

TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS

Lainie Hudson Born in July

by Mom, Dad, and Austin, with love

On July 29 at 9:33 a.m., Lainie Elizabeth Hudson was born to William P.



Hudson Jr. and Stephanie Hudson and brother Austin of Keizer, Ore. She was 6 pounds, 11 ounces, and 19-1/2 inches long.

Her proud grandparents are William P. (Sr.) and Karen Hudson, and Linda Bouressa, all of Keizer. Her proud great-grandparents are Gladys Bolton of Seal Rock, Ore., Alice Carlson of Keizer, and Ruth Cermusiaux of Salem, Ore. She is the great-great-granddaughter of the most wonderful grandma we all loved, the late great Maude Lane.

We love you very much, Lainie.

Simmons Welcome Baby Anthony

*by Grandma and Grandpa Simmons, cousin Sheila and girls,
and the rest of the family, with love*

Welcome to the family, Anthony Jay Simmons, born to Sara and Derek Simmons on July 30, 2002, weighing 8 pounds, 7-1/2 ounces, and 21 inches long. Good job, guys. He's beautiful.

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Well, how time does fly, especially if you're having fun. Didn't think that I was having all that much fun, though. Hunting is just around the corner. That's when all of us great nimrods come out with all our high-powered rifles, scopes, and range finders (heat-seeking bullets), and head for the mountains in search of the elusive four-legged ones that most of the time outsmart the avid hunter.

Through the years, I've had some good teachers. None have guaranteed success, legally that is. When I was young, I was allowed to carry a .22 long-barreled hunk of metal. I had teachers such as Eddie Bensell, Bill Batsie, Edwin Simmons, Jimmy Fleming, Lester Simmons, Skinner Williams, and countless others I can't think of right now. I never hunted with them in a group, but at one time or another I've been in a party with my dad.

I carried this long-barreled .22 but was not allowed to shoot. What was I doing there, anyway? I don't know, but was told a lot of things, mostly about safety for myself and others. Don't shoot at anything 'til you can see what it is. No sound shooting, don't carry a loaded gun - there were an awful lot of don'ts.

As time went on, I was allowed to carry an old 38-55 and was given two rounds. I later found out that my uncle used to give my dad two rounds. Then eventually, I went to work and bought a whole box. Boy, I was in heaven. I had all kinds of big visions with that rifle, like getting a big bear or a big cat. All of these far-fetched dreams never ever happened.

I think that all of these hunters had a coalition or something. They all said the same thing at different times like, "If you shoot, go look." I couldn't really see any reason to. After all, if the animal didn't fall in its tracks, it wasn't hit.

But those guys just wouldn't buy my theory. One time, I shot at a deer and it just walked away. Big deal, missed. I think that it was Edwin who said, "Go look, you may have hit it." I argued, but to no avail. He went with me and sure enough, a few feet from where the deer was shot at, there it was. Darn, I hate these guys who are always right.

To this day, I do not carry a loaded firearm, that is, one in the firing chamber

Election Board Application

Tribal members interested in serving on the 2002-2003 Election Board must fill out the following application and return it to the address below **prior to Sept. 26, 2002**, to be considered for appointment. Please mail or fax your application to:

Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians of Oregon
Attn: Executive Secretary to Tribal Council
P.O. Box 549
Siletz, OR 97380-0549
Fax: 541-444-8325

Name: _____ Roll No.: _____
Address: _____
City, State, and ZIP: _____
Telephone: Day _____ Evening _____

If you would like a copy of the Election Ordinance that details the Election Board duties, please call the executive secretary to Tribal Council at 1-800-922-1399 or 541-444-2532 to request a copy.

and the magazine is loaded. I have attempted to be ready, but when I see a target I will throw the bullet out.

Of course, we have the best of the best according to the advertisements. It's going to cost. The best rifle, several hundred dollars; the best scope, another \$300 or so. Of course, we have to have a ranger finder. This could have been included in the scope, but that has its drawbacks. If you're watching somebody, then the rifle has to be pointed at the person. That's a no-no; never point at anyone.

Then comes ammunition. Some factory loads are inadequate, I guess, so we have to have the better ammo at five times the cost, probably made by the same munitions factory with a different colored box.

Then we have to have a good knife. Pocket knives are out. I don't know why, so we have to have a good brand name. \$10 for the knife, \$50 for the brand name. It has to be sharpened and anyone like me will sharpen the whole knife away and never have a sharp knife.

Well, deer hunting is rather timid, now so elk is the thing. Now the rifle has to be bigger, the knife has to be sharper, we have to have a tent now, and a multitude of stuff to cook with, warm clothing, gas stoves, heaters.

But tents are a nuisance, so a camper or trailer is needed desperately. Now this is living a hard life: warm trailer, warm clothing, plenty to eat. Only problem - the elk are not all that cooperative, darn 'em. Hopefully, we'll get about six inches of snow and an inch each day. This also gives us time to do a lot of good old storytelling (who can tell the biggest lie).

So by then we have bagged our animal and decide to figure the cost. That animal did cost a pretty dime. The one I got cost \$1,300 a pound; beef cost two on the hoof. But we say it's not the cost, it's the fellowship and the gathering of friends from year to year that count. Well, it's all in good spirit. We do have good fellowship with people from all walks of life, people we would not usually fraternize with, doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs.

All of them say the same thing - handle your rifle sensibly, look before you shoot, don't carry a loaded weapon in your car, unload the weapon before going through a fence, and above all, don't drink or use drugs while hunting. This is a danger to yourself and all others in the woods.

All of my teachers have said the basic things as long as I can remember and that has been two or three days now. **Be careful.** That thing you're carrying is not a toy, it's meant to destroy and destroy it will do, but not by itself. **You are responsible.** And to all of you gallant nimrods out there, may you have the best of luck and may you enjoy every moment there is. **Be careful.**