

To the editor:

My name is Joseph Paul McKnight, the son of the great Clarice Bell (McKnight). As you may know, I became ill (so to speak), and I would like to thank a few people.

First, I want to thank Ed Ben for the eagle feather and taking the time to drive from Salem to Eugene, where I live. To the love of my life for the past 16 years, my son, Justin Paul McKnight – You were and always will be daddy's angel. I love you so much.

Thanks to my sister for the rides and things. You're pretty alright. I love you. Thanks to my brother, Mel, for watching Laker games with me (even though you hate the Lakers). Love you, bro'.

Thanks to all of my Siletz people. Your love, support, and prayers meant a lot to me. I love you all.

To my mom – I love you so much. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be writing this letter. It's because of you that I healed so fast. Your motherly love was good medicine; ain't nothing better in the world than your love. And to the rest of my family – I love you all so much. You really are the best. I can't love you any more.

And a special shout to Ralph and Calvin – thanks for coming out, that really meant a lot. I love you guys, too.

Thank you to everybody again. Loves from the bottom of my heart.

Jo Joe McKnight

Robert, con't from page 2

of a good-sized stream on the south side of Humbug Mountain. That village's name has been alternately spelled Yuki, Yukie, or Yukee, and today is most commonly spelled "Euchre" just like the creek near Humbug Mountain where those people used to live.

In my opinion, the placename Kush-lhon-tun (yew wood, lots of, place) cannot correctly be spelled with the English alphabet (not without converting the meaning of some letters to fit the sound system of the Athapaskan or Tututni language) because the sound represented by "lh" as we now write Athapaskan language is not used in the English language. So for many years, the name Kush-lhon-tun (or Kush-lhon-tun-i – yew, lots of, place, people of) has been spelled and pronounced by most people as Quosatana, which would be untranslatable if someone were trying to decipher it from the common pronunciation of today.

Before I close, I wanted to comment that the Nestucca people may not have had enough knowledge of the Tututni people before the reservation days to have a specific

name for them (or if they did, the name given to Gatschet in the late 1870s may have been a newer term). What isn't given is the direct translation of the term "H'ililush."

I'd like to know if it was a descriptive term that referred to reservation contact with the Tututni, such as the battle that occurred between lower Rogue-related people and the Siletz and Salmon River Tillamooks (close relatives of the Nestuccas) near what is now the D River Wayside in Lincoln City soon after our reservation was established. A deadly competition took place there for fishing rights and many died on each side. It's said that many surviving original Siletz River and Salmon River people moved closer to their Nestucca relatives after this battle.

I hope I haven't added too much trivia to this topic. Mr. Caba's point is well taken. I just can't help but believe, though, that even with official standardized spellings of these tribal names, some renegades will spell them the way they always have, the way a historical document (such as the 1855 Coast Treaty) does, or the way their grandparents did.

Broken Helmet Saves Life

by Coby Retherford

My name is Coby Retherford and I have a story to tell you.

It was a Tuesday and it was really hot outside, the hottest day we had all summer. I had been at the skatepark with my cousin, Corey, all day. My mom came home from work and said that she was going to her softball game.

I said that I didn't want to go because I wanted to go back to the skatepark. I said that it was too hot to

wear my helmet. She said that if I didn't wear my helmet, I had to stay home. I tried to argue with her, but she made me wear it.

So she went to her game and Corey and I went back to the skatepark. I had a real bad crash and fell and cracked my helmet completely in half. It really scared me to tell my mom.

When she got home, she asked me what was wrong. I told her that I fell at the skatepark and broke my helmet. She told me to go get my helmet so she could look at it. I got it and told her the whole story. I told her that I could have died. I asked her if we could go buy another helmet and she said that we could go on the weekend.

I didn't even ask to go the skatepark again until we got the new helmet because I knew that she wouldn't let me and I didn't want to anyway.

I hope that when other kids see me and my cousin wearing our helmets, that they will wear theirs too if they have them because a helmet saved my life.



Coby Retherford and his broken helmet

To the editor:

To all who make *Siletz News* possible, **thank you!** The newsletter is a great link for our tribe, especially those of us who live outside of the immediate community.

I enjoy reading all sections, but I want to take the time to acknowledge Eva Clayton for the material she submits. It's very meaningful to me that someone would take the time out of her life and share with everyone what she has. That is a very admirable quality that I feel could benefit everyone.

I have enjoyed representing the Siletz Tribe over the past year as Miss Siletz. Although my reign has ended, the honor of being a Siletz Tribal member has not. I will continue to represent the tribe in all that I do.

Thank you to all my relatives and friends (you know who you are) who have continuously supported and encouraged me in every way possible. For anyone who would have liked to contribute more, please know that you still can by encouraging others, especially young people, to actively participate in good things in life.

As a person from a younger generation, please forgive us for sometimes having high expectations of those before us. There is much understanding for us to gain about why things are the way they are. Many times we need guidance and direction, so please help us that way in your prayers.

Respectfully,
Waleeska Riding In -