

Congratulations to Connie Plagmann

on the birth of her daughter: Tori Lee Roberts was born July 7, 1994 at 12:50 p.m. She weighed 7 lbs. 9oz. & was 19 1/2 inches long!



Joshua McKnight wins BMX Trophy

Art and Betty McKnight want to announce how proud they are of Joshua McKnight's great achievement in the BMX governor's cup. He placed second all around.

Joshua is four years old. He's only been racing 2 months. The competition began in Grants Pass the morning of June 25 and continued in Roseburg Saturday afternoon. They raced again in Cottage Grove Sunday morning with the two day event concluding in a final race at Emerald Valley in Eugene Sunday afternoon.

Joshua received a plaque for his accomplishment.

We love you Josh!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SISTERS

So many times we take for granted the memories of the days we spend together. We've had great times and sad times, but always seemed to be there for each other when we needed it most. I can't imagine not having any of you in my life! So to my Special sisters I wish you all HAPPY BIRTHDAYS!!! See you smelting girls. Yes!!! haha.



**Pam
Monica
Sharon
Diane**

August 2, 1994
August 2, 1994
August 14, 1994
August 18, 1994

Also to my Nephew **Kelly Mason**
I'd like to wish a **Happy Birthday**
August 27, 1994.

Love,
Tamara

Gaming

To the Editor:

I read in the paper about all the Tribes that are getting their gaming casinos or whatever one wants to call them into operation. We were the ones that started out with it and we will be the last to get one going.

Seems to me that we are spending money on lawyers that are just sitting back and rubbing their hands for all this easy money.

Also in the papers it says that the feds are going to change thier plans a little. What may happen is that all new installations will have different regulations than the ones that are in existance today.

As I see it, we have small time Bingo here at the Tribal Community Center now. We have a very capable young lady running it, but we have her tied up in a spider web holding her back.

Why not give her her head. Expand the darn thing, get the machines or whatever in there so at the very least we can Grandfather whatever may happen. Make some big payoffs. Just make it interesting.

I keep hearing that nobody will drive twenty miles to play. I know many people that go to Reno, Las Vegas, Lumi. Now that is more then 20 miles.

Then the employment situation. Our people are asked to come home. Come back to where services can be provided. Come back to work, where houses are built, & there are apartments to be built. The Casino, or gaming facility, to employ a number of persons, is to be placed 100 miles or more from the home site. Now, it is going to take a whale of a wage or salary to drive 200 miles a day to work.

In my travels around different Indian Facilities, I find many of us do not have a drivers license. This does cause a problem getting to a place of employment.

I don't know, but this does not make any sense to me at all. I also am not rich either, and with my attitude, a very good chance that I never will be.

Walt Klamath

Siletz. His blood line don't stop there, though, his kids they will carry it. Again, a Big Thanks To Siletz People for your support through funds for the funeral. With all our love to you folks.

Thank you,
The Berry Family
(Lisa, Reggie, Billy, Bobby, Sonny, Melody, Little Mike Berry)

(edited for length)

(more letters on Page 14)

A Treaty of Peace No More Broken Promises

If we could be in balance and love unconditionally,
To trust, honor and respect, then we can say our life is complete.
If we would really listen to ourselves and to each other,
Then maybe then we would be understood.
If we could take all the dysfunctional behaviors of the past and burn it in the sacred fire and let it blow with the winds to our creator.
If we could live everyday - like the old ones - then we would nurture every second of life.
If we could instill this belief in our children and those whose lives we touch.
If we could live like the grass - be stomped, be burned, be cut and come back after all those elements. Even the more brighter and stronger,
Then we can truly dance like the grass dancer who purifies the arena, like the jingle dancer who jingles for sobriety, like the buckskin woman who prays with every step, every heart-beat.
Until the grass still grows and the river flows -
I long to live in these ways -

Selene Rilatos
7*5*94

To the Editor:

I am doing family research on my "Moore and Gillaspys Families". My grandfather's family always talked about being part Indian. The story was that they were Cherokee, but there was apparently family on the Siletz Indian Reservation. I am looking for anybody that remembers any of the following names: Whitey Moore, James North & Mary Caroline Moore (Walker), Jasper & Mary Frances (Fanny Moore) Gillaspys, Frank Clifford & Wilma Gillaspys and their children, William Clifford or Buryl Lee Gillaspys.

My Aunt, Buryl Lee, remembers her mother (Wilma Gillaspys) taking her to visit family on the reservation when she was a child, during the 40's.

My grandfather, Frank C. Gillaspys, did spend a lot of time on the reservation. I need to know if there is anyone that remembers any of these people.

Anyone wishing to respond, please write to me and I will call you as soon as I get your letter.

Thank you.

Sue Kyar
5895 NW Murray Circle
Johnston, IA. 50131

To Siletz Tribal Members:

I am writing to thank you for helping my children and I out during our father and husband's (Lee Michael Berry) funeral, to make it easier for my children. You all knew him in different ways, some good, some not so good. Some may be sad, some may be happy. Either way, he did touch a lot of people. There was a few families that sent us cards and cash I want to thank you for that, thinking of us like that. I also want to thank all you who had listened to the words Mike used to repeat all the time about burial grounds, sacred sites. Continue standing up for your rights. I have seen Siletz grow in a good way, although my husband went rounds with a lot of you folks. But I know his words sank through to a lot of you. I know some thought he didn't know what he was talking about. But he did, because he would find himself in grave yards with bones up earthed, tombstones over turned. Forgive me for sounding ungrateful, because I am not. I am writing to thank you for providing funds for his funeral. And again, thank you to all that really cared for us to send us a card and cash and those who called us up. I am very touched that you called and sent us a card. Thank you for praying for us, keeping us in your prayers. Mike was the only one in our little family to be enrolled at