

Boxers gain experience

The Warm Springs Boxing Club team has had a "hectic and busy" start for the season. They have traveled to a number of tournaments, according to boxing coach Gerald Smith. "Entering the team boxers in as many tournaments and bouts is getting the boys as much experience as possible," stated Smith.

The team has participated in tournaments at Boise, Idaho; Reno, Nevada; Spokane, Washington; Beaverton, Oregon; Eugene, Oregon; Vernon, British Columbia, Canada and Kelso, Washington.

Smith said Elliot Lawson and Gilbert Brunoe "deserve a great deal of credit" for volunteering their time coaching and traveling with the boxers to the various tournaments. He concluded he has been unable to travel with the club as often as he has

in the past because of the responsibilities of his new job.

Results of the tournaments are as follows:

Gem State Tournament—Boise, Idaho, January 5 and 6; champion Frank Brunoe-10 and 11 year, 70 lb. division; Brunoe defeated Brian McNab, Boise and Jacob Morgan, Jerome for the title. Uncontested champion Sonny Jackson won the 12 and 13 year, 112 lb. division. Delbert Lawson was the runner-up in the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. division, losing to Melvin Carnel of Jerome, Idaho.

Golden Silver Glove Tournament, Reno, Nevada, February 1 and 2; Delbert Lawson defeated Ferrie Gyster of Sacramento, California for the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. championship title.

Inland Empire Tournament, Spokane, Washington, February 23 and 24; Delbert Lawson was the runner-up in the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. division, losing to Cory Burton of Stampede, British Columbia, Canada; Frank Brunoe lost to Eric Holmes, Stevensville, Washington in the 10 and 11 year, 70 lb. division for the championship title.

Northwest Meet of Champs, Beaverton, Oregon, March 16 and 17; three runners-up were Frank Brunoe was defeated by Nathan Smith, Vancouver, Washington, for the 10 and 11 year, 70 lb division; Sonny Jackson was defeated by Ray Haley, Duvall, Washington for the 12 and 13 year, 112 lb. division and Delbert Lawson lost to Emmett Linton, Tacoma, Washington for the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. division.

Emerald Empire Tournament, Eugene, Oregon, March 12 and 13; Delbert Lawson defeated Gabe Lopez, Vancouver, Washington for the championship title in the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. division; three runners-up were Frank Brunoe defeated by Nathan Smith, Vancouver, Washington for the 10 and 11 year, 70 lb. division; Sonny Jackson lost to Patrick Brucino, Vancouver, Washington for the 12 and 13 year, 112 lb. division and; David Ruiz lost to Larry Garzenelli, Douglas County for the 14 and 15 year, 119 lb. division.

Buckskin Tournament, Vernon, British Columbia, Canada, March 23 and 24; Delbert Lawson was the uncontested champion for the 14 and 15 year, 100 lb. division; David Ruiz was the uncontested champion for the 14 and 15 year, 119 lb. division two runners-up were Sonny Jackson who lost to Peter Serdin, Vancouver, B.C. for the 12 and 13 year, 112 lb. title and Frank Brunoe who lost to Jerry Burke, Vernon, B.C. for the 10 and 11 year, 70 lb. division.

Mills talks to Indian youth



Billy Mills (center) Olympic gold medal winner, ran with local runners (left to right) Julian Smith, Bud Beamer, Loren Suppah, Everett Miller, Captain Moody and Darrell Smith during his recent visit to Warm Springs to promote National Youth Year and Youth Week. The group ran a 5.5 mile run along the Warm Springs River.

Set your goals, accept defeat if it comes your way, but continue to come back until you reach those goals, were thoughts Billy Mills, Olympic gold medal winner and record breaker of the 10,000 meter race at the Olympic games held in Japan in 1964. Mills spoke to the people in Warm Springs Tuesday, April 9 at the Agency Longhouse about his experience.

Mills, an American Indian Sioux descent, was at Warm Springs promoting youth during National Youth Week, April 7-13. Mills was sponsored by the Tribal Education Department.

The movie, "Running Brave," the story of Mills' life and experiences that took him to the Olympics, was shown at the Longhouse. Following the movie he gave a presentation to parents and youth.

Mills encouraged the youth to close their eyes, to dream dreams and then to pursue their dreams. He emphasized that each person needs to set goals (dream dreams) and then accept defeat but always continue to strive for those dreams.

He stressed that Indian people need to be proud of who they are and that they are Indian and never to let any person suppress that just because they

are Indian. He related that he found early in life that the very people who encouraged him because he was an Indian also surprised him for the very same reason. He told of the goal he set for himself to go to the Olympics and then of the grueling schedule he had to keep to attain that goal. He found that just setting the goal was not enough because he lacked the attitude to reach and win the race. A person needs to have the right mental attitude, drive and guts to continue to come back after facing defeat. He advised that a person must be able to accept defeat and come back and continue to fight to attain their goal.

He asked everyone in the audience, "How do you feel about yourself, deep inside?" People must feel good about who they are. "People need people, the young people need their parents and grandparents to touch and love them."

He recalled the day of the race in Japan and what he felt in the hours and moments leading up to the race, he talked of the actual race and what he was thinking as he ran. He stated if a person waits long enough, other people will include you but it will be on their terms and it needs to be on a person's own

terms if they are truly to exceed. At one point, Mills was considered the only member of the U.S.A. team that would be able to finish the race due to an injury to one of the other team members. The team coach commented, "All we have left is Billy Mills."

Before he ran his amazing race, Mills was still not certain of just who Billy Mills was but he knew that he had to believe in his dream. There were moments during the race that he felt that he would run just one more lap and that's what kept him going. "Just one more lap," kept going through his mind and then, as the end of the race became a reality, his thoughts became, "I can win, I can win." Then "I won, I won, I won," replaced "I can win." Mills said a Japanese official ran to embrace him and congratulate him and then the man said, "Who are you? Who are you?" Mills said for the first time he felt he could look anyone in the eye and tell them who he was because he gained the understanding of who he was as a human.

"As long as we blame someone else we can continue to fail," stated Mills. For him, he took his destiny in his own hands and went to win the Olympic gold, the dream of many runners.



Jesse Reese and fellow Day Care classmates went on an Easter egg hunt last week in the back yard of a campus house. Each found three "real" eggs and one plastic egg filled with candy.

The Way It Is... The Final Chapter

In the previous segment, Harold went elk hunting for the very first time with his grandfather. Harold also realized that his "friends" at school weren't really friends, his only true friend, he discovered, is his grandfather. This is the final installment of "The Way It Is."

by Frederick Bobb

As the sun began to set, casting a beautiful glow of twilight, Harold began to realize how deeply he loved Clear Snow Valley. It was beautifully decorated in an orangish-red color that improved the feeling of serenity Harold was now experiencing. An unusually warm breeze was delicately flying through the air, gently pushing Harold's silky black hair from side to side. His grandfather stood at his side as they both looked outward into the wonderful sunset. It was now about 6:00 p.m. and Harold knew for some reason, that his grandfather wasn't reading his book. He was still reading *The Way It Is* by some author Harold hadn't yet heard or read. But with his grandfather at his side, Harold felt more secure than he had for a long time.

Out of nowhere, he heard, "You're a sissy."

He turned quickly to see if his grandfather had heard it. He hadn't, at least, Harold thought. Then he felt a strong urge to ask his grandfather a stupid question, mainly because Harold had no father to be sincere with. Eventually, by the light of the fading sunset, he asked the question.

"Do you think a boy's a sissy just because he doesn't swear, drink or breakdance?"

Harold's grandfather continued to look into the sunset, and Harold was afraid of another unanswered question.

But the man spoke. "What is swearing?" his grandfather asked, not wanting to be answered. "A way to fight without your fists. And if you don't fight with your fists, you might as well not fight at all—which would be the best idea anyone had every thought of yet."

"And what is drinking? A way to escape your problems without first fighting them. You have to fight your way through life. And drinking won't help much. You have to know when to say some things and when not to. There are some things you've got to remember when you're an Indian. There are things to consider. Once, you must never forget you're Indian. You should be proud. We are few and we are unique. We have a culture no other race may ever understand."

"Two, you have to respect your elders as I have already taught you to do. They won't be around forever, and you may be sorry you didn't show them the respect you should have when they were here. And three, you shouldn't listen to little girls on your bus who tell you you're a sissy. They are young and know nothing about life. Especially when their mothers must hire someone to chop their wood."

His grandfather continued. "And what is breakdancing? A way to be recognized without being the real you, without showing your personality. You have to learn to be recognized for being you. Not what some other person wants you to be. But you have to remember that when your personality starts to get on the nerves of others, and you begin to affect other people in a way they don't like, then you have to change. You have to correct the way you treat your friends, or you will start to lose them. Your personality will show, and you will become

known. You don't have to dress weird, if you're normal. You just keep your personality shining. Don't act. It can help you a lot."

Harold sat in dismay as his grandfather concluded his answer. He leaned forward and gave his grandfather a hug.

"I love you," Harold said, "I respect you, too," he said, as tears filled his eyes.

Those words were the answer to what he wanted to hear ever since his arrival. But why had his grandfather waited so long to tell him all this, when he could have told him in the beginning?

"You had to learn, my grandson. Learning is sometimes painful. But every person must learn. They go through troubles, and then they learn from them. It'll never happen again if you respect the words I've just told you."

He answered it now. The hunt, the handshake, the wave, they were all clear to now. He understood it, perhaps too well.

Through his tears, he saw the old house. It no longer looked as disgusting as it had upon his arrival. It showed the personality of his wise grandfather. The house was his grandfather. And he loved it. It seemed to smile at Harold as he hugged his grandfather. He was sure it was smiling at him. His grandfather returned his hug, knowing it was Harold, and not the mother of his grandson.

Harold felt great relief that he wouldn't have to play his games in school anymore. And that everything was clear once again. He would try to comfort the friends he had treated so poorly. He would apologize to every Indian that had heard the words from his mouth about his grandfather. He would be Harold.

"Like in the book I have written, and am reading now. That's the way it is."

"So, how's the crazy man?" Peter Burnest asked Harold.

Harold's fist came way back and he held it there for a split second to show the boy what his next intentions were. With a powerful force, he closed his eyes, and heard the words of his grandfather. He brought his fist down hard on the nose of the smirking boy who looked as though he were waiting for an unreal answer.

A loud cracking sounded out from under the fist of Harold R. Simpson.

Peter knelt down, holding his nose from which blood poured freely.

"Don't bother me with how your family is!" Harold yelled. Those would be the last words Harold would say to his now former friend Peter. A friend he was somewhat reluctant to give up, but Harold wanted nothing to do with prejudice. Of Indian, or of whites.

During the next few months Harold devoted his time to learning about the culture and ways of his people. And he was happy to say that he learned a lot the way white people lived here. Both were very different in a way, but he didn't want to put one down because he believed in the other too strongly; he just sat and listened to what his elders had to say.

From the Indians he learned that the meat he thought would be \$6.00 a pound was actually given to all. It was the meat of the elk his grandfather and he had hunted. This meat was of highest quality, that only the richest of people could have, but they didn't have it. They would have to settle for an old roast from the supermarket. While other people, who appreciated the food God would provide them with, could enjoy it at any time.

Sometimes he thought about having millions of dollars, but decided that he was one of the richest boys in the world. Not with money, but the one thing that few rich people were able to have. Love.

From the white people, Harold learned that most of them thought that Indians still lived in teepees, and still wore moccasins, which some still do, but not most. And there were afraid of Indians, were willing to at least to try to understand the lifestyles of the "mysterious" people. But as long as Harold would sit and talk to them, he never taught them as well as his grandfather had taught him. Harold knew they would never understand about the house, the wave, the handshake and all the other things he had been taught in a few short years. They would never fully understand what went on in an Indian child's head, wondering what it would be like to attend school with children of white men. What they were like.

This was his next goal. To make both Indian and white children understand each other before attending school together.

Harold was now twenty years of age. His project had taken him three years to fulfill. When he had completed showing Indians the lifestyles of whites, and whites the lifestyles of Indians, he gained love as well as respect from both peoples.

On June 25, 1990, a man emerged from the old house. A person who was much different than six years before. He loaded the same two bags he had arrived with into the pickup and turned to take one last look at the house. It sat so sadly, like a small puppy watching its owner go to work. It was truly going to

be lonely. The old house. With his grandfather and grandmother passed onto the other world, the house would be empty. Lonesome.

Fred Bobb, Harold thought. I'll never be ashamed of you again.

He looked into the blue sky, blotted with what looked to be the same clouds that hung there on his arrival six years ago.

You've taught me about the culture of my people, an i for that, I love you.

The sun began to set behind Mt. Jefferson, and twilight was now in progress.

Remember that night when I asked you if I was a sissy, grandfather? You told me no. But now I think I am. I don't want to leave. I want to stay here, and see how my people will make it. I'll get lonesome for them.

He turned to look away from the twilight, and the old woman came out onto her porch. Her house contained a look of love, also. And Harold felt a love for the sister of Fred Bobb.

She waved.

Harold's heart fell. He returned the gesture.

He mounted his pickup, with the rope designs and light blue complexion with the white vinyl and slowly pulled out of Simnasho.

If the house had had eyes, it would have cried.

Harold, a voice of twilight called. Don't fear for the future of your people. The culture I had taken so long to teach you will never die. The book I wrote, read it. It's on the dashboard of the pickup. Your people won't die out. That's just the way it is.

The light blue pickup sped the opposite way of twilight. The man who was not sure if he would return sat in the front, driving the vehicle. His name, Harold R. Simpson.