

# Editorial E Coosh EEWA:

(The way it is)  
Letters to the Editor



## Powwow a success

To the Editor,

We, the committee of the First Annual Veteran's Powwow would like to acknowledge and thank the following people for their assistance and hard work during the powwow November 9 and 10.

Our cooks were Margaret Suppah, Neda Wesley, Allegra Tufti, Eliza Brown, Pat Brown, Eamont Brown and Bobby James. The meals were excellent and on time. We thank you for your great efforts.

We thank the following businesses and individuals for their monetary support of the powwow. Ira's, Juniper Auto, Southside Market, Ed Sites, Marie Glenn, Satterlees, Olsens, Charlotte Herkshan, Carol Allison, Estelle Sinclair, Second Hand Rose, George Schneider, Shaniko Texaco, Shaniko Selectables, Barbara Jim, the Food Booth, Ken Smith, Howard Arnett, Doug McClelland and Ed Manion.

We also thank Jim Pennington for his donation of 1,000 cups, plates, spoons, forks and knives, and the Ladies Auxillary for the donation of 500 plates, cups, spoons and forks.

Several girls had originally chosen to run for queen. However, personal commitments and illnesses caused the girls not to run. However, two girls, Ramona Lopez and Estomina Made, each did a terrific job selling tickets. Ramona sold 1,230 and Estomina sold 950 tickets. Each girl received 25 percent of her sales.

We also want to thank our dance judges and floor managers. Without their keen and watchful eyes, things wouldn't have gone so smoothly.

Of course, the powwow wouldn't

have been the success it was had it not been for the people who attended just to watch or to actually get into the competition. We thank everyone for their support and faith in our endeavor. Honoring our veterans is very important, for it is by their grand efforts, whether during war or in peace time, that we are able to participate in and conduct such powwows and other events.

Again, thank you. We're already planning next year's event.

Sincerely,  
Veteran's Powwow Committee Members

### Did you win?

The following individuals were winners in the first annual Veteran's Powwow raffle.

- Randy Scott ..... White Buckskin Dress
- Marcus Sooksoit ..... Shell Dress
- William Suppah ..... 3 Drum set
- Emily Lucei ..... Beaded Belt & Side Purse
- Dee Ortiz ..... Tan Buckskin Dress
- Vicki Moore ..... Rifle
- Aurelia Stacona ..... Cut Bead Ladies Hat
- AB Patt ..... BC Wood Sweater
- Ruth Tewee ..... Hudson Bay Jacket
- Senety Smith ..... Pendleton Jacket
- Gina ..... Ten-now-Wilt Jacket
- Maxine Clements ..... Head Roach
- Rozzan McKinley ..... Beaded Moccasins
- Neda Wesley ..... Pendleton Blanket and Beaded Buckle
- Sallie Moses ..... Beaded Picture Frame

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### Trailer for sale

**Trailer for sale:** Four-bedroom trailer for sale. Large lawn, fenced in area. Located on Tommie Street. Call 553-1751 after 7:00 p.m. weekdays for more information. Ask for Rose Holiday Aly.

## Message to child— "I'll do better"

"Father Forgets" is one of those little pieces which—dashed off in a moment of sincere feeling—strikes an echoing chord in so many readers as to become a perennial reprint favorite. Since its first appearance, some fifteen years ago, "Father Forgets" has been reproduced, writes the author, W. Livingston Larned, "in hundreds of magazines and house organs, and in newspapers the country over. It has been reprinted almost as extensively in many foreign languages. I have given personal permission to thousands who wished to read it from school, church and lecture platforms. It has been 'on the air' on countless occasions and programs. Oddly enough, college periodicals have used it, and high school magazines. Sometimes a little piece seems mysteriously to 'click'. This one certainly did."

Listen, son: I am saying this as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a stifling wave of remorse swept over me. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when you threw some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a hand and called, "Good

bye, Daddy!" and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!"

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by marching you ahead of me to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father!

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, timidly, with a sort of hurt look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. What has habit been doing to me? The habit of finding fault, of reprimanding—this was my reward to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected too much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. The little heart in you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. This was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have

come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement; I knew you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours. But tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient

words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid that I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much too much.



Levi and Pearl VanPelt

## Couple united in marriage

To the Editor,

Tilla, Buck Jones, for giving me away.

The VanPelt family would like to thank our friends and relatives for coming to our wedding and reception, and thanks for the nice presents. I would like to thank my

Love,  
Levi and Pearl VanPelt  
Charmaine,  
Prenincia,  
Jenni

## Smith seeks help in catching burglars, thieves

To the Editor,

I will pay a \$300 reward for information leading to the break in and theft of three rifles that were stolen from my house on Bray Street in West Hills here in Warm Springs. Two 308s with scopes and one 30.30 with no scope were stolen.

The break in took place on Tuesday, October 23 between the hours of 7 and 10 p.m. while I was gone to our tribal budget meeting at the Agency Longhouse. They (the thieves) made sure I was gone.

The person or people who did this awful thing to me must be a special breed of no good shifties,

lazy knot heads. It's really too bad we have people like them to put up with. They can't make it, so they steal from us who can. They are the low and cheap kind.

It's getting so you just can't trust hardly anyone any more. Stealing is really low especially when it's from your own people.

"Who did it?" At this writing I have a few clues. It's just a matter of time and they will be known. To you thieves out there, I'll be looking and listening for you all the time, as you have a monkey on your back and you'll always be lookin' over your shoulder most of the time as this theft is on your conscience and always will be.

I'm sure the thieves won't return my rifles as they are too chicken, so I'll have to find them. I have a lot of people to assist me.



Happy 6th birthday  
Joseph November 6!!

## Need papers to start your fire?

Spilyay has old papers for your use. Come to the office to pick them up before they go to the recycling bins.

## Toe Ness

There was these two burglars who were breaking into a safe when the alarm went off: One said, "Here comes the cops, we'd better jump out the window." The other said, "Wait a minute, we're on the 13th floor." The first burglar said, "This is no time to be superstitious. Jump!" YIKES

SS SS SS

A minister wound up the services one morning by saying, "Next Sunday I am going to preach on the subject of liars. And in this connection, as a preparation for my discourse, I should like you all to read the 17th chapter of Mark." On the following Sunday, the preacher rose to begin, and said, "Now, then, all of you who have done as I requested and read the 17th chapter of Mark, please raise your hands." Nearly every hand in the congregation went up. Then, said the preacher, "You are the people I want to talk to. There is no 17th chapter of Mark." YIKES

SS SS SS

Teacher: "I hope I didn't see you looking at someone else's paper, Billy."  
Billy: "I hope so, too, teacher." Yikes

SS SS SS

## Athletic Program meeting set

To the Editor,

On the evenings of October 18 and November 7 I had the pleasure of listening to the athletic and activity concerns of many school patrons. I will again be available for interested parents and patrons on Thursday, December 6 at 7:30 p.m. We will meet in the tribal court house. We are developing a plan for improving our athletic and

activity programs. Your participation is very much needed and appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Curt Sexton  
Director of Athletics/Activities  
Madras High School

## Lost Dog!!!

Brown and black Pittbull terrier is 5 years old, and answers to the name of "Stink guy" or just "Stink"! He's very friendly, if treated friendly. Missing since September 23, 1990. If you have any information regarding Stink guy, call Marjorie Danzuka's residence at 553-1190 or Saphronia at the Spilyay 553-3274.



Well-renowned sportsman  
(Terry Luther of Natural Resources) scores again.

## Tribal Council Agenda

- Monday, November 19—Tribal Council Meeting**
  - 9 a.m.—Business/Minutes
  - 9:30 a.m.—Columbia River Gorge/U.S. Forest Service
  - 1:30 p.m.—Conference Call/Mark Phillips, Lobbyist
  - 2 p.m.—Enrollments
- Tuesday, November 20—Tribal Council Meeting**
  - 9 a.m.—Business
  - 9:30 a.m.—To Be Scheduled
  - 1 p.m.—BIA meeting—Celilo Village Improvements (The Dalles)

**General Council Meeting**  
Agency Longhouse  
6 p.m. Dinner — 7 p.m. Meeting  
Agenda: Proposed 1991 Budget

**Happy Thanksgiving!**  
on November 22

- Monday, November 26—Tribal Council Meeting**
  - 9 a.m.—Business
  - 9:30 a.m.—1991 Budget Review
  - 1:30 p.m.—Conference Call/Mark Phillips, Lobbyist
  - 2 p.m.—1991 Budget Review
- Tuesday, November 27—Tribal Council Meeting**
  - 9 a.m.—Business
  - 9:30 a.m.—Realty
  - 10:30 a.m.—Agency Superintendent's Report
  - 1:30 p.m.—California Energy/Geothermal Exploration Progress Report
- Wednesday, November 28—Tribal Council Meeting**
  - 9 a.m.—Final Budget Appropriations Review and Approval; Dividend
- Thursday and Friday, November 19 and 30—Tribal Council Meeting**  
Continue Budget Discussion if needed

### EDITOR'S NOTE

Spilyay Tymoo welcomes articles and letters from its readers. All letters, preferably 300 words or less, must include the author's signature and address. Thank you letters and poetry will be published at the editor's discretion.

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