



Carlos and Felicia Ann Carmona

## Carmonas Wed

*Love you always, Natasha*

It is an honor to announce to you that Felicia Ann and Carlos Carmona Portillo were married on July 5, 2003, at the Siletz Gospel Tabernacle in Siletz, Ore.

The wedding and reception were beautiful, I love you both! Stay strong, believe in each other, and remember, "Love, like a river, will cut a new path whenever it meets an obstacle."

## Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

Well, after last writing something else came to mind. Frank had written that eel harvest time was here again. This reminded me again of yesteryear, when we had eels all over the place, especially in the waters.

It seems that when the black ants, (we called them eel ants) would come out in force, that was when the eels would be running if it was the dark of the moon. I don't know if they ran other phases of the moon or not. If it wasn't the dark of the moon, Dad wouldn't go eeling.

There were two or three places on Rock Creek that people eeled. One was the Frank Lyons place, a wide flat area that fed into a narrow waterway. When eel came from the swift water, they would grab onto that rock and out would come brother eel sometimes.

Where I live was another place people would gather to eel. Some would put spruce boughs across three-quarters of the river and said that the eel wouldn't go through the spruce because it was so sticky. Then farther up on the Belle Bell place, the Bemrose boys would build a scaffold across the river. The water

wasn't deep but wide (well, not real wide). They would walk across the walk and hook the eels as they swam upstream.

Everyone used tires for light. Some were fortunate and had a gas lantern, which added fire to the light.

I think the most popular spot was the Frank Lyons place. People would drive down the railroad right to the trestle, then walk a short distance to the eeling spot. It was a precarious trip getting to the rocks. It was quite an incline, water was seeping across, and it was slippery. I don't know of anyone slipping off, though once past that it was wide open.

The men would hook and the women would gather them and put them in sacks. I could never understand how they knew which eel belonged to who. In the end, it didn't make any difference because all the sacks would be full. There was always a lot of laughing going on at these events, moods were very happy. I don't remember hearing anyone swear or use bad language.

Frank Lyons used to come down and join the people in whatever they

were doing, whether it was eeling or salmon spearing or gaffing. It seemed that eels would never run out. As one came out, there was another to take its place and for every one that came out, there seemed to be a dozen go by.

Then there were a lot that were hooked at that didn't get hooked. The hook that Dad made didn't hook into the eel. The hook caught the eel in a little loop in the hook. It was made from a car seat coil spring. I did straighten a lot of them out, so did Dad though. Some made the hooks out of pitchfork tines.

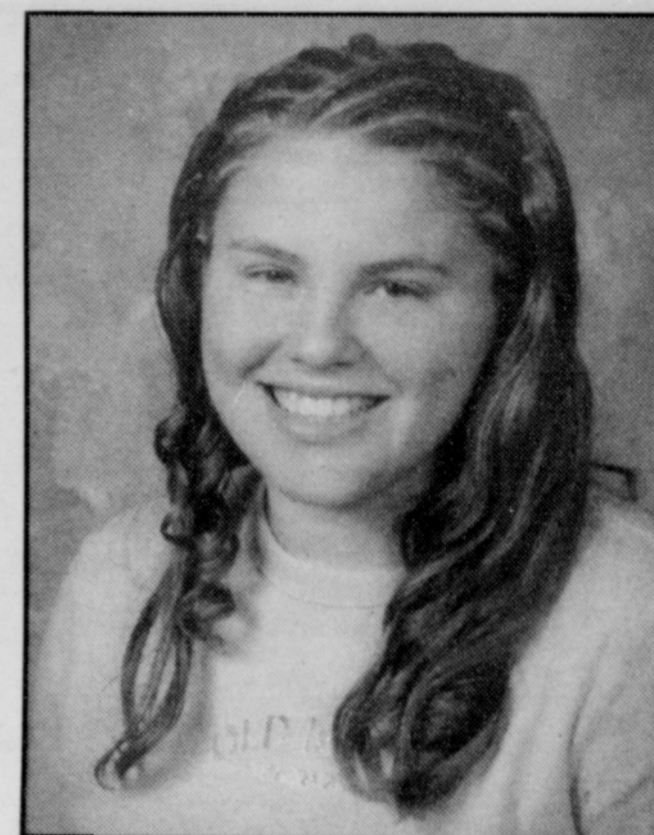
Mom used to bake the little critters. I don't remember how she skinned them. Seems she used a nail somehow and pulled the skin off. I don't like them; they're very greasy to me. In fact, when dry, they'll burn like a candle. This makes me wonder if they're related to a candlefish. Dad would like one big meal of them, some like myself, and smelt one meal, and that's good for the year.

I've been told that the eel is on the upswing now, especially in Siletz. I

## Hibdon Named to National Honor Society

*by Mom and Dad*

On May 14, Heidi Hibdon was inducted into the National Honor Society. We're proud of you. You have worked very hard to accomplish this goal and we know you will go far in life. We are proud of you!



Heidi Hibdon

## Hatfield Makes Honor Roll

Samantha Hatfield made the honor roll at Oregon State University for spring term. She



earned a 4.0 GPA. She is pursuing a Ph.D. in environmental sciences.



Clarinda Black holds an eel.

haven't been to Rock Creek to check out any run, but haven't seen any day eels though. It was when they were running that there would be thousands of dead ones on the river bottom and the crawdads would have the potluck of potlucks. Maybe one day this will happen again.