

TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS

Check Out Little Creek Apartments

Our apartment community offers housing discounts to tribal members and employees of the Siletz Tribe and Chinook Winds Casino.

We have two-bedroom/one-bath and three-bedroom/two-bath apartments with washer/dryer hook-ups. We also offer

a clean, quiet environment with an exercise room, video library, and playground, as well as a Kid's Club.

Rents start at \$475 (discounted to \$425). Take advantage of our move-in special - **\$ off first month's rent!** Call Judy at 541-265-2663 or stop by 365 NE 36th St., Newport. Don't miss out!

Note: Clip this article for \$30 off the screening fee.

Walts Words of Wit and Wisdom

Long ago now, in Logsdan at Frank Lyons' place, there was a railroad track that trains with logs would travel, hauling logs from Camp Gorge landing to the Toledo mill. There was a trestle across Rock Creek. As far as I'm concerned, it's a river. The water doesn't get very deep there, but sometimes becomes quite swift.

Just downstream in a not-too-easily-accessed spot is a rock bench that's maybe five feet above the water line. Here, not very far from the Siletz River, the water gets pretty turbulent. We had to cross a steep sloping slick rock to get there. I don't know why no one ever fell into the river.

I call this the "fishing hole"; maybe others have a different name for it. Frank Lyons allowed Indian people to go there and gaff salmon and hook eels. He also gaffed salmon there himself.

Many Siletz people would gather there to catch eels when the eel ants were showing on hot summer nights during the dark of the moon. Many men hooked the little critters and tossed them back on the rocks. The women would gather them and put them in sacks. I never could figure out how they knew whose eel was whose, but I guess it didn't make any difference.

They burned old tires for light and heat. The eels would have to slow down because of the speed of the water. Many of them would stick to the bottom to rest, definitely a fatal mistake. The ones who stopped always were caught; the ones who kept moving either poured on the steam and went upstream or let loose entirely and went back downstream.

A lot of laughing, eating, and storytelling went on down there. Everyone had a good time and everybody would leave with a sack full of eels.

This wasn't the only place where people hooked eels. Further upriver was a place called the Belle Bell Hartman place. This was part of Rufus Harris' allotment. He was my dad's nephew, don't quite know how. He and the Bemrose boys - Ike, Howard, and Joe - would build a bridge across Rock Creek. It didn't look to safe to me; I doubt that OSHA would have approved. They, too, used tires for light.

Many Siletz people would go there and hook eels and other types of fish. Sometimes a Chinook would come by, but an eel hook will not take care of a Chinook. It straightens the hook out.

There was a game warden whose name I can't remember. He came to the rock when the fish were running, but never did very well. Maybe he didn't intend to, I don't know. He never came when our people were fishing.

When it came time for the fish to shoot the rapids, they did not waste any time. The person gaffing had to be ready because there would only be one chance. The catch percentage was very low based on the number of fish that went by. Back where the water was turbulent, one couldn't see the fish.

There was one fellow, I can't remember his name but I think it was Hank Johnson, who had a white handlebar mustache. He would sit on a bucket or something with a pole across his knees. His eyes looked like he was asleep when all of a sudden, like a bolt of lightning, his hook would hit the water and out would come a fish. We would talk among ourselves and ask, "How did he know there was a fish there?" One could not see because of the whitewater or muddy water, whichever was the case.

As stated before, the eels would run during the dark of the moon and when the eel ants were out. If there happened to be thunder and lightning, the eels would run like crazy.

The bottom of the stream would be white with dead eels and the crawdads would have a Christmas dinner. Countless numbers of day eels would be on the rocks everywhere in the stream. Far as I know, the day eels were not harvested. I don't know why, guess I never asked. The old-timers didn't take them and that is all that was necessary.

Today, we don't see any day eels. We don't see any carcasses on the bottom of the stream and not many crawdads are there. The eel ants still come out but rarely an eel is seen. I have spent many nights looking for them, but only a few go by. Once in a great while, I'll see where one has spawned. I don't see many fish either.

Charitable Committee Seeks Requests

The Siletz Tribal Charitable Ad-Hoc Committee has been established and is looking for donation requests. The deadline for fourth-quarter distribution is Aug. 31, 2000. The committee will meet in September to review requests and award donations. Criteria for contributions is as follows:

- (1) Requests will not be given to individuals for sponsorship (i.e., an individual requesting assistance to attend camp).
- (2) Requests must benefit an organization or group (number of tribal members benefiting will be considered).
- (3) Tribal elders activities and tribal youth events will be considered a priority (Siletz- and Toledo-area schools).
- (4) Other charitable contributions may be made for the following purposes: education, health and social services, the arts, cultural activities, historical preservation, gambling addiction, prevention and/or treatment, and activities that promote economic self-sufficiency.

The requesting organization must agree to allow publicity after it receives a donation. The committee also will require an update explaining the results or benefits of the donation.

If you have any questions or would like a "Request for Charitable Contributions" form, please contact the executive secretary to Tribal Council at 1-800-922-1399 or 541-444-8203.