

Author relates reservation life—Part IV

In the previous segment, Harold discovered the "mysteries" of fellow classmates, the breakers, the preppies and the "normals." He also discovered that his thoughts were not unknown to his grandfather, that he had really known what Harold was thinking.

by Frederick Bobb

On Christmas morning, Harold awoke to the sound of his grandfather's voice. Still sleeping, Harold nodded his head to whatever his grandfather had asked him. Then, he rolled over and continued to sleep. Harold wasn't sure of the time until his grandfather woke him once again to tell him, "You said you were going hunting with me. Now get up and get ready."

Harold's eyes shot open. Hunting? Fred Bobb told Harold to dress warmly so that he would not get too cold. So, as any fool would do, Harold put on a thin shirt and a coat. That had been plenty to keep him warm. In the house at last, Harold put on two pairs of thermal socks which he thought would protect his feet under the five-dollar tennis shoes. He told his grandfather that he was ready.

"Go tell your grandmother that we're leaving now," his grandfather replied.

Harold was sure that his grandfather was aware of the conversation which took place between Peter Burnest and himself. Peter Burnest was a classmate at school. They had talked for

about 20 minutes about the "crazy old man," and Harold had insulted his grandfather so many times, that he couldn't count them anymore. He had made the remark of "the person who thought of the word 'trash' had most likely seen my grandfather and thought that was the only word to describe him." Harold had once again insulted his own people. It had scared him knowing that his grandfather seemed to know when Harold was disloyal to his own people. Now, he was being punished by having to go hunting. Or was he?

No more than 15 minutes later, Harold R. Simpson and Frederick Bobb were walking up a hill that was almost straight up and down. Harold's feet had already begun to melt the snow that surrounded them and that made his feet turn icy cold. Harold's grandfather had told him to dress warmly, but he had not said it would be this cold. But as always, Harold thought, it's my fault.

They walked uphill for some time, and then, after what seemed to be an eternity, they walked along the sloping hill to a field that stretched parallel to the first hill. They were at last on level ground.

Finally they sat on a cold, snowy stump to rest. In no more than two minutes time they were once again walking on the thick blanket of snow. Fred seemed tireless. Harold tried to ignore the screaming pain in his feet, but couldn't do it.

"My feet are freezing up," he

told his grandfather.

His grandfather let out a laugh that was so much a relief to Harold. Harold had neglected to say anything to his grandfather for fear of standing in the snow for 15 minute listening to some long lecture about respecting your elders. But that had not been the case. His grandfather pulled the heavy-looking bag off his shoulder, and searched in it for a while. He finally pulled out a pair of hiking boots and two pairs of thermal socks.

"Next time, tell me when you first feel it," his grandfather said, "I don't want you to get frostbite."

Harold put on the dry socks and shoes, and his feet sighed with relief. A half an hour later, his feet were too hot.

The surroundings became more and more familiar to Harold. He was sure now, that they were walking in circles. There was the stump and the frozen lake and the little field through which they had entered the forest. He saw something he'd never seen before. Like the houses without a 7-11. A rabbit hopped across the trail, he realized why they were up here. To kill an animal. Harold knew his grandfather wouldn't give up until he had accomplished his goal and it frightened Harold terribly. Harold glanced down and finally realized that his grandfather had been carrying a gun all along. A real gun.

They finally stopped walking and they sat by the frozen lake to eat something Harold had

had before. Not in New York, but here. And now, it seemed to be the best thing in all the world. This thought was exactly the opposite of what Harold had thought when he had first tasted the meat. But now, he wished he could eat it until he couldn't eat any longer.

"What kind of meat is this?" he asked his grandfather.

"It's dried fish. Do you like it?"

"Yeah, where do you buy it?" His grandfather looked into Harold's eyes. There was a look of disgust in them. "You can't buy this anywhere but from another Indian," his grandfather said. "Anything else is just cheap imitation. Your grandmother made it."

Harold stared at the piece of dried fish in his hand, and wondered how anything so delicious could be made right at home. What a wonderful place this is, he thought. Food is all around you. And so is the peacefulness of these lands.

Harold didn't feel right calling it "these lands," so he decided to have a private name for it. He called it Clear Snow Valley.

Just as the thought of Clear Snow Valley entered his mind, Fred cocked his head, as if he had heard something. Fred motioned to Harold to stay where he was and slowly creep into a nearby patch of trees.

The man disappeared into the thick trees, and there was silence.

Harold could feel the sun beating down on him, warming his entire body despite the cold

weather. It comforted him as his mother had comforted him back in New York.

The silence continued. Harold glanced at the surrounding. Behind the lake, bathing in the sun, Mount Jefferson loomed like the god of the forest. It took an appearance that was superior in every detail, and—

A gunshot echoed into the once quiet, beautiful Clear Snow Valley. The sharp sound seemed to echo in the wind for an eternity. Then the voice of his grandfather, muttering something Harold couldn't hear.

Harold dashed into the thick trees, leaving his dried fish lying on the cold, hard snow. "Oh God, please let him be all right! Please! I hope and pray to You that he hasn't shot another Indian who had decided to take his stupid grandsons for a walk."

But when he found his grandfather, he saw that he hadn't shot any other Indian, but an enormous elk. Blood gushed from its now lifeless head.

"Oh, dear God," Harold said. The only thought that talked to him this time told him that there would be no Christmas for this poor animal.

"He shot an elk?" Peter Burnest asked Harold.

"Right in the head," Harold replied with disgust in his voice.

"Well, couldn't he have just gone to town to get a roast or something?"

"He had the money," Harold replied.

"But he went out and killed an animal anyway?"

"Yup."
"Geez."

That was the fourth insult Harold had made about his grandfather. And he regretted saying every word.

Harold had very few friends in school. No one wanted to hang around with him because he couldn't breakdance. But mostly, it was because of the way he talked about his grandfather with Peter. It had gotten to most of the Indian students that Harold had a great disrespect for his grandfather—that he had no respect for his own people.

This would hurt him dearly. He now knew how he could help his people. He could help them by quit saying such mean things about them. And he could remember that he himself was Indian and part of a culture that would exist forever.

On January 5, 1985, Harold came into a conversation with a small girl who rode the same bus as Harold.

"You're a sissy," she began. "Just a little girl."

"Why?" Harold asked, wondering if it was the answer to his problems.

"Cause you don't chew, party, cuss, breakdance or nothing," she said.

"And just because I don't do bad things, I'm a sissy?"

"What else did you think you were? Some real bad hotshot?" she said, giggling. Other students joined in her laughter.

Harold would put great thoughts into what she had said. But, as an orange will mold, Harold soon found his only true friend to be his grandfather.

Some W.S. Bowling

Tuesday Nite Twisters

The womens Tuesday Nite Twisters league the top three teams are: 1st Half Circle K with a 17-7, and Inter Tribal Sports also with a 17-7 record, and in third place is 5 Star Inc. with 16-8.

Margie Tuckta posted a 214 to take high individual game while Helena Jones rolled a 203 and Betty Lengele a 202 for third.

The high team game went to the Confederated Tribes of W.S. with a total of 861, Charlie's second with 830 and Ahern's third with 829.

For the high individual series Helena Jones had 573, Margie Tuckta 544 and Betty Lengele 536.

Hi team series Ahern's rolled a 2430, the Confederated Tribes 2419 and third went to Charlie's with 2380.

For a special event for that night Margie Tuckta picked up the 6-7-10 split.

Wednesday nite bowling

Leading the pac is the Meet Market with a 20.5-7.5 standing, W.S. Chevron 20-8, Wes'

Floor Covering 19.5-8.5, Madras Auto Parts 19-9, Zane Jackson's Logging Co. and VFW both have a 15-13 record, Brightwood 14-14, Inter Tribal Sports 9.5-18.8, Confederated Tribes and Kah-Nee-Ta each have 9-19, and the Print Shop with 7-21.

Dino Jones rolled a 265 for the high individual game Vic Yahr for second and Curt Dix 247 for third.

High game went to Madras Auto Supply 977, second went to W.S. Chevron 938 and third Zane Jackson Logging Co. 936.

High Individual series went to Curt Dix 675, second Greg Carroll 646 and third Jim Yahr 635.

The high team series Zane Jackson Logging Co. rolled a 2,758, second was Inter Tribal Sports 2,661, and third Kah-Nee-Ta with 2,657.

Pairings for the night of March 27th was as follows: On lanes 1-2, Inter Tribal Sports vs Confederated Tribes; 3-4 Brightwood vs Wes' Floor Covering; 5-6 Zane Jackson Logging Co. vs VFW Post 4217; 9-10 Meet Market vs W.S. Chevron; 11-12 Insurance Mart vs W.S. Print Shop.

Root Feast rodeo planned

The 1985 Root Feast Rodeo in Warm Springs is scheduled for April 13 and 14. Daily performances will begin at 1 p.m.

Events include: Saddle Bronc, no limit, \$30.00 entry fee, \$100 purse; Bareback, no limit, \$30.00 entry fee, \$100.00 purse; Calf roping, no limit, \$30.00 entry fee, \$100.00 purse; Barrel race, no limit, \$30.00 entry fee, \$100.00 purse; Team Roping (two loops, enter twice), no limit, \$30.00 entry fee, \$100.00 purse; Wild Horse race, limit eight, \$30.00 entry fee, \$75 per team, \$100.00 purse; Jr. Barrel racing (12 and under), no limit, \$15.00 entry fee, no

purse; Calf scramble (12 and under), no limit, no entry fee, prize given.

Books open from April 8 to April 11 with office hours between 5:30-8:00 p.m. only.

Mailed entries must be in by 5:00 p.m. on April 11 with no exceptions. No personal checks are accepted. Only cash/money orders/cashier's checks made payable to: Warm Springs Rodeo Association, will be accepted. Send fees to Ginger Johnson, Rodeo Secretary, P.O. Box 541, Warm Springs, Oregon, 97761; Rodeo office phone is (503) 553-1750.

Community Center Calendar

- April 4 Easter basket decorating contest ends
- April 5-7 Women's and Men's Springers basketball tournament. Contact Bobby Smith or Mina Estimo, 553-1023.
- April 6 Easter program and Easter egg hunt, 1:00 p.m.
- April 11 Li'l Miss Warm Springs bingo, 6:30 p.m.
- April 12-13 Buckskin Boxing tournament
- April 23 Little League coaches meeting, 6:30 p.m., Jerry's Restaurant
- April 27 Spring rummage sale, 8:00 a.m. set-up time, open to the public from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Kah-Nee-Ta Mini-Marathon—three, six and 13.1 mile runs, \$7.00 entry fee.

Basketball fever begins at six and never dies

In the Warm Springs and Madras communities, basketball enthusiasts get youngsters started in the sport with proper instruction and the opportunity to learn the game.

Fundamentals are acquired in several programs offered to area youth. Ball-handling techniques are learned at the Warm Springs Community Center where Fran Moses has youngsters passing the ball between their legs, over their head and from hand to hand. Little by

little the youngsters get the feel of the ball and become comfortable with it.

The Madras Kiwanis is responsible for introducing young people to basketball as a team sport through the Youth Basketball program. Any youngster that wishes to play is assigned to a team. Volunteer coaches teach boys and girls the game. Junior high and high school students are involved as referees and coaches.

Competition between schools begins at the junior high level. Madras Jr. High seventh and eighth grade students can try out for a team. Intermural basketball is offered, also, affording all students an opportunity to play.

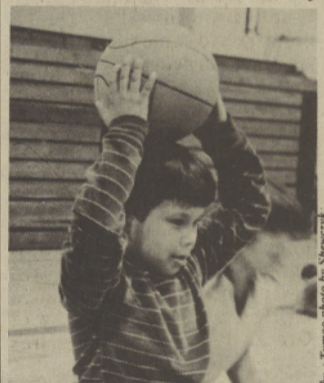
Culmination of years of basketball practice comes in high school when a student makes the White Buffaloes team. It's still hard, steady practice. Those students not on the team can still be seen enjoying basketball at the Community Center or with their buddies on the driveway.

The competitions of high

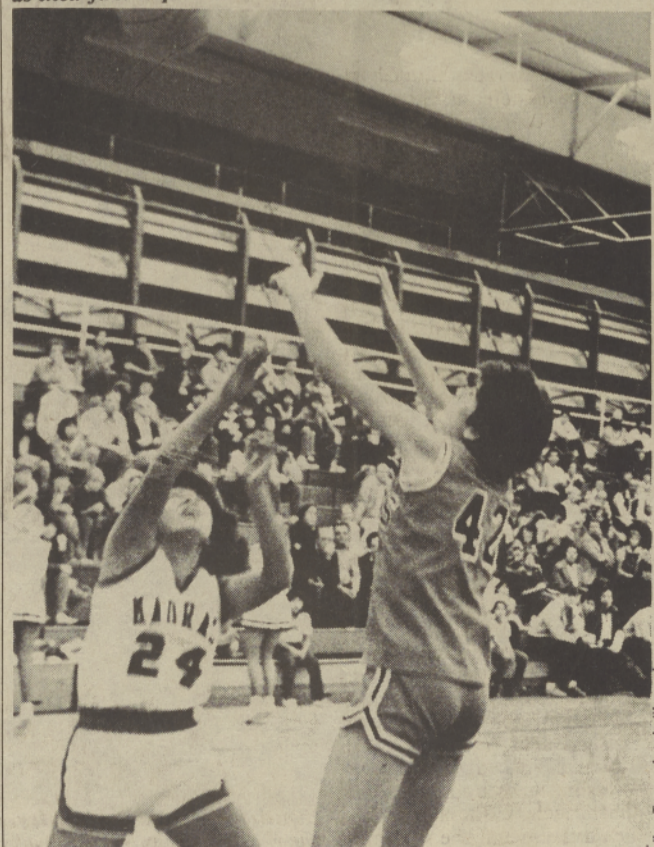
school does not mean the end of basketball. For those unwilling to find a seat in the stands and who can't get basketball out of their systems there are ways to satisfy the craving. In Warm Springs tournaments are held for adults who won't give it up, who intensely love the game

and who continue to play despite graduation from high school.

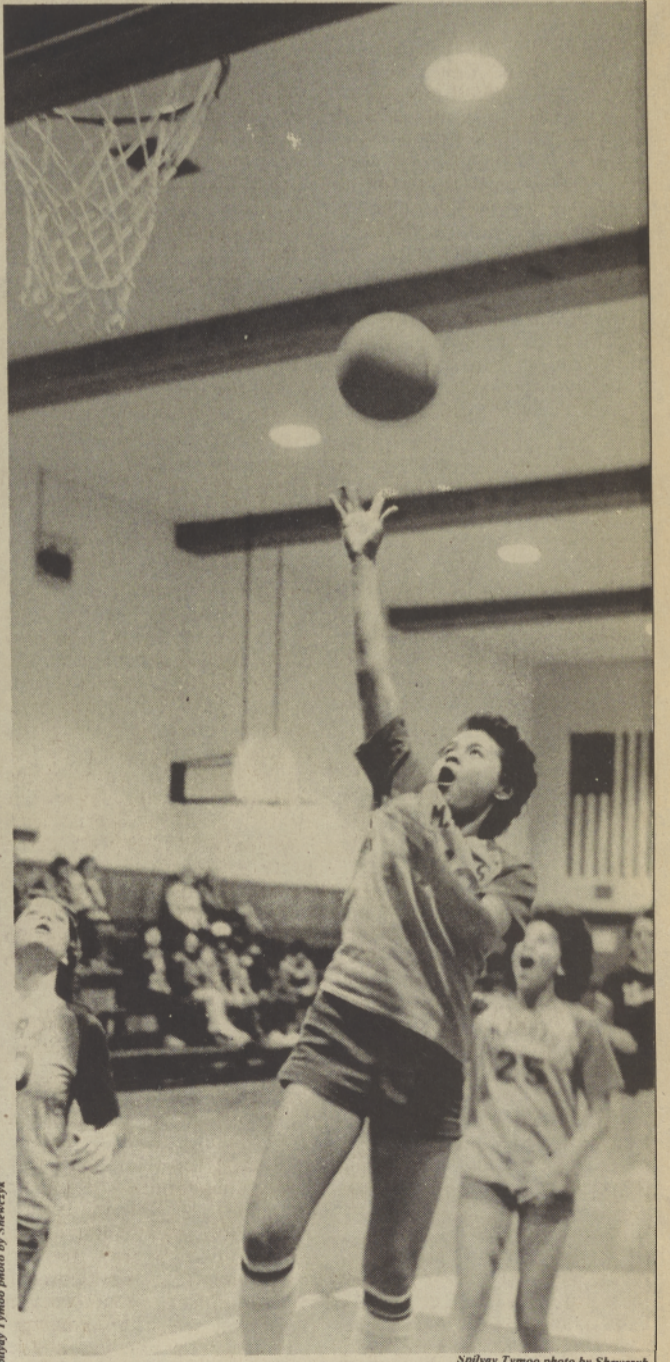
No one ever has to give it up, after all it's healthy and the kids are old enough to play, now. It can be said, in effect, particularly in Warm Springs, basketball players never die, they just dribble away.



Youngsters learn ball-handling as their first step.



By high school basketball players have become comfortable with the ball.



Interscholastic basketball competition begins in Junior High.