

## MISSING MOCCASINS



ARDEN, Clayborne W.  
ARDEN, Clinton A.

DAY, Donald B.  
DOWNEY, Kay L.

LA CHANCE, Carrie S.  
LA CHANCE, Kevin R.  
LAFFERTY, Vera E.  
(Wallace)

SERVICE, Diane L.  
SEVERSON, Lori M.  
SHERIDAN, Theo F.  
(Butler)

WILLIAMS, Willie N.  
WILSON, Kenneth R.

WOODS, Daniel R.  
ZOSE, Norman E.

BACAK, Walter (Chapman)  
BAKER, Gilbert F.  
BALLIE, Sandra (Larsen)  
BARNETT, Sheryl A.  
(Warren)  
BELLINGER, Cynthia K.  
BELLINGER, Gregory P.  
BENNETT, Elsie L. (Zosel)  
BRENTS, Carolyn J.  
(Belgard)

FERNANDEZ, Richard  
GAGE, Charles  
GILBERT, Joseph J.  
GIRARD, Mary J.  
GIRARD, Raymond  
GOLSH, Mildred (Griggs)  
GREENWELL, Jacqueline  
W.

LANIER, Lois L.  
LARSEN, Franklin  
LARSEN, Victor  
LEE, Larry L.  
LOGAN, Cherine  
LOGAN, Larry

TAYLOR, Sonia R.  
TORRES, Margaret  
(Washington)  
TOWNER, Leah L.  
TRONSON, Audrey A.  
TUCKER, Tena L.

## APPROVED ENROLLMENT

ANDREGG, Heather Ann  
AUSTIN, Dwayne Irving

LOGAN, Vanessa Marie  
LOOP, Kayla Leann  
LUND, Chad Oliver

CALLAHAN, Henry A.  
CARTER, Regina A.  
(Campbell)

HEDRICK, Virginia M.  
HEDRICK, William P.  
HENRY, Frances D.  
(Shriner)

MARTIN, Katherine J.  
MARTIN, Violet G.  
MASON, Cynthia M.  
MILES, Charles

WALLACE, Rhonda C.  
(Williams)

BOSTWICK, Larry A. Jr.

CHARMICHAEL, Barbara  
J. (Klamath)  
COMBS, Duane L.  
COMBS, Gene A.  
COMBS, Joy L. (Wilcox)  
COMENOUT, Phyllis R.  
(Collins)  
CONN, Henry E.

JACKSON, Joseph  
JOHNSON, Roxanna F.

PEARSON, David F.  
PORTER, Katherine  
(Workman)  
PRESTON, Maxine  
(Washington)

WARREN, Daniel J.  
WARREN, Donald G.  
WASHINGTON, Celeste K.  
WASHINGTON, Joan M.  
WHITEHEAD, Tamara S.  
WILCOX, Ina (Larson)  
WILCOX, Ina Isleen  
WILLIAMS, Charmaine J.

EKSTROM, Christopher  
Robert  
EKSTROM, Olaf Abraham

MARTIN, Dustin Todd  
MORGAN, Bonnie Joan  
MORGAN, Henry Willard  
MOSQUEDA, Thomas  
Williams Jr.

HELMIG, Jackie Lynn  
HILL, Cy Joseph McGuire  
HILL, Phil Sterling  
HOLLAND, Gabriel E.

SNIDER, John Eugene  
SNIDER, Michelle Cristine

JOHNSON, Shawn Matthew TAYLOR, Katrina Louise



STANDING: Coach, Bristo Bayya; Selene Brandt, Lori Case, Rayne Blacketer, Kathy Faultz, Rhonda Atteridge, Val Rilatos. Kneeling: Fonda Case, Kathy "Tiny" Rilatos, Shannon Welch, Sharon Edenfield, Kristi Martin.

## Women's Softball Team Takes 3rd

July 9, and 10th the Siletz women's team traveled to Florence, OR. to participate in the "Abby's Pizza Tournament". Eight (8) teams round robin on Saturday and single elimination on Sun-

day. The "Siletz Mahkook Man" took 3rd place. Rayne Blacketer, a Tribal Member, and Lori Case, the wife of Wazzy Case were chosen for All-Stars.



Photo by Kelley Ellis

SILETZ NATION planning to attend the "National Indian Slow Pitch Tournament" in Yakima, Washington on August 18, 19, 20. 40 Men's Teams will be participating in this tournament. The Siletz Team will be representing the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians of Oregon. The team members will be having fund raising activities for the next three weeks to help pay the entry fee and some of their travel expense. This is the first opportunity this team has had to play softball at the Nationals.

THE SILETZ NATION men's softball team participated in the Valsetz Mountain Days Softball tournament on July 23-24. The team took home the Second place trophy losing to Salem Tax Mini Misers.

## Softball Widow

Every spring I see it coming. Somewhere around the first of April, I witness a profound change in my husband. This mild-mannered, soft-spoken individual who spends all winter as a devoted family man is suddenly transformed into a raving lunatic who can barely remember my name. He becomes a softball fanatic.

There is usually some warning as the transformation begins. As soon as he sees the first blade of grass poke its head through the melting snow, his eyes become glazed. He walks around pounding his fist into an imaginary glove while he chews imaginary tobacco. He stands before the mirror sighing while he gazes forlornly at the pound of flesh he has accumulated on his waist. And then come those dreaded words.

"Softball season is almost here and I've got to get in shape."

At this point, if I had any sense, I'd grab the kids and head for my mother's house until the first frost. But year after year, morbid curiosity gets the better of me and I stay to watch the entire softball scenario unfold.

Once he decides he needs a workout, he recruits the only person in our household old enough to toss a ball out into the yard for some batting practice. This year, I was particularly reluctant to participate.

"Oh, come on," he said. "You could use the exercise. Just look at the gut on you."

"Gut!" I shrieked. "Have you forgotten that I'm seven months pregnant?"

"Sweetheart, I'm sorry. How thoughtless of me," he said as he placed his arm around my shoulder and led me to the center of the yard. "Now you just lie down here and pretend you're the pitcher's mound."

Fortunately, these practice sessions quickly pass and soon give way to the big moment — the first game.

At any given game, there are nearly as many rules governing softball wives as there are governing the players themselves. For any rookie wives who are unaware of the proper code of conduct, there are some clues:

- It is your responsibility to make sure your husband's uniform is clean and that all parts are assembled before every game. This must include not only his team shirt and pants but also his socks, knee pads, spikes, hat and "lucky" batter's glove (the one with a hole in each finger). If your husband is like mine and he plays ball after work, you must understand that time is crucial. You should have all equipment laid out in such a way that he can jump from his work clothes into his uniform in under nine seconds.

- Prepare to be ignored. Once your husband has set foot on the playing field, he will no longer acknowledge your existence until you get back in the car at the end of the game. You must carry your own lawn chair, the kids' sweaters and the thermos of Gatorade from the car to some inconspicuous spot behind the bench. Here you will sit for the duration of the game while your husband pretends he doesn't know you.

- Carry a big pocketbook. Since you were foolish enough to accompany him to the game, you automatically become the custodian of the wallets, car keys and jewelry of all the players whose wives were smart enough to stay home.

- Never show concern. Should your husband ever get hurt on the field you must control yourself. You must never run out on the field and check for a pulse. You must sit in your chair, biting your lip until it bleeds, and wait for his teammates to revive him. Once he's on his feet he'll quickly assure his buddies that he's OK and console yourself with the thought that he's not really hurt . . . until you return home. There he'll limp into bed like an arthritic 87-year-old and lie

moaning and holding his injured leg or arm or finger or foot while you race around bringing cold compresses, heating pads, Ben-Gay, iodine and chicken soup. This one-foot-in-the-grave condition will last only until the next game, at which time he'll vault out of bed so fast you'll think he's been to the miracle shrine at Lourdes.

- Never make plans. Softball schedules are about as reliable as the weather forecasts. Though the original schedule may show him playing until mid-July, rainouts, make-ups and playoffs could prolong the season long enough to make you wonder if he'll be home for Thanksgiving. And you can be sure that no wedding, christening or family reunion will be important enough to make him miss a game. Save your socializing for trophy night.

- And finally, don't despair. The softball season is like a virus — it can wreak havoc with your life for a while, but it will soon run its course and be gone. Once it's over, his eyes will lose their blank stare and he'll notice how much the children have grown. Yes, you'll have your husband back. At least until next April.



SPRINGFIELD WINTERHAWKS participated in the "Scalpers" Tournament June 11th and 12th. Team members, standing, Slugo, Troy Pigsley, unknown, unknown, Ralph Easter, unknown; kneeling, Stuart Whitehead, Calvin Easter, Craig Whitehead, Art McKnight.