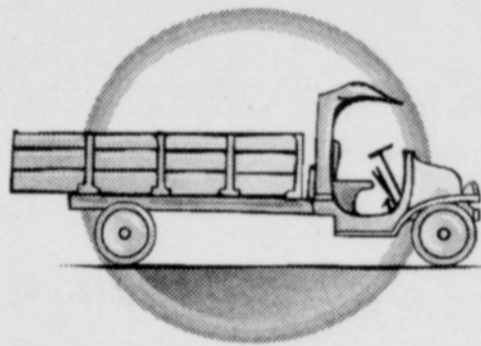


## Join Elders Work Experience

The Elders Program has funding available from 2002 excess pledge revenue for the Elders Work Experience (WEX) Program. Currently, five elders are working, two have pending placements, and 23 slots still are available.

This is open to all Siletz Tribal elders regardless of where they reside. The pay is \$6.90 per hour (state of Oregon minimum wage) for a maximum of 20 hours per week. The total number of hours available per slot is 360. This is 90 workdays at four hours per day; it doesn't include vacation, sick leave, or other benefits.

The types of positions are dependent on the field of work the elder is willing and capable of performing. This can be in a position that's normally volunteer service, in an office setting, or working on special projects. There's no limitation on the type of placement.



### Eligibility Requirements

- The elder must be listed on the official Siletz Tribal roll dated May 16, 1978, and older than age 55 on the date of application.
- The elder must supply an original Social Security card.
- The elder must supply a current state-issued identification/driver's license or Siletz Tribal ID.
- The elder must be unemployed or underemployed (currently working at a job that pays less than Elder WEX would) for at least 30 days prior to the date of application.

If you would like to participate, call Angela Ramirez at 1-800-922-1399, ext. 225, or 541-444-8225 to make an appointment to complete an application.



## Caregivers Conference Coming Up

Mark your calendars!

The next Caregivers Conference, "Loving Care of Our Elders," will be held Feb. 13, 2004, at the Siletz Tribal Community Center from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

The registration deadline has been extended to Feb. 6. Contact Angela Ramirez at 1-800-922-1399, ext. 225, or 541-444-8225 to register. The conference is free.

Anyone who provides assistance to a Siletz Tribal elder is welcome to attend. Elders –encourage your caregiver to attend! Caregivers – join us so you can take care of yourself!



## Nu'-wee-ya'

(our words)

**Introduction to the Athabaskan Language**  
Open to tribal members of all ages

### Siletz

Siletz Tribal Community Center  
March 8 – 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

### Portland

Portland Area Office  
March 11 – 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

### Salem

Salem Area Office  
March 16 – 6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

### Eugene

Eugene Area Office  
March 4 – 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

For more information, contact Bud Lane at the Siletz Cultural Department at 1-800-922-1399, ext. 320, or 541-444-8320, or e-mail budl@ctsi.nsn.us.

## Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

Well by golly, it did snow. But not when it was supposed to. It was to snow Nov. 7 about seven inches at 7,000 feet elevation. Oh, well.

Sent my four-wheel drive unit in to be worked on, then when it's needed, where is it? In a nice warm enclosed shop. Seems that parts are hard to come by, the right parts that is.

Nowadays, it seems that one cannot order a part for, say, a '98 Ford and get the right part the first time even if one has the right numbers. On this maze, it took, I think, four times to get the right gears to roll up the window.

It used to be, in the good old days, one could order, say, a part for a '48 Plymouth. That part would fit all years from 1939 till '49 or later. Or say a Ford, a 1938 Ford truck with a mighty 85-horse engine. When the Mallory ignition was replaced with a regular distributor with just a little alteration, could put a regular distributor on the motor.

Over the years, I think that I've had 40 cars or more, three brand new ones – a Henry J. Kaiser, a Chev and a Mazda. Some of them only drove once or twice;

of course, they cost a leg and an arm too, my goodness.

I paid \$10 for a '37 Laffette, drove it two or three times. Seems that any passengers kinda objected to the canvas over the passenger side of the window or maybe having the door held on with bailing wire. I don't know. No one seemed to object to the fenders of the Fords being held off the tires with bailing wire.

Bailing wire and sometimes barbed wire from a fence was all that was needed to run. The old Model A sometimes had barbed wire from the distributor to the spark plug.

I learned to drive when I was about 6, an old Model T truck. My uncle worked for Kernville Logging Co., in Kernville. He was away all week and came home on weekends. I'd have to help him gather wood with that old monster. He would crank it up and away we would go. The gas tank was on the dashboard and it held a quart of gas. That way it could go uphill; with the regular gas tank, we would have to back up any hill.

Well now, I kinda liked the idea of driving that rig, so when he'd go to work, I'd go to the shop and get behind that

wheel and drive like crazy. As time went by, though, that became boring and I wanted the real thing. That was the beginning of the end of the good times.

I'd crank and crank, get kicked, cry, then crank and crank to no avail. Now I don't know what I did that my uncle would know what I was doing. But he'd then show me what I did wrong and tell me not to do it.

Well, he'd go to work and out to the shop I would go. Sure enough, what he said and showed me worked. I'd take that ol' truck out to the field and drive around. I guess I didn't think about tracks but when my uncle came home, this angel was sitting there with the halo.

Then I started hauling wood, I'd drive that thing a half-mile or more to get one limb and bring it back. Boy, was I accomplishing something. Now Uncle became a little aggressive, saying if I'm going to drive that truck, I had to do something and bringing back one stick of wood wasn't doing anything.

The fun was over. No longer was it fun to start to drive now that I had to. Now, I'd hope that it wouldn't start, but it always did. That ol' truck hauled a

lot of hay and wood until my uncle bought a Ford tractor.

Now we had an ol' Fordson tractor that one didn't really want to use much. In the morning, all the oil had to be drained out, taken into the house and warmed up, then put back in. Then the thing could be cranked.

Well in all my wisdom and having seen the neighbors park their cars on a hill to start them by coasting down the hill, I knew that the old Fordson would do the same thing. Uncle said no, it won't coast to a start.

Naturally, being around 9, I knew more than he, so he let me set that rig up almost a half-mile from the house. The next day, I went out to prove it would start. Well, this hill is pretty steep, so that tractor did get some speed up. I snapped the clutch and both of those big cleated wheels slid,

Uncle was right, warm drive will push start. I had to drain the oil, pack it to the house, warm it up, and take it back.

Another life's lesson learned the hard way. Seems all my lessons are the hard way. Janet says it's because I'm stubborn. This I deny. I'm **determined**.