

When I was 10, I experienced something, which I now call "Cheap high." My friend, who was going to school in Oklahoma, came back from school. She used to ask me to go to the store with her. We'd walk up town. One day we went to a hardware store and bought some clear plastic spray paint; then we went to a Safeway store and got some bags. On the lawn of the museum she sprayed some in a bag, and we breathed the air in. I got sick. When I got home, no one knew what was going on.

I wasn't home very much, only to say "hello" and "goodbye." But I only tried it a few times. Then my other friend asked me if I wanted to drink. I didn't want to, but she wouldn't let me go home until I'd take a drink. I did. I drank more. That went on for awhile. All these girls were way older than me. So they had control.

⁷⁴ Then in my Junior High, I never bothered to tough anything. My older brother told me, I was the only smart one in the family and if I keep up the bad stuff I would be so dumb. I was the smartest, but the minute I got to Junior High, I met up with new friends. We always goofed up. Later on in the fall, these two girls came back from Chemawa and said they have a new way of getting high. I knew what they had in mind. So at night, my friend named Carol of Nevada (she was a Paiute Indian) begged me to go along, trying to say it's fun. But the answer was always "No". It made me so mad to see her with that bunch every night. She'd come to school kinda half-minded, and a few spots of gold on her shoes or fingernails--spray paint. Then they started on Pam (oven spray). I told Carol to stop hanging around with them. She ignored me. She got worse every night doing the same thing. Finally her mom said she was going to send her back to her grandma, because she had to listen. So she did. And I got word about two weeks later that Carol had died. I heard the story - She and her cousin were by a bridge, Carol down there. She tried to call her cousin to come along and have some, her cousin wouldn't go. Then her cousin saw her sniffing the Pam. She got so high, she sprayed it in her mouth and it went all over her system, and killed her. Her cousin saw her fall straight on

Then she ran and got help. The ambulance took her all the way to Winnimucca from McDermitt to the hospital. It was too late. She died, and blood came from her eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. It was awful the people said. So that I lost one of my close friends. I tried to tell her but she didn't listen.

In Junior High, three other friends and I used to hang around after Carol had past away. Something weird went on through the years 77, 79, and 80. First Carol died of sniffing. Then my cousin of Warm Springs, Oregon, hung himself in jail. He was under the influence of alcohol. Then last year 1980, an other cousin of Nevada died in a car wreck. She was also under the influence of alcohol. Now there are two of us left. Ruthie of Warm Springs, and me. I never attended any of those funerals. Never again do I do any sniffing. Nor will I ever take drugs. This is all true.

ALM

RIP—OFFS

Here I sit in my room with bad thoughts. All this stealing going on in these dormitories! Indians never did steal in the olden days. They either gave to each other for friendship or as gifts, but never did they steal from each other. Money isn't everything. Why do they steal? To buy more dope? Booze? What is wrong with the Indians today? Why do they turn to alcohol or dope to hide their problems? Why can't we all live freely here?

Chemawa means "Welcome" and it welcomed you here to go to school, to get an education, not to fool around and do things you'd never do at home. It hurts me very much to see the madness and sorrow on one's face who just got something stolen. But what can I do? When things get stolen from me I never do see them again. Yet it is my property that has been stolen. IT HAS MYSELF IN IT.

Stealing from others, you hurt them, but you will be hurt too. There's always something that will happen to you. It is true. I have seen it happen. This is not some kind of witchcraft, but it is the Indian way.

I hope many will feel guilty and return all the stolen property. Don't think you're making life easy for yourself. And you're just making others hurt.

The Angel Death film was very interesting. I've seen it before, but I still like to watch it. Now that I know what that stuff can do to a person, I know what to stay away from. I smoke marijuana myself; but not very often. For sure, I'll stay away from P.C.P. I would hate for me or any friend to go through what I've seen from that film. I wish they could find a way to get rid of it all. As that one lady was saying, I think it's sad how those people get hooked on it, then they even over dose on it. But still they keep smoking. P.C.P. ruins alot of friendships because friends end up fighting each other, and even killing goes on. They get so hysterical, they don't remember what happens.

"PCP"

"Now that I know what that stuff can do to a person, I know what to stay away from. I wish they could find a way to get rid of it all. "N"S"E

"It can destroy your life, It just ain't worth it."

"PCP is a harmful drug that can mess your mind up. When first taken, you look as if you're a zombie. On a larger dose, you start freaking out, going into convulsions or scissors. On the drug you don't know your own strength or what you're doing. One man on the drug pulled out all of his teeth with a pair of pliers! Another bit off a woman's nose!

Smoking the stuff results in amnesia and seizures. "You could end up being a freak-out person all your life."

Smoking Pot

Some students around here consider that smoking pot is #1. But it's not #1 if you want a healthy body. Some smoke to be in with their friends, to feel "good", to get high, to be able to brag about how much they buy and smoke. "Stoner" and "Space" are favorite names, and to show off, they talk about "the munchies". In the dorms burning a cone of incense hides the scent.

Smoking dope is not the answer for a healthy body. I have a friend who is now 37. He is all wrinkled, gray haired. He's been smoking for many years. My older brother does too. I dread to think of seeing him like that.

There's more to life than just DOPE.