

TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS

Highlights from Siletz Tribal Head Start



Head Start welcomes 2003-04 Head Start Policy Council members: Aaron, husband of Parent Committee member Jessica from Salem, Keme from Portland, and Danielle from Salem.



Head Start says goodbye to 2002-03 outgoing Head Start Policy Council members: Sonja and Jamie of Springfield, Carmen from Portland, and Sara from Salem.



Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Well by golly, how time does fly, especially if you're having a good time or getting older.

Time dragged by; it used to take so long to pass in Siletz High School. Summer vacation went fast, though. That was work time with haying and harvesting.

When the fall rains started, it was fishing. My uncle used to fish for steelhead. He used what seems like a 20-foot pole at the mouth of the little stream that ran through his property. At that time, we called it Street Matter Creek. I don't know what the real name of it is or was. He said that he didn't fish for sport. When a fish bit, it was out on the ground.

There's a falls a short way from Rock Creek maybe five feet high. The fish jumping looked like ideal spear fishing. Just looks - I have spent hours trying to spear a fish when it jumps. Even tried putting a forked stick with the peer pole setting in the "Y." Then the darn fish didn't cooperate and jump where the spear was pointing.

There were enough fish though that just by poking the water, one would hit a fish. After they were up the stream, they become pitchfork bait. My uncle, just older than me, would spend a lot of time chasing fish by trying to corner them to pitchfork them. Eventually, they would get to going so fast they would miss a corner and go up on shore, then they were had.

The fall rains started in early September. I remember picking apples at the Belle Bell Hartmen place, crying because it was raining. It was cold and miserable up in a tree picking. When Mom had what she wanted, we would go home.

Then what did we do? Get the pole and go fishing. I don't think Mom thought our crying was very credible. At that time, the fishing spot was owned by Ol' Man Bemrose, that's Bertha Lane's dad. Sometimes Scotty Lane would be fishing there. His kids would be complaining about the cold. They were Pauline and LeRoy and sometimes other young 'uns. I think that their name was Bright.

A lot of fish were caught and they were real bright. Most I think went to the smoker; what looked like outhouses all smoked like a house on fire during salmon season. Of course, they were used at other times too, but mostly I remember the fish.

Sometimes my uncle who raised me would smoke his own ham and bacon, but rarely as the domestic stock was for selling and deer was for eating. I don't know where the game warden was all this time. By golly, he would have had a heyday. On the other hand, the fishing wasn't solely for sport on the old folks' part, that was food. Hunting wasn't solely for the fun; in fact, it was work. There weren't many deer to be found.

Eddie Bensell used to tell of the hunting trips that would take days before

they would connect up with a deer. People had dogs to chase them. From what I hear told, almost all the people up in the Logsdan area had dogs. Some had dogs for cats. My dad had a dog that people used to borrow to hunt deer. Some neighbors would borrow dogs to hunt and then kill the dog for chasing deer. That happened to one of Dad's dogs.

Eddie told stories of five days on the trail of a deer that would take him from the fish hatchery almost to Toledo. He said that when they would catch up, they would be very hungry and would eat part of the liver raw. He said it tasted like it was cooked. I'm sure glad that I wasn't with them at that time. In fact, it would be many years before I would start hunting. The deer had started their population explosion or something, for when I was old enough to start hunting by myself, there were quite a few deer.

I was out this weekend for the opener. It was so dry I couldn't tell if there were any fresh signs. There are in my orchard, but they're protected from me anyway. I won't kill a deer on my property. I tell them that as long as they stay there they're safe, but if they wander off then they're fair game. I guess they believe me because I don't see them.

Brother bear also has been visiting my orchard. We've been wondering why the dog gets so excited; the way

she yelps one would think she was being beaten. Well, far as I'm concerned, the bear is safe too.

There was a time when I would have shot him or her for the teeth. I had some, but somehow they got lost in the shuffle. Anyway, this isn't what I started to talk about today. I was going to talk about elk hunting in Ukia'. Maybe next time.

Child Care Assistance Program Expands

The income limits for the CTSI Child Care Assistance Program have increased to 85 percent of the median income for the state of Oregon. More families should now be eligible to receive assistance for their child care.

To qualify for this program, families must reside within the 11-county service area and must be working, going to school, or attending training or wellness activities, and their children must be tribal members. Eligibility begins the day we receive your application, which must include income verification.

If you're interested in applying for this program, please call your local area office or the CTSI Child Care Assistance Program at 1-800-922-1399, ext. 363, or 541-444-8363 to request an application.