



**Apron and Breechcloth Making
Siletz Valley School
July 9, 2009**

Tribal youth and their families participate in one of many summer activities offered by the Siletz Tribal Youth Services Team.

Heather Butler helps her daughter, Healyah, work on an apron (left photos).

Christine Goodell does the same for her daughter, Chazlynn (right photo).



Photos by Natasha Kavanagh

Census Information Helps Determine Funding Levels

By Claire Wood, Data Coordinator, Tribal Planning Department

Did you know that state and federal resources are often distributed to Tribal and local governments and other organizations based on census information?

The Census Bureau estimates that for each individual not counted, \$1,000 per year is lost to Tribes and other organizations. That's \$10,000 until the new census is taken in 10 years. Not counting just 100 people could result in \$1 million in lost funding.

Census questionnaires will be delivered in mid-March 2010. Please fill out your questionnaire; it should only take 10 minutes or so. Spending just a few minutes to fill out your census form will help ensure your Tribal community gets its fair share of federal and state funding.

Keep watching future issues of this publication for more information and remember, "It's in our hands."

The U.S. Census Bureau will have an informational booth at the pow-wows in August and November. Please stop by for more information.

You also can check the census website at <http://2010.census.gov/2010census/> or call me with questions at 800-922-1399, ext.1276, or 541-444-8276.

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

By Walt Klamath

Another month, time is flying, seems it has joined the jet age. Anyway, I thought I would write about dogs. I read somewhere about hounds; don't remember what I read, but seems someone wanted to get hounds a home, probably greyhounds.

When I was growing up on the farm, we had all kinds of dogs. Some were smart, some smarter than others, most were working dogs.

We had a fox terrier mix that was pretty smart. Every day at four in the afternoon, he would go get the cows. I don't know how he knew what time to do it.

Then we had another dog, I don't know what breed he was, but when he was naughty he would be tied up. To him being tied up was a string over his neck and that is where he would stay until someone would take the string off his neck. The string was not around his neck, though, just draped over.

That dog would go with me and my uncle just older than me to Sams Creek and chase salmon. That fool dog would jump in just like us, get all wet and not catch any salmon or steelhead or whatever fish were in at the time.

Of all the dogs, I think the hound was the most interesting but not so smart. That fool hound would lay on the porch in some of the darndest positions, sometimes on his back with his legs straight up. I would go out the back door and do anything – and that dog would not move. Then I would pick up the rifle and that dog was wide awake again. How did he know I had the rifle?

One time I thought I had made it out without him messing things all up. I must have gotten a half-mile when I looked back and saw a dust trail following me. I stepped aside about five feet and that hound went by. Then he went head over heels because he had lost the scent. I guess he never looked at where he was going, but went by his nose.

One day much to my chagrin I went deer hunting, not in season but Indian season. I did find a deer on Porter Canyon and did bring it down but it took two shots. My uncle would only give me two shells to start out with so here I was two miles from home with an empty rifle, a wounded deer and a hound who didn't have any idea what he was looking at and was not about to investigate either. I had to go home.

My uncle gave me one shell and I had to go back. The dog was still sitting there looking at the deer that was sitting there looking. That hound did like to bay when he didn't have a reason to, sometimes just to see if he could wake anyone up in the middle of the night. Sometimes I think maybe a flea bit him.

As these times passed the old fellow died of heart failure probably and we had other dogs but none were as picturesque as that old hound.

We later had a terrier mix who was a good dog, but not a hunting dog nor a cow dog. In fact, she was the next thing to worthless but we loved her. That dog would eat anything we ate, however she did not like bananas. She would nibble at one then come look at us and if we were still eating, she would go back but she did so reluctantly.

She loved spaghetti, that is something she would totally dive for. Her hind feet would be off the floor and her nose would be in the spaghetti. She was pretty well trained; she would not eat until she was told she could. She would look and shake, waiting for the go-ahead.

We took that dog fishing out of Newport and the poor thing got seasick. That poor dog wouldn't even move. I think she would have jumped overboard had she not been held.

One Christmas we celebrated but couldn't afford much. This was before I became aware of alcohol myself. I bought a stubby of beer and tried feeding it to the dog. She was smart and would have nothing to do with it.

Then I put sugar in it, then spaghetti. Then she was tempted. She ate some and then became very active. She ran all over the house, really living it up. Then her eyes became bloodshot, her ears drooped and she went to sleep.

Again she became very smart; any kind of bottle – pop, milk or anything – and that dog headed for someplace else.

Animals are a lot of fun, a lot of work and they eat a lot. They seem to think things out and act on the thoughts. They take advantage of any circumstance to do things they are not allowed to do.



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