



Shirley Walker, chairman; Jean Garrett, vice chairman; Kay Steele, secretary; Tina Wooten, treasurer; and Cynthia Farlow, treasurer

Siletz Elders Elect New Officers

by Kathryn Dick

At the January elders meeting, the Siletz Elders elected new officers.

Vice Chair Jean Garrett and Secretary Kay Steele both were re-elected. The new treasurers are Ernestine Wooten and Cynthia Farlow. The outgoing treasurer positions were held by Connie Hartt and Emma Russell.

The officers will serve for the next two years.

Shirley Walker was elected chairman in January 2004 and is serving a two-year term.

Thank you to all of the officers for your commitment to the Elder Council.

Another Year of Wisdom Happy Birthday!

Judy Baker, 3/22
Donald Bellinger, 3/23
Gerald Ben, 3/4
Elouise Case, 3/23
Donald Claghorn, 3/22
Phyllis Covey, 3/17
Joel Engstrom, 3/15
Howard Fleming, 3/27
Gary Freeman, 3/18
Susan George, 3/27
David Goodell Jr., 3/24
Gloria Ingle, 3/17
Marva Janik, 3/6
David John, 3/10
Andrea Kaiser, 3/18
Vera Lafferty, 3/18

Alfred Lane Jr., 3/3
Kristi Martin, 3/26
Gaylene Miller, 3/25
JoAnn Miller, 3/10
Robb Pearson, 3/28
Delores Pigsley, 3/29
Mary Potter, 3/8
Ernest Simmons, 3/8
Elaine Smith, 3/12
Judith Sohler, 3/7
Ronald Strickler, 3/16
Dennis Tufts, 3/19
Melvin Viles, 3/4
Albert Wallace, 3/18
Richard Woods, 3/21

Elder Council Meeting

March 12, 2005

2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Chinook Winds Casino Resort

Siletz Elder Honor Day

Chinook Winds Casino Resort

April 12, 2005

Save the date!

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Hey hey – how are things going this fine day? Hope all is well and everybody is satisfied with something.

Been thinking, which is not really the best thing to do sometimes but anyway, it's about weapons. What are they? No weapons in the school, no weapons in the courthouse, and so forth.

Guess a pocketknife is a weapon. I wouldn't classify it as a weapon. I certainly would not want to attack a bear with one, would you?

When we were in school, a pocketknife was an essential part of being a boy. Maybe playing mumbly peg, that was probably the most dangerous part of a knife. Once in a while a slip would bring a little blood, for the most part they were not very sharp. Not that they were intended to be that way, but rocks and metal would interfere with the edges.

Then the whittling contests – how fast one could cut through a piece of green wood. We would hone our knives until one could shave with it. Then some mean kid would put a brad in the end

of an alder limb that was probably 3/8-inch diameter, then bet that the kid could not cut it in one swipe, and hit that brad. Usually a fight would ensue; guess that could classify it as weapons use.

Then maybe looking at a tree one would see a perfect "Y" that would make for a good bean shooter. We would take that "Y" and whittle it down. Then find an old inner tube, make a couple of strands and a piece of a shoe tongue, tie them all together, and then we were ready to hunt.

Anything that didn't move was a target – rocks, stumps, tin cans, bottles. Breaking glass was a no-no, could get a butt-warming experience because it could cause cut feet, cows eating glass, and so forth. Course it did cause a few problems at home; those little sockets make very good projectiles. In my case, my uncle did not look favorably on that. Ball bearings and marbles were very good too.

Maybe the spit wad shooter could really be classified as a weapon. In

school, we would roll up paper in a tube, then chew some paper and shoot it through this tube. It was quite reliable and the wads would stick to whatever they hit.

I don't know how the teachers always knew who was doing it or started it, but it wasn't only the boys who did this marvelous thing. The girls did it as much or more than we did, but those cute little angels would sit back with their sweet innocent eyes and guess who took the paddling. For you see, in those days the teachers could spank the kids and many of us found out that the best thing to do is not mention this at home, maybe once.

I think every boy had a pocketknife in his front pocket and a bean shooter in his hip pocket. Like most men nowadays carry a billfold, that was the dress of the day.

There were times of accidents, like maybe a window got in the way of a stray marble. There was a consequence to pay, it was hard to have to go to

someone and try to explain how it happened. Then have to either help fix it or work it off some way.

Guess times change, though I still can't see a pocketknife as a weapon. It was a tool used for a lot of things besides playing, fishing, hunting, and trail marking writing on trees proving I was there. Now even the trees are gone.

I can remember spending hours sharpening that blade just to go out and, unthinking, scrape some wire or cut some wire. Then realize what had happened to that keen blade. Sometimes lay the knife down and forget to pick it up then go back and try to remember where one was the last time you used it.

Most of the knives cost around 10 to 15 cents; the real good ones cost 25 cents. That was a lot of money. In my case, digging post holes 26 inches deep at one penny a hole among other farm jobs that would come up. In season, chitum peeling (my uncle called it chittum stealing) and picking foxglove and blackberries.