

## Free Entrance to Yaquina Head

The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) at Yaquina Head Outstanding Natural Area would like to remind all Siletz Tribal members that there is no charge for your use of this area. Typically, the BLM charges \$5 per vehicle to the general public for a three-day pass to the area.

If you're interested in visiting Yaquina Head, merely let the ranger at the entrance gate know that you're a member of the Siletz Tribe or show him/her your tribal membership card and you'll be allowed entrance at no charge.

The interpretive center at Yaquina Head is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and the lighthouse is open this summer from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. The annual arrival of the common murre already has occurred and thousands are being spotted off the headland. The murre are attracting regular visits by bald eagles, which have been spotted roosting on the islands and on the cliffs above the interpretive center. Seal pups also are being spotted from Cobble Beach.

For more information about activities at Yaquina Head, contact the BLM at 541-574-3100 between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. daily.

## Siletz Class Reunion

**Aug. 15-17, 2003, at the Elks campground, Siletz River**

**Come and see your old friends and classmates**

**Dry camping is available starting Aug. 15**

**Dinner is scheduled for Aug. 16 at noon**

**Dinner tickets sold on site – \$20/family, \$15/couple, \$7.50/single**

**If you have any questions, please call Rose Seminary,**

**541-536-3851 in LaPine, Ore.; e-mail – larseminary@msn.com**

## Gladys Muschamp

*by Mary Jane Robb*

There is a catch in my heart,  
As I walk in my wild garden today.  
Everywhere are the creations  
That Gladys loved so much,  
For this is the time of earth's rebirth ...  
The stirring of spring,  
The awakening of flowers  
The song of the waters,  
The flash of the birds,  
And the sweet, sweet smell of renewal.  
Framing all this glory is the wonderful  
green of fir trees  
Lifting their branches high to the  
Great God.

This morning in the sunshine and the  
shadows  
Gladys walks through my thoughts,  
A wonderful image to a lost past  
A living echo of yesterday.

She was a law unto herself  
And wore her innate dignity like a cloak.  
She kept the sacred words in her heart

And from that special place  
She cast forth her petals of goodness  
and wisdom.

I shall always remember this woman  
This is good.  
Gladys blended with the earth and with  
the stars.  
She was a friend, a basket maker, and a  
weaver of dreams.

I think of her in that Fair Place  
She who was the gatherer of earth's  
bounty

Is now the harvester of the stars.  
I see her carrying a basket,  
Filling it with stardust, sunbeams and  
moon glow.

I hear her delighted chuckle  
As she casts her treasures over her  
beloved family and friends  
And I say "goodbye" to a lady who was  
a precious ornament  
Of the tribe and of all people.

## Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

Well by golly, maybe I'll get back in the groove this month. Last month I think I was caught sleeping or something. Sometimes it's difficult to think of something to write about that wasn't written about before.

Anyways, as I'm sitting here at 5:30 a.m. drinking coffee, reading the paper, eating sugar-free fat-free non-fattening low-cholesterol sugar wafers, I kinda thought about yesterday. Seems that I can remember 50 years ago better than I can 15 minutes ago.

My uncle used to tell me about a lake way back in the hills. I now know that it was the head of Serene Creek. It was named after a man with that name. He had an old homestead way back up there.

The road was an old wagon road. I don't know if he had a car or not. Grandpa said that he used a sled and a "lizard" a lot. Now, a lizard was a large tree branch, maybe a foot and a half in diameter and maybe 10 feet long. I remember Grandpa using one to bring shake bolts from the hills.

Anyway, one day I gathered the trusty old 38-55 rifle and the two shells that I was allotted and took off. I was probably 12 or 13, maybe a little older, but

thought I was bigger than I was. I left through the Belle Bell place and went up what was later called Porter Canyon.

I walked what seemed like 100 miles, maybe three anyway, crossed the head of William Creek, and got to a quite high point. While I was there, a commotion erupted between where I'd come from and me. I think it was a very large bear and I didn't have any desire to meet up with him socially with two shells and me not all that great of a shot.

Reluctantly, I decided to go to the lake. I had all kinds of dreams of the big fish that were in it and I had a fish-hook and some cuttyhunk line in my pocket, maybe a little tangled up. Actually, I was afraid to go home the way I came, so I made my way down that steep hillside, not getting any braver as I went.

When I reached the bottom and found that lake, it was the most disappointing thing I think I have ever seen. It may have been four inches deep and was crawling with little red water dogs. I don't remember any buildings anywhere close, but I know I didn't want to climb that hill.

I didn't know exactly where I was, but I knew how to get home – go

downstream. Then on the other hand, I knew there was a road to Valsetz if I went toward Indian Gap. I'd been there hunting with my dad. It would come out at the Speakman place, which was five miles from home.

I knew I didn't want to walk that far but no matter how I looked at it, there was going to be a long walk and I was tired and hungry to boot. I decided to go to the Valsetz road. I came out at a homestead called the Donkel place. The road was all dirt and a wagon road.

Further down the road was the Phillips place. That was a family of about 12 who I think lived in a one-room building, not very large either. Then came the homestead of Pearl Rilatos' grandparents; can't remember their names right now. They moved closer to Logsdon, across the creek from Lester Simmons' place.

People lived on many of the homesteads back there. They didn't seem to think much of a big kid with a very large rifle walking down the road. I finally came out on Nashville Road. That's what it was called then, now it's Logsdon Road. A fellow picked me up. His name was Jack Horsefall; he was a

brother-in-law to Charlene Blosser, who would one day be Joe Lane's wife.

I later made other excursions into the wilds. As I look at those places today with all the timber gone, I can't understand how I didn't become hopelessly lost. You couldn't see where you were going. But when I see all the places that I'd been, how many ravines and canyons there are, I don't know.

Now I think that I either would be too lazy or have more sense. Besides, all the trails are gone now, wiped out by logging operations. All the old-timers used to cut trails everywhere they went as they would eventually be gathering shake bolts or fence posts.

I didn't see any bear, nor did I want to. I always figured that when I got old enough to make more money than I was, I would buy me a box of shells, then by golly watch out ol' bear. When I did encounter a bear, I didn't have the 38-55. I had a 32-40, which was practically worthless. The other fellow with me had a 300 savage, though. That did the trick.

Someday I may tell about the trips to Indian Gap and Millers Gap.