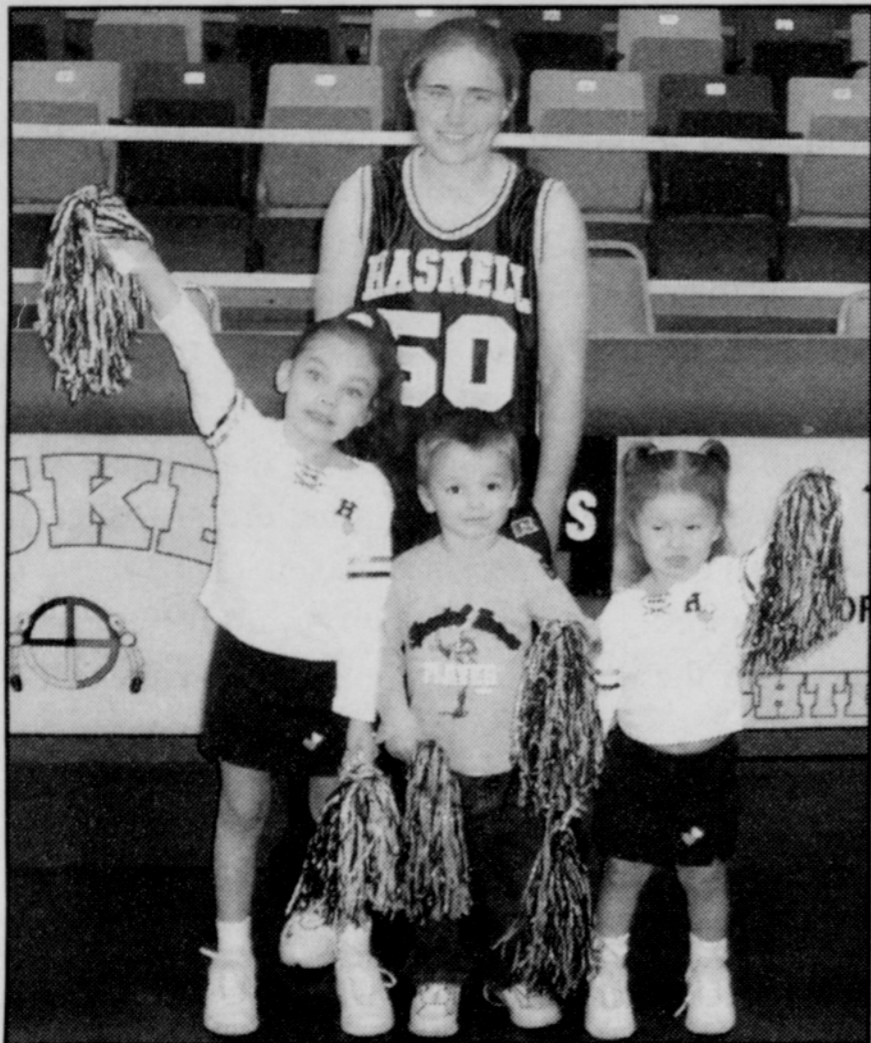


Hibdon Makes Team at Haskell

by Mom, Dad, Gyrrad, and Heidi



Congratulations, Lynette Hibdon, for making the Haskell Indian Nations University women's basketball team. We're all very proud of you and we're excited to see you play. See you soon.

Lynette Hibdon and her cousins Jasmine Aguilar, Tristan Rilatos, and Jaylee Rilatos

Katrina Reis, Jr. Miss Siletz, and Ashliegh Ramirez, Little Miss Siletz, participate in the pow-wow at Chemawa Indian School (below) and in the Restoration Pow-Wow at Chinook Winds Casino (right).



Many-Scars

by Clifford Case, Jr.

Grandfather, it is I, Spirit Feather. How can a man respect another man when this man has no respect for me or my surroundings. I want to hurt this man for the disrespect he has toward me and my circle.

Spirit Feather, this man has no respect for you or anybody else, all he cares is about himself. Spirit Feather, do not let this bother you. If you do, you lose respect from yourself and from everyone else too, as this big warrior did.

He came out from nowhere. He was a big broad-shouldered Cree Indian named Many-Scars.

He wore many scars up and down his body from many battles that he fought throughout his journey. He stood above our village with his war club and knife in hand, letting out a war cry that echoed throughout the land and let everyone know that he came to fight.

I then heard three calls from three different warriors, nine cries in all. They jumped on their war ponies to go face this man who wore many scars. Each one in turn had tried to take this man's spirit, but all three failed to do so.

Again, three more warriors gave their battle cry and each one in turn lost his spirit to this man of many scars. People couldn't believe what strength and swiftness he carried. They also wondered why he came here to die, when his tribe is three moons away.

The chief spoke up and said, "I will go and fight this man of many scars. I will let his spirit at peace."

"No my chief, you have many people to lead to happiness with your words of command. Our people would be lost without you. I, Stands-Alone, will go see this man of many scars."

The chief waved his arm for me to keep going. I then looked at this giant. As I looked, I also looked toward the skies, asking for guidance from Grandfather and the Great Spirit above to help me defend myself against my enemy.

I had no protection or any weapons of any kind. All I had was my faith in the Great Spirit and Grandfather above. I gave no war cries nor did I have any war paint on. I didn't even jump on my war pony.

I walked toward this man of many scars. The people were trying to hand me war clubs or knives to defend myself. I motioned with my hands that I didn't need them.

As I came close to the mighty warrior, he started to scream his war cry. My heart felt at ease for some reason. He then said, "What kind of man are you to die with no honor?"

I spoke loud and hard toward this man of many scars. I said, "I am Stands-Alone. Are you not happy with the lives you already have taken? What brings you to this tribe to take spirits that have no meaning to you? Can you not see the hurt and pain that you have given us? Let us be, mighty warrior. We have no quarrel with you."

Again he let another war cry. I then started to sing a song. As I was singing, the warrior gave a laugh and said, "Stands-Alone, my heart bleeds for your death song that you sing. I can also hear your people singing for you. That is all right. Stands-Alone, maybe you will die with honor."

The mighty warrior came running down the hill with his war club and knife in hand, ready to take my spirit. The voices of the tribe became louder as he got closer. He then began to fall and by the time he hit the ground, the song that we sang was finished.

He then stood up with the knife stuck into his heart, asking me, "What strong medicine do you have to make this happen to me, when there has been no man from hundreds of mountains away to take my spirit?"

He began to get weak as he came closer to my body. I looked at the mighty warrior and said, "The song that we sang was a song of honor, not death. I knew in my heart that the Great Spirit would protect me from all bad spirits such as yours. You would have known if you knew our language and ways. I am sorry for your ways of life. May the Great Spirit and Grandfather watch over you now, my brother."

A-Ho

Thank you, Grandfather, for that story and lesson for how I will not let my heart be broken by bad spirits. To make them stronger, I will walk with honor.

Spirit Feather