

TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS



Shirley Walker (l), Kay Steele, Ed Ben, Donna Kessinger, Lucky Miles, Dennis Lane, Tess Green, and Connie Hartt gather at Battle Rock.

Our Trip to the Rogue

The Elders Program took two vans to the Run to the Rogue. Many other elders also attended. This was a new experience for some of our elders and made the trip even more exciting.

What a thrill driving on Highway 101 and seeing our runners carrying the tribal staff. We had a great time stopping at different places and visiting with the runners and all the volunteers who make the Run to the Rogue so successful. The dinner at Port Orford was really nice and they had the head table set for the tribal elders. They made us feel special.

Saturday morning was a busy one, getting ready and getting breakfast, wondering the whole time where the runners were, how far had they gone, and thinking maybe they were already to Oak Flats. Once there, we found that it was really hot. There was much socializing and many fun things to watch. The kids played in the water and us elders, well, we were looking for shade and a cool breeze! We had a wonderful salmon dinner and really enjoyed the feather dancers.

Logo Contest for Elders Bus

Win \$100!

The elders are looking for a **logo**, created by a tribal member, to go onto our bus. Three colors would be preferred. Please submit your entry to Kathryn Dick at the Siletz office by Nov. 8. The elders will make their decision at the meeting on Nov. 10, and \$100 will go to the artist whose design is selected. We have many artists in our tribe and look forward to your assistance.



New Tribal Policeman Joins Force

Michael German has been hired as a Siletz Tribal policeman. His wife, Kristina, originally is from Siletz, and she and Michael moved back to Siletz about a year ago.

Michael German (r) is sworn in by Judge Calvin Gantenbein as Police Chief Norm Counts looks on. Six-year-old Dezarae and a baby boy due in January round out the family.

Michael spent nearly 10 years in the Coast Guard, stationed in Coos Bay and Seattle. He also served in the Navy Reserve, where he received three honorable discharges, and worked in security at Chinook Winds Casino. The job in Siletz is his first law enforcement position.

"It will be a challenge to be in public service to the community, especially with the wide range of cultures here," he said.

Michael and Kristina are ready to set down roots in Siletz. Michael's dad was in the military, so the family lived in many places, including Germany, Alaska, Kentucky, Rhode Island, and Virginia. Michael and Kristina also decided that they didn't want to raise Dezarae in the Portland-Vancouver area.

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Well, it's hunting season again; by the time this gets out, it will be pretty much over. This is the time that many of us like to get out in the woods, not necessarily to kill a deer, but to remember all the good times that we have had in the past.

I have hunted with my dad naturally, Eddie Bensel, Bill Batise, and Jimmie Fleming. Also have been in parties with Lester and Edwin Simmons. Edwin used to say that we can say anything now, there's no one left to dispute it. Today I can say the same thing; all those whom I have hunted with have gone on to the happy hunting grounds.

Today, for me anyway, it's not so much that I want to kill a deer or elk. I want to be out there among the spirits of those who have crossed over to reflect back on the good times, the stories that were told, and the stories that were in the making. I have said many times that the things that happen the way they should do not make the memories, it's the little things that happen out of the ordinary.

Like, for instance, making coffee. Now if one gets up in the morning and makes a pot of coffee, no big deal. But, if when you get to camp, you pour a pound of coffee into a pot and boil it, then the next day put a half-pound in and the next. This does build a memory, as well as very powerful coffee, like Ed Simmons one day while on a stand up on the Pettycrew place.

I was with my dad. I was not allowed to be by myself yet, pretty young carrying a .22. Anyway, we could see Edwin and a deer came out. He shot many

times, emptied his rifle. Then as we watched, he did something, but we could not see what at the time. When Dad and I and Jimmy got together, he said "I missed, don't know why," Then he looked at his rifle and the rear sight was jacked way up. He said that someone had messed with his sights.

Jimmy had a habit of going to sleep while on stand. I was older now and was allowed to have a big rifle, a 38.55, long-barreled and heavy, so now I can identify with those old timers. It's not so much the hunt as it is the thoughts of yesteryear.

As the thoughts come back about those hunting trips and the food, when anyone complained about the eating, that's who became the cook. We have sat down to fried potatoes that were black on one side and raw on the other. Do you think anyone would complain? Can you imagine the trouble at home if dear little wifey did that?

And the long shots. Wow, some of those 100-foot shots become 1,000-yard shots without a rest, but it takes awhile to get there depending on how many are in the camp and the size of those trophies.

Those black tails had outgrown the mule deer 10 to 1. I don't know, but by the way everyone looked, they all believed what they were hearing. Of course, I believed every bit of it. After all, one does not question an **elder**, that is the way I was taught. I hunt by myself now, but the spirits of all those whom I have hunted with are with me while I'm out there and all these good memories come drifting back. Then it's time to go home.