

Northwest tribes gather for mid-year conference

"Tribal Governments' Challenges of '85," was the theme for the Affiliated Tribes of Northwest Indians mid-year convention which was held in the Eugene Hilton, February 4-6, 1985.

The welcome address was delivered by Delbert Frank, President of the ATNI, with sincere appreciation for such a good turnout of the Northwest Tribes for the very important meeting. There was plenty of very important issues to be addressed at the meeting. The Affiliated Tribes of Northwest Indians, who are considered one of the strongest voices from Indian country throughout the nation have a lot at stake, mainly the list of commission's recommendations to the President.

The President's Commission on Indian Reservation economies was formed to study ways of increasing Indian reservation economic self-sufficiency since its creation in January, 1983. A list of several recommendations were submitted to the President.

means and methods of accomplishing tribal self-sufficiency and reduced dependency on federal funds.

Keynote speaker David Matheson, Chairman, Couer d'Alene Tribe, made response to all the issues with his address titled "How to make the findings and conclusions of the Presidential Commission on Indian reservation economies work for Indians." The first panel of 11 speakers on Reservation Economies started with Roger Jim, of the Yakima Nation with his report on the "National Tribal Chairmen's Association," emergency meeting which was held in Reno, just recently. Tribal leaders found they could not accept the final report and recommendations, and they commissioned their own committee to develop initiatives for the improvement of American Indian reservation economies.

Opposed were those sections of the report which would lead

to the creation of an Indian Trust Services Administration and the elimination of the trust responsibilities of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

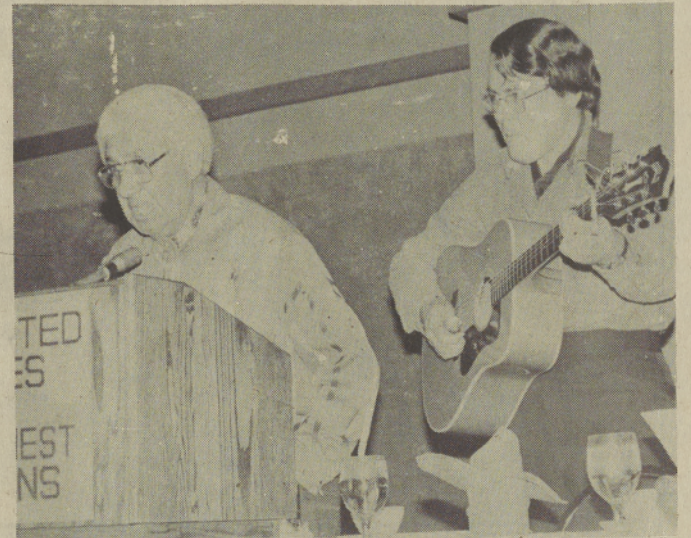
Elmer Savilla, executive director of the NTCA, at the Reno meeting charged that the report's real intent was to open the door for private exploitations of Indian water, oil, timber, gas and mineral deposits on Indian reservations and to dismantle the Bureau of Indian Affairs, replacing it with a new agency which would not have Indian trust status.

Tribal water problems and Indian water rights, tribal economies depend on it. The Indian water problem has been one of the Indians biggest problems mainly in the western states. Indian water rights were recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Winters vs United States*, from which emanates the body of law commonly referred to as the Win-

ters Doctrine. The doctrine holds that the Indian tribes have prior and paramount rights to all water resources which arise upon, border, traverse, or underlie a reservation in the amount necessary to satisfy the present as well as future needs of the Indian reservations. Winters rights are owned by Indian tribes and should be distinguished from federally reserved rights.

A banquet honoring recently reinstated tribes including the Siletz, Grand Ronde, Cow Creek Band of South Umpqua and the Coos Tribes was held, a memorable occasion for their years of hard work on the road to re-instatement. These tribes were hosts of ATNI this year.

The meeting was termed as one of the best in many years for the ATNI, with one of the largest turnouts.



Art Bensell, Siletz Tribe, being one of the honored guests at the banquet, sings "You Are So Beautiful" before the banquet got underway.

Indian crafted items needed for shop

The Kah-Nee-Ta Village Craft Shop will be opening March 1 for the 1985 season. We would like to offer unique, Indian-crafted items for sale to our guests. Have you any items that could be sold in our shop? If so, please contact Bernyce Court-

ney at the Kah-Nee-Ta Village Craft Shop, phone number, 553-1112, ext. 459. Consignment is available for all items suitable for sale in our shop.

Also needed at the Craft Shop historical photographs, preferable of all three Tribes, to be

used to produce postcards.

Thank you for your involvement with your local Indian businesses. Your involvement creates a better future for Kah-Nee-Ta and the Confederated Tribes.

WIC program office hours set

The WIC office is open for voucher pick-up on the following days at the following times: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday 8:30 a.m.-12:00 noon and 1:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Please pick-up your vouchers only on the above days at the designated times. Monday and Tuesday

are for administrative and training purposes.

The only exceptions to the above schedule are: 1. New prenatal women who aren't already on the program; 2. New postpartum women who are breastfeeding; 3. Newborns, and 4. New clients who are transferring

from another area.

Well Child Clinics are on the first and third Thursday of each month, so if at all possible, try to have your child/children re-certified on these days.

Our intent is to provide quality services to our people. Thank you for your cooperation.

Young author offering interesting short stories, novel

by Donna Behrend

He has a flair for the unusual and almost absurd—his imagination runs a bit to the far out side. But it appears for Frederick Bobb, a 15-year-old sophomore at Madras High School, that the absurd is the norm—the quirkiest, the better.

Though not all his offerings are "strange" or spooky, Bobb has been recognized by some of the world's leading horror writers and movie producers for his endeavors. Stephen King, Steven Spielberg, John Saul and Kath-

leen Miranda have each written Bobb, encouraging him to continue with his writing. Marvel Comics has even asked Bobb to contribute.

Bobb is the son of Glenn Ray and Myrna Bobb. Bobb and his one brother and two sisters live in West Hills. From his bedroom window, Bobb has a quite normal view of our quiet Warm Springs. But what flows from his typewriter sitting in front of that window belies normality and quietness. Bobb's style is an easy reading style, one which grips you at the first sentence.

The reader can almost expect a quick and undecipherable, eerie twist in the plot.

Bobb attributes much of his writing success to school friends and teachers. One teacher, Irene Conroy, recommended him for a science fiction writing class for high school juniors. With his unusual flair he should do very well. Bobb's goals for the future include meeting famous writers and working for Spilyay Tymoo.

He loves to write, he says. In fact, if he were given a noun, he could write a novel on the subject.

The first installment of Bobb's short story, entitled "The Way It Is," appears on this page. It is not at all weird, strange or far out. Bobb offers us a sensitive glance at what it's like for a young boy to move to the reservation of his ancestors and grandfather. We hope our readers enjoy the story, which will appear in the next several issues of Spilyay Tymoo, and also appreciate the efforts of a young man whose creativity abounds.

Who knows, in ten year's time, we may be saying, we knew him when. . .



Fifteen-year-old Frederick Bobb writes with an unusual flair—one that's both enjoyable and interesting.

The Way It Is...

Story depicts life on reservation

by Frederick Bobb

The Trailways bus pulled slowly into the somewhat dismal city of Warm Springs, Oregon in early July. It carried a 15-year-old boy who would, for the first time in his life, see his own people. Harold Simpson and his mother had decided, that it was time for him to move to the small town of Warm Springs when they had come to the conclusion that maybe his culture would soon die off. If that were to happen, Harold would feel badly that he had never gotten to know how his grandfather had lived—considering his grandfather had not too many years of life left.

But he had been somewhat scared, as well as curious. What would he do if, when he arrived, the Indian kids would beat him up? Would he have a choice of moving back to New York to live with his mother? Or would they hold him here, and turn him into a savage as he had heard they all were? His friends at the school in New York had told him to be cautious about what toilets he should use. They were all sure he'd return with a venereal disease or some disease that was even worse. This scared him, and he thought about calling his mother to ask her to send him enough money to return home. But he'd at least give it a try to see how everything worked out.

The doors of the bus opened slowly to reveal several cars and pickups waiting for a person

who might be returning to the reservation. Or perhaps waiting for people who had for the first time gone to the reservation just as Harold had.

Harold stepped off the bus to give the surroundings a glance. It was clean, and very neat in order. In fact, it was better off than some places he had seen in the city he was so truthful to. He felt a jolt of relief, thinking that perhaps it just wasn't the way he had heard. That some people started to talk of things, and as they say, one lie always leads to another. Maybe these people had to tell lies in order to make themselves look more educated and better than the next person.

Quickly, all the pickups left the parking lot with their passengers except for one. This, Harold guessed, must be his grandfather.

Picking up his two bags, he walked in a sluggish manner toward the pickup which was decorated in such a way to make one believe that his grandfather was related in some way to cowboys. It had what looked to be ropes painted on the sides of the pickup to give an extraordinary pattern that was very unique in a way. Unknown to Harold at the time the decorative exterior showed the personality of his grandfather. The true color of the pickup was a light shade of blue which went very well with the mirror-like bumpers and the white vinyl seats.

Harold would be somewhat

embarrassed if he were to reach the pickup and find that it wasn't his grandfather. But how could he be sure if he didn't ask.

He walked haltingly toward the pickup, unsure due to the fact that there was a very professional-looking man sitting in the pickup. The man had on a business suit which almost matched the color of his pickup and a pair of glasses which seemed to have lenses too large for the pure black eyes that rested behind them. The man had an appearance of a New York businessman, right down to the narrow tie that hung around his neck.

They were wrong, Harold thought. They told me when I'd get here, some old and crazy man in beads and buckskin would approach me, and begin talking a strange language I wouldn't be able to understand. Then, we'd get onto our horses and ride off to the old man's tepee.

Harold's mind began to work on the thought of this man sleeping in a tepee, and he almost blurted out a laugh that would send the man home in an instant. But the man just stared ahead, as if to know what Harold's thoughts had been telling him.

Harold walked around the pickup until he was on the driver's side. Almost scared to ask, he stuck his head in the view of the man, and said, "Would you happen to be Mr. Fred Bobb?"

The man sat looking straight ahead. For a moment, Harold

thought that this man might not be his grandfather after all.

Just when he was sure that this wasn't his grandfather, the man replied, "Get in, Harold." The man paused. "My only grandson."

The title almost sent Harold into tears. It wasn't the words, but the way the old man had said it. It was a voice that sounded lonesome. Very lonesome. But why? The man had all his own people here. Why should he be lonesome for a person he hadn't even met before?

Maybe, Harold's thoughts began talking to him again, maybe it's just all in your head. Maybe this man didn't care if you ever came to the reservation to see your people. Maybe your mind is just thinking that you're too special to be here.

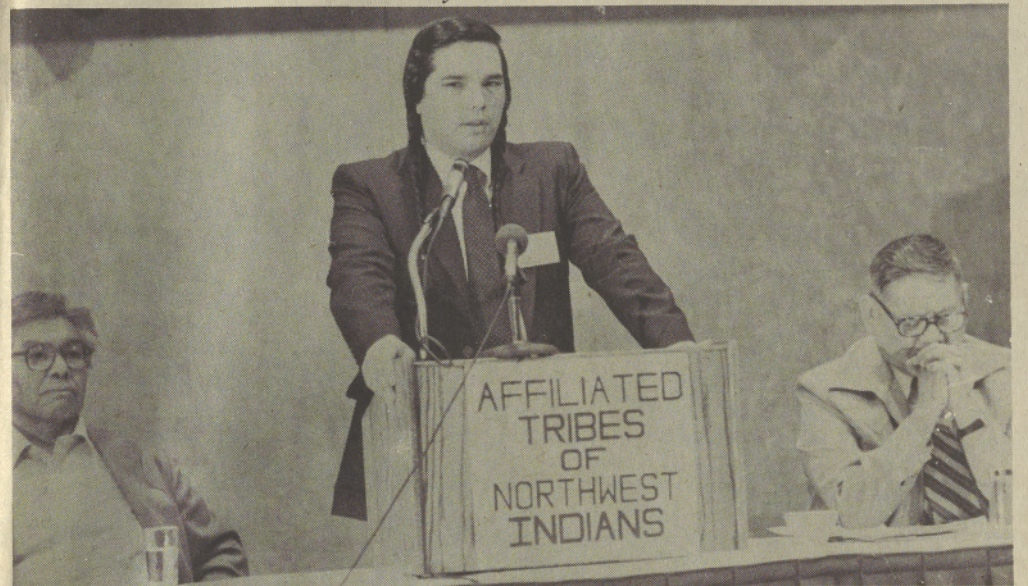
Harold loaded his bags in the rear of the fascinating pickup and approached the passenger side of the pickup.

Settling himself down into the unfamiliar seat, Harold extended his hand. "I'm Harold Simpson, and I'm glad to meet you."

The old man just sat looking straight ahead as if to see something that was invisible to Harold. Fred Bobb put the pickup in first gear, and they drove away from Warm Springs toward Simnasho.

Harold Simpson, Harold thought, you're off to one hell of a start.

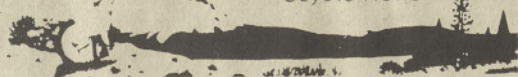
End of the first installment. Future editions of Spilyay will carry subsequent installments.



David Matheson, Chairman of the Couer d'Alene Tribe, the keynote speaker at the ATNI meeting in Eugene, speaking on the topic of the recommendations submitted by the commission to the President on the reservation economies.

Spilyay Tymoo

Coyote News



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