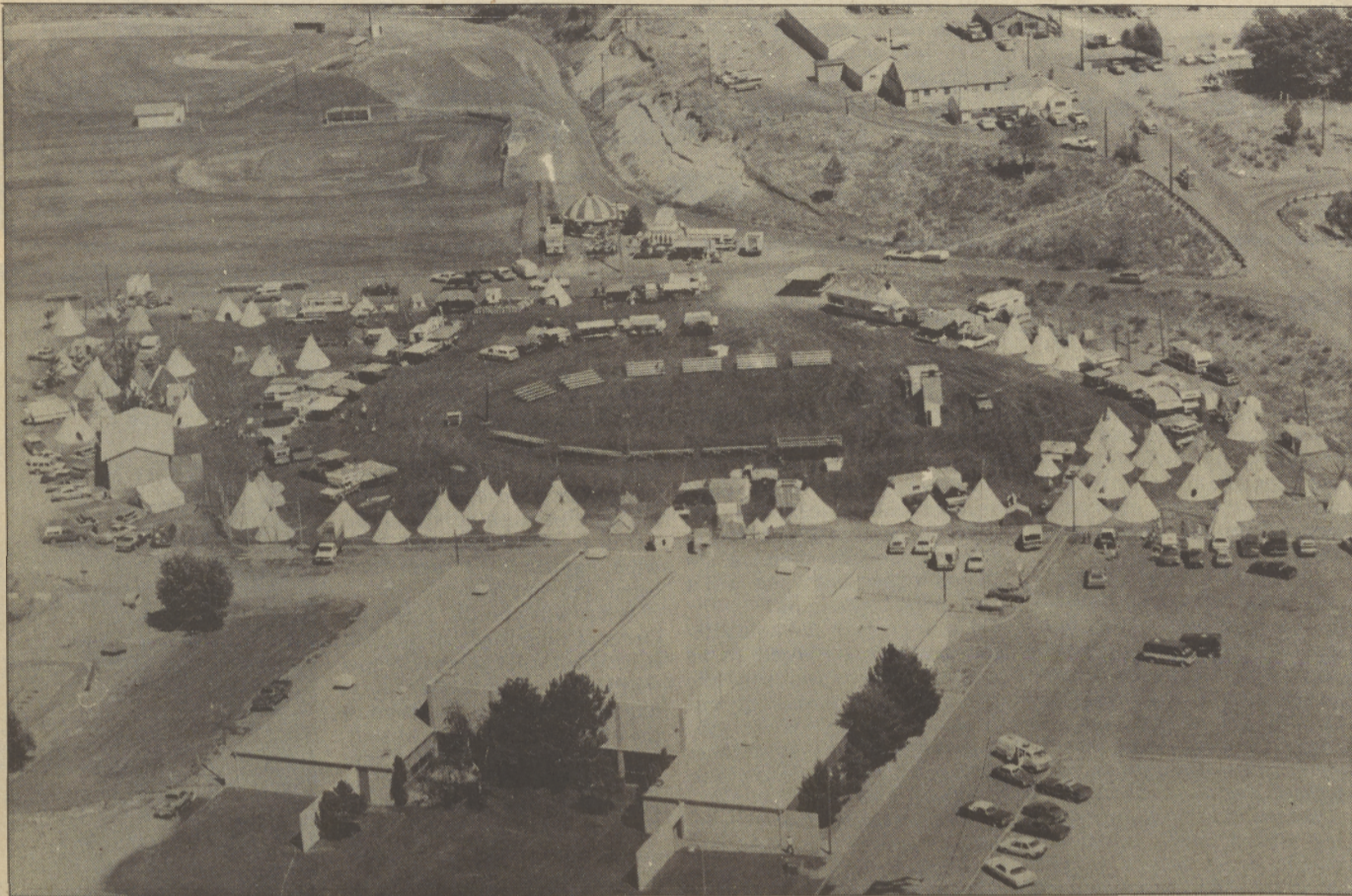
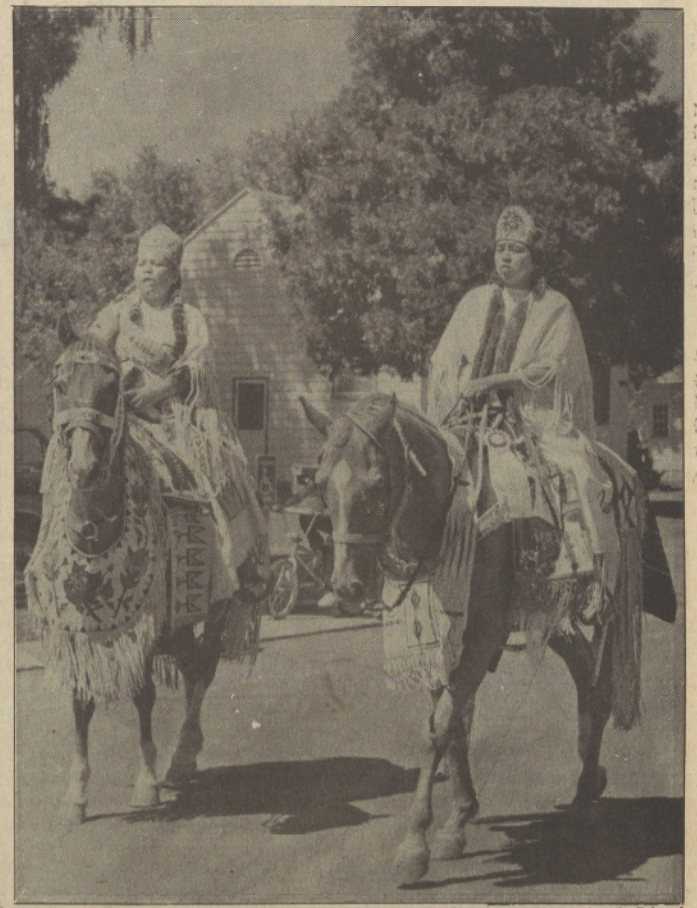


# Hundreds gather for annual celebration



Grounds from the air



On parade



Dividing the bones

Pi-Ume-Sha brought to Warm Springs hundreds of visitors from all of the United States and Canada. Activities including a rodeo, powwow, parade and stick game tournament kept people busy throughout the weekend. Results of the powwow will appear in our next issue.

## Selam team wins tourney

Each year a stick game tournament is held at the Pi-Ume-Sha grounds in conjunction with annual powwow. This year 17 teams from throughout the Northwest entered the competition with the Al Selam team of Wapato, Washington taking the top honors.

Second place honors went to the John Selam team of Toppenish, Washington. The Toppenish team's Ed Edsall came in third and the Vince Joe team of Simnasho earned fourth place.



Spilyay Tymoo photo by Behrend

## Hair tying

# Effects of heatstroke/exhaustion noted

by Frederick Bobb

Heatstroke is just around the corner for some, and for most of us, it brings back the memories of a dry, hot sun and the pounding headaches of summer. But how serious can heatstroke be? How might we be able to avoid heatstroke and heat exhaustion. What might we be able to do for a person who is suffering from the summer disease?

It's not uncommon to see joggers along Kah-Nee-Ta road, or baseball players playing a day-long game near the Community Center in our sport-crazed community. Danger lies in their path.

Heatstroke results from extended exposure to sunlight, or extremes of elevated temperature, both combined with low or high humidity and poor circulation of air. Older persons are particularly susceptible.

The symptoms of heatstroke are: 1. Skin is reddened, dry and hot. 2. Victim may complain of weakness, dizziness, unsteadiness, nausea and pain over the heart. 3. May be pains and cramps of muscles. 4. Victim may be both listless and anxious. 5. Pulse is rapid, breathing is increased. 6. Fever of 105 degrees is common. 7. Perspiration may cease. 8. Patient may lose consciousness.

Should there be convulsions

and vomiting, the outlook is dangerous. These may be followed by extreme shock which results in collapse of the circulatory system. A high fever may be dangerous, possibly even fatal.

What can we do for people suffering from heatstroke?

The first thing to remember, is that treatment must begin immediately. If the body temperature 105 or 106 degrees, the victim should be placed in ice water (or sponge cooling may prove safer), or surrounded by ice and skin briskly massaged until temperature is below 103 degrees. The victim should then rest in bed in a well-ventilated or air-conditioned room for one

to two days.

Heat exhaustion is less severe than heatstroke, it is weakness and collapsing most often occurring in hot, humid weather. Heat exhaustion can be encouraged or prolonged standing in crowded circumstances.

The symptoms for heat exhaustion are: 1. Dizziness, faintness. 2. Spots before eyes. 3. Victim may be bathed in perspiration. 4. May be abdominal and muscular cramps. 5. Skin is cool and moist. 6. Pulse is rapid and weak.

The treatment for heat exhaustion is as follows: Have victim lie down in a cool, well-ventilated

# Mommy Don't Hug Me! concluded in this segment

The following is the final segment of Frederick Bobb's "Mommy, Don't Hug Me!" short story. In the preceding segments we saw that Angel had made friends with a young man, who eventually sexually molested her. Angel did not let on to anyone, including her family, that anything had happened to her. She carries the burden of guilt for many years—a scar that will not heal easily.

by Frederick Bobb

July 4, 1981

The annual family picnic was well underway, tension built as people swallowed the last few pieces of their food, then looked upward into the sky as if it were going to rain. Dusk was upon Warm Springs now, the countdown had begun. Small children threw sparklers into the air—one of which was caught in

a little girl's hair, who laughed about it after yanking a large lock of hair out of her scalp. Older kids scared the children by throwing M-80s near their feet and watching them bang the child into a fear panic.

Lily sat with her father, mother and sister, watching her children play with small roman candles. Angel would set the fireworks down; William would light the fuse and run. Happy people were everywhere, few drunks, most children running around the large field near the Community Center like ants trying desperately to fill a gap in their nest.

Boom!

The people surrounding the field gasped in fear, then laughed as they realized it was only the skyworks about to begin. Every loose window, bottle and empty pop can shook along with the powerful boom, then died as the sound was led by the wind to echo into the canyons surrounding Warm Springs.

Dusk crept over the land to the west, nightfall held onto its tail. Darkness was left behind, crying.

A large, flower-like pattern filled with various colors shot over the night sky, filling the air with ooohs and aahs. The colors the rainbow followed, shooting off into every direction the good Lord had provided mankind with. Excitement built with every loud boom, people anxiously awaiting the mysterious colors to follow.

Angel sat near her mother's side, awing the marvelous sight a person would never grow too old to appreciate. Feeling as snuggled as a teddy bear in Teddy Bear Candy Land, the warm night pulsing around her, she gently hugged her mother's arm.

Lily sat up suddenly, surprised by the sudden flow of affection given to her by her daughter who seemed so afraid to receive affection. After the small incident that had happened at Kah-

Nee-Ta, Angel would cry out in fear whenever a person would try to give her a loving hug.

That's all over now, Lily told herself. Those days will be mere memories in our lives. It was just some awkward phase she'd gone through. No more worrying.

A tear traveled a weary path down Lily's cheek as she curled her arms around her little daughter's body. Wonderful colors filled the air, loud bangs showing their true emotions.

Angel's face was content as she turned to her rear to see many faces staring upward into the sky. Colors shined off their cheeks, their hair—mostly black—trailed in the wind. Among the many faces, Mr. Sandman stared into the seemingly endless air. His gaze tilted downward, and he peered into Angel's eyes. The air turned red with another miniature explosion from the sky, lighting his face with an eerie red shade of twilight color. Another boom sounded in the air, followed by

a sequence of many more.

Boom, boom, boom, boom! Mr. Sandman's face threw a smile in Angel's direction, a smile that grew with every boom.

"No, Mommy!" Angel cried, pulling herself away from her mother's hug. She ran from the tiny picnic table, and pushed her way through a smaller crowd of people. She made it to the Plymouth, and sat inside with every door firmly locked.

The colors outside ran through windows. Only they were able to get in. They painted Angel's tiny tears in various colors.

You spoke too soon, Lily told herself.

September, 1981

"Nine plus eighteen is seventeen, carry the one. . ." Mrs. Collins said aloud to the class. Students were neatly sitting in their desks, every one of them in new clothing. The new school-year had shot off to an enormously large start, unusual for the ever growing population of

the small town of Warm Springs.

In Madras, it was common sight to see few black haired heads and many blond haired heads. Indians that were wanting to continue their education past grade school—or children who had to continue further had to go to the Madras Junior High School, then onto the Madras Senior High School. But this was the second grade, so children were safe for at least another two years.

Faces clearly showed emotions, some were faces that wanted to go home, some were faces that wanted to learn at a faster pace, some were faces that wanted to learn at a slower pace, and some were faces that continuously stared out the window at the playground.

The bell rang, it was time to go home. Children rushed for the door, and ran out—sometimes forgetting their coats. Yells with enthusiasm filled the air, Mrs. Collins smiled a deep, sweet

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