



Letters to the Editor

Thanks for writing

As the parents of Hester L. Scott, we would like to thank the people who have been writing letters to her. When she calls, she tells us who she gets letters from.

A special thank you to the Jamie Lopez family for the letters and encouragement that they have given Hester. Thank you goes to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Griffith, Mrs. Julie Nisley of Madras, her brother Jay, sis Resie and family.

At the present time Hess is out to sea again, and had left on 3-22-02. She'll be out to sea for six weeks. Below is Hester's present address:

Sr. Scott, Hester L.
Box 57
USS George Washington (CVN 73)
FPO AE 09550.
Thank you,
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Scott

Doing fine

To the editor,

I just thought I'd write to say hi to all my relatives and friends at home and to let everyone know that I'm doing fine.

I'm doing time here in Two Rivers (T.R.C.I.) in Umatilla, Oregon. Twenty-four months for DUII, which

would've been a lot less if I didn't run. My own fault. When you earn the trust of the judge, don't ruin it as I have. I lost two years of my freedom for it.

Anyway, I'm sorry to have to read about my aunts passing on. My condolences. I'm sorry that I couldn't be there for you. I send you my prayers and I sang a few Washut songs for you and myself.

It makes me real sad to have to read about all the violence going on at home. I can only think that it's all alcohol and drugs plus the lack of discipline.

I've personally seen all the loss of respect from the younger generations. All the talking back and smartie remarks you made got you what you deserved in my day.

I had to learn the hard way more than a few times, that was more than enough for me.

A word to the younger generation, don't do drugs or alcohol. Respect your elders, return to the longhouse. Don't get lost along the way. Always remember where we came from. Don't follow my tracks, you really don't want to be where I'm at! Believe me you don't. Everybody take care and I'll do the same.

Henry Stwyer, aka Shmink
T.R.C.I. No. 6564024
82911 Beach Access Road
Umatilla, Oregon 97882-9419

Memorial April 20

The family of Janice K. (Hoptowit) Lucei would like to invite all friends and family to attend a memorial set for April 20.

There will be a stonemasonry at 9:30 a.m. with a giveaway and dinner to follow at the Warm Springs Shaker Church.

Any questions, feel free to call Norman Lucei at 553-1623, or 541-480-1134 or Rose Lee Lucei-Rudder 541-408-4229.

Another day

Road Warriors:

Hello out there! I wish I had something explosive and mind expanding to relate you guys. But... no I guess not.

Just don't weaken, and tomorrow's another day. I'm over here in a desert getting parched. If I stay here any longer I will turn to vinegar. I'll be back when the nickels are froze again. Take care of yourselves. I am!

Edge Kalama

Enough is enough

Attention Tribal Members and Tribal Council,

When is our tribe going to learn that we (tribal members) are getting

tired and fed up of people ripping our reservation off?

When are we (tribal members) going to put our foot down and say (stop) this stealing our funds(monies)?

Let's stop this and start putting our foot down and start charging these people who rip our tribal funds away from us.

We (tribal members) are losing a lot of money and have to stop it and say that's enough tribal member or non-tribal member, you're going to be charged and punished.

You did the crime you'll do the time! Enough is enough!

Let's stop this thief and start charging them, no more slap on the hand and rewarding them by giving them a different job or replacing them with a different job.

If you don't do anything about this we'll start electing different council members who will. No more cover up - no more lies.

We vote for you to do something instead of putting it on a pile and say we'll look at this later and we'll get back to it later.

You hired them take the credit for your mistake for once.

We're going to check on people dipping into different departments and playing with our budget and putting it back.

Thank you. Sincerely yours,
Lloyd G. Smith Jr.

A thank-you

I would like to thank Judge Walt Langnese for his fairness and justice, and Mark Matthews at legal aid and our witness, L.R.T., for the help.

A. Scott

An apology

To the editor,

To my grandma who I would like to say how much I love you and how sorry I am for hurting you.

Aaron J. Strong
Ochoco Y.R.F.
3852 SW Houston Lk Rd
Prineville, OR 97754

You are missed

My brother Dann Chavez was loved and is missed by a lot of people, most especially me, my son, my dad Herb Graybael, my mom Earlyne Squiemphen, his big family, wife, daughter.

My brother and I were very close. I remember growing up, he enjoyed spending time with his grandparents Earl and Rita Squiemphen. He would always smile and say "hi" to anyone he knew. The funniest thing about my brother was he would be listening to his favorite CD, the Selena soundtrack in his car, loud as the volume would go.
Lynn Fluhr

Birthday and other wishes

Happy Birthday to my nephew "Kelsy Thunder Walks Buffalo Haywaha".

Love your auntie Shari & Mav!

Happy Birthday cousin Kelsey Love, Challis & Vern.

Happy Birthday Daddy

I love you and I hope you have a wonderful day. You are thought of and missed a lot.

Love, your daughter Jolena.

April 7, happy birthday to my niece Robin Ann Warner. I miss you so much sweetie and I often think of you and wish I could see and touch your pretty face. I love you baby girl. XOXOXO

Love, your Auntie Jo.

To my beautiful daughter Arianna Chenay Henry, who turned 9 years old on April 3.

I am so proud of you baby girl. I hope that all of your birthday wishes come true on your special day.

We all miss you and love you with all of our hearts. I am so proud of you for being such a big girl. Have a very happy birthday.

Lots of hugs and kisses from your mom Cherilyn L. Starr, Great Grandma, Louise Hellon, Your big brother Dallas Ray Camas and your big sister Laura J.L. Bryant.

To Arianna Chenay Henry: Love you and miss you much, lil sis.

I wish you a great birthday and hope you get all the things you want. With much love, Laura Bryant.

Arianna Chenay Henry: Happy 9th Birthday to our lost one. May God bless you on your special day, as he blessed us with you the day you were born. I love you.

Grandma Louise Hellon.

Happy birthday to Antone Torres From Dad and Ray

For our son Russell Isaac Tall Bull, you have brought much happiness into our lives.

Watching you grow so fast has made our heart content. You are so special to our lives.

With much love, Mom and dad.

Happy 14th Birthday, April 14 to Antone Torres. From Grandma Caroline and Donna.

Happy Birthday to Geraldine Jim, April 2.

From Caroline, Donna, Tony, Antone and Raymond.

Happy Birthday to Kandee Rhoan, April 2.

From: Caroline, Donna, Tony and your bro's Antone and Raymond.

Happy birthday to my little brother Russell Tall Bull.

I love you lots.

Glad to have you for a brother. Even though you Jackie Chan me all the time. HaaHaa

Your Yah-Yah, Gerald Jr.

Happy 4th birthday bunnyz. Love you Nah-Nah, Mary.

Happy Birthday to Crystal Berman.

Hope you have a great day. Your in our thoughts.

From Nicole, Kenneth, and Autumn.

Happy Birthday to Larrissa Napyer, your 19th birthday.

Love Always, Tonah Scott.

Dear lil sister Cecelia Ceja Polk, I really don't know the exact day for your birthday, but I would like to say "Happy Birthday" and many, many more to come.

May God bless your soul.

Your truly in my heart as well as my prayers.

Yours sister, Tamera Henry, No. 883346, 1120 SW Third, Portland, OR 97204.

A healthy fry bread legend

(The following narrative, A Healthy Fry Bread Legend, was written by Edison Yazzie for the Health and Wellness diabetes program.)

Many many moons ago there was a beautiful Indian Princess who had a boyfriend named Big Ears.

He was off hunting with the men. She went to a Pow Wow and ended up at the 49er where she met No Ears. He was singing a song and it went like this:

Whey ay hey yo, Whey aye yo hey yo, Whey ay yo b-e-y

Yo O Hi ya, Whey ya hau, whey ya hau, yaw.

I'm from Warm Springs, Oregon, got no one for my own,

So I come here looking for you Haw Yaw

If you'll be my honey, I will be your sugar. Haw Yaw.

Whey yaw hau, Whey yaw hau, yaw.

She couldn't get that song off her mind

She fell in LOVE

The hunting party headed home Big Ears leading the way

He also sang a song

Ne' Zad Dant ga' le ga' shil yeel glosk

O way yaw hey ye ye - ea ga' ba

Do not forsake me o' my darling

Yo O way ya hey ye ye

She had a decision to make:

Which one?

Big Ears or No Ears?

She couldn't decide

So she asked her friends,

Which one?

Big Ears or No Ears?

They couldn't decide

So she asked her Mom

Which one?

Big Ears or No Ears?

Mom couldn't decide

She asked Gramma

Which one?

Big Ears or No Ears?

Wise Old Grandmother said

By Edison Yazzie

live a long-long healthy life? Yes Gramma she answered. Grandmother said, There is only one way to settle this. We'll have a Fry Bread Contest. Whoever makes the best healthy Fry Bread wins.

All the people gathered Two tables were set up Two fires were built Every ingredient was brought

No Ears ran to his table Threw his ingredients in a bowl The people could barely see him

Flour, salt and baking powder flew everywhere

He put too much water in His grease was burning He poured his dough into the fry-ing pan

Big Ears took his time. He was patient, kindhearted, relaxed and focused.

He mixed two kinds of flour,

toasted wheat germ,

Low fat powder milk, baking powder, salt and water

As the dough was rising he put the frying pan on and poured in the right

Amount of canola oil as he sang a song for all

He nay yo ee' na aye zed aye yo aye ta

Ko whey ne loi nil weel nil loi do'

Weey zoi weey zoi do, nil nigi yol kaal ge'

Nil weel nil loi do

He pinched a little piece of dough off and tossed it gently

Into the pan, as the dough danced to the surface,

He knew the temperature was just right.

As he patted the second fry bread,

The aroma hit the People, Their mouths began to water

When he lifted the last Fry bread from the pan,

Gramma was slobbering.

Big Ears was declared the winner, No Ears had to leave.

He took his burnt fry bread and

headed up the hill

As Gramma shed a tear, she said

No Ears won't live long - high cholesterol,

Fast food and 49ers are gonna get him.

No Ears stopped at the top of the hill

As his Pony lowered his head, he sang one last song:

Whey whey whey e yaw hey, hey yaw aye wah yaw

Whey whey whey e yaw hey, hey yaw O way yaw hau yaw

Whey yaw hau, Whey yaw hau, yaw

She don't love me anymore, Cause I didn't use Canola.

I don't care I'll find another one. Whey yaw hau, whey yaw hau, yaw.

Big Ears and his bride shared a healthy, happy life together.

For a long long time!

To my family and the Diabetes Program of the Warm Springs Indian Health and Wellness Center - May all your patients have BIG ears.