

TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS

Wing Dress Requests Lead to Class

by Tina Retasket

This year before pow-wow, several young ladies asked me to make them new wing dresses. The requests began to snowball and I spent nearly two months prior to pow-wow sewing eight dresses, two shirts, and two vests.

This took a lot of my free time. I decided the only way to change this was to teach these young people to sew their own regalia.

We held four classes total and nearly everyone finished. Some of these young women had never sewn before and some had to purchase not only the material and ribbon, but also sewing machines. Others borrowed from family and friends, but each one of them did their own work. I showed them step-by-step, but each person was expected to measure, cut, and sew her own.

The adult education program helped some people purchase the supplies they needed. I think it was a real eye opener when they saw how much materials cost and, certainly, the time involved. We will schedule a ribbon shirt class with these same young women after the holidays.

Class participants were Angeline Poirier, Jennifer Easter, Darcy Lal, Brenda Robertson, Jennifer Flores, Natasha Kavanaugh, Felicia Carmona, Danise Barker, Heather Rivera, and Sara Bell.

Not only did most finish their dress, but Angeline also went on to make two more dresses for her nieces. Some of these young ladies were able to wear their dresses during the Restoration Pow-Wow.

Congratulations to each of you for learning a new skill!



Angeline Poirier and Jennifer Easter



Danise Barker and Darcy Lal (r)



Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Hey, by golly, didn't send anything in last month. Don't remember why, maybe wasn't here. I don't know.

Anyway, went hunting for elk over in Ukia where I have hunted for many years. On the way over, I stopped at Two Rivers Corrections and did a ceremony with the minimum security peoples and did two sweats at the medium. Didn't see any of our tribal members, don't know where they were.

The system gave me two nights lodging in Umatilla, nice motel. I had talked with the chaplain and had expressed that I wanted to sweat on Thursday. Their normal day was Friday. This year, I thought that it would be nice to set up camp in the daylight.

Arrived at Fraser Campground and picked a spot where we have camped most of the time. Has a pole across a couple of trees to hang the elk.

The weather was not the best for hunting. It was about 36 when I got there, a few hours later it was 70. This is not ideal weather to me, anyway.

It had snowed the first season and the elk had come down but then went back up the mountain. Those mountains are as bad as the gorge, straight up and

down. Anyway, it was discouraging to start with.

At the top of Tower Mountain, I think it's 6,900, it was 65 degrees. Some young bucks did get an elk in one of them deep holes up there. It took them two days to get it out.

Three days it was hot, coldest it got was 28. The canyon that I was sitting at, it's really not much of a canyon compared to ours around here as most places one can see can be driven to with a 4x4. Anyway, a group from Hillsboro went through the draw. They did jump two cows and a calf and the darn things followed them, but did not come to where I was.

Now I have this permit to get either one bull or cow, I thought it would be all sewed up the first hour hunting. Every year I have seen elk, either cows, calves, or branch bulls, all close range and all standing looking at me right in the eye.

Now for two years, I have this piece of paper saying they are legal. Where are they? Those critters can read, I swear it. How else will they know what is going on and where not to be? I had

even made plans to leave the meat in Portland to be processed.

Three years ago, a fellow from Siletz went with me. We saw dozens of elk early in the morning, big cows. The bull was a four-point and later saw a forked horn.

Anyway, I want the teeth, those ivory ones, the whistle teeth. And I told him that regardless of who kills the elk, I get the teeth and if he didn't agree, the elk hunt was over (big bluff). Anyway, he went through this pine grove, came back, and gave me two teeth. He found a head down there; guess that is as close as I can get to getting one.

When I said those elk can read, by golly. I know it's true. Years ago when we could hunt anywhere in the state during season, we would come back and finish our hunt on the coast. Now, the Saddle Mountain reserve has many big elk. At that time, it had to be a three-point or better.

There is a road that is the boundary. The elk would come walking slowly up to that road and they would look both ways. We would be sitting there on a stump breathing hard, get-

ting very excited and nervous, itching to shoot.

The elk would walk up to that road, then turn and walk along it on the reserve side. Of course, the game warden was on a stump with his glasses, watching us. Yep they can read, don't know who furnishes them with the newspapers, though.

All in all, they are a magnificent animal. They have my respect in every way. My teacher said don't eat cows, they are stupid. Eat elk and deer, they are smarter.

Well, guess I just have to wait 'til next year. If it gets cold, probably will cry then too about being cold. The year that I got the only elk I have actually gotten by myself, it was 18 below.

I was sweating, then snow was filling down the back of my neck getting all stuck up with whatever that brush is up there and to find out that the elk was in the middle of a road and I was paralleling the road all the time, maybe 50 feet from the road.

Oh, well. It was a good summer trip, met people from all over but none from Ukia. So 'til next time.