



Shirley Walker and a Coquille elder participate in the elder fashion show.

More than 500 Attend Elder Honor Day at Chinook Winds

by Kathryn Dick

The Annual Elder Honor Day was held in the convention center at Chinook Winds Casino Resort on April 12. Five hundred eleven elders from 17 different tribes and groups attended "Treasures on the Beach." The tribes were from Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

It was quite a success and the entertainment was great. The elders had committees that worked hard on making the plans. It was quite a job, but everything went off as planned.

Walt Klamath was the master of ceremonies and did a wonderful job. Stan Werth was in charge of the Honor Guard; they looked great and did a great job.

We included some Siletz culture by Bud Lane and Ed Ben. We also heard from Darcy Trego of the Diabetes program.

The elders worked hard making the treasure chest centerpieces. We held two classes to make 180 of them. The chests were filled with plants and were decorated. The elders brought gifts for door prizes.

As usual, Derek Simmons and his crew did a wonderful job with the setup and service provided.

A special thanks to Ray Ben, Donna Woods, Pam Werth, and Liz John for going with me the day before to get everything set up. What a job that was! I sure appreciate all the hard work you did.

Another Year of Wisdom for Our Elders ... Happy Birthday!

Julie Adams, 6/11
Margaret Aispuro, 6/6
June Austin, 6/9
Thomas Blair, 6/7
Monte Boe Jr., 6/17
Julie Chavez, 6/4
Edward Collins, 6/27
Waldo Collins, 6/21
James Cook, 6/22
Michael Darcy, 6/24
Andrew Delgado, 6/30
Ronald DePoe, 6/13
Kathryn Dick, 6/28
Margaret Erickson, 6/10
Cynthia Farlow, 6/24
Larry Fife, 6/17
Orville Flores, 6/5
Jean Garrett, 6/27
Mary Girard, 6/11
Victorine Harrison, 6/19
Betty Helmig, 6/25

Mary Hudson, 6/1
William Hudson, 6/30
Josephine John, 6/10
Donna Kessinger, 6/26
Sheila Kirkwood, 6/21
June LaGrew, 6/25
Jodene Lane, 6/12
Frances Lorello, 6/30
Margaret Martin, 6/15
Allen McClintock, 6/2
Mickey Melton, 6/7
Ellery Mortenson Sr., 6/22
George Muschamp Jr., 6/8
Victoria Nelson, 6/8
Susan Ramsdell, 6/4
Robert Reed, 6/13
Lester Simmons, 6/20
Germaine Stratton, 6/25
Dona Swader, 6/17
Sonja Taylor, 6/21
Daniel Woods, 6/6

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

My goodness, how time does fly whether you are having fun or not. This kinda reminds me of the Petersons Rock Gardens between Tumalo and Redmond. As one is walking and gawking, there is a sign that says, "Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think." Seems I took forever to come of age, then for some reason life went into double overdrive.

Was talking to someone the other day about computers and family life. Well, let's go back a little further.

It used to be that families would sit down at the table for meals, especially the evening meal (supper) when dad was home from work. There were potatoes and gravy and meat of some sort, probably venison, in fact in the rural areas more than likely.

Enter the age of television - what a change in the way of life.

There used to be a big church in Portland called the "Wings of Healing." We had become acquainted with one of the evangelists of that church. He was a young "God's Ball of Fire." He said it was not television, but better called hellavision.

In '51, we didn't have it here in Logsdon, anyway. Travelers were selling them like hotcakes on the grounds that it would be here in a couple of years and that people needed to be prepared for it.

In '53 when I returned from the Armed Forces, TV was in. It was hard to see with lines across the screen - snowy pictures, but good voice. We had all kinds of things for antennas. Some worked better than others, some locations were better than others.

My wife and child moved to Portland in '54. We got good TV reception there, but life took a whole new turn.

No longer did we sit at the table to eat. We would get a plate and go to the room with the TV and sit in front of that boob tube and eat and watch. The TV became the babysitter. Our whole life seemed built around that stupid TV.

Now there were favorite shows that had to be watched; of course, everything was in black and white. We had some sort of plastic film we put over the screen to get some color, but it didn't help much.

When visitors would come, what did we do? Watch TV. When we went visiting, same thing. Friendly visiting became extinct - no card games, no playing games. We did some camping, but for the main part it was TV.

In time, TV started to become an old thing. Then in '59, the CB (citizens band radio) craze started up. Everybody and his

dog had a CB. There were a hundred CB antennas from Flavel to Clatsop streets and 52nd Drive to 72nd.

Everyone came across other channels, sometimes over the church PA systems. Now, instead of sitting in front of a TV, we sat around a lollipop microphone eating whatever was convenient that wouldn't take time from listening to all the goofy stuff on CB.

There seemed to be channel clans; we were channel seven. Then there was the upper class, the ones that wouldn't associate with the lower channels or higher than 19.

Then we got into the power struggles about who could reach the farthest. Of course, what really happens was the skip, where if one was in the right place, one could talk anywhere in the world on four watts. So we didn't dare leave the table for very long at a time because we might miss an important call - big deal. All the kids had handles (skip names).

Well, as time went on TV did keep a certain amount of attraction. But when company came, it would be turned off, but not the CB. We would still eat at the table as long as there was a lollipop in the middle of it so anyone could answer or get involved in what was going on. There was that crackling and snapping, frying noises that went with the territory. We wouldn't put up with that on TV.

Now it's computers. Life now is around some kind of tube; I don't know if it could be called a boob tube or what. Guess it's cheaper than a phone call.

When visitors come, especially younger ones, they have to get on the computer to talk to someone they don't know about something they don't know anything about. The younger ones don't have time to go outside and do any yard work or anything, but they have time to play games on the computer. Guess they get a lot of finger exercise.

Well, I have a TV and computer in the home and a CB in my car. I don't know how to turn the computer on. I like to watch TV (westerns) and I use the CB when I am traveling the corridor and hunting.

I seldom eat at the table, but sit in an easy chair and watch TV when the weather is nasty outside. When anyone comes to our house, the TV goes off, the computer is shut down, and we can talk or whatever and also we eat at the table.

This is the way it was supposed to be in the first place. There is something about eating and sharing stories and laughing together that is lost in the electronic age.

AHHOH

Elder Council Meeting

June 11, 2005

2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Chinook Winds Casino Resort

If you need a ride, please call Kathryn Dick
1-800-922-1399, ext. 1261, or 541-444-8261