

# Editorial E Coosh EEWA:

(The way it is)  
Letters to the Editor—



## Drugs are not the answer

To the people,

I don't know how you people feel or realize what it is that you're doing to our younger generation. Ten years ago I used to sell different types of drugs, and because of this, one person is dead. Seeing almost all of my friends die because of alcohol and drugs is insane. What people call fun is becoming a very deadly problem with anyone who indulges in alcohol or drugs. I don't see what's fun about getting beat up, committing adultery, being stabbed, shot or getting into car wrecks, getting seriously hurt or even dying. It's because of Jesus Christ and His love that I am writing this letter of concern.

It seems no one hardly ever preaches hell anymore, like sin is death, hell is hot, and heaven pure, and Jesus loves you and died for you and I, to save us from whatever it is that has control over us (drugs, alcohol, etc.). In Genesis 3:14-19 God talks about a curse, because of one man's sin, sin entered into the world. Verse 18 "and thou shalt eat the herb of the field." It

says man shall eat of the herb and not the herb eating man. People are to have this under subjection, but the world we live in is the herb of the field eating man, woman and child (drugs, alcohol, cigarettes) etc.

Proverbs 20:1 "Wine is a mocker, strong drink raging; and whosoever is deceived is not wise."

We have preachers running around this country who are justifying themselves more than they justify God Almighty. Once give this old warrior the strength you're doing to our younger no middle ground, if you die in your sin you're going to burn in hell forever, but if you get right with Jesus you'll live in paradise. Some have fallen away from the gospel of Jesus Christ, tipping a bottle, doing dope and slapping Jesus in the face.

Isaiah 5:11-14, 22 "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. And the harp, and the viole, the tabert, and the pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord,

neither consider the operation of this hands: Therefore my people are gone into captivity because they have no knowledge: and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure, Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

Christmas is almost here, Jesus the son of God, God is human flesh, being born in a manger, Christ living among men. Christ dying on the cross for you and I.

Some people say cuss words about Jesus Christ. Jesus this, Christ that, it's very upsetting when I hear people say things like that. I mean how would you like it if I used your father, mother, sister or brothers name in every cuss word? Jesus means Savior-Chris means anointed one.

Matthew 27:33-35 "And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, a skull, they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and Continued on page 8



Planners for the future

Mid-Oregon Indian Historical Society board members are (left to right) Jim Southern, Lilly Heath, Rudy Clements, Marge Ettinger, Dr. Richard Ettinger, Liz Tewee and Don Kerr. The board meets quarterly and is currently busy working on plans for the museum. Other board members include Nelson Wallulatum, Harold Culpus and Donna Behrend.

## "Give the old warrior the strength to win just one more war"

Note to the Editor: This story was printed a year ago in the Rawhide Press of the Spokane Tribe. I have been informed that it has been used in several Tribal alcohol programs. One caller told me, that it was not just the story of one man, that it applies to many. I have been asked to submit it to other Tribal Papers, so more people could benefit from its lesson. Getting a glimpse through the window of time, into another persons life, can be a powerful experience.

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"The Old Warrior"

by Inges Mebes

The day before rain had cast its gloom over the land, but this morning the sun came out. Its brilliance adding to the good mood of the crowd. What a perfect day for a powwow.

From the distance I could hear the drums, drawing me like

a magnet, as they always do. Stopping to greet friends here and there, I make my way to the War Dance Hall and the magic of yet another powwow. My eyes sweeping over the crowd, looking for a good place to sit, I noticed you.

Although there were many people there and the benches were filling up fast you were sitting alone apart from the others. Your hair looked ruffled, your eyes dull as if shrouded in fog. Your clothes had an unkempt appearance and there was the smell of alcohol about you. You were not loud or disorderly. You were not bothering anyone but seemed withdrawn from your surroundings.

A small child smiled at you and was about to sit next to you, but was snatched away by a mother's hand and ushered into another direction. I heard her mutter something about "that old drunk." I know you heard it too, you looked as if someone had slapped you in the face. You looked hurt and sad. So I sat next to you, hoping to make up for someone elses thoughtlessness. You looked at me a

stranger and greeted me. I returned the greeting with dignity.

The drums started their sound filling every corner of the hall. Their echo reaching deep inside us, as if trying to awake something, that has been asleep within. Slowly you become alive, your eyes losing their dullness, begin to shine. Your body moving with the rhythm of the drums. From your lips comes a chant new to me, yet sounding familiar, making me feel I have heard it before. Somewhere long ago outside the scope of my memory. Amazed I watch your transformation. The words of your song floating to me, like a bird on silent wings. I must listen closely to understand you.

You are of another tribe, you have traveled far to get here. Always you must follow the powwow, as a bird follows the season, you must answer the call of the drums. I close my eyes, shutting out all else except the beat of the drums. I follow your voice into the past: You were young then, so full of life, hope and plans for the future. Your body was healthy and strong and you liked to race with the wind and cunningly stalk wild game. No horse was so wild that you could not tame it.

Life on the Reservation was simple then, you did not have much, you were poor and yet you felt rich. Then your country took away from your people and the life you loved. It sent you to a foreign land, to fight for freedom. You could not quite understand why you were there, so far from home, fighting for people whose language you did not understand and whose ways were strange to you. But your country had sent you, so you did your duty and did not question it.

As the drums stop, you grow silent, waiting for them to start again before you continue. It is your first battle, you are fighting shoulder to shoulder with your comado, beating the attackers into retreat. Suddenly you find yourself alone, isolated from your group and face to face with an enemy, looking into the barrel of his gun. You have never killed a man before

in hand to hand combat. But now you know that it is either him or you. For an instant you feel the terror of death and you want to run. Then instinct takes over, you feel your blood stir. Something inside of you recalls your ancestors, the proud warriors. You let out a war-cry shrill and penetrating. Coming unexpected, it so startles your enemy, making him freeze momentarily. You use this time to change. The noise of your gun blending with the sound coming from your throat. Then it is all over. Your enemy laying at your feet, all life gone out of him. You look down at him, the first man you killed. What is it you feel, you wonder? Remorse for the young man, not much older than you, who now looks so harmless in death? Or is it a relief at the conquest, that it is not you laying there in his place? You feel something running down your cheeks, you wipe it with the back of your hands. It is tears, you discover almost amazed. You had not cried since you were a child. Almost automatically your hand reaches down to touch him, as if counting coup like your warrior ancestors have done before now.

The war goes on, with its suffering, death and destruction. You fight bravely, for what your country stands for. You take life, but you also save life. Your fellow soldiers marvel at your courage. You are treated as a hero and decorated for your bravery. Then the war is over. Victorious you return home, to the life you had left.

While many details of the war grow hazy with the passage of time, the memory of the first man you killed, your first coup will always stay with you, as

clear as if it had happened yesterday. Even the fog of alcohol cannot dim that part of your life.

The drums have stopped and you grow silent. I open my eyes and look at you in wonder. I touch your shoulder, convincing myself that you are real and not a dream. Then pointing to the dancers I tell you "You should not be sitting here. It is out there that you belong. Dressed in the tradition of your people." You shake your head sadly. "But you must," I implore, "Your heart, your soul are out there, in that circle." You turn and look at me full now. The painful expression in your eyes is something beyond the description of words.

The drums have started again, your body picking up the rhythm, your voice sounding sad: "I have been out there, taking home many honors, that is past now. Now I can only watch the others. They much dance for me. Those drums, they are my religion, they speak the words of my heart." As you turn away from me, I understand what it is you are telling me. You do not join the dancers, because you

are a drunk and you are ashamed. You have betrayed and dishonored your body with alcohol. But you will not dishonor the sacred circle and the sound of those drums, the tradition of your people.

So long ago, you cried for your first dead enemy. Now it is my heart that cries for you, a brave warrior, who fought with such courage. You won the battle you fought far away from home but you lost your battle with alcohol and let it defeat you.

I walk outside into the dark, away from the crowd. I inhale the cool air of the evening and look at the stars that have been shining on many generations and witnessed many battles, in victory and defeat. With the sound of the drums still in my heart I say "Oh Great Spirit, give this old warrior the strength to win just one more war. Let him defeat alcohol, let him count coup over the bottle. Let him be strong and proud once more, so he can join the dancers in the circle where he belongs.

### Tribal Council Agenda

- December 18 Tribal Council Meeting**  
1. 9:00 a.m. Secretary-Treasurer  
2. 10:30 a.m. Judge Appointments  
3. 1:30 p.m. 509-J School District/Darrel Wright
- December 19 Tribal Council Meeting**  
1. 9:00 a.m. Seekseequa Watershed/Water Control Board  
2. 1:30 p.m. Court Jurisdiction/Howard Arnett
- December 20 Joint Tribal Council/Committee Meeting**  
8:00 a.m. Kah-Nee-Ta Resort

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All Warm Springs tribal members will receive the Spilyay Tymoo at no cost. Spilyay Tymoo is published bi-weekly by the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs.

### Note from the Editor

Spilyay Tymoo welcomes articles and letters to be published from its readers. Short letters preferred, 300 words or less and must include the writers signature and address. Thank you letters and poetry will be published at the editors discretion.

All letters are the opinion of the writer and do not reflect any opinion of Spilyay Tymoo. Spilyay Tymoo reserves the right to edit all copy OR refuse publication of any letter that contains libelous material.

### YIKES YIKES Toe Ness YIKES YIKES

There was this guy who came into a bar pretty well out of it. He told the bartender he wanted to throw darts. Bang! He hits the bull's eye bang! He hits another one, and again bang! He hits the bull's eye. "Don't I get a prize?" The bartender didn't know what to give him, all he had was a turtle in a box that he was going to give his son. He gave the turtle to the drunk and he went out. A few days later here he came again. "Hi, remember me?" "Where is the dart board, I'd like to win another one of your prizes." "I can't remember what the prizes was." "It was that nice roast beef in a hard bun." YIKES

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The flood was coming to Louisiana and this guy was sitting on his front porch. The National Guard came by in a jeep and said, "You'd better come with us, a flood is coming." "Nope, I'll put my hands in the Lord, he'll save me." After a while the water rose higher and they came by in a boat, the guy was sitting on top of the porch. You'd better come with us." "Nope, the Lord will save me." The third time they came on a helicopter as he sat on top of the chimney and the water was rising. "You'd better come with us." "Nope, the Lord will save me." About that time there was a big "Glump" and he was gone. He was sitting in heaven when the Lord came walking by. Psst, pst, hey Lord why did you let me die?" "Well, gee whiz, I sent a jeep, a boat and even a helicopter and you never responded." YIKES