

# Igiugig News & Notes

Igiugig Village Council

October 1999

Volume 2, Issue 11

## We'll Miss You, Murphy!

March 28, 1922 –  
September 21, 1999

Watch in next month's newsletter for an article and pictures in the life of Murphy Nickoli.



## SRC 1999 Finishes Up Strong by Bernadette Andrew

The 29 participants of the 1999 Summer Reading Club set new records over last year. They read 1180 books with 83,942 pages! This year awards were given on a point basis which was based on how many of the 13 weeks you contributed and the number of books and pages read. Eleven members received pencils, five members received \$2.00 gift certificates, and thirteen received \$5.00 gift certificates.

### Winners with the most books were:

0 – 4	Shaun Andrew	299
5 – 8	Jeremy Salmon	124
9 – 18	Tanya Salmon	84
	Jon Salmon	84
19 & ↑	Julie Salmon	16

### Winners with the most pages were:

0 – 4	Shaun Andrew	8854
5 – 8	Jeremy Salmon	4486
9 – 18	Jon Salmon	14,695
19 & ↑	Julie Salmon	4940

Thanks again to all our participants and we hope you'll join us again next summer!



Enjoying banana splits at the Back-to-school potluck!

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### Birthdays this month

- October 10  
Bonnie Thurston
- October 22  
Panteleimon Askoak
- October 27  
Dallia Andrew
- October 31  
Yako Nickoli

## Hazardous Waste by Kevin Olympic

There are tons of hazardous wastes dumped in to landfills each year. The average household generates more than 20 pounds of toxic waste per year. Many of the toxic chemicals are man made and have become widely used in the past century.

Most of these toxic chemicals are man made such as pesticides, paint, batteries, cleaning products, antifreeze and so on. The toxic chemicals can be turned into noxious smoke. Today's

fires pose the risk of exploding aerosol containers, and other containers, such as old drums. Smoke from dumps can aggravate some illnesses and can cause long term health problems.

Batteries contain toxic lead and corrosive acid. They pose a health threat of burns and blindness from acid exposure, and death or chronic illness from lead indigestion or inhalation. It also can pollute soil and the water.

### DID YOU KNOW?

The acids from batteries can burn the skin even when diluted in water.

Plastic and treated wood can give off toxic fumes and leave toxic ash.

## Stoked on Recycling by Christina Salmon



Bill's presentation on the danger of lead acid batteries (Ponty) in the dump and getting into the groundwater and affecting the berry bushes (Alicia).

Bill Stokes, with the Department of Environmental Conservation, was here August 26, 1999 to give a presentation to our community about the importance of recycling and the hazards of polluting our environment.

His presentation was aimed mainly at the younger students of the village because he strongly believes that the future of our village depends on the younger generation. Although his presentation was very short, it was very informative and entertaining. He had several demonstrations involving the younger children, and got them involved with his presentation any way he could. He spoke mainly about why we should be recycling all material possible, and how motor oil harms our ecosystem.

Even though Bill Stokes was not able to stay longer and give a more in depth presentation, we all appreciated his time and cooperation with our village.

## What Did You Like Best About Our Field Trip To Brooks Camp?

Jacob - I liked the campground the best because we slept there in tents. We had a campfire too. At the campfire we sang songs. Before we went to bed, we went to the outhouse down the trail. I said hey bear to keep them away.

Angel - I liked going to the Land of 10,000 Smokes. Hiking down the mountain and looking at the fossils was fun. I liked taking the shortcut coming up the trail. The bus ride was fun because we sang songs. I saw a lynx. We gave Greg a cheer every time we crossed a creek. We crossed three!

Shayna - I liked seeing the part of Land of 10,000 Smokes. It was fun because I got a pin from Ranger Jen. I got to sit next to Mr. Gurule and Alicia on the bus ride.

Alicia - I liked seeing bears the best. I saw Snaggletooth at the falls. I got Diver Cards from Ranger Greg and I saw Diver.

Jeremy - I liked going to the Land of 10,000 Smokes and seeing the volcano's ash and the volcanoes. Sleeping in the tent was fun. I like my sleeping bag.

Ponty - I liked seeing the Valley of 10,000 Smokes. We could see the volcano's ash from a long time ago. The bus trip was fun when we went to the house and had lunch. I liked my dad coming with us on the whole trip.

## The Horse Rider by Tanya Salmon

It was a hot muggy Thursday July 8<sup>th</sup> afternoon in New York. The window of the long, gray, Mercury car was halfway open. The wind streaked through and blew on my face. Alex sat next to me in the back seat talking to my gram. We were on the trafficless Jackson Street. There were lots of crops and farms along this street. It looked like we had entered another state. We were on our way to 'Way Farm,' so I could take my horse riding lessons. I was so excited. I was finally going to take horse-riding lessons. I wanted to take horse-riding lessons since last year!

We drove to a place that had three white buildings, and a big pile of horse poop. A dirt road stretched between the buildings. The road led to a place with a brown fence. We waited, and nobody came out. My gram thought we were at the wrong place, but there was a brown board with white carving on it that said 'Way Farm.' The sign was on the main horse stable with a few small trees growing beneath it. We saw two grown up white cats. Then I saw a few more. A few minutes later, a cat came out with four white kittens trailing behind and one brown one in the shade. Two wiener dogs with stubby tails were lazing around and trying to get into the shade.

We stood around for awhile, since nobody was around, and we went into the car to wait. Then we got out when we saw somebody. Alex started to complain about how bad it smelled. My gram thought that it reeked also. I couldn't smell because I had a plugged nose. The person we saw was a girl about fifteen, she was dragging a pony with its tail chopped off. The pony would not cooperate. It kept on dragging its hooves and not listening. We asked her if she knew where Kim (my teacher) was.

"Kim should be here in a few minutes," the girl responded. "She drives a white car."

So, we waited, talking and glancing at the road. Finally she came. She talked to my gram and said that she will be right back. She had to help a girl handle her horse. Finally she said that she was ready.

She led us into the main stable. There was a lot of horses in there. Kim led us to the very end of the building. There were saddles on these hooks on

the walls and blankets and reins. She asked me if I ever rode a horse before and I told her that I didn't. She picked out the horse.

His name was Brandon. Brandon had dirty white hair with black speckles. He had white, gray, and black mane and tail that felt like caribou hide. Kim brushed the horse and put on a maroon blanket, then the saddle. I noticed that I was going to be riding English, since there was no knob in the front of the saddle. On riding English, there is no knob on the front of the saddle, and on Western there is. There is a knob to hold on to when you trot, or to put a rope on, if you are roping. I put my black riding hat on that my cousin had let me borrow.

We walked out into the ring. A brown fence surrounded it. Inside the ring, it was very dusty. Kim brought me to a stool. I stood on the stool and I climbed onto the horse, the way that Kim told me. The first thoughts that galloped in my head were "Wow, I hope I don't fall," and "this does not feel as secure as it looks in the movies."

Kim taught me how to steer the horse, how to walk, and how to trot. I had trouble with steering at first. I had trouble steering because I pulled to hard on the reins. So, I had the idea of putting a steering wheel on the front of the horse, and have reins tied to the sides, so that if I wanted to turn, I could turn the steering wheel and the whole horse would turn. I finally got the hang of steering and I dropped the idea of the steering wheel. I didn't think that riding a horse could be tiring, but it was. To make it worse, it was hot and kind of buggy. The bugs kept landing on the horse, and the horse would try to move to get the bug off, so it was hard to get the horse to cooperate. About twenty minutes later, there were six other people and their horses in the ring. It was kind of crowded, but I didn't care, I was too excited.

When it was time to go back, I was very hot and sweaty. My hair was all wet, so it looked like I took a bath in sweat. As soon as I got into the house, I changed my clothes and I washed my hair. I did not want to smell like horse!

*(Continued on page 6)*

## The Massive Fair by Christina Salmon

Flashing lights, blaring music, thrilling rides, and long lines to concession stands. It was just a normal day at the Minnesota State Fair, but to me it was incredible. I had never been to a state fair that was so colossal. The only other state fair I have ever been to was the Alaska State Fair and I had always thought it to be fairly large, until I went to Minnesota's fair. There were two sections of the fair for rides, one section was rides for little kids and the other section was for older people and the extremists.

Lydia, Cheryl Angel, a fellow student of ours and I went to the state fair together in Minneapolis after a long day in class. We did not know what to expect, but we knew that it was going to be big even before we were near the fair because the traffic getting there was slow and long. When we finally arrived we had to park way in the back because all of the other lots were already filled for the evening.

We then began our long walk towards the fair grounds. When we arrived there we did not know what to go and do first, so we spent some time just looking around at all there was to do. Lydia and Cheryl were both hungry and decided to eat before we made our rounds around the fair. I was too excited to eat so I nibbled at some corn fritters and drank a slushy. I particularly enjoyed the corn fritters because it was my first time trying them and they reminded me a little of fried bread with corn in them. We then pushed our way through the crowded streets towards the rides. Lydia, Cheryl, and I went on the first ride together and Lydia decided she was not going to go on another ride that

night. Lydia had sandals on and she was afraid that she would lose them when she was going upside down. Plus, she has a bad back and figures that it would be safer for her to not go on extreme rides seeing as they may ruin her back. While Lydia went off to play games in the booths, Cheryl and I continued our way through many of the rides. My favorite ride was the Remix: you were spun around so fast you could barely hear yourself screaming. I knew I was screaming, though, because when I got off of the ride my throat was sore and I could barely speak without having to swallow after every other word. After five different rides I was beginning to feel queasy and couldn't walk straight without trying, I decided that it was time to be done with the rides.

We looked around for Lydia and played a few games in different booths. I played this one game where you had to pop at least two balloons and would win a poster. I popped both of the balloons and won a Ricky Martin poster. Then Lydia found this cool 3-D movie place showing a film about Dinosaurs. The show only lasted about 5 minutes and we decided to go back to the hotel. We caught the tram back to the other side of the fair and then caught the last trolley to our parking spot. I enjoyed the tram ride a lot because I had never been in one before. While we were up in the tram you could see how large the fair was.

By the time we returned to our hotel I was beat. I ate my candied apple and fell asleep. I would love to go back to a fair that large with so many things to do.

## Fracturing My Left Wrist by Jonathan Salmon

This summer, I was walking backwards on top of the outhouse in front of the Igiugig School. The only way a person could get on top of the outhouse is by getting on the fence and jumping on to the outhouse. I fell off while playing tag with Ponty. The fall had fractured my left wrist, which was my first time ever fracturing a bone.

After I fell I couldn't move my wrist; it did not hurt as much as I thought it would. Instead it stung a lot. Probably because it happened so fast. I never cried either after plunging about 7 feet.

I had to wait 3 days before I got a cast on it. When I got the cast on it itched, got scaly, and curly arm hairs. A waitress at a D and D restaurant in Naknek gave me free ice cream for being nice and having a cast on. It was the best ice cream I ever had. It was mixed ice cream with cold chocolate oozing down the sides and with a cherry on top. It was put into a golden colored dish

**"... Having a fractured wrist was fun and then it drove me crazy, except that I could use the cast for a club on my sisters."**

with little designs carved into it, the dish almost looked liked a wine cup.

At first having a fractured wrist was fun and then it drove me crazy, except that I could use the cast for a club on my sisters. I couldn't work much either. When I got the cast off my arm, my arm tried to float away because it was as light as a helium balloon. It was also very weak. The wrist took a couple of weeks to heal, and to get my strength back. Now I can do almost all the things I use to be able to do with my left hand. I can tell that it is not fully strengthened because I can't start a warm outboard motor with my left arm.

## A Fly-Fishing Experience by AlexAnna Salmon

Before August 29, 1999, I thought fly-fishing was the most boring, most pathetic way to fish. It looks so boring because all you do is continually swing the line into the water, and rip it out again, throw the line back into the water and take it out again. How are you supposed to catch a fish? I only gave fly fishing one thought: it is complicated and no fun, that is until I tried it and became hooked.

Eric, the lodge handyman, volunteered to take the other housekeeper, Samantha, and me fishing. I really wanted to go, since I hadn't fished that summer, and I was excited to do a fun activity after a long day of work at the Royal Wolf Lodge. That entire day I was bursting with excitement that I was going fishing. I did not think that we would go fly fishing, since Sam and I didn't know how to, but Eric said he'd teach us how. Sam and I weren't too happy about fly fishing because we wanted to spin rod fish, but nevertheless, we decided to go. We wanted to spin-rod fish because we were familiar with it and it is easier. Fly-fishing would be new, and more challenging.

So, after work, on a rainy, foggy, and dark evening, the three of us headed up the Nonvianuk River, which was very pretty, even on a rainy day, to catch a few rainbow trout. Eric was such a hilarious teacher

that he made Sam and I laugh the whole time we were learning how to fish. Eric and Sam told me funny stories about what happened that summer, and fishing bloopers. I thought that I would fall off the boat for sure, because I was laughing so hard.

I learned how to back cast, which was difficult, but more fun than casting with a spin rod. For me, casting a fly rod felt like trying to lasso a fish. Fish were jumping all around our boat, teasing us. They would nibble at our hook, which was an imitation of an egg-sucking leech, and then swim away. Finally after many casts, Eric hooked a fish and gave the rod to Sam, who was ready to reel it in. The fish was a really pretty rainbow that weighed about three pounds. Eric released the fish, and then I practiced casting. My casts were very pathetic at first, then I slowly got the hang of it. Casting a fly rod looks simple, but when you try it, you realize how much skill casting takes.

Eric also caught a fish for me to reel in, which I got all excited about. I reeled in really fast, because I was so used to using a spin-rod. I thought I really had the fish that time; however, being a beginner, I lost the fish. That time I was the sucker! We fished for a while longer, but then Sam and I started to get cold and it

*(Continued on page 7)*

## The Mamba Rush by Ida Nelson

August 29, 1999, my mom Agafia, Eileen and I drove to Kansas City, Missouri to go to The Worlds of Fun, which had one of the biggest, longest, fastest, highest, roller coasters in the world. Just by reading the Worlds of Fun guide had my heart racing from the excitement as we entered through the gates.

All of the rides were exciting but the Mamba gave us more than just a thrill of excitement but a scare. When we reached the ramp of the Mamba people were already wide-eyed, and jittery.

As we stood in the line impatiently, sweat rolled down my cheek. My hands were shaking as I watched the roller coaster go up and down the hill going 75mph and reaching 3.5g's. As I was watching and waiting, the rampage grew inside me as they road off on the Mamba. As we were waiting for other passengers to get off the car and walk down the ramp. We were filled with energy for our turn to jump into the car. This is a ride I'd never forget.

The sun was setting over the hillside. We buckled up as the bar came down; now there is no turning back. One more check. We are ready to go. The roller coaster started with a steady climb up the hill. Our hearts sounding like a bouncing hammer. My heart raced when the speed changed to 75mph

**"My hands were shaking as I watched the roller coaster go up and down the hill going 75mph and reaching 3.5g's."**

down hill, screams heard from every passenger on board, around in a circle and then to small hills that felt like we were on a ship out in the ocean, around a curve and slow down to a stop once again, we are in a crawl to the pit stop for a 3-minute ride from the Mamba.

The bar and the buckle came off and we jumped out from the roller coaster and walked down the ramp. Then my heart had slowed down to a steady beat. While walking down we looked at each other and laughed because our hair looked like a rat's nest. That was one of my thrills of summer of 1999. I wanted to go for one last time but we had to drive back to Topeka, Kansas. The rides were fun, exciting, and thrilling; it was the time of my life. Going back to Topeka, Kansas I fell asleep, exhausted with visions of the Mamba, coasting . . . up and down that hill of 75mph.

## Sleeping on the Sandy by David Alvarez

This summer was my first time to sleep on the boat, the Sandy, with my Uncle Bud, my brother Jack Paine, and my dad the captain, and for entertainment, we lit off firecrackers, and one firecracker almost hit a sea gull! The captain and crewmen also played cards. We were anchored at the mouth of the Naknek River. I had a hard time to get to sleep on Independence Day because too much firecrackers were being lit. And because there wasn't much boats passing by and there wasn't much waves to make the Sandy rock a little. And there wasn't any wind so it was calm and I was used to huge waves. I worked on the Sandy so I can make money for a canoe, for our family to put into one of our 3 ponds.

When I woke up at 5:00AM the waves were big enough to make the Sandy rock a little. I couldn't tell what kind of boat was making waves, a jet boat, or a prop boat it was too dark for me to tell. I could, however, see the lights of Trident Cannery North and South. I saw 4 lights of city dock (a regular dock), and I saw about 10 lights of Peter Pan Cannery South. That morning was cold, dark, and wet.

And when the opening was over we went home and I felt like I was still on the Sandy. When you're on a fishing boat for 4 to 6 hours, and rocking a lot from the wind and huge waves you should still feel like you are on your small or big boat when your out in Bristol Bay.

## Lessons on Horse-Riding continued . . .

*(Continued from page 3)*

I took horse-riding lessons every Tuesday and Thursday until the very day I left. I learned how to do: diagonal one, diagonal two and how to do the following: the two post. In diagonal one, you have to stand up when the horse's outside leg reaches forward, and the other diagonal was to move from one side of the ring to the other in a diagonal. In the two post, I had to stand up and ride and hang onto the horse's mane. I even got

to use the twitch that you whip the horse with. It became very helpful when the horse wouldn't listen. I enjoyed taking horse-riding lessons this summer, but next summer it is going to be swimming!

Horse-riding lessons was a great experience, and a great way to exercise. I think that people who like horses should try horse-riding lessons. You learn a lot about the animal and you get to meet new friends!

## First LSAC by Sandra Alvarez

The regular meeting of the LSAC was held on Thursday, September 23, 1999 at 4 p.m. in the School Library. Tanya reported on the recent trip to Katmai, enjoyed by all the students of Igiugig School and a number of adults from the community.

Bernie Gurule was not able to attend the meeting because he was providing the P.E. Aide training in King Salmon. He took particular notice of the great job the kids did in the Summer Reading Club, and commended Bernadette and the Village Council for their dedication to the education of our kids.

Preschool will begin in October for those students three

to four years of age.

Also noted was the date for the first AA meet, which will be held in Nondalton October 27-29. The Coastal Clean Up is still going to happen as soon as the water drops sufficiently to let people get onto the beach, watch for information on this.

Student census days are from September 27 to October 22 so be sure that your students make it to school all of those days to ensure that our school gets all the funding it should.

The next meeting of the LSAC will be October 21<sup>st</sup> and will include the annual election.

Be sure to participate in your child's education by attending parents meetings and showing your student how important you believe their schooling is.



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Christina Salmon, IGAP/EPA Intern

Kevin Olympic, IGAP/EPA Intern

## Fly-Fishing continued . . .

*(Continued from page 5)*

was getting dark.

After that, we fished until it was pitch black outside and started to rain. So, we decided to head home. I am the only person in my family that knows how to fly-fish, and that makes me happy that I know something that my dad doesn't know. Pretty soon I'll be looking at the fly-fishing magazines and tying hooks. My first time fly-fishing will be a memory of a lifetime because I had so much fun.

## Recipe Corner

### CARDAMOM COFFEE CAKE

oil or butter for the pan

1 lb. butter softened

2 cups packed light brown sugar

4 eggs

2 tsp. vanilla extract

4 cups flour

2 tsp. baking powder

2½ tsp. baking soda

½ tsp. salt

1 tbsp. cardamom, powdered

2 cups sour cream, yogurt, or buttermilk

#### Nut Mixture

¼ cup packed light brown sugar

1 tbsp. cinnamon

½ cup finely chopped walnuts

1. Preheat oven to 350°F. Butter or oil a 10-inch tube or bundt pan.
2. In a large mixing bowl, beat butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in the vanilla.
3. Sift together the dry ingredients (not including the nut mixture ingredients) in a separate bowl.
4. Add the flour mixture, one-third of it a time, to the butter mixture, alternating with the sour cream (or yogurt or buttermilk). Stir just enough to blend after each addition. Don't beat or otherwise overmix.
5. Combine the nut mixture ingredients in a separate small bowl.
6. Spoon approximately one-third of the batter into the prepared pan. Sprinkle with half the nut mixture, then add another third of the batter. Cover with remaining nut mixture, then top with remaining batter. Lightly spread into place.
7. Bake approximately 1¼ hours or until a knife inserted all the way in comes out clean. Allow to cool in the pan for 20 minutes, then invert onto a plate. Cool at least 30 minutes before devouring this deliciously rich cake!

Do you have a recipe you'd like to share with us? Please submit any to Bernadette by the 20th of the month.