

# DANCE

OUT 2009

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## Dance Away the Drugs chu'-yvstlh-'an' nee-ghayt-dash

Siletz Valley School/Siletz Valley Early College Academy DAP Project 2009

Several youth from Siletz Valley School and Siletz Valley Early College Academy participated this year in the Drug Awareness Project, a continuing series of projects that combines education with filmmaking. Joe Scott, who teaches Siletz culture at SVS; DeAnna Pearl, Tribal A&D Prevention coordinator; Jamie Mason, Tribal tobacco prevention coordinator; and Rob Bovette, Lincoln County district attorney, also were involved in guiding the students as they created films, banners and logos on issues relating to drug abuse. The Siletz students' goal for the project is as follows: Historically, the majority of youth do not engage in drug abuse behavior. Youth often do not connect their actions with perception of peers and community. Speaking out or taking a healthy risk to change perception is difficult and often perceived as a costly social mistake. The Siletz D.A.P. project is to encourage youth to speak out and often to influence perception in a positive direction.

By Walt Klamath

The other day, some of us were talking about the old cars we thought were better built. The old Chevy body was made of wood, the old Ford was the same wood framing. Pontiac and Nash both had wooden panels on the sides. These did not last long, they were better?

We also talked about some of the standard equipment that came with many of the cars I know about. That was a crank. Many a time after I turned 17, I had to crank the old Ford and Chevy to get started; couldn't afford a good battery.

Of course, one thing led to another and we started talking about all the old cars we knew about. This stirred up a potpourri of cars – the old Whippet, the Hupmobile, the Dodge, Ford, Terriplane – these all were nice looking coupes. Their doors were called suicide doors because they opened front to rear.

Many years ago way back in the woods in an old broken-down barn with big trees growing in it, there were three rigs – a Moon, an Oakland and a Durant. I don't know where I was or don't remember who I was with. I thought those cars were here forever. No roads, big timber, all the obstacles one can think of, but logging did catch up. As far as I know, everything was either taken or destroyed.

Tuton Rilatos was our school bus driver in Logsdan. In the school bus was a Franklin, a six- or eight-cylinder air-cooled engine, and it had four rows of seats.

The fellow who taught me to skin a bear so it would lie flat, Herbert Kennison, had a Star convertible, again wooden frame. He had it hay-wired every which way to keep the seats sitting up.

One time I traveled all through the woods looking for scrap metal. I came on a nice heavy car – a gold mine. So I cut it up, loaded it on a trailer and headed for Portland. This was before the freeway.

## Portland-Area Tribal Members Work on Culture Projects



Photo by Katy Kaady

Selene Rilatos (fourth from right) and Mona Fisher (fifth from right) help Portland-area Tribal members make leather moccasins.

By Katy Kaady

The Siletz Cultural Department recently came to the Portland Area Office to help Tribal members (Elders, youth and adults) make leather moccasins.

Selene Rilatos from the Cultural Department guided Tribal members in this process. Mona Fisher and Rick Leaton accompanied Selene to help.

Portland-area Tribal members who began the first class included elders Pauline Montana, Delores Fernandez and Angelina Artiago; Sherri and Sarah Addis; Debbie Claiborne and Siletz Tribal granddaughter Aundrea Pirtle; and Selina Washington and daughter Glenda Washington. Portland Area Office participants and helpers included Lauren Patterson and me.

Almost every Tuesday evening at the Portland Area Office you will see families and Elders gathered around sewing machines making their first regalia. The classes began in April and continue to meet every Tuesday evening.

Instructor and expert seamstress Colleen Payne instructs participants in every aspect, from cutting out, sewing, colors and styles. For elders Pauline Montana and Delores Fernandez, this will be their very first wing dress. Many are planning their "coming out" at the Tribe's Restoration Pow-Wow.

Funding through carryover funds and Adult Education also has made it possible for Portland-area Tribal members to begin a quilt project. Each participant will learn how to make their very first quilt.

The inspiration for this class began when people saw the completed projects the Salem area office had done. With help from Bev Owen, Salem Area Office supervisor, we were able to get this off the ground and funded. Through the guidance and instruction from Sherri Addis, Portland Area Office supervisor, about 12-15 Siletz Tribal members are making their first quilts.

If Portland-area Tribal members would like to join some of the classes, please contact Sherri or me at 503-238-1512.

## Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

As I went along minding my own business a car passed me, pulled front of me and we came to a stop. He was about to have kittens, I think. He says do you know what you did? Of course I knew. Well, what I didn't know was that it was a Maxwell. Then he told how much it would have been worth and I almost had kittens.

Out of a swamp area I dug an Aperson, one my grandpa had. Our neighbor, ole man Bemrose, had a big Studebaker. It was gigantic or I was small, maybe.

My uncle had a Willys Overland. Everything worked, from the horn button, high-low beam lights, horn starter. My grandpa on my mom's side had a Willys 77, a narrow-gauge car. He also had an REO. That was the first one with hydraulic brakes, Dodge was next.

Most of these cars are gone now. Sometimes you might see one. I don't recall ever seeing a Whippet or Aperson Star or Durant at the local car shows. Maybe I didn't recognize them when I saw them. Only if foresight was half as good as hindsight, there would have been pictures of all these vehicles.

I fell in love with a LaSalle, a 1938. My uncle said by the time I could have one, it wouldn't be. He was right.

I also liked that Buick with the pipes coming out the side, a spare tire on each front fender – kind of looked like a Dusenburg. I have had 50 or more cars in my lifetime, but none of them were exotic old Chevys, Fords, Nashes or Laffette.

Now it's hard to find parts. So many changes are going on constantly, sometimes it takes several trips to the parts house to get the right one.

Years ago, let's pick on Plymouth or Dodge, you could get a part that would fit for maybe 10 years. Ford too, as far as that goes.

I never had all that much experience with Chevy, that was the rich kid's car.