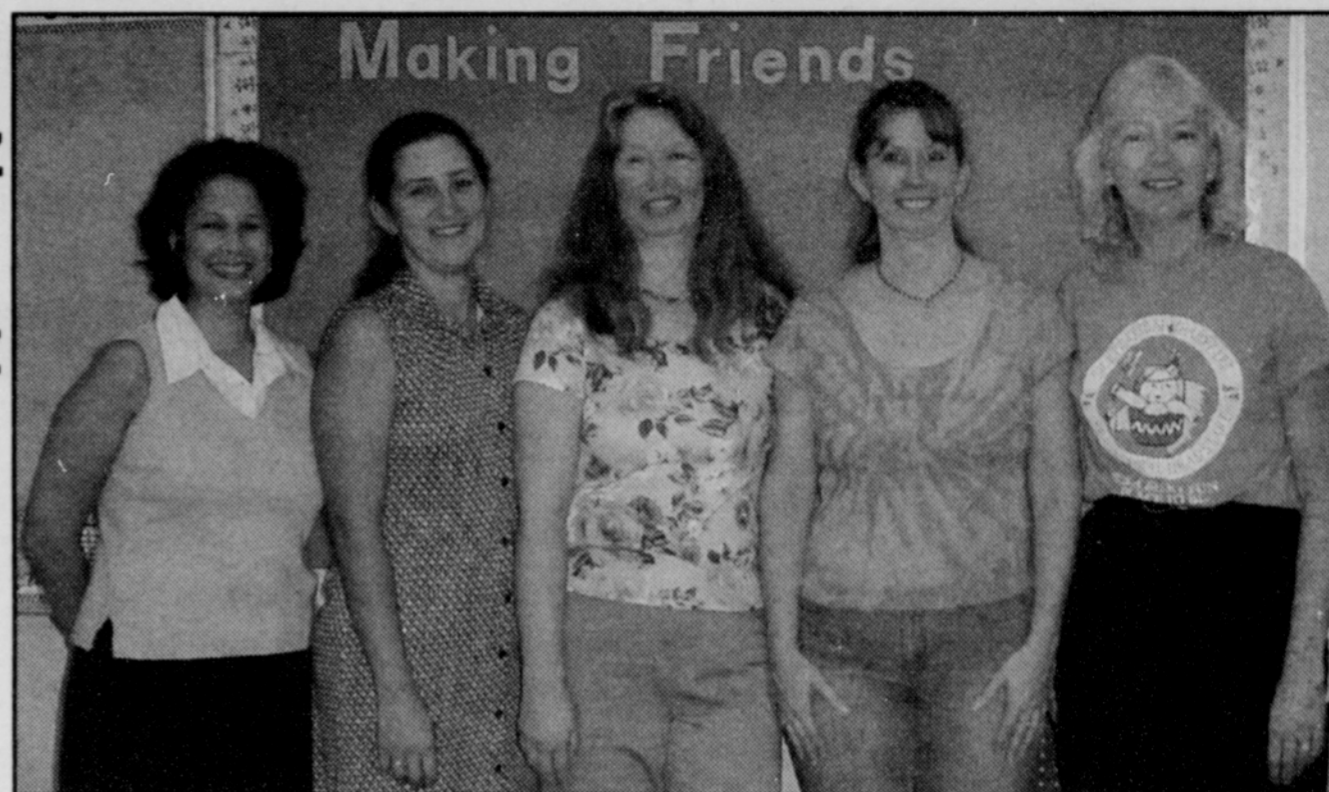


## TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS

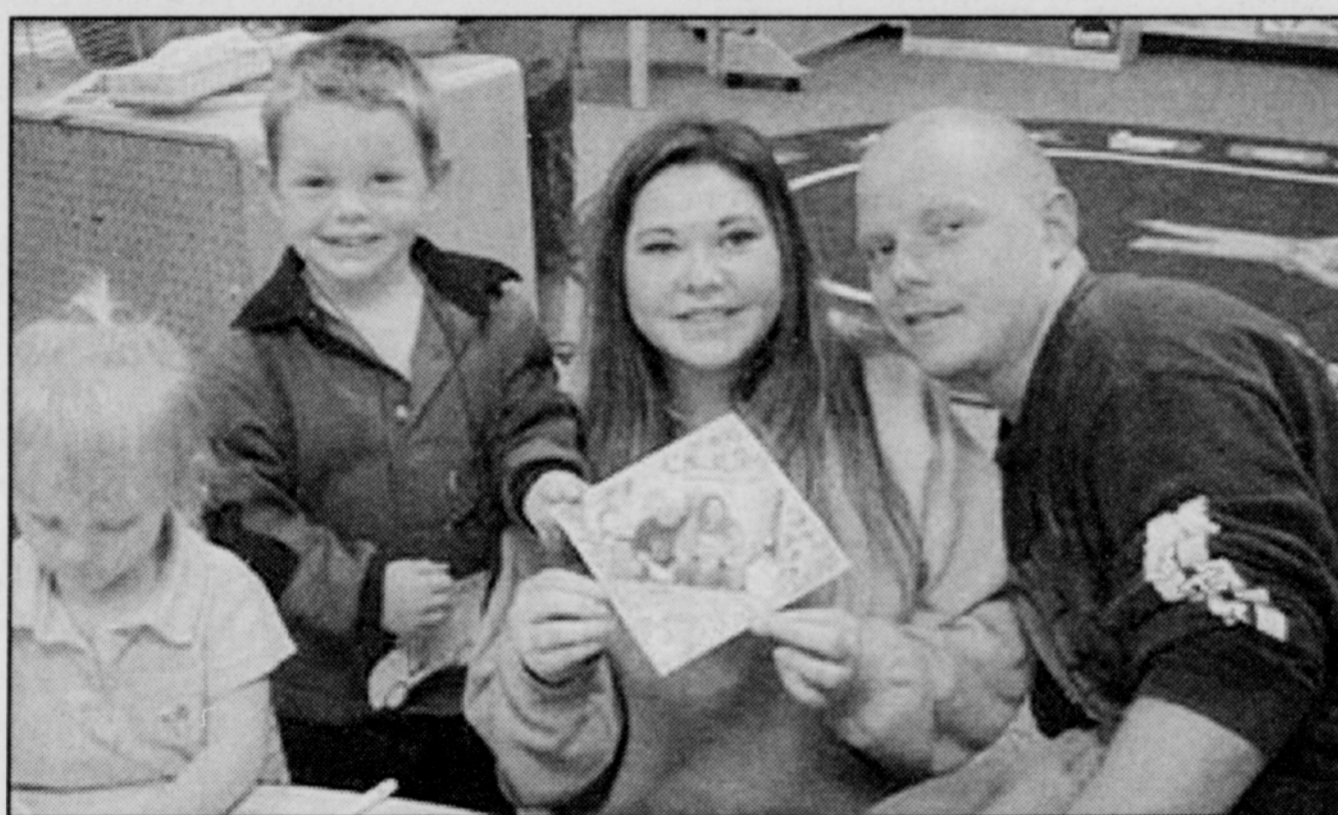


### Highlights from Siletz Tribal Head Start

*Left and below:  
Springfield families  
enjoy their first  
parent meeting.*



*Portland staff – Frances Gates, family services; Kaylie shores, Indian family wellness; Debra Arias, classroom aide; Kyria Knutson, assistant teacher and bus driver; and Judy Weegee, teacher*



*Portland  
families  
enjoy  
their  
open  
house.*



## Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

Well by golly, the Run to the Rogue is coming up and by the time you read this, it will have happened.

Years ago, Frank Petersen and Janet were thinking, I was watching. They were trying to figure out something for the Alcohol and Drug Program to do to keep our clients busy and interested. Well, Frank came up with the reverse Trail of Tears to the Rogue River.

After some preliminary planning, Frank made a trip. He marked each milepost and a description of what was around it, how safe it was, then the different mile areas and how safe they were. Some weren't really safe for waiting, so he made some changes in the distance those runners would do.

He had the campgrounds all picked out for about where we would be. He had it down to a science. Then the tribal people down on the Rogue River end

were having their pow-wow, so it was decided that we would work with them.

They would come meet us and they also would hold their grand entry until we arrived and we would be the grand entry. This worked well for us. There weren't many of us running and we were tired and the last few miles seemed to be uphill. They put on a nice meal for us and honored us.

As I said, there weren't many of us running, especially at night, which is when I personally like to do it. Sometimes it was a little misty, maybe quite misty. I had the good luck and misfortune to be with a group of young bucks who didn't know how to walk. Only name I can remember is Tony Whitehead. There were four or five in the vehicle.

I would do my mile and think well now, I'm going to have some time here. I would get all nestled down and in the

mirror would see that bobbing light. Those young chaps didn't just run, they raced. They didn't give us old farts a chance to get rested up.

As time has gone on, there have been changes, maybe for the better, I don't know. But we don't end up at the pow-wow now, which is now held on the Big Bend. I still go there. We end up at Oak Flats down at the river.

I miss the meeting at Foster Creek. Years ago, I spotted a hazel or something with wisteria wrapped around it. The hazel was maybe half an inch in diameter. I figured that I would watch it and when it got to be an inch or more, I would harvest it.

Well, I'm probably not the only one who was watching that little ol' tree shoot. Besides, I have forgotten where I found it, maybe others have too. Someday I will brave the poison oak

guardians and go looking for it. I do know that it wasn't too far from the old pow-wow grounds. Maybe this year I'll go there looking. At Foster Bar, there are some nice driftwood embankments that are interesting to look at.

While making all these plans and such, we also became acquainted with the writings on the rocks. Speedy had told us about the writings and where they were. Rick and I went there and we couldn't see anything. We went back to where Speedy was and he said he would show us.

We went back and there were some rocks with holes in them – those were the writings. We did have the good luck to see them when the university had them uncovered deep. Anyway, all this is a result of the Run to the Rogue as it is called today.