

Congratulations, Sister Francella Griggs, on 60 Years

Portland Area, Siletz Tribal Elder Francella Mary Griggs

by Shirley Walker

Sister Francella celebrated 60 years of religious profession on June 15, 2002.

It was an honor and a privilege to attend the service with Sister Francella at Chapel of the Holy Names in Marylhurst, Ore.

Kay Steele and I met Sister and other Jubilarians at their home in Portland. We had the privilege of riding in their limousine to Marylhurst to attend the services.

They repeated their vows: "In the name of the most Blessed Trinity, in the presence of our Lord, Jesus Christ, of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God of Marie-Rose Doroche, our foundress, and of chastity, poverty, and obedience, according to the Constitutions of the Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. So help me God."

The message of the service was, "This is what Yahweh asks of you, only this, to act **justly**, to love **tenderly**, and to walk **humbly** with our God. Micah VI"

Sister Francella, Kay Steele, and Shirley Walker join others for the trip to the Chapel of the Holy Names in Marylhurst.



Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Well, the chittum peeling season is about over, but some of the memories are there. Years ago, this was a source of revenue for many Siletz residents.

My grandpa bought several acres of timberland on Sam's Creek. He wasn't interested in the timber, it wasn't worth too much then. He sold the timberland to Wineberg Timber Holdings in Corvallis at the time, with a clause that he had chittum rights. There was a lot of chittum on that land.

Eddie Bensel, Alvin Nephew, and I peeled a lot of bark on that land. I don't know where that parcel of land is now. After the logging, I can't find it. The chittum was pretty much demolished, but it comes back multifold.

As a youngster, I used to walk a long way. There was a canyon a ways from where I lived called the Street Matter Place. It was four or five miles. My mom used to peel up there, but she used a horse to pack the bark out. I used my back. It was a wonderful place, though. I in my little mind figured that it would be there forever, but it was logged.

There was another canyon called Pot Water Canyon. It wasn't quite as far to start but did get to be a long way, especially with a couple of sacks of chittum. As steep and rugged as it was, I figured that wheels would never go there. Wrong again. There was a big peak at the end of that canyon and curiosity did get the best of me. I had to see what

could be seen from that peak. Hah, more peaks. I did come down another canyon called Simmons Canyon.

Now, after all the logging operations that have gone on there, I have absolutely no idea of how I did it. While the timber was there, I guess there were landmarks. Eddie Bensel picked fern in that area and he always made trails. The deer would follow his trails so there were good markings. While peeling some of the places, I would carve my initials and the date in the alder trees for future generations to see. Shucks, the trees have been logged and probably no one paid any attention to them.

One time, I took two others peeling, Don Sheppard and Frank Strome. We went to a good area with some very big trees. We crossed Rock Creek at the falls, then headed to the Henry place way over on Sam's Creek.

We crossed Sam's Creek at the Elliot place, but for some reason this great leader took the wrong fork. After what seemed like hours, I realized that I was lost, in a way. I didn't know where we were, but I did know where we came from, so we hit Sam's Creek and followed it backward until we came to the Elliot place, then started over.

This time, we found the orchard and a lot of good chittum peeling, in fact too good. Those sacks were heavy and it's about five miles or more cross country to get home. I believe it was

getting a little dark by the time we got to Rock Creek.

There still may be some big trees in that area. Years later, I peeled there when I could drive to the orchard, then dried and sacked it there. My uncle told me to fall the trees because then they would grow again. I don't know if this is true, but today where the logging was done, the chittum trees are growing very well.

Where the logging was done in the late '40s and early '50s, there are some very large chittum trees. There's some inclination to peel them, but then I have another thought that's much better: Let someone else do it. The price per pound now is something like five times as much, though. I think it was something like 12 cents a pound, dry. Old D.B. McMullen in Siletz bought most of it. In Logsdon, Denzel Goddard bought it, but he was very fussy. It seems that someone sold him some alder bark.

In the early morning, I would head for the hills with an axe, chittum spud, pack board, and a sandwich. Water was at any spring and I didn't have to worry about beaver fever or anything.

Sometimes, I had a rifle. Bears like to frequent the chittum patches too. I didn't really care to meet with them, so I would fire a few rounds to let them know that they had a visitor coming. Most of the time, they would take the hint and move somewhere else. My uncle said that the bear was not far away though, and probably was watching.

Those were the good old days? I don't think so.

Another Year of Wisdom Happy Birthday!

Bert Bartow, 8/16
 Delbert Bell, 8/25
 Juanita Bostrom, 8/4
 Rosalie Bremner, 8/27
 Joyce Britton, 8/11
 Ronald Butler, 8/21
 Geri Calaba, 8/19
 Charles Depoe, 8/14
 Peter Depoe Sr., 8/21
 Duane Endres, 8/2
 Consuelo Fernandez, 8/1
 Richard Fernandez, 8/30
 Stephen Flores, 8/17
 Kathleen Forster, 8/15
 Mary Grabert, 8/28
 Robert Jordan, 8/19
 Joseph Lane Jr., 8/24
 Lois Lanier, 8/13
 Martha Lockhart, 8/12
 Wanda Melton, 8/17
 Charlotte Noble, 8/9
 Maxine Rilatos, 8/7
 Marie Spratt, 8/4
 Betty Stahr, 8/13
 Mary Viles, 8/11
 Shirley Walker, 8/1
 Joan Washington, 8/7