

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor :

All letters received will be printed except those which are determined to be slanderous. Please type or write legible, no profane language will be printed. The Siletz Newsletter and Tribal Government accept no responsibility for statements made in the letters to the editor. The opinions expressed are solely those of individuals writing in.

LETTERS THAT EXCEED 350 WORDS IN LENGTH WILL BE EDITED as approved by Tribal Council Resolution #91-04. All letters must include your name, address and signature. Send letters to : Siletz News, P.O. Box 549, Siletz, Oregon 97380. Attn: Teresa Miller, Managing Editor. **PLEASE NOTE: The Chief Executive Officer of the Siletz Tribe is the Chief Editor of the Siletz Newsletter.**

THANK YOU:

Thank you to Quanna Pigsley, Kelly Cunningham and Ed Goodell for taking care of me after the, "Rose Festival Parade." I had a wonderful time because of you-
Bill Towner Jr.

DEAR TRIBAL MEMBERS,

My name is Natasha Kavanaugh, I am Junior Miss Siletz 1993-1994. My keeping the title as Junior Miss Siletz was in question because of an incident that happened on May 4, 94, that had to do with me drinking alcohol in school. I would like to apologize for this, I did not know what alcohol could do to you, but now I know. I turned to alcohol because of personal problems, and peer pressure. I thought alcohol would make me feel better, and make my problems go away. Instead I learned that alcohol only clouds the mind and doesn't solve anything. I am not proud of drinking alcohol, that is why I admitted my mistake and got help, by going to Teen Group, having an individual counselor, talking out my problems with Elders, family, and friends, and doing a Step 1 Workbook. I was told not to be ashamed, not to stop dancing,

and to hold my head high, but to keep the "EGO" out. This was told to me by many respected friends and Elders. When you run for Royalty you are to sign a code of conduct, that gives you a heavy responsibility. In my case I let that responsibility slip, but I was given a second chance to make my wrong a right. I had alot of people's support, encouragement, and belief in me, which I am grateful for. Thank you to Agnes Pilgrim for talking with me, and your prayers. Thanks to my mom, Vivian Harrison, Pauline Ricks, Sharon and Felicia Edenfield, Rena Blacketer-Philbrook, Kristi Martin-Bayya, David West, Bev Youngman, Randy Fisher, Debbie Mosley, Lisa Oleman, Marcie Garrett, John Masunaga, Kathy Heinen, Ellen Potter, Sara Kaufman, George Nagel, Jim Poindexter, Lisa Cayous, Judy Muschamp, Walt Klamath, Janet Dair, Richard Leaton, Frank Petersen, Darcy Jones, Joanna Legaspi, Jeanna Harrington, for your letters of support. Thank you to POW-WOW and Pageant Committee and Tribal Council for giving me a second chance and for believing in me. I know it is important as Junior Miss Siletz to set a good example. I can't change what I did but I can learn from my mistakes and hope that others can learn from me.

Respectfully,
Natasha Kavanaugh

To the Editor,

I would like to extend warm thanks to the Elders and the Pow wow Committee for selecting my theme, "Honoring Our Heritage" for our '94 Pow wow.

I feel it is necessary at a time when so much change is happening around us, that we look to ourselves to keep the balance and true perspective. I think that comes not only from those who we need to honor from our past, but those who work for our betterment and who also work to keep us from being exploited. I also think that includes our future, ensuring we are here, recognized, and that our heritage doesn't fall claim to "advancements" that would exploit and rob us of our identity.

I would like to give the money I received for my being chosen, and donate the money to sponsor a young dancer.

I think Uncle Nip said it well when he said, "History as we've been taught in School is more propoganda than knowledge of past events, but many buy into it. For them, it's the only way to buy into the system and have the chance to chase that illusive "American Dream." The cost is their identity.

Uncle Nip explained how to regard this racial degradation once. He said, "Indians do not come in parts. You either are an Indian or you're not. You couldn't be half this, half that. You are all Indian or not Indian at all." Blood runs the heart?

Thank you again. Good luck to all the dancers and thank you for dancing for and with us!

Sincerely,
Samantha Hatfield

To whom it may concern,

We cannot deduce nor comprehend any reasoning for the sorrow in our hearts, the frustration in our minds, or the bitterness on our tongues as we speak the words written here.

To you whom we have always trusted, respected, and even honored-we ask the question: why?

What is the cause for slighting the children of a man that you've claimed to love? Where are the remnants promised during life to be given after death? And who are you to decide who is worthy of the memories of this man? He is our Father. Therefore, we should be recognized as his children. Hence it is justifiable that our opinions concerning family affairs should be heard-and even considered.

So, to those of you who've had grandeur visions of "Resurrecting" the home of our fathers' father, we give a definition; [Resurrect: to renew or restore, to reinstate or re-establish, to put back, give back, or build-up.] Nowhere in

the definition does it read: "Burn to the ground-then sell the ashes."

It is not equitable that we were not involved nor informed of this decision, but it is done.

And though a substantial monument of our family's precedence is now a scattering of ash-the reminiscence of the love within it's walls can never be burned. Thus, those whom we have envied for a single material token of our father's life-know that the resentment once felt has diversified to pity in the knowledge that this is the only way our father remains known to you. What we hold in our hearts is more valuable than anything that you hold in your hands, because memories are seldom lost, never stolen, and easily shared.

So, to you-the keepers of the family tree, and you-the "soul catching" retainers of photographs, to the collectors of paintings, prayers, and poems, and to those who hold his medicine: count your memories. And know that we've found consolation in the belief that grandfather has blinded our father's eyes to the tribulations of his children for the yarns of life left united in his passing.

Levi and Jason Simmons
Son and Daughter of
Robert E. Simmons

To Whom it may concern,

The person or persons who went into the big farm house on Steer Creek Rd. (Robb's House) after the death of Robert (Bobbie) Simmons and removed a Medicine Bundle, Jargon books, "Medicine Doll" and what-ever. Your soul will not rest easy, and your fate is unpredictable unless those items are re-turned you have taken from the deceased. You left behind a (small) shep-lined denim vest and also a blue grey, tan lined wind-breaker. Please return items in a brown paper bag to the home of Roscoe Schaeffer. He will not know why or what, just leave them. There will be no questions asked:

Thank-You.

Dorothy M. Simmons

(More letters on Page 5, 8, & 9)