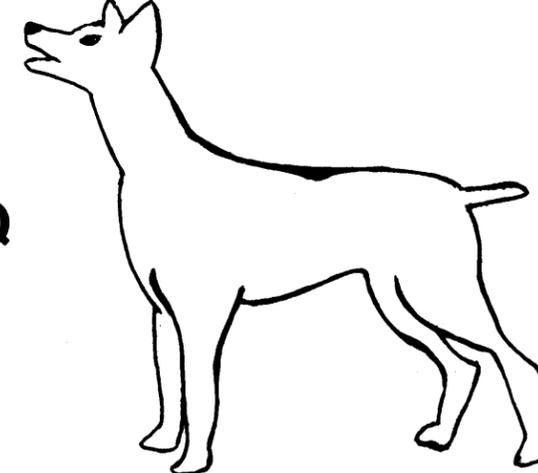
The island is still there as far as I know.

Story told by: Herman Moonin Sr.

Lay out and drawings by: Macky Ukatish

BONES IS COMING NANERLLINAQ ALAIRTUQ

Story by: Priscilla Moonin
Told to by: Juanita Melsheimer
Layout by: Emily Kvasnikoff



A poor woman lived with her daughter. They were always hungry in the winter. Now when there was ice, they were happy. They had a dog. Everytime there was ice in the lagoon the girl would go fishing. Their fishing hooks were made out of bone, some kind of bone. They put the bones together to make a hook, but I forget the Sugcestun name of the hook.

One time when there was ice in the lagoon, the little girl wanted to go fishing. She said to her mother, "I'm going to go fishing, maybe we will eat then." Then she left. She was gone for a long time.

Now it was getting dark. Then the dog started barking, "Tiug, tiug," he said, "lots of food is coming. Lots of food is coming." The girl brought some fish home. Now they weren't hungry. When she brought some fish, the little dog would bark, "Tiug, tiug, the riches are coming our way." They would call the fish their riches.

One day the girl went fishing and didn't come back for a long time. The dog was quiet. Finally a month later, the dog start barking again, "Tiug, tiug, nothing but bones isn't bringing us anything." he said. The mom went out and asked the dog, "Why are you saying that?" The dog kept saying, "Tiug, tiug, bones is coming."

She had died. Her mother was crying. The dog recognized her bones and barked. That's all.

Arna-rrurluq etsaglaumalra paningqerlluni. Kaiguarlutek uksumi, awa cikungkan ipilutek nanwaq. Piugtengqerllutek. Cilla-llu arnanguasaaq taugna iqsaguaryaasagluni. Iqsait cacat naniit, qaillun pusngaqaat. Iqsalilaumalriit cacat ima ellin atriit aguuanka, nanernek iqsaliluteng.

Arnanguasaaq iqsagyumluni, maamani piluku, "iqsagyaturciqua ggwall'u piturciqukuk." Agluni awa. Awa-llu unukaulluku. Awa piugteq qilugluni, "Tiug, tiug." Neqet tainiluki, "Neqet taiwakartut." Arnanguasaaq taiskan iqallugnek. Cilla-llu awa taiskan piugtengusaaq qilugluni, "Tiug, tiug, qasq'eret alairtut." Iqallut apsaqluki.

Awa allingmek qangiq-llu taigkunani iqsagyalleg. Maama amikulluni pigtengusaaq mellkilluni. Qilunellpialuni. Arnanguasaaq taigkunani cali. Ima qaku qaugcinek tanqiglluni kipuhmigkunani. Ima nepengwagta, "Tiug, tiug, nanerllinaq alairtuq, nanerllinam cacamek taiten'taakut," piluni.

Cunang arnanguasaam nanii ikugngaitki. Kicimaluni iqsagusaanermini. Ukiinermen tawa'ut ekaarngusaarluni tuquumaluni, taumi sug'et arnam nanii ikugluki.

Maama anluni, "Aa cin-mi cali tawaten qilugcit?" Maama piluni. Piugtengusaaq cilla pitaarluni, "Tiug, tiug, nanerllinaq alairtuq,"

Nanerllinai itrucesaqluki, tuqullrumaluni. Maama qiasaagluni. piugtem liitaqluki nanii qilugluni. Awa tamaaten taqutua.

The Only Pretty Birds

Tangernirtatailngut Saqulet

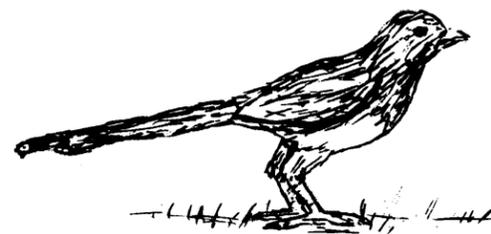
My mom used to tell me about magpies. They used to act big. They thought they were the only pretty birds. They were proud of thier good looks.

The magpies that were so proud of thier good looks, they would come down from the mountains in the wintertime when they were hungry. They would eat from the people's yards. They ate anything and they didn't know they were getting dirty.

In the spring when the birds came, the magpies thought they were the best looking birds.

Then when the fish came, they would be proud of their white aprons. (Meaning the white portion of their body.) When the fish came the magpies would say, "Oh, no, I'll bet those slimy things are coming, and nobody needs them. I've never eaten a slimy thing. I might get my white apron dirty with blood or slime."

Then they would go up to the mountains. They would run away from the slime. They didn't want to get their aprons dirty. They would fly and never be seen.



Maamaama qulianguaqlaqai qallqanaat, anguarluteng saqulet. Kimeng tangernirtatailluteng. Sulikllallrumaluteng. Awa-llu taugkut augkuciquneng-llu suktunguallret uksuq alaiqan kaigluteng sug'et llaat'aitnek piturluteng cacaqinarnek iqaurqengrarmeng nalluluteng.

Iciwami saqulet taikata piungnaqnguarluteng kimeng saqulet. Taumi iqallut alaiqata-llu pil'iitniiteng sulikllaumakait qaterqat. Tqumi iqallut alaiqata piluteng, "ala ta-llu nuaayalayiit makut kinam nuryun'etai qimagturciqanka. Nauayallernek pituqesillartua. Ggwi tamakunek pil'iitniika iqaurqeciqaq, qaterqaq una aullernek, nuaayallernek piliur'qecirkaitaqa." Awa uksuarmi-llu atrarluteng iqallut nangkata.

Then in the fall they would come down when the fish were gone. "You see, we don't like to get our aprons dirty, with blood or slime," they said. "We ran away from them because we are clean birds, and you are messy birds," they would tell the others.

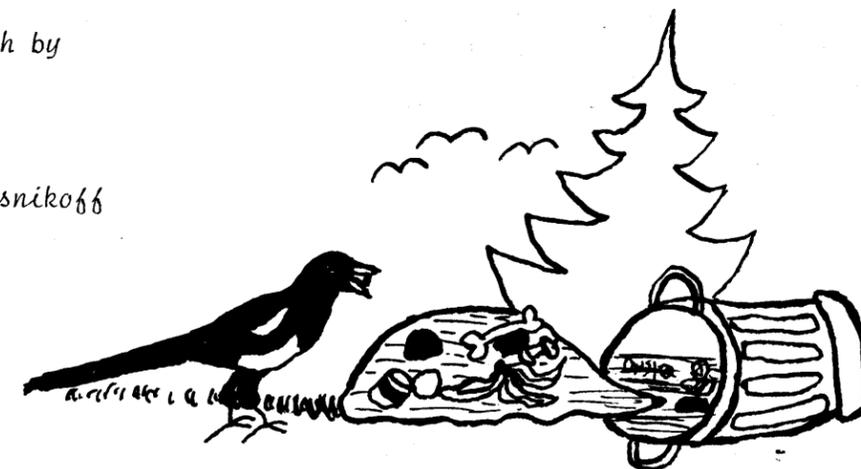
Then in the wintertime they would be hungry. Long time ago they (Aleuts) would call their dumps, "qaniitaqa." They (the magpies) would eat from the garbage and the other birds would say to them, "I thought you were clean birds. Why are you eating from the dump?" The magpies didn't know what to say. They were quiet and couldn't say anything. They were hungry. Now that's how it is.

Story by: Juanita Melsheimer

Transalated to English by
Emily Kvasnikoff
Kathy Kvasnikoff
Prissy Moonin

Layout by: Timmy Kvasnikoff

Nuaayat qimagtulleteng nangkata. Elliita piliitniiteng iqaurqesumirkunaki iqallut alaiqata. "Taqaten ggwangkuta pil'iitniipet eqaurqesumirkunaki, aullret, nuaayallret, qimagturlaapet perripakarluta," qulianguarluteng-llu. Taumi-llu uksumi kaigluteng. Qangikcak llaat'eteng qaniitanik a-perlaqait. Qaniitani-llu piluki, "Ellpeci saqulet ggwangkuta perricukllaqemci, cinmi-llu qaniitani piturcesi?" Mellkirteggkunateng qallqanaat picingegkunateng. Al-lat suktunguitelleteng saqulet pikaateng picingegkunateng kaigluteng, neqailluteng, mellkirmigkunateng-llu. Awa tamaten nallunetanka.



Old Artifacts Found Now And Then

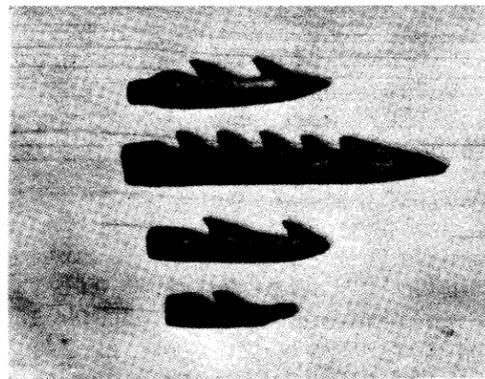
Most of the artifacts pictured in the article were found along the airport here in English Bay. They were found at the mouth of the river as the tide went out. Some were found on the village side and town along the airstrip. Nick Moonin found an oil lamp, a pretty good sized one too.

When the tide washed out they would find spears, and combs like I said, different kinds. Some would be made out of iron nails. Most would be made out of bone. Some of them were made out of wood.

I had a cigar box full of artifacts at one time. There were some combs made from bone. They weren't very good looking, but people used them. A long time ago people used to live where the airport is now. Oh, say about a couple hundred people lived in barabras, before the epidemic hit them.

They had spears attached to poles. When I first came here Father Moonin showed me the deal on it. I think the pole was six feet long. They had a spearhead on it with catches and a sharp point. It had something like small fins sticking out on the spear end. It would be attached to the stick and they would be cut in a kind of a slot deal. They fit this little spearhead into the stick where she holds there. The spear would stick on then it would have the string on it. It had string on the end too.

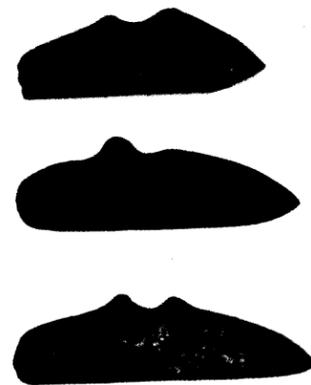
When they threw this spear they had string wrapped around their hands or something else. Then they would spear with their right hands. When the spear hits the fish it goes into the fish while the stick lets go. It's in the fish alright, but the stick is out of it. You just pull the line. That's how spears were made. We used to find some along the spit, that's the airport now.



We used to find small oil lamps, sometimes they were broken. We found Russian axes, but that was mostly towards the village. Like by the Corporation building, and around by Joe Tanape's. We'd find those stone axes. They were made out of stone. Well, they had handles strapped down with senew or I say like animal hide. They'd make string out of those. They would have the head all ground just fine. The ones I found were ground. I'd say about two inches from the point. It was just smooth, just smooth as can be. So, we found some like that.

I had a house with a garden on the North side of it. When I was digging there, I ran into a badge. Then I asked some white people, "What's that ensign on there?" They said that was French ensign on it. Some French officer traveled with (the) Russians when they used to come trading with people along the coast here. So I found that, took a picture of it, and put it in a newspaper. They have it in a Homer Museum. It was a French Officer's badge. That's the only thing I found in my garden.

We found nails, Russian nails. There were some found across from Passage Island. Marvin Norman, he used to find them on his land. He's got land down across the bay. He found many artifacts, his family must still have them.



Russian axes, stone axes, oil lamps, and those spears. Those are the only things we found around here.

They found a shovel once, Herman Tanape found a Russian shovel one time, but I don't know what he did with it.

Old artifacts are found now and then. Either when the tide goes out or when they're working on those roads. They run into artifacts.

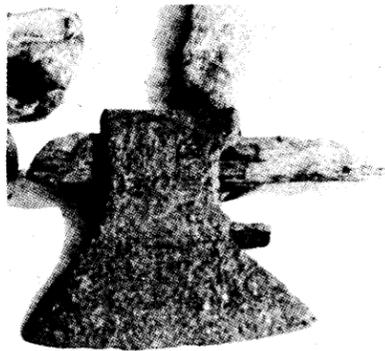


*Table Of Artifacts
Courtesy of Nick Moonin*

It would be nice if they had a shop or a place here in English Bay. If people find artifacts here they'd just leave them there so people could come in and see all that. I hope people that do find them, keep them so they stay here.



Arrow heads used for fishing and hunting. Courtesy of Nick Moonin.



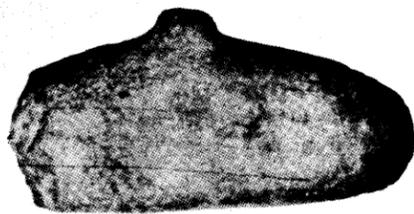
Russian axe made of iron. Courtesy of Sarge Kvasnikoff



Sewing needles women used many years ago, made of bone. Part of Nick Moonin's collection.



Sarge Kvasnikoff and his Artifacts.



Story Told To By: Sarge Kvasnikoff
Story By: Paul Swenning Jr.
Layout By: Emily Kvasnikoff

Stone wedge: Courtsy of Nick Moonin.