

TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS



Amber Owen with the Metropolitan Police in London (see her letter on page 2)



Kansas University exchange students from Tokyo, Japan, – Momo and Ie – meet Miss Haskell, Tiffany Stuart, at the Haskell Indian Art Market in Lawrence, Kan.

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

By golly how time does fly faster than greased lightning. Here it is, almost hunting season again. Seems like it was yesterday was hunting time (maybe it was).

Yup, time to get the four-wheelers out; check all the winch lines, rope blocks, and all the knives; get 'em all loaded into the rig in an orderly fashion so they can be found at the proper time.

Course, I don't know how others do it but for some reason I start out laying everything out nice and handy – 3,600 feet of rope neatly coiled, five or six blocks stacked near the coils, the high lift jack easy access.

Seems though as time goes on, for some reason I either get tired or careless or probably won't need them anyway, then toss in the heater, propane tanks, extra gas, the cooking stuff, the gazebo to cover the generator in case it snows or rains. Then by the time it's time to go, everything is in the trailer and SUV – somewhere.

Course on the way, I have to have a flat tire on the utility trailer and naturally the jack is at the bottom of the trailer, but which end? Then have to almost unload the trailer to find the jack, in the meantime covered the electric impact wrench up with junk.

Then I get trailer jacked up, go to start the generator, forgot to check the gasoline and have to find where the extra gas is. Course some has to spill (don't have a lug wrench), start the generator, change the wheel, and everything is hunky dory.

I get to where the hunt is to be – hasn't rained or snowed, everything is dusty. Find a likely looking spot that is fairly level.

Set the trailer down, set up the gazebo, get everything just right. Then I look around see something on a tree, go read it. It says, "No overnight parking, no camping." Well!

I pick up all the gear, toss it in the trailer, go find a campground. All the single ones are taken, the \$5 a night ones (with the Golden Eagle Pass, it's half price), have to take a group spot, have to pay \$5 a night.

It's level, however, and at night have two generators running, but in the morning get even. I start mine at 4. Course the dadblamed Mr. Coffee won't work. I don't know if it's the altitude or what, so it's start the camp stove and old reliable percolator. Make up a good breakfast of eggs boiled in bacon grease, that part is good. Sometimes it's

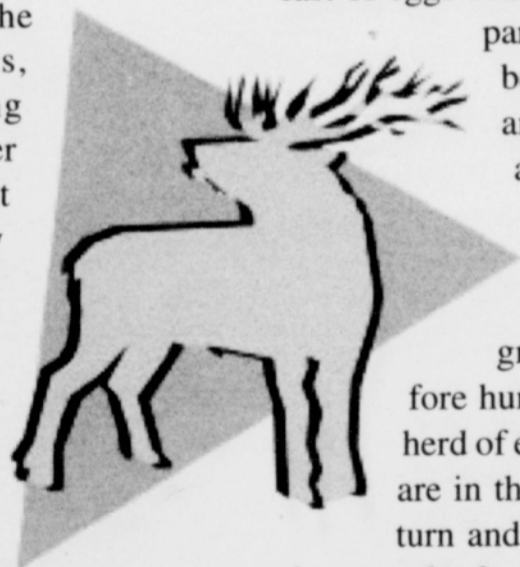
below zero in the morning and then it warms up to almost freezing.

Well now, it's almost daylight, time to get out to the hunting grounds. On the way, before hunting, I sometimes see a

herd of elk. Can't tell if any bulls are in the herd, but they will return and I will be waiting. They

do come back, all cows and calves and some of the biggest deer I have ever seen with them. Seeing how they are a little different, don't think I can fool the game warden if I get one of them.

For many years, since 1963, I have hunted this one area. Used to be 12 of us would hunt. The party did get elk every year, all in the party got elk. For many years it was a bull area, then recently went to spike only. Now the doggone big bulls would look you right in the eye and defy the hunter to shoot. The cows and calves would stand around looking, but no spikes.



Feather Light

Respectfully, Eva E. Clayton

To the two young men whom I chased the last miles on a return journey to the lands of our ancestors.

Your feet were feather light, mine heavier; your heart beat strong, mine beating fast; your spirit soaring, mine

the wind beneath your wings.

I'm awakened again and renewed knowing our children, all of our children, will have the strength and endurance to bridge the stairway between our past, the present, and tomorrow.



Well now, I did get a disability license and would you believe, those animals somehow got wind of it and I have not seen a cow, calf, spike, or branch since. I figured with this permit I would go (wouldn't even have to set up camp for more than a day) get the elk, hang him in a tree, and come home the next day. Wishful thinking; haven't seen an elk since getting the permit.

This year, where I have hunted all those years is not open for an elk for permit holders, so I have to change. I have to make a decision where to hunt. Decided to hunt locally, hopefully one will not have received the message yet.

When wood cutting on the head of William Creek, had a branch bull walk in front of the jeep. I honked the horn; he just turned around and looked at the jeep. Not too sure what he had in mind but whatever it was, it was not to get out of the way. Maybe this elk season, he will again kind of challenge the jeep.

One thing though that kind of disturbs me is the number of empty beer cans and whiskey bottles that I have seen. One time several years ago, I used to pick up cans, starting at Mill Creek, going up Serene Creek, cutting across Rock Creek, and going to Granite and Green mountains. I gathered at least 150 or more beer cans.

I spent more time picking up cans than looking for deer, but the point is with all the drinking that was going on, how safe is the hunting? I thought about this for some time, especially when out in the brush. Gunpowder and alcohol don't mix well.

By the time this comes out, rifle season will have started. By golly, take your son or daughter out into the woods and

teach them safety – what to do if they become separated from your party, the safe handling of their chosen firearm, not only the hunting of game but teach them about nature and the natural order of wildlife.

Above all, have a good safe hunt. Enjoy and tell the truth at the campfire, as I say, the Gospel

According to Walt.

