

Students "Plant the Promise" During Red Ribbon Week

by DeAnna Pearl

Approximately 250 youth and staff in Siletz Valley School and Siletz Valley Early College Academy joined Delina John, Jenifer Metcalf, and me in participating in and viewing the video *Red Ribbon Week*, highlighting why we are celebrating this.

This is our second year and in fact we are submitting our information to the national Red Ribbon organizers in hopes of winning this year's contest.

This year's theme is *Planting the Promise to Fence Out Drugs*. Grades K-8 signed pledges and built fences with them. We had a lot of great participation.

The kindergarten through third-grade classes collected more than \$100 in pennies for the "Drugs Don't Make Cents" contest. The third-graders were the winners by bringing in more than \$50.

We had more than 25 entries in the "Red Ribbon Week Poster Contest." Winners include:

4th Grade

Morgan Crawford (Winner)

Sierra Gertula (Honorable Mention) Janelle Potter (Honorable Mention)

5th Grade

Ashley Hunt (Winner)

Kai Skidmore (Honorable Mention) Keaston John (Honorable Mention)

Planting the Promise

Every student was given a red bulb to plant in the hopes to further carry the message. These bulbs will begin to show green in January and will bloom in April just in time for Alcohol Awareness month. What a great way to remind youth of their promise to themselves to keep ATOD free. Ten high school students volunteered to help with this.

The National Family Partnership organized the first nationwide Red Ribbon campaign in 1988. Since then, the campaign has reached millions of U.S. children.



DeAnna Pearl, Tribal Tobacco Prevention and Education coordinator, hands out tulip bulbs to Siletz Valley School students to help plant the promise to stay drug- and alcohol-free.



Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Last month, I talked a little about some of the homesteads and allotments on the north side of Sam's Creek and some of Big Rock Creek. Did not cover all of them, though.

I think I know of about 78 old places. Some were homesteads. Some were allotments to Siletz people from some of the stories that I have heard.

In fact, I was told some definite things; whether that's the way it happened or not I don't know. History has left a lot out of what and how we have heard it.

Sometimes the way I hear things is not necessarily the way it was or is, but no one is going to change my mind about how I believe it happened. I'm not stubborn, I'm determined!

Anyway, let's start from the mill on Sam's Creek. That was the old Bull Wienerd Mill. I worked there when I was younger. In fact, the day it shut down for good I was working pulling green chain.

The road was not the best in the world going up Sam's Creek. I don't know how Sam's Creek got its name.

The first place going up was the Elliot place. There was a big barn and a big walnut tree by Sam's Creek. There is a bridge there now called the Golden Gate.

At the Elliot place, there was a trail uphill heading toward Chitwood. It came to the Henry place. There was a nice orchard that's still an orchard.

Toward Sam's Creek from there was a place called the Schaffer. I think there was one apple tree on that place.

I was told that Sam Henry was a great piano player. At dances, he would have to be held up so he could play.

There was another trail that went toward Chitwood. I was told it came out at Chitwood, but I never went all the way.

There was a homestead there called the Rupert place. I don't know too much about him, but I did hear he bought a brand new Model T that he wouldn't drive till he had it paid for, so it was on blocks for years. From what I was told when he crossed, it was still on blocks.

Back to Sam's Creek. Going toward Norton's, we came to the Spindle place. I never saw any buildings there, some broken-down fences. It was good fishing there. One would have to sneak up on the fish in the hole. If the fish saw a shadow, they would not bite.

During the salmon steelhead runs, it was very active there. That was just over the hill from my grandma and grandpa's place on Rock Creek.

Further along the creek was Long Prairie. There were falls in the stream there, again a good fishing hole. I always thought that Long Prairie was a flat piece of land, but was told that was a man's name. I never saw any signs of a building or fences or anything there.

That was on a trail along the creek. To the north of the place was an old wagon trail. That trail would eventually end up at a place called Norton's.

The start of Sam's Creek was about the area of old Henry Tinner's place. He had an orchard. I did have the honor

of meeting him when I was very young. I remember his words as he would talk; his favorite saying was "galloping goldfish."

Then we came to Norton's. As I was a little older, there was a fellow who lived up on the hillside almost at the top. He was Mayfrank. He had cattle scattered all over the Sam's Creek area. I doubt if he knew how many head he had.

I had the misfortune and good luck to help the Moores and Wisnoskie take food and other things up that hillside. I think it was his yearly supply. We took flour, sugar, and other dehydrated things up there. That was a long haul even for a 17-year-old.

He had a house made of vine maple and other stuff. He had peep-holes all over so no one could sneak up on him. His stove - he did not cut wood, he cut poles and fed the pole into the stove. As the end burned off, he would push the pole in.

Sam's Creek road or trail went all the way through, had to do some jogging at the Tinner place. There it crossed the hilltop and came out at Big Rock Creek, then followed Big Rock for a short distance then went straight up almost anyway.

Mom said that when she was younger, they would go to these places for dances. They would go in the daylight and dance all night, then come home in the daylight and do their chores, then sleep.

She said they went by horseback and sled pulled by horses. She didn't

say anything about wagons. The way them trails were, I doubt if a wagon would hold up.

I remember being up there peeling chittum and looking at the nice big trees and thinking there never will be wheels up here. Daydreams - all has been clear-cut.

Someday maybe I will get a chance to show some young persons where these places were.

One time several years ago, I had a pretty expensive metal detector. My uncle told me that many old-timers buried their money around a big stump.

Well, seeing as how the Henry place I kind of had an idea of where the house was and there was a gigantic rotten stump by the house that would be the ideal place to bury treasure.

My partner at the time had gone up there with the intent of finding something. Ran the machine around this stump and the buzzer went crazy. Now this machine was supposed to detect 10 inches down. Whatever it was was either big or a lot of it.

Dreams of a cache of money started dancing through our heads. We dug down 10 inches - nothing there, but that machine was going crazy, so were we.

Well, about a foot and a half down, we hit pay dirt. It was an old metal thundermug. For those unfamiliar with the term thundermug, it was a nighttime potty. What a letdown.

By the way, we did find a lot of square nails that we did not keep.