

I Was Thinking

by Eva Clayton

What one common denominator ties us all together? (*Food*) Society in general is hard hit when local markets run out of commodities, not to mention it takes money. Many families run short, both in money and food. What a tragedy since good nutrition affects the mental and physical well-being. There is no excuse for hunger in the land of plenty.

I was thinking (*a thought*). Economic development for the Siletz people needs to be served upon a silver platter. What about a pot roast? Potatoes, fresh-grown vegetables. A sweet golden baked apple pie and a tall glass of ice-cold milk to wash it down.

As we look to avenues of self-help in meeting the needs of the people, why not a reservation ranch. The raising of beef, dairy, chickens, eggs, pork. This would work collectively to enhance our fish harvest and our hunting.

A garden. Fresh vegetables, berry patch, dwarf fruit trees. Flower garden a way of respect that life is beautiful and rewarding of those who work to help themselves and others. Nothing makes the heart more glad than to witness the fruits of one's labor.

As in any business or project, an administrator or ranch supervisor would

oversee the health and welfare of the farm (*food distribution*). Elders, daycare, families, casino, cultural camp, pow-wow, general meetings, gatherings, charities. Scheduled vans could help deliver to tribal areas. Possibly beef, poultry, pork shipped to other Indian casinos. Toledo industrial park could be headquarters for shipping. A possibility down the road. Defraying cost through purchase of work, this is a thought.

During the growing and cultivating season, there is plenty of work to go around (*employment*). A tribal wood lot could be managed through the farm. What a wonderful way to celebrate the harvest, then canning, freezing, and filling the larder, knowing it will be blessing the tables of many. A cooperative farm, a realistic reality.

I remember weeding, watering the garden. There were 12 in my family. Our chores with the animals brought about responsibility. We were not rich materialistically, but our little farm kept us busy and fed.

Charity begins at home and from there it blossoms outward. I'll meet you in the berry patch. Family and friends are coming over and I'm going to bake a berry cobbler.

Hibdon Completes Season with Awards

Lynette Hibdon, a senior at Toledo High School, recently completed her senior year of basketball. Her team placed second in the ValCo League and lost in the first round of the state playoffs.

Lynette is a versatile player, playing post, center, and wing – wherever she is needed. She received the Boomer Booster Award for being a good citizen and athlete.

Lynette's teammates, Ashley Bellamy and Jessica Comstock, pre-

sented her with a Pepsi cooler (fitting for the girl who drinks Pepsi before, during, and after every game) as her departing senior gift with their "Miss Class" award, while her senior teammates received "Pre-Game Princess" awards.

Congratulations, Lynette, for a great season. We are proud of you!



Lynette Hibdon and her new Pepsi cooler

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

In the past, the A&D Program has done many rafting trips on the Deschutes River. I've been on at least 12 of them. The Chemawa IHS Program hosted one. We always reminded all participants that, "Today, we are building memories. There will never be another day like today. There will be other raft trips and other gatherings, but this group here today will never again meet like this." Someone suggested that each person pick up a rock or something to remind them of this day.

Most of the time, things did not work out in my favor. My thoughts were that an ideal raft trip would be that I would transport the participants to area "A" and go to area "B" to pick them up, then eat and go home.

Well as I said, it didn't work out that way most of the time. I had to be on the rafts.

There were some memorable moments. For instance, on this one

particular trip made from close to Warm Springs, Trout Creek, Aunt Aggie was on this trip as were other parents. This was a little older group; I don't remember what we called the trip.

Anyway, one morning bright and early, no one was awake. I was up, had made coffee, and was minding my own business when we had a visitor, a cute black kitty with a white stripe down its back. That little kitty, as far as I was concerned, had full access to whatever it wanted to do.

It came to the cooking area, where we had our garbage sack hanging. Now, that cat seemed to know what it was doing when it went right over and ripped that plastic sack wide open and all the contents spread out. As far as I was concerned that was OK.

Then that little fella' went to where the people were sleeping. They did not put up tents, but they laid a tarp down, put their sleeping bags on top of it, then

put a tarp over top. That cute little kitty went over and walked over the feet of the people. I silently said a prayer, that no one would move or kick or disturb kitty in any way. No one moved.

When they awoke and were indulging in coffee, I told them of the visit. One of the members went looking and said that he could find no tracks. I accused him of saying that I was lying, which he strongly denied, but I told them that my feelings were hurt. I did guarantee that the next night at a different camp area that if we had a visitor like this, everyone would know it.

I was prepared to get way back and throw a stick at it. That way, all would know that I didn't fabricate it. But luck was with them, we had no more encounters with the cute black and white kitty.

John Spence, who at that time was the director of the A&D program at Chemawa, shared that this was the most laugh-filled trip that he had ever been

on. I have most of this trip on tape, but not the kitty as the camera was where he/she was. This camera was the old one that the tribe owned and was bulky and difficult to handle on the water.

I think that it's sad that we cannot continue "recreational therapy," especially on the Rogue River. To watch the people when we start, then to see them after is very rewarding.

Some stories I have I can't talk about, like one of the Tom girls. Bless them, but they said if I mentioned this, I would be history, which is somewhat like what Janet said about one of her escapades.

Siletz Indians like to laugh. I don't know about all Indians in general, but I believe that this would apply. Laughing is healing. It makes one feel good inside and it works its way out. Some day, maybe I'll write about when Cristy knocked me out of a boat. Of course, she will deny it.