

# Spilyay Speaks

## Winter dryness may bring summer heat

Everything points toward a drought year since there was no snow to talk about this year. The snow pack is far below normal and we could be in for a hot summer. There could be a lot of fires around the country. That we don't need; or maybe I should say, "We need that like we need a Hole in the Head."

Was at the post office and saw a poster showing where they will be doing some controlled burning. Gosh, let's hope we don't have another Hehe burn. A burn where we lost a lot of dollars in burned timber. And to make things sound good the Natural Resources said we will go in there and re-seed the area. Which is just a waste of money as you know it will regenerate on its own, that was sort of a cover-up for their mistake in letting the fire get away.

On the Tenino Bench there was a real good stand of new growth of Ponderosa Pine, perhaps 30 to 50 years old. They go in there with their broadcast burn to get rid of the debris but instead they burn the whole works, losing about 50 years of timber growth. They can give all kinds of excuses like there were bug infested trees or there was mistletoe, but I've been around timber long enough to know there were no such things at this site.

At one time there were brush pilers with the logging companies and during the fall and winter months they burned those brush piles and there was no damage done to the young timber that was growing in that area.

Well, with the dry season coming, wonder how the vegetation is coming along, like the roots. This is the time for all the Root Feasts to be held before people can go out to harvest their roots. This will probably be a short season for the roots. Like they say if there isn't much snow in the high country there won't be a very good huckleberry crop. The season could be a very short one too, but let's hope there will be enough of a crop to produce some berries.

This could affect a lot of things around the country, like a short growing season for livestock feed and the price could rise a lot to store enough feed for the coming winter. This will not only affect the domestic animals, but the wildlife also as there won't be an abundance of feed for them to survive on during the long winter ahead. Haven't heard how the roots are out on Webster Flat, heard they were in pretty good shape over at Lu-Lu-Kush Butte. Yep! We've got to keep up with our traditional foods like roots, fruits, wildlife, deer, elk, bears, wild turkeys and such. The spring fish run should be coming in soon to Sherars Bridge, where all the scaffolds are set up each spring. The fishermen are starting subsistence fishing on the Columbia River, using their gillnets to catch fish.

At one time before The Dalles Dam went in there was a place called the Big Eddy, where there was good spring fishing. The spring runs were plentiful and the fishermen did real well for themselves.

The big fall run was a sight to see at Celilo Falls, where tribesmen from all parts of the northwest gathered to do some fishing. They gathered by the thousands to fish and that drew the tourists just to watch the Indians fish on those rocks at the falls. Cable cars were set up from shore to the islands where fish were brought in by the tons. There were guys that came out of there with new cars all paid for in cash, from the fish they sold when the big run was on. And there were some fishermen who didn't do so well, and went home broke.

The big one that got away was the story for many guys who didn't make it fishing. Yep! Today we can only dream of those days when the salmon ran up the river and men caught them with dip nets, along the banks of the mighty Columbia River.

Today the dams have been installed and flooded all those good fishing places and we can only dream or think of them and wonder what it might have been like today if they didn't flood all those fishing sites, would the fish runs still be there or have they be depleted like everything else. Today there are only a handful of fishermen on the river as compared to the good old days in the past.

We have only the Sherars Bridge area where scaffolds are set in for some net fishing, but that is not near what it used to be along the Columbia River.

### Editor's Note

Spilyay Tymoo welcomes letters from its readers. All letters, preferably 350 words or less, must be signed by the author and need to include a phone number for verification or questions. Letters will not be printed unless signed. All letters are the opinion of the author and do not reflect in any way the opinion of Spilyay Tymoo.

Spilyay Tymoo reserves the right to edit all copy or decline publication of material that exceeds length guidelines or contains libelous or malicious statements.

## Letters to the editor

### Seeking photograph

To the editor,  
Here is a letter to the Winishut family, as of January 31<sup>st</sup> both of my parents have died who were Martin and Linda Hannigan. Pauline Winishut had a picture of my parents together. I would love to have that picture.

Thank you very much for your help in this request.

Their youngest daughter,  
**Trudy Hannigan Jaramillo**  
PO Box 175  
Brownstown, WA 98920

### Letters sought

To the editor,  
Niix Pachwai Inmima

Naimumal!

My Indian name is "Twinashat"

and my English name is **Lawren J o h n S l o c k i s h**. My parents are **Mr. & M r s . W i l b u r J r .** and **Suzie S l o c k i s h**. My dad is **f r o m K l i c k i t a t** tribe and my mom is from the Warm Springs tribe.

I am currently in the military service at Ft. Hood, Texas and I have a year and half more to go here. I would enjoy any letters from my people. I get lonely for my Indian people and I wish to get to know



new people through the letters. If you can please take the time to write to me.

I am 19 years old and I graduated from Wishram High School in Wishram, Washington in June 1999. I left for Ft. Benning, Georgia on July 28, 1999 and graduated in November 1999 from Ft. Benning and was stationed in Ft. Hood, Texas where I am currently at.

I enjoy listening to wurdance and Washut music and also the modern music of today. I am always kept busy here, but I will do my best to answer any letters, but the main thing would be to hear from people from home.

Thank you!  
**Lawren Slackish**

### Good job team

Spilyay Editor:  
Congrats to the J.C.M.S. girls' 8<sup>th</sup> grade basketball Blue team: Jaylyn, Dez, Jaqueline and Raylene on an awesome 9-1 season! Good job. Keep working at your game.

**Suppahs**

### Congrats to player

Congratulations to Billie Suppah on being selected to the Tri-River All-League Second Team and leading Chemawa Indian into the Class 2A State Play-offs (14ppg, 5 avg. 4spg). Best wishes for the future.

**Suppahs**

### Spirits take third

To the Editor,  
The Chief Spirits competed in

the Annual Basketball Against Alcohol and Drugs Tournament on March 26-27. I would like to thank the girls that played for my team. They all did a wonderful job and I am very proud of the way they played. I would also like to thank Grandma Gladys, Sylvia McCabe, and Rhonda Atencio for their added support and help with the team. My team competed in the age 10-12 year old bracket, they were up against girls that stood over them by 5-10 inches, but still managed to defeat most teams. The girls were defeated by Lapwai in their first game, which meant they had a tough struggle to win their way back up through the back door. They won several games before they got their second loss to Syntec from Pendleton for the third place award in the tourney. We received a third place plaque and crewneck sweatshirts. Brianna Stacona received an all star for the team, good job Brianna!

My team looks forward to this tourney every year and we would like to thank all the sponsors that made this possible. It was good to see other Warm Springs teams there also, which brings me to a totally different subject that I would like to bring out. In watching the kids from Warm Springs play I noticed that there was something lacking in the performance of the players. It then dawned on me that it was practice, we all lacked practice. It then angered me that we had a so called "Community Center", with a nice gym and enough room and time for all teams to practice basketball.

This community center is now the Boys & Girls Club. I had tried to get my team to go down there to get as much practice as they could but they were not interested in this at all. I tried to attend with them but later was told I could not be in the gym if I was not a coach. I think of all the programs and the people that are shut out of the gymnasium because of the Boys and Girls Club. Parents aren't even allowed to sit in the gym and watch their children practice. I see the reports with the numbers made to look good in the newspaper and how good the club is doing but when you are actually there at the gym the number of children isn't so high as they claim it to be. How many children and adults do not go to the Community Center anymore because of this club? How are we supposed to be the Healthiest Nation when we are shut out from the gym? How are the kids going to perform during tournaments when there are no structured practices for teams? I would like to air my opinion because this makes me sad that we always have to change things that do not benefit the young people of our Tribe. And then we wonder why there is so much alcohol, drug use, gangs, teenage pregnancy, and runaways. I am thankful for all the youth coaches that put on tournaments for our kids to keep them busy and keep them looking forward for something positive to do. This much I would like to share because it has been bothering me throughout the basketball season.

**Deannie Johnson**

## Getting ready for vision of empty tomb

To the editor,  
Hello from Pastor Rick. Easter is here. April 15. What does the empty tomb mean to you? Jesus Christ who was a brown skinned man. He loved, laughed, cried and was angry. He also was God.

We go from the baby born. To the bloodied cross. An empty tomb. Standing before Thomas. And then finally to a room filled with fire and wind.

All of this and more that speaks

of the love of God for us. Are you ready for Easter???

I read a story from "Stand Firm." It is about temporary contentment. A mother and son were outside when a tornado surprised them. The mother clung to a tree and tried to hold her son.

But the swirling winds carried him into the sky. He was gone. The woman began to weep and pray: "Please, O Lord, bring back my boy! He's all I have. I'd do anything not

to lose him. If you'll bring him back, I'll serve you all my days." Suddenly the boy toppled from the sky, right at her feet - a bit mussed up, but safe and sound. His mother joyfully brushed him off. Then she stopped, looked to the sky, and said, "He had a hat, Lord."

Found in front of the Presbyterian Church, a set of keys, Dodge Ram and other keys.

Hug someone you love. Hug someone you dislike. No alcohol or

tobacco for children. One day at a time. Buckle up the kids and yourself. Don't hit or beat on yourself. Pay your bills before gambling, then stay home. Read the Bible for its effect on your heart.

Pray to God to the point of your hearing Him. Honor someone. Love yourself. Like yourself. See you in church.

**Pastor Rick R. Ribeiro**  
**WS Presbyterian Church**  
**On the campus**

## Columbia's crashing stays in memory

By George Aguilar

The crashing, violent stream of the wild Columbia River will soon be taking place. The setting is about March 15, 1930, a 64-year-old grandpa is commuting to the Columbia River area to establish a fishing scaffold at his fishing station located at Cascade Rapid Falls.

During his trip to the river, there will be a brief stop to visit their daughter who resides at House No. 44, Washington St., The Dalles. James Polk Jr. and Hattie arrive March 29, 1930 at this residence. They also came to visit and see the new grandson that was born on February 22. The grandson's father is employed at a bank in The Dalles. This grandpa's son-in-law's life will be snuffed out a year and a half later by the furious Cascade Falls. Editor's note: this information is taken from my baby record book. Seven years later, this portion of the Columbia River, with its deafening roar, will be stilled by Bonneville Dam. The grandpa never lived long enough to see it happen.

Despite the dangers of this river, those that become familiar with fishing it will return again and again, defiantly challenging the river's fury. Just 22 years later, the wild Columbia River will engulf the lives of five more family members. The untamed river, during the snow melt off at Five Mile Rapids had a sort of hypnotic effect, perhaps the ancestors of old, crying out the warning of the taming and the slaughter of this wild river.

The aftermath of the previous year's snow melt brought in large boulders, some of them were the size of automobiles. They were strewn all over places they had never been before. On the Five Mile Rapids, the high positioned fishing stations were often left in place for the next spring fishing season. To make these fishing stations productive, boulders would have to be removed. If they were left in place the result would be an alteration of current flow, causing the fishing station to be useless.

As a youngster, I'd experienced the harvesting of the cels in the shallow narrow channels and watched the elders harvest vast amounts of the early spring chinook salmon run. Later, in some of my teen years, I helped with the fishing, constructing nets, and sometimes assisting with the blasting of huge boulders. When the bright spring run chinook salmon came, they ascended the river so fast they were still infested with sea lice.

The early spring chinook run came just as the spring snow melt off began to take effect. This species weighed about 8-25 pounds. In the earlier times I was told they came by the thousands, hugging the Columbia basalt cliffs at Five Mile Rapids. It was here the ancestors of many years ago netted and speared the salmon during the raging river's flood time. Even in the later times before the dams destroyed this fishery the boiling water often

brought the backs of salmon to the surface.

On one of the fishing stations, the salmon could be heard several yards from below the scaffold. The thrashing sound made by a fish ascending the swift current made their presence known. At this fishing station the blue backs (sockeye) would be scooped out, the larger chinooks would be roped. Roping is a term used by Indian fishermen for the use of a trip-able net on a steel hoop. The salmon came slamming into the set nets as though trying to beat the violence of the impending flooding from the snow melt off. The spring chinook run lasted about five weeks.

The activity of any anadromous species (such as salmon) became dormant for about four weeks. The appearance of the blue back signaled their journey to the spawning grounds just as the spring snow melt started to recede. Some of these sockeye runs have become extinct. The turbulent water of the river was now becoming milder as the river receded. The huge majestic June Hog chinook salmon also made its appearance.

The June Hog has been annihilated into extinction, as a result of the salmon-murdering dams of the Grand Coulee and Chief Joseph near the borders of Washington and Canada. These gigantic salmon weighed 45-75 pounds. In earlier times a 100-pounder might be caught. This salmon run ended about the first week of July.