

Smoke Signals to start charging for commercial ads

Beginning with this issue, *Smoke Signals* will begin charging for business advertising, but will continue providing as a free service to Tribal members milestone ads — announcements celebrating birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, graduations, etc. — as well as classified ads to sell items, such as houses and vehicles.

Instituting Tribal Council-approved advertising rates for commercial businesses is in reaction to escalating printing costs and the need to recoup some of those costs by not giving away valuable space in a Tribally-funded publication, thereby subsidizing those businesses.

Smoke Signals will not charge

for ads from other Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde entities, such as Spirit Mountain Casino or the Tribal Housing Authority, and will provide a substantial 50-percent discount to Tribal members who want to advertise a business in *Smoke Signals*.

"We print more than 8,000 copies of *Smoke Signals* twice a month," Tribal Publications Coordinator Dean Rhodes said. "The newspaper circulates in the immediate area, where there are about 100,000 people from McMinnville to Lincoln City to Salem. Space in *Smoke Signals* has advertising value to businesses wanting to attract Tribal members' dollars, and the Tribe should recoup some of the print-

For more information or to receive a copy of *Smoke Signals*' ad rates, contact the Publications Office at 800-422-0232 or send an e-mail to kristen.ravia@grandronde.org.

ing cost by charging businesses for that space.

"But we also want to continue providing a valuable, free service to Tribal members and will not charge for milestone ads or classified ads. The Tribal Council agrees that those ads are important an-

nouncements for Tribal members and should not require a fee."

Ad rate space in *Smoke Signals* will be \$8 per column inch with discounts provided to advertisers who want to take out quarter-, half- and full-page ads. Tribal members advertising a business in *Smoke Signals* will receive a 50-percent discount on any ad, no matter the size.

Commercial ads submitted to *Smoke Signals* must be ready to run and pre-paid. There will be no space reservations; *Smoke Signals* reserves the right to place ads where they best fit in an edition. *Smoke Signals* also reserves the right to reject an ad based on appropriateness. ■

Hikers visit virtually untouched ancestral Tribal territory

By Chris Mercier

Special to *Smoke Signals*

Two years ago, I mistakenly packed an older pair of hiking boots for a trip to the Obsidian Cliffs region of Willamette National Forest.

Upon arriving at the Ranger District office, I realized that the pair bore a huge tear in the front, making them highly undesirable for the trek. The next best thing in my car trunk was a set of Adidas Samba indoor soccer shoes. Those, I thought, would have to do.

Two of my co-hikers this year remembered that because the blisters I suffered then were among the worst they had ever seen. I remember them, too, because after a few miles every step of the more than 20-mile hike over three days caused me to grimace in pain. My socks were blood-stained.

I suppose such tribulations are what make these hikes fun. If you don't suffer some cut, bruise, scrape, sting, bite or malady, then you're really not camping. That is how I rationalize it anyway.

This year, nothing dramatic occurred; no bear attacks, gruesome injuries or anything newsworthy other than a chance to escape the office and enjoy an area of Oregon that still looks fairly untouched and few people see.

To find the trailhead about 20 miles southeast of Sisters, one drives through the lava fields and turns right into a gravel parking lot. We hiked about three or four miles in and up, and encountered a series of evidently ancient lakes, one named Tanas, and some others bearing no names. All have the beautiful deep blue hue that large

bodies of water at high altitudes possess. Some of the trails seem hardly used and the region as a whole is gorgeous.

We elected to try a milder hike this year. Obsidian Cliffs tended to be ranked more difficult. The year's hike took us within view of Obsidian Cliffs, especially from the top of Mt. Cooper.

We twice encountered little caches of obsidian flakes. The piles were methodic looking, which to our guide, Eric Bergland, signified that some time ago a person had probably hovered around one area to make arrowheads and spear points, and take advantage of the stone that can be as sharp as metal.

Bergland was working for the U.S. Forest Service two years ago, but has since retired. He gladly came out of retirement to help guide us — myself, Tribal attorney Rob Greene and Tribal Elder and Council member Jack Giffen Jr.

His presence, as well as Mary Allison's, was valuable because both know the region well, including plants, animals and, in Bergland's case, stone, especially obsidian. Our discoveries excited him immensely as he quickly marked cache coordinates, hopefully to return later.

He also said that the trout foraging in the lakes were introduced by men. Many of the area's lakes were not teeming with life, having no streams or rivers draining into them. The fish were flown in via helicopter years, maybe even decades, ago. I would have never guessed that.

Monty Ramp once again served as our mule man, bringing along the usual cadre of mules to carry gear.

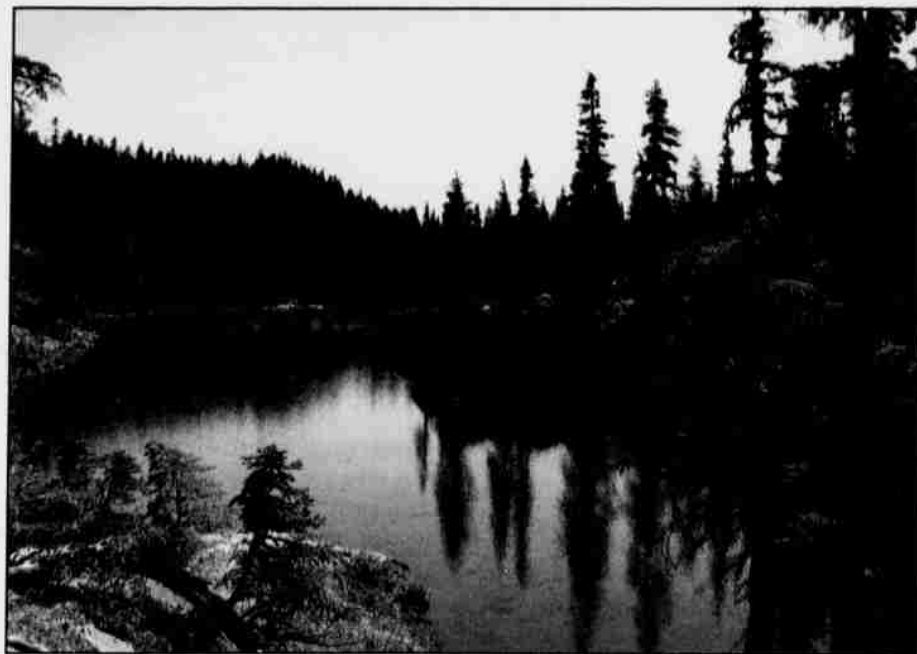


Photo by Chris Mercier

A number of isolated small lakes are spread throughout Willamette National Forest. It is not uncommon for campers, like the recent trio from the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, to have entire lakes to themselves while camping.

While unpacking the next day, I learned that some ropes resemble snakes, and mules don't like snakes, and these cute animals can be powerful brutes when provoked.

Giffen, Allison and I talked about what to do next year. For as much as we enjoyed the hike, it was a breeze compared to Obsidian Cliffs. There was something about that trip, and that area, you can't quite get over.

We talked about making the hike an annual summer rite of passage, not simply part of the Tribe's Memorandum of Understanding with Willamette National Forest, but a real event, like the Canoe Journey.

Of course, it can never reach that magnitude, with only 30 hiking permits allowed per day and parties of more than 12 prohibited. But it can be something that once the sign-up sheet is out, people can clamor for.

If it happens, the weekend after pow-wow seems the logical choice. We'll keep you informed. Maybe the photo will whet your interest. There aren't many areas that have seen little change since the time of our ancestors and where you can actually find untouched evidence of their labors.

But this is one of them, and that is reason enough. ■