

The Way It Is. . . .

Story depicts life on reservation

In the last segment, Harold arrived in Warm Springs where he met his grandfather for the first time. Harold learned that Warm Springs and his grandfather were not at all like he had heard they might be or envisioned them. Following is the second installment of *The Way It Is* by Frederick Bobb.

Arriving at his grandfather's house, Harold looked quietly around at the surroundings. They did seem somewhat uncared for and the weeds needed clearing. Then he saw the house in which he would be staying for the next six years. It, too, was old. It looked similar to the school/church building on **The Little House On The Prairie**, with pure white paint that should have become dull with the summer's blowing dust. The house sat in a field of wheat-looking grass that was turning yellow from the burning sun. Hills rolled in the background like gigantic waves of soil and seemed to be feeding the dying grass with humidity.

The sky gave an appearance that it was clear, but when Harold looked upward, he saw that the sky was heavily blotted with fluffy, white clouds—clouds that were making their way east. That's where Harold wished he was now. East in New York City. That was where he belonged. Yet the peace which had rolled along with the hills had told him to at least give it a week. Then, if he didn't like it, he could go.

Turning around, Harold noticed something he had never seen before. Houses. It's not that Harold had never before seen houses, it was that he had never seen houses sitting out in the middle of nowhere without even a convenience store nearby. There was not a 7-11, not even a

Plaid Pantry. How do these people live out here, he thought. How in the world could people live without being able to get a Pepsi or 7-Up a day when they wanted it? Or fresh popcorn that burned in the red and yellow machines? His thoughts began to flow once again. I mean, he thought, when you need a Pepsi, you need it, now!

He turned to his grandfather and asked, "Where's the nearest store?"

"Well," Fred replied. "That would be Walter's Corner. Unless you'd want to go all the way back to Warm Springs to the main store. That would be Macy's."

"How far's Walter's Corner?" "Too far to walk. Besides, you've got things to do before you can go playing with any of your friends," Fred said in a sarcastic and insulting voice.

Together, they walked toward the place Harold would come to know as "The Old House."

A figure caught the corner of Harold's eyes, and he turned to see an old woman standing on the cool, shaded cement of her front porch in her bare feet. She yelled something in Indian to Fred, and Fred smiled at her.

"What did she say?" Harold asked.

"She said I should be very proud to have such a tall grandson."

Harold smiled at the compliment and turned to wave at the woman. The woman turned to her front door without returning the gesture, and entered her house. Harold could now feel the loneliness for his mother. The loneliness for his friends and his school. His desire to return to the city was very strong. That was where he belonged, not way out in the middle of nowhere. What a place. Nowhere

City, population 30. What a life this is going to be, Harold thought.

As soon as the two had entered the house, an aroma caught his nose. It smelled of a meat that, if it were sold in a supermarket, would cost at least six dollars a pound. But, of course, meat of this kind would be too good to have everyday.

Harold noticed that the room wasn't like any he had ever seen before. It was bathed in a dim light, making it too dark to see very clearly. The air was very humid, as if someone had been boiling water for the past two days. There was no carpeting on the floor, but it was covered by a thin, clashing linoleum that didn't seem to go to well with the house. There were several chairs that looked to be very comfortable and layered with hand-made blankets. The walls were made not of plaster, but of a board-type covering that looked to be the inside of a cabin. On the walls hung pictures, that, from where Harold was standing, seemed to be only silhouettes. Upon closer inspection, each picture had a face that looked very honorable and strict. Faces that seemed to be asking Harold: "Why are you here, boy?"

There was no television, radio or stereo in the living room. Instead, an entire wall was filled with classic books and westerns by Louis L'Armour. By reading them, he would find a world where he had never gone before. A world without T.V., radio or stereo. This, his first thought, would be terrible.

Harold spent the next 15 minutes ignoring the calls of his grandfather while looking over several of the pictures. Harold saw one of a young boy about his age and looked on the bot-

tom of the frame to see the name Frederick Bobb. Harold stared in dismay at the picture, until the now ragged calls of his grandfather bellowed again.

Harold found his way to a room which looked a little better than the first room he had seen. There were four bright light bulbs that lit the room with a satisfying glow. There was only one bed in the small room which occupied a small corner just beside the window that also gave off some light. The small bed looked like a bottom part of a bunk bed. It was covered with blankets that looked similar to those in the living room. There was a small dresser with drawers pulled open to show that it was empty. Harold came to the conclusion that this would be his very own room for all the time he'd stay in Warm Springs.

"This is your room," Fred told him in a low voice. "You can put your things away then go out back and chop some wood. Then it'll be time to eat."

Fred walked out of the room without giving his grandson a glance. His form was tall compared to any man of 64 Harold had seen before. Usually, a man would begin to lose his height after a certain number of years. But this man didn't seem to know the meaning of the word old. He was constantly busy and always had to have something to do. If not, the old man would sit reading one of the many westerns or classics. This was the strange things Harold had first noticed. The man always had a novel in his hand. (Harold would discover later that his grandfather even read while he ate.)

Harold put his clothes away neatly in the chest that was just barely big enough to accomo-

date his wardrobe. Then he turned in fear, and thought of his next job. He had been asked to chop the wood for the small woodstove he had seen in the living room earlier.

Harold had never had to chop wood in his entire life. He wasn't sure if he knew how. Oh, yes, he had seen people chopping wood in the movies. But, when you've lived in New York City all your life, the closest thing to chopping wood is turning up the thermostat. How would he do it? Maybe he could ask the old man how to chop the wood, then he could do the rest. No. He wanted to prove to his grandfather that he was not the "softy" his grandfather probably thought him to be. He would chop the wood on his own. Then, maybe his grandfather would take Harold's hand and shake it. He didn't think so, but he'd at least like to think so.

He walked out the back door of the old house and the door slammed behind him with a hard "whack!" He looked around and saw an ax and several pieces of wood lying by a large, slump—like block of wood.

"Piece of cake," Harold muttered as he casually strolled to the work place.

It was not a piece of cake. In fact, it took him more than 15 minutes to chop just one block of wood. He turned, sweating and his mouth dropped open in an awe-like expression. There, right next to the door of the house, lay an enormous heap of wood. It almost seemed to grin at Harold in an "got ya' now, Harold old boy," manner.

"Jesus!" Harold yelled. He proceeded to chop the wood.

Three hours later, he completed the task of chopping the entire pile of wood. It was a task of which to be proud. Why

didn't I just answer the old man back, Harold thought. What could he do, whip me? Harold shrieked out a shrill laugh that cut through the summer day. He was very proud of what he had just done. His first wood cutting experience. What a day to brag about to the guys back in New York, he thought.

Tiredly, Harold entered the house.

The heat he already felt on his body from the hot summer sun increased when he felt the extreme heat inside the house. He would have taken a shower before eating, but his stomach growled, telling him it couldn't wait any longer. He hadn't eaten since around six o'clock that morning and it was about 4:30 in the afternoon. He could sure use a good meal now.

Slowly, Harold looked all around the house looking for his boss, Grandfather Fred. Harold finally found his grandfather lying in the back room with a novel in his hands, entitled **The Way It Is**. With a fact that was fully concentrated, Fred looked up at Harold.

"I'm finished," were the only words Harold could mutter.

"Good," said Fred. "Now you can haul it in." He turned back to his book.

Harold's face dropped in disappointment. He didn't know he was supposed to haul all that wood in here. Where would he put it? No questions, Harold, just do it, his mind argued.

Harold turned, not blaming his grandfather, but himself, and left the room. As he walked down the hall, he thought of his next goal for that day.

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

Law enforcement career offers opportunity for Scott

by Pat Leno-Baker

"One thing about working as a police special officer, at least I always know what I am going to wear to work each morning," stated Florene Scott. Scott went to work as a part-time police officer in January when she transferred to the police department from Allied Health.

A special officer works on an on-call basis, working when needed. During her first week she was scheduled to take training from training officer Corporal Robert Beatty. Her on-the-job training was short-lived and within two days, she was assigned to work as the paper server. The paper server is responsible for serving court papers to the public. The officer who previously worked in this capacity had to take emergency sick leave. Since that time, Scott has been on the job full time.

Working for the police department is not totally new to her as she worked as a dispatcher from 1966 to 1968. At that time, she worked as a dispatcher as well as a matron,

cook and jailer. She said that in the beginning, she had only planned to work for a couple days to assist her friend, Lola Sohappy, who was also a dispatcher at that time. The two days turned out to be over two years. According to Scott there have been some changes in the department since she last worked there; there is now a teletype, the use of military time (1300 for 1 p.m.), a jailer and a dispatcher on each shift, more officers and cars and the radio code has been expanded.

There have been mixed reactions in the community on her working as a uniformed officer, according to Scott. Some people openly show dismay and she isn't quite sure why but for the most part people have shown they are glad to see an Indian working in uniform. People have told her "to hang in there," "glad to see you working in the police department," and "don't give up." But most important, her family has been very supportive of her new job. Her husband, Harvey Scott, has been most

supportive and understanding. Her ten year-old son Jay thinks it is great to have his mom wearing a uniform and driving a police car.

Scott looks at her present position as a beginning of a new and interesting career. She likes what she is doing and plans to apply if and when a full-time slot opens in the department. Working allows her to be in the community where she is able to see people.

On her first day of work, she walked into the police station and she said, "you could have heard a pin drop, everyone became quiet." But she didn't have time to mull it over as she was immediately assigned her training officer and they went out to begin her training. When she returned to the station she was greeted by officer Chris Still who welcomed her back to the department and shortly after officer Bill Howland stepped up and said, "welcome to the department, Florene"—that was all it took to "break the ice." She likes the people she works

with and puts her trust in them. "They are there if needed and that is what counts," stated Scott.

Three of the officers Chief of Police Ray Calica, Captain Ray Shike and officer Gene Scott and Scott worked together in the 60's.

When asked about Scott working as a special officer, Chief of Police Ray Calica said that, he will offer an opportunity for "any person who meets the qualifications to explore a career in law enforcement."

Upper photo—Delbert "Boo Boo" Blodgett (left) is served court papers by police special officer Florene Scott. Bottom photo—The Warm Springs police department in 1967 at which time Scott worked as a dispatcher. Pictured (front row, left to right) are Leroy Smith, Faye Dick, Lola Sohappy, Florene Scott, Gene Scott and Jeff Sanders; (back row, left to right) George Clements, Ray Scott, Dale Miller, Don Sohappy, Captain John Moss, Ray Scott, Danny Scott and Roscoe Smith.

