

Veteran reflects on the Korean War

By Sid Miller

Spilyay Tymoo Publisher Emeritus

With Veterans Day just past, I want to recognize all veterans for a job well done, and focus mainly on the forgotten war - Korea.

It was a time in Hell for all veterans who experienced war. Today there is no real war. Veterans Day is set aside to honor all those who were willing to put their lives on the line, to fight for the freedom we all enjoy today.

War has changed the lives of many veterans and today few people have any idea what the vets went through as they faced the enemy troops in combat. Most of the time we were outnumbered at least five to one. Yes, it was a time in Hell and fighting took place in many forms.

The sub-freezing weather in Korea took its toll on the troops and at times it was unbearable. Many troops froze to death in the fight to the seaport of Hungnam, as temperatures dropped down to 40 below. The weather gets pretty cold in Korea, because it is one of the most mountainous nations in the world. The country is not much larger than Minnesota, but the mountains and weather proved to be nearly as disastrous as the thousands and thousands of Chinese troops.

The battle at Chosin Reservoir was just the start of the larger conflict that followed. We are all familiar with the battles at Pork Chop Hill, Heartbreak Ridge, Sniper Ridge, Hamburger Hill, Old Baldy, and the Punch Bowl, to name a few.

Even so, the Korean War is often referred to as the forgotten war. The Korean War is not as noted as World War II and Vietnam, but some of the worst and bloodiest battles took place in Korea.

Stepping back a little, on June 25, 1950, the North Korean Army invaded the Republic of South Korea. The aggressive North Korean troops came in full force, pushing southward where the R.O.K. troops were no match for these highly trained communist forces. A plea from the Republic of Korea to the U.N. was made and the United States was the first to commit their assistance to the R.O.K., since we already had troops in Japan.

Young occupational troops with no battle experience were the first to be sent to Korea. In no time at all they admitted that the communist troops were more trained than anticipated and the Americans were being driven back right along with the South Koreans.

They made their stand around the city of Pusan, at the southern tip of Korea. General McArthur ordered an invasion at Inchon, near Seoul, which cut off the supply line to the communist troops. The big push started north back to the 38th parallel, but they didn't stop there. The offensive went all the way to the Yahe River at the northern border. It looked like the troops would be home for the holidays.

Well, China had another idea and they committed thousands of troops to fight the U.N. forces, completely surrounding them at Chosin Reservoir. Hell broke loose as the Chinese were much more powerful than what was expected. They outnumbered the American troops and also used psychological warfare. They would mass and blow horns, pound on gas drums, yell and make all kinds of racket before they would come storming over the hill. This alone would frighten just about anyone, but the U.S. troops withstood their charge most of the time, often ending up in hand to hand fighting.

Today veterans reflect back to those dark, horrible days of combat, when they were sent on patrol and never knew if they would return alive. Yes, war has changed the lives of many young veterans. At first it was referred to as shell-shock, then battle fatigue, and post traumatic stress. With hospitals overcrowded, many had to take to the streets, where alcohol took another toll on the homeless veterans.

People criticize the alcoholic veterans without giving any thought to what they have gone through in the line of battle. They should actually be feeling grateful for what the veteran has sacrificed so we can all live free. The wars have had their effect and even today some veterans are jumpy, especially if there is a sharp bang, or a loud noise.

Some won't even attend July 4 fireworks. So don't be so critical toward the veterans. Many still have bad dreams of the past battle fields.

On Veterans Day there were all kinds of special ceremonies and street parades across the country.

It is hard for veterans as they pay tribute to comrades who never came home alive, as they paid with their lives for our country.

Today when I hear the national anthem I get a lump in my throat as I think of friends who never came home. So rather than being critical of veterans, offer them a good handshake and thanks for a job well done.

All veterans have this feeling of losing close friends in combat. But no matter what a veteran had to go through in time of war, if anything came up again they would be more than willing to fight for this country.

Today too much is taken for granted. We should be proud of our veterans. It was a tough time.

Spilyay Speaks

Letters to the Editor

Called home

To all my relations:
I, Leroy Bobb, am writing this letter to thank all of you people who helped during my sister's funeral and lengthy illness. Emerson her driver, God bless you. You shakers who were there doing the Lord's work. Aunt Margaret Charley and family, Laura Brown, Laura Switzler, Peggy Williams, George Williams, Pat Tullee and brothers and sister, and Vena and her mother. Shakers who traveled to be at the services, thank you.

All of you Full Gospel people, the cooks, Deb Scott and daughters, Pat Suppah, Mrs. Vern Kennedy chairman of the Grand Ronde people and CeCe Kneeland thank you for dressing her and your prayers and songs.

Fred Wallatum and Wow Mitchell thank you for your support singing washut songs and praying for us in our time of need, thank you for the way you live your lives. All of my cousins Janet Tom, Chief Jones, Eldon Tom, Beverly, Gail Frank, Leon Tenorio and family, Lorna Arthur, Matt and Eric. You elders who came to be with us. So many people thank you. She did the Lord's work and then she was called home. Thank you Lord and Savior for calling her to the Shaker faith. You E.M.T.'s helped her many times and I.H.S. people too. In Jesus Christ's name I say God Bless you all. In memory of Barbara Ann Bobb, October 28, 1946 - October 14, 2003.

LeRoy Bobb

Fishing code

I would like to apologize to the people of Warm Springs for violating the tribal fishing code on the Columbia River by tying two nets together. That went over the maximum length limit. As a traditional tribal fisherman of the Columbia River, I know how important tribal fishing rights are to my people and family. Sincerely,

Albert Kalama Sr.

ECE Halloween

Early Childhood Education extends thanks to the following departments who handed out candy, generously donated candy, and enjoyed sharing their time with our children.

OSU Extension, Minnie, Arlene and Rosanna. Fire Management, Irwina. Fire and Safety, Sparky, the Clown, and The Blonde. Hot Shots, Jabbar, Johnny and Smokie the Bear.

Construction, Leslie and Laurie. Juvenile Coordinator, Flossie. High Lookee Lodge, Kathy, Jose, Amy. Composite Products, Jake and Shawn.

Post Office, Joyce. Community Health Team, Anita Davis and Judy Charley. Kah-Nee-Ta

Resort and Casino, Lena. Tribal Court, Leona Ike. Community Health, Montell's Helper.

KWSO, Sue Matters. Community Wellness Center, Sena and Karla. Spilyay Tymoo, Dave McMechan. Early Head Start staff. And all the parents and family who attended.

From the Early Childhood Education staff and organizers Lisa Johnson, Becca McPherson, and Jolene Soto.

Remembrance

To the people of Warm Springs, I am so sorry this has taken so long to write this letter. When we received the paper today, it came to me that I hadn't written to let the people of Warm Springs know, who hadn't heard, that we had lost our beloved Dad or Papa Charlie Clark September 16 up at Arlington. He was trying to do what he wanted every summer, to go fishing on the Columbia River, he loved to be down there, not knowing it would take his life. It still doesn't seem real that our Daddy is gone.

It was rough that day we lost him. He had a heart attack before our son and grandson got ashore with him. He spent one last night at the White Swan Longhouse before coming up La Conner. He was buried on the 20th.

I've sent out remembrance cards to people down there but came back for no post office box number on them. I have a few left. If anyone would like to have one sent, send me your P.O. box number and I'll mail them to you. Bernice Mitchell, if you'd send me your home number there are things I need to know. I just can't seem to be able to leave my house and go anywhere.

My friend Arlene Bruno, please I need a lot of prayers to try to go on without him.

Please, everyone forgive me for taking so long in writing this for the paper. Anyone wanting a remembrance card send to me your P.O. box numbers or address.

He died September 16, was buried September 20 in La Conner, Wash.

Edythe Honey Clark and family, P.O. Box 1222, La Conner, WA 98257

Mistake

About a year ago, some of my teenage friends and I broke into and stole from some elders' homes.

This is one of the biggest mistakes I have ever made in my life. I really want to apologize to Cy Katchia, Louise Hellon and Sanders Heath.

I'm very sorry.
Edward Winishut

Not responsible

I will not be responsible for any past or present finances of Sharondee Mitchell as of July 2003 to present.

Thank you,
CVP

River barges

To our Columbia River Treaty Tribes: Neigh yow wee (Umatillas), Nee me poos (Nez Perce), Yakima's and Warm Springs. Eee took tee wig wa (Good Day in Wasco).

I think it is time to be more assertive as to our inherent rights to utilize our Columbia River and Pacific Ocean as a means to meet the needs of all our treaty tribes peoples of the Columbia River.

Barges... we must establish our rights to commerce, trade on our rivers. Our ancestors, elders traded up and down the Columbia River. Our elders also traded north, west, east, south on our Pacific Ocean to meet the needs of our Columbia River tribal people all through the greater Northwest. It is time to re-establish our inherent god given rights as indigenous Indian peoples to utilize our rights to commerce, trade on our Columbia River by building big canoes, barges to use to meet the needs of our Indian peoples for generations to come, be more assertive.

Jobs, jobs, jobs, our people need jobs. Barges would create thousands of jobs up and down our Columbia River for all our Columbia River Treaty Tribes Indians and other Indians and non-Indians. It is time to build barges or be forever land locked like all our other Indian brothers across our nation. Think.

We must act now before our river gets too crowded.

Bobby Eagleheart

Thank you

Thanks to all who helped, my heart goes out to all.

To the people who followed Jasper to St. Charles, Sena and Mernie Polk, Ladonna and Marcie Picard, Ray and Naomi Caldera, Archie and Ann Caldera, Ben and Shawn and Baby Joe Hintsala, Maxine, Lori, Val, Wendell, Margaret Switzler. Your support is well appreciated.

To Harriet Schuster, Sarah Mitchell for staying and supporting me during my hard time. Thank you for not leaving my side from day one till I brought Jasper home.

Your arms, shoulders, hearts, and your patience helped me so much. I love you both so very much.

To Don and Lola Sohapp, Kim Wheeler, Antae Lumpmouth, Norma Tainewasher, Pastor Rick, Corina, Josh, JoAndy Sohapp, Val and Maxine Switzler, Deannie Johnson, Alvin and Mona Schuster family, Daisy and Leona Ike, Bernice Mitchell, Beulah Calica, Leota Saunders, Eraina Palmer, Linda Langley, Rose Mitchell family, Abe Schuster Family, Victor VanPelt "Switzler," Eva Heath family, Batman and Erwina and family. For praying for my son. And to anyone else I may have forgotten.

To Gwen Leonard, Shawna Queahpama, VIC program, Austin Greene, Vocational Rehabilitation and Social Services programs, Willie Fuentes, Rhonda in Human Services with the Yakama Nation Tribes.

To all my friends and family who helped with food and money donations. You all made it possible for me to stay by my son's side, during his struggle for his life. You all were a huge help.

To my son Jasper E. Switzler, you are my world, heart, my life, my hopes and dreams. I'm very proud to have you as my son. I thank God everyday for giving you back to me, to us. These three words I want you to remember, I love you.

This goes out to the community, the donations you have dropped off to various locations, to help me out for food, gas, lodging.

None of my family received any of this funding, nor did we give anyone permission to pick up the money donation jars. To this person who picked up the jars, you should be ashamed of yourself, this was not for your habit, you not only played on my son's life but you also played on the hearts of the many people who thought they were helping me out. Thanks to all your helping hands, hearts.

Alison Mitchell-Schuster

Apologizing

I'm writing this letter to the community to apologize for driving while I was under the influence of intoxication. Cause I could of hurt someone while I was on the road. But I will try not to do it again. But I'm thankful for not hurting anyone.

Jamie T.

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Letters to the editor

Please write to the Spilyay at P.O. Box 870, Warm Springs, 97761, or drop by the office. Or send your letters by e-mail to this address:

spilyaytymoo@wstribe.org.
For space reasons, letters should be no longer than 350 words in length.
Thank you for writing.

Happy birthday wishes...



Happy first birthday baby Taya, from Dad.
Happy first birthday Taya, Nov. 2, from Mom and Nana.

Happy birthday Auntie Shirley. Hope you have a good day.

Happy birthday Kendall, Blake, Edward, Raenele. Love Auntie Missy.

Happy birthday baby Ulysses T. Jefferson. I love you with all my heart.

And a belated happy birthday wish to my other big baby Valdimire Jefferson. Love you with all my hearth. Mom and Justin and twins.

To my nephew Ulysses T. Jefferson, happy 19th birthday. I hope all your dreams and goals come

Thank you for everything and for just being you.
Jacob Frank and family.

true. From Auntie Marena, Uncle Ken, cousins Edward, Raenele, Waylon, Blake, Kendra and Kendall.

To our handsome son Kendall Darius Florez, happy fifth birthday. We love you very much. From Mom, Dad, Edward, Raenele, Waylon, Blake and Kendra.

To Edward, Blake Raenele, Happy belated birthdays. I love you all very much. From Mom and Dad, Waylon, Kendra and Kendall.

To Valdimire Jefferson, happy birthday nephew, keep making good choices. Love you lots, from the Weasels, Florez family.

To Lillian Blackwolf, happy birthday. Love you much, from the Weasels, Florez family.

Happy birthday Mister T (Jason Tobet), and congratulations on the littlest T.

Hope you have a good one.
Love always, Jacob Frank and clan.



Happy birthday Taya and Joseph, Nov. 2.