

## Spilyay speaks

### Autumn brings out colorful memories

The summer season has passed and the fall air is setting in all over. The first rain came and cooled the whole world and aiding with the wildfires. The old saying is, "There is always room for a change in things." No matter if it is good to have a change in things, I always like the warm summer days. There are so many good memories of events, that I feel they will always be in my memory.

I suppose everyone has that special feeling of things that they don't want to lose, special memories of special people or events they experienced or enjoyed. I believe that there is something that everyone enjoys in their certain way.

In my earlier years I used to look forward to the summer months for travels and outings. Like that old saying, "Summer time, when living is easy."

This past summer as I traveled through the woods I took notice of what has happened since the logging has taken place all over in the woods. All large trees are all gone, where at one time a person couldn't see very far because of the dense timber. Today, with all those large trees gone, a person can see for a long way in the woods. Years ago when the logging was in its infant stages a crew of one D-9 Cat and three choker setters could skid more board feet in one day than a company can skid in a month at the present time. Some trees were so large that they had to be haltered to be skidded into the landing. May times the roll up Cat would have to get behind the skidding Cat and help push the load in. All the Cats used arches in order to get all the logs in.

All the logging camps are just a thought nowadays, as in the past logging camps were a necessity and choker setters were a need. Here in Warm Springs there were two logging camps, one at Old Mill, which was later referred to as Camp A, and a camp along Beaver Creek known as Dahl Pine. Both camps had several loggers living there.

Dahl Pine was a small lumber mill settlement where men worked in the mill or in the woods. The Dahl Pine settlement existed for several years, and when its contract was over the whole settlement faded away and now is just a memory of the past.

The Warm Springs logging camp, which was located at Old Mill and known as "Cascade Eastern Logging," also had to close with the changing of time and conditions, and since local logging companies were established, and operated in a small scale as the timber became a lot smaller and the use of modern equipment that replaced the choker setter. Mainly because the timber was at a smaller size, and less effort needed by mankind.

Today there is a lot of salvage logging carried on at a limited basis. All the logging companies are all locally owned and operate moderately during the season.

Well, what has been said may not be the real facts, but they are as close to what has been experienced or observed. Well, in today's world there are several products or resources that are at a limited basis. Today there are all sorts of studies being made to improve all the products that are becoming less available. Get carried away on certain things, so I better call it quits for now.

- Sid Miller

## 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.

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## Letters to the editor

### Thanks from family of Delbert Frank Sr.

Our family would like to extend heartfelt gratitude to everyone who was there for our father and grandfather, Delbert Frank Sr.

First, I want to thank Our Creator for allowing us to spend the time with him before he was called home. We are thankful that he is no longer in any pain, and with the belief that we will see him again someday.

We want to thank Annette and Chino for everything. Thank you for being patient and understanding, thank you for staying awake with him during those long nights, and thank you for not giving up. No words will ever express the gratitude you and your children deserve. To Priscilla "Bunny" Frank, we have grown stronger through all of this, and I want to thank you for taking care of everything and everyone. To all my aunts and uncles, thank you for pulling together and becoming ONE again like we used to be.

A big Thank You to all the drummers and shakers that were there for our family. He was always asking for some prayers, and no matter what time of day or night he asked, you all were there. Your prayers and songs always made him feel better, and they lifted his spirit home.

To the Tribal Council, thank you for your donation and support. If there was one thing he liked to talk about, it was his 40-plus years he sat at the Tribal Council table, and the places he traveled to and the people he met

and worked with. To Doris "Teeneey" Miller, you were always his secretary, and he was proud of you, thank you for your kindness and your guidance. Rhonda Smith, you too were "his" secretary, and he never failed to point you out whenever he saw you. Thank you gentlemen of the Fish and Wildlife Committees for spending time with him and keeping him up to date with CRITFC meetings and fishing conditions.

The staff at High Look Lodge, thank each and everyone of you for the food that was cooked, and the hospitality you gave to our very large family. Your facility was a nice home to us all, and we knew we could call on all of you for anything we needed.

To Lucille Schuster, thank you and your staff for bringing food across the way to the elders that were visiting him.

To all the cooks and helpers at the Longhouse, your food filled us and gave us the strength we all needed to get through those days.

Thank you to all the veterans for the services that you provided. It was a great honor to have so many veterans there, and you helped us hold our hearts a little higher.

Thanks you Vic Atiyeh for your friendship and support. He always talked about you and you meant a lot to him.

To Howie Arnett, Jim Noteboom and Dennis Karnopp, thank you for visiting him those last few weeks. He told me how much he thought of you guys, and he hoped you always try to remember what he taught you. Howie,

you were like a son to him.

Thanks to all the people who came from out of state, to Grand Ronde for the basket, to The Yakama Nation for your donations, to the Indian Health Board, to ATNI and NCAI for your friendship and participation, and to Judge Owen Panner, you were another one he always talked about. If we forgot anyone, please know that we thank you with all our hearts.

Sincerely,  
**Cecelia (Frank), Michael Collins and children;**  
**Lillian Frank, children and grandchildren;**  
**Marlena Becerra, children and grandchildren;**  
**Diana (Frank) Felix and children;**

**Janie Felix and children;**  
**Yolanda Felix and children**

### Help is appreciated in care of father

To Spilyay Tymoo,

I would like to extend my thanks to the many people who extended their assistance in the care and support to my father Delbert Frank Sr.

First, it was the EMTs and Mt. View Hospital personnel that worked to make him comfortable.

I would like to acknowledge the Tribal Council and tribal attorneys that shared the most important part of his life and displayed support that will never be forgotten. Mr. Vic Atiyah for his friendship to the family.

I want to share my gratitude to the Shakers for prayers and the

Washut drummers for your prayers, also the many people that came to visit.

My sincere appreciation goes out to my close relatives that shared guidance and wisdom of traditional value. Mostly the words shared to comfort in a very gentle manner, these are Doris "Teeneey" Miller, Charlotte Herkhsan, Orthelia Patt, and thanks go out to all family members.

I want to thank Theodore "Chino" and Annette for the care of my father. At the final services and journey we had the help of Utilities Department, and Warm Springs Police Department and all the people that participated in the Traditional Funeral services. It was appreciated for all your assistance, it was meaningful.

From the very beginning it was told to me, the vast knowledge and wisdom of life and I will miss this experience but I have to appreciate all that was left for me as a memory by the man I called dad. Although I will never use this word no longer, I can understand life in a greater way.

Even to the very end, in this last year and a half, it became more important to listen and be taught my most difficult experience of learning the importance of life and what it stood for.

When this spirit of life closed in silence forever, it took a strong hold to remember all that was said to me in a very rewarding manner.

Cordially,  
**Priscilla Frank and my children & grandchildren**

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## Daughter finds strength in loving family

Thank you, Lord, for faith to make my goals come true!

To my father, Warren Rudy Clements, who has always been by my side. You're strong because of your own trials and tribulations. You come home every night, leaving work at work to become my dad, a grandpa and husband. If I could have a "hero," my father would be mine. I'm proud of you!

To my mother, Anna Queahpama-Clements, your strength, values and morals mean so much. Thank you for raising me in the longhouse. It's pulled me through some tough times; listening to Washut and prayer songs bring me comfort. Also, for allowing me to carry the Queahpama name along with my father's. I'm so lucky to have parents like you and dad.

Daughter, Shayla Frank, I am proud of the way you doing in school, academically and in sports. Remembering your father in naming your son is a true miracle.



My other family, Jacob Frank, Sr. and Winona Frank. You're like my parents and I will cherish that always. You accepted me as part of your family when I met the love of my life, Jacob Jr. I learned how to be a caring strong person. I will remember your words of wisdom and will never disrespect you. I promise to teach baby Jacob Frank III all I have learned and to carry the Frank name with respect,

honor and pride.

Mariel and Jeffery, thanks for teaching Shayla to be a racehorse cowgirl. She looks forward every summer to be with auntie Mariel and Uncle Jeffery so she can go to the racetrack. Thank you for bringing joy to her life. Thank you Grandpa Yaht for loving baby Jacob. When he's older, he'll become a Pine Grove Jr.

My sister Melinda Tohet,

thanks for being there and letting me confide my most inner-thoughts. Your re-assurance means so much. I can confide anything to you and not be judged. I can tell you anything without being afraid of what you might think. Thanks for keeping Jacob for me. He loves you very much.

To my family, God bless!  
**Trudee Queahpama-Clements**  
**Baby Jacob Frank III**

## Fire and safety, hats, babies and termites

Hello from Pastor Rick,

This month I have been a volunteer for 15 years with Warm Springs Fire and Safety. Keith Baker long ago talked me into coming down to the station and help. One of the first things he does is prepare me to drive the ambulance, an old Ford van. So he straps me down on the cot in back and then drives the ambulance in the worst possible way. When I found my stomach and took a turn at driving, he said, "Drive like you are pulling a trailer with expensive race horses in back."

Later going into the house on the corner I hear noises down in the basement. The staff says, "Oh, that is Mr. Short our ghost." Years later, when computers act up or someone leaves dirty dishes in the sink, it was Mr. Short.

I like to go to the Fire Hall with my mail. I can sit down in a chair and sort through it all. One day

walking by the bathroom my foot went into the floor. It was a termite nest; I was told to lose weight. For a time my hat was the center of a game. The staff would sneak my hat from me and hide it. I would find it later in the tower, freezer, tree or toilet. I caught one fellow trying for my hat and gave chase. He closed a door between me and him, I could not stop in time and hit the door. The door flew open and the lock hardware hit the guy in the back of his head. It gave him a headache, and I had to fix the door.

I have been on many calls. One ambulance call the older man who knew me required that as I took care of him I had to sing hymns all the way to Mountain View Hospital. One person lost her dog at a car wreck. She was more concerned about her dog than her injuries. One of the staff found the dog out on the highway two days

later. Lady and dog are doing fine.

I got to help a woman give birth in the back of the ambulance with another medic. Wow, the noise in a metal box called an ambulance caused us to lose our hearing for a time. Her bag of water broke and we then had a swimming pool in back. We also had a beautiful baby along on the way to the hospital.

Our first out fire truck is 2220. It was built in 1970 in the state of Florida. It has a few leaks here and there. On a house fire in winter we stand by the exhaust to get warm then skate down the street on the ice from the leak to the fire. On a grass fire long ago I stood ready with my fire truck on a paved road waiting for the fire to burn up to the road. A black cloud in front of the fire turns out was not smoke but a swarm of grasshoppers. They were hard to wash off.

In 15 years I have seen the best

and the worst of mankind and nature. You know, I can't wait to see what the next 15 years brings as a volunteer. If you want to volunteer come to the Fire Hall or call 553-1634.

I also have been a pastor for 16 years in Warm Springs but that is for another time.

So, hug someone you love. Hug someone you dislike. No alcohol or tobacco for children. One day at a time. Buckle up the kids and yourselves. 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 each day. Love yourself. Like yourself. See you in church.

Warm Springs Presbyterian Church, on the campus.  
 Worship at 11 a.m.  
**Pastor Rick R. Ribeiro**  
 553-1237