

Anger can leave a scar

There was a little boy with a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, to hammer a nail in the back fence.

The first day the boy had driven 37 nails in to the fence. Then it gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally, the day came when he boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed and the young

boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence.

"You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out, it won't matter how many times you say, 'I'm sorry,' the wound is still there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one."

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Carlos Rafael Miller (Poo-Poos)

Belated Happy Birthday wish to a Six year old. April, 7, 00

Happy Birthday to Paula J. Miller

Happy Birthday to Laura Sahme

From GP & PA

Happy Birthday April 16, Julie Starlynn Suppah and wish you many more Love you, Dad Franny

Happy 3rd Birthday to Forest Fuiava April 22, 97 Love Always, Mom, Dad Bruce & Sisters



Happy Birthday to Samuel Scott From Leah, Trevern,

To Great-Grandpa Hugs & kiss Happy Birthday Theylliah Vernaya

Congratulations Annie & Bruce on new baby girl Jaquaida Rozilia Ann; 3 pounds 4 ounces; 15 1/2 inches long; born March 17, 2000. Congratulations to Forest and Kalista on baby sister

Happy 7th Birthday to a very special boy. Andre J. Thomas, April 21, 2000 We hope your day is very special. From your Aunt Danielle & lil cuz Joel, your other aunts Amy, Hazel, & Roberta, Auntie-Grandma's Lila & Carrie, & Uncles Theron & Sman.. We all love you!!! Happy Birthday!!!



Happy Birthday to my dear mother Geraldine Blodgett April 15 Love you with all my heart daughter, Laura

Happy Birthday Grandma Gerri Love, Gerri, Ali, Willika, Randy, Lil Lawrence, Bill, Norma, Lil Lana, Lucille, Travis & Christopher, Sally & Co., Joe & Co.

Welcome home to my son Bill. Love, Mom



Happy Birthday Theylliah, I love you. Uncle Yaz



Happy 4th Birthday to my little Sweetheart Theylliah Vernaya Tonika Henry I love you, always & forever With lotsa hugs and kisses Your mommy Tiffiney

Grandpa, I love you! Happy Birthday Yazzie



Happy Birthday Dad April 20, Take care, you are in my prayers. Always, Leah

Happy Birthday to my husband Lawrence with all my love, your wife.

Happy Birthday Father-in-law Raymond Shike Sr. From your Daughter in law

Happy Birthday to my Grandma, I'm glad your here to teach me all your knowledge. And to tell you I love you alot. Thank you for everything. Your bratty granddaughter, Norma

Happy Birthday to my special uncle Raymond Shike Sr. with lots of love from Nevada. I love you and miss you very much. Niece Hot Dog

Happy 72nd Birthday From the Switzlers Elliott, Laura, Bill, Gerri, We-laka and All Many wishes from all of us.

To my son K.C. A. Jensen Happy 7th Birthday April 15 I miss you & wish I could be with you on this special day. Lots of love, Daddy Jensen

Housing needs survey important

To the editor, I am a RARE, Resource Assistance for Rural Environments, Intern this year working in Redmond at the Central Oregon Intergovernmental Council (COIC). My projects involve regional planning community, and economic development. The project I wish to address here is the Central Oregon Housing Needs Assessment, which is sponsored by the Northwest Area Foundation. Part of the project includes a very important survey, which 1 out of 15 households in Central Oregon will receive sometime next week. This project is exciting because of the partnership that was formed to tackle this complex issue. The partnership includes a cooperative effort between government not-for-profits, and jurisdictions that are pulling together to take a holistic approach to livability.

The Needs Assessment seeks to determine an honest understanding of existing housing conditions in our communities, and the goal is to improve housing and affordability issues for all Central Oregonians. That's why it is so important for people to fill them out accurately if their household receives a survey. The results of this survey will give us a snapshot of the current housing situation in Central Oregon as of April 2000. There will be a work-

shop in June, which is open to the public, where we will present the findings of the assessment.

Back in October of 1999, when I began my internship at COIC the Needs Assessment Committee had already formed. The committee members welcomed me into their meetings, even though I had no previous experience with this type of process. I want to sincerely thank the following people who have unselfishly allowed me to take part in this project: my boss at COIC, Ric Ingham; the director of the project Cyndy Cook Central Oregon Regional Housing Authority, Sarah Houston Central Oregon Regional Housing Authority, Kay Kerbs Deschutes County Adult & Family Services; John Macinnis Cascade Community Development, Sharon Miller COCAAN, Ray Rangila Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Nancy Pope-Schlanger Deschutes County Victims Assistance, Chuck Tucker Habitat for Humanity-Bend, Chester VanPelt Jr. Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Ted Veramonte SAAHS and CATS, Eilene Ward Health Services-Bend and Charlene Weed Habitat for Humanity Sisters.

Sincerely, Pam Pickens, Program Assistant COIC

Jim vies for Jr. Pi-Ume-Sha Queen



Nathena Jim

Hello, my name is Nathena Jim. I am a candidate for Jr. Queen Pi-Ume-Sha, to be held on the weekend of June 23-25, 2000.

My parents are Tonia Hall and the late Nathan Jim, Jr. My grandparents are Ella Jim and the late Nathan "8-ball" Jim Sr., of Warm Springs, OR and Naomi Polk of White Swan, WA.

I live in Warm Springs, OR and am in the 1st grade at the Warm Springs Elementary School. I am six years old and I like to go Powwows to jingle and traditional dance.

I am of Yakama and Warm Springs descent. Thank you for the support of buying raffle tickets from me. I'll be selling them until Pi-Ume-Sha.



Happy Birthday Bratt Grandpa

Cancer Support Meetings set

When: Last Friday of the month (next meeting will be April 28, 2000) Time: 12:00 noon

Where: Warm Springs Tribal Administration Building in conference room #1, Warm Springs, OR Bring a sack lunch!!

For more information call Shari Marrazzo at 553-1196 (work) or 546-5048 (home).

For Sale

Bead supply business. Can be home, mail order, and/or shop based. Inventory includes bone, shells, brass, thread, needles, posters, fringe, etc. Six large showcases, counter, display racks, etc. For further information call Jo: (541) 689-5701 or write Jo Zollinger; 1181 River Loop I; Eugene, OR 97404.

Member shares opinion on gaming site

To the editor, It appears all those meetings to vote on to site for a new casino was just another Council/Management Sham. Just to let people "think" they had a voice in making decisions that affect the reservation. When all the time, they already had made a deal with Madras. A deal like this had to have been made a long time ago. Shows the lack of consideration and respect this bunch has for tribal members. Tribal members opinions and feelings about having to "give" to someone, who has little, if any, respect for Indians means nothing to this bunch. How many other, behind close doors, under the table deals are being made, for the good of the "GENERAL FUND".

Again, we are being told, if we don't do this or if we don't do that we will be broke. The same speech given to start the first casino, the same to enhance Kah-Nee-Ta, the same if we didn't vote for the dam, now the same if we don't expand to Madras. Constantly going broke seems to be a bad habit with "our" management. All that has grown around here is management positions. Are these just pay-backs for being "GOOD OLE BOYS?" For what or who was this

money spent or squandered on? If anyone accountable for all those losses? Looking around, after these years, the reservation still looks the same. Except maybe four brand new stop signs. While Madras has turned into a Boomtown.

I am all for gaming, but since "OUR LEADERS", have forced Madras on everybody, I think everybody should force "OUR LEADERS", to make sure our casino is managed like it is suppose to be. You know, like it actually belongs to Warm Springs Tribal Members. With more fairness to tribal members, at least. This bunch has already given Kah-Nee-Ta to the non-Indian.

Look at how rotten, "US OWNERS" are treated at Kah-Nee-Ta. If these same managers aren't accountable for how much money is actually made, and for the treatment of tribal members, at a casino in our backyard, just think how they will be when the casino is sitting in their backyard.

I have heard member's complaints about their treatment, both as customers and employees. I know these complaints to be true, so does the Indians in management positions with the casino. I have seen them run to

make sure some white person is happy, with the Indians being treated like they were expendable. At every meeting "OUR LEADERS", promise to look into this. For years all they have been doing is looking. Seems they only want to see what they want to see, or what management tells them what they see. They ask why the big turn-over in tribal members. The members turn to "OUR INDIAN MANAGEMENT" through the grievance process but "OUR PEOPLE" turn their backs on tribal members. Is it because we weren't the beautiful people like them?

I have heard a few managers and casino experts say, "It is a business to make money," putting members complaints second. If that is the case, these managers should be down the road, since they are always running us broke, after each business venture. I am sure we will hear these politicians putting the blame on everyone else.

Remember, this is the same bunch the Paiute Chief referred to as "THE FOUR HORSEMEN." A more fitting name, would be the "APPLE" dumpling gang.

Victor Moses, Tribal Member

Reader shares "Moonlight Ride" poem

To the editor, Please print this poem. It seems appropriate and hope it will reach someone who reads it.

Thank you. Rocky Pamperien Climer Moonlight Ride

Jenny was so happy about the house they had found, For once in her life it was on the right side of town.

She unpacked her things with such a great ease, As she watched her new curtains blow in the breeze.

How wonderful it was to have her own room, School would be starting, she'd have friends over soon.

There would be sleepovers and parties she was so happy, It was just the way she wanted her life to be.

On the first day of school everything was great, She made some new friends and even got a date.

She thought "I just want to be popular and I'm going to be, because I just got a date with the star of the team"

To be known in this school you had to have a clout, And dating this guy would sure help her out.

There was only one problem stopping her fate, Her parents had said she was too young to date.

"I just won't tell them the whole entire truth, They won't know the difference, what's there to lose?"

Jenny asked to stay with her friends that night, her parents frowned but said "all right"

Excited she got ready for the big event, But as she rushed around like she had no sense.

She began to feel guilty about all the lies, But what's a pizza, a party and a moonlight ride.

Well, the pizza was good and the

party was great, But the moonlight ride would have to wait.

For Jeff was half drunk by this time, But he kissed her and said he was just fine.

Then the room filled with smoke as Jeff took a puff, Jenny couldn't believe he was smoking that stuff.

Now Jeff was ready to ride to the point, But only after smoking one more joint.

They jumped in the car for the moonlight ride, Not thinking he was too drunk to drive.

They made it to the point at last, And started trying to make a pass. A pass is not what Jenny wanted at all.

With a pass I don't mean playing football. Perhaps my parents were right...maybe I am too young.

Boy, how could I ever be so dumb? With all of her might she pushed Jeff away,

"Please take me home, I don't want to stay." Jeff cranked up the engine and floored the gas,

In a matter of seconds they were going to fast. As Jeff drove on in a fit of wild anger,

Jenny knew that her life was in danger. She begged and pleaded for him to slow down,

But he just got faster as they neared the town. Just let me get home, I'll confess that I lied,

That I really went out for a moonlight ride. Then all of a sudden there was a big flash,

"Oh, God, please help us, we are going to crash." She doesn't remember the force of the impact,

Just that everything went black.

She felt someone remove her from the twisted rubble, And heard "call an ambulance, these kids are in trouble."

Voices she heard...a few words at best, But she knew there were two cars involved in the wreck.

Then wondered to herself, if Jeff was alright. And if the people in the other car were alive.

She awoke in the hospital to faces so sad, "You've been in a wreck and it looks pretty bad."

They said, "Jenny we've done all we can do, But it looks as if we'll lose you too."

"But the people in the other car!" Jenny cried "We're sorry, Jenny they also died. Jenny prayed "God forgive me for what I've done,

I only wanted just one night of fun." "Tell the people's family I've made their lives dim,

I wish I could return their families to them." "Tell mom and dad, I'm sorry I lied.

Oh nurse, won't you tell them for me?" The nurse just stood there, she never agreed.

But took Jenny's hand with tears in her eyes. And a few minutes later Jenny died. A man asked the nurse, "Why didn't you do your best,

to bid that girl her last request?" She looked at the man with eyes oh, so sad.

"Because the people in the other car were her mom and dad". This story is sad and unpleasant but true,

So young people take heed, it could have been you.

by Anonymous (Taken from Starlite Cafe-Poets Corner) I don't know who the real author of this poem is but I thought it was very sad and it needs to be posted!



Happy 1st Birthday Gravy! Love, Dad

Happy 22nd Birthday April 14, 2000 Auntie Becca Jo McPherson Love Always, Lennox Awan Lewis & Marcy

Happy 18th Birthday April 22, Uncle Charlie R. VanPelt Love you lots, Your bratty nephew Mista Lennox Awan Lewis