

A family mourns an elder and special person

By Selena Boise
Management successor

It is a sad season for all of Warm Springs, as we mourn the passing of our elder of the year, passing Irene Towe. It was a surprising turn of events for her family as she is remembered as the one who was full of life, and so active.

Spilyay Speaks

She will be missed at many events throughout Warm Springs. She shared herself and her self-confidence was refreshing to anyone who was feeling down. She brought out a smile from most people who greeted her at public gatherings.

The one that keeps coming to my mind is the Honor Seniors Day event. She was the one who greeted all the elders and welcomed them to the day's events.

No one could ever replace such a greeting for a day of honor for her as well but she shared much of herself in the way she carried herself throughout the day.

As we made the memory cards I recalled many times I saw her dancing the Wasco dances that she helped teach the young children.

There aren't many elders who can perform these dances but she did with such life. You could see her heart smile as she performed for the Senior Citizens at Honor Seniors Day. I remember it like it just happened.

Coming together as a family brought a lot of joy to her because due to day to day life for us all, a family gathering let us relax and see each other without the daily stresses of work and sometimes life.

She was a wonderful cook and the food she brought so such family gatherings will be missed by all her families. We will always remember her potato salad, one with onions, and one without onions.

A family mourns this year, but remembrance will always be there because who could forget a person who had so much life within her?

Not me.

Regarding letters

Thank you for writing to the Spilyay Tymoo. Please, when writing, keep in mind that letters should be of no more than 350 words. Letters that are too long will have to be cut. Please submit only one letter per person per edition.

Letters to the Editor

Miss First Nations

Hello, everyone. My name is Sisilyone. I am 17 years old and a junior at Madras High School.

On April 16 at Seattle, I was crowned Miss First Nations for the University of Washington Powwow.

There were four girls competing for this title. We had to give a speech in front of the audience on our cultural background, and our goals. Then we had to Owl Dance and tell why we picked our partner, which was my cousin, Orin John Allen.

I picked him because he is always there for me when I have to dance the Owl Dance.

Then I had to sell tickets and last of all I had to dance my style, which was Traditional.

I make all of my own dresses and sew my own beadwork. I have one old buckskin dress that was my grandmother's, made by her mother.

One of my goals has been to complete a fully beaded dress that I am now work-



ing on. I am on track of graduating next year.

My parents are Toba and Deborah Scott, and I live in Seesequa. I have three sisters who support me always, Desiree Allen, Shelby and JoeAnn Scott, one brother, Israel Scott. I am enrolled Warm Springs/Wasco.

I was so surprised when I was the last girl called up for the crown of Miss First Nations of the University of Washington for the year 2006-07. I wanted to share this with all my family and friends here in Warm Springs.

No vacation

It's been the hardest three months of my life. I miss you, Shanell. I'm sorry I had to go away for a while. I promise it won't happen again. I love you. Jazell, daddy misses you and your mom and I think about you every day. All my family, I apologize for making bad decisions. I miss you and love you all. My friends, I don't know if I have much left but to Evil, K-Dogg and the rest of you, I'll be waiting for a letter from you. My people, I'm sorry for dishonoring you. I'll do my best when I get out to help my reservation, instead of being a burden. I miss everyone even my

enemies. If you have extra time, write me. I won't be going anywhere soon. My sisters Sophie and Krysten and my brother Jayce, take care of things for me. I love you all. Jarrod Allen, No. 15101284, 777 Stanton Blvd., Ontario, OR 97914.

Please write

Hello, I'm currently looking for someone to start corresponding with. The person I'm searching for can be anyone (female) who enjoys life and needs a good listener. So if you feel you're the same, please don't procrastinate. Alonzo Nolan, No. 1098268, 2500 Westgate, Pendleton, OR 97801.

Health care

Greetings WSCT: I have been on the Health & Welfare Committee for 1.5 years. It has been a very interesting experience. The information I've received is what I'd like to share. So in this letter I would like you to know that this is my opinion, and I am not speaking for the committee.

Which ones of us have not been affected by 'Priority One'? Priority One is the term used when many cannot get the medical services necessary. Another definition is 'Life or Limb'. What that also means is that Managed Care will not pay for services unless it means your life or limb. I am not agreeable with that decision. It is frustrating when you go to see the Doc and they cannot ask for a MRI so the docs have to work around that and use only the services available. For example, if your shoulder has chronic pain, the docs cannot diagnose it properly and will likely give you pain pills and send you to physical therapy. I personally believe that if you take care of the small medical situation, you won't be paying ten times as much when it reaches the life or limb priority. As far as I know, Managed Care has made this decision.

We have at least \$1,000,000 in Managed Care, but it is to be saved for next year for the overflow of medical expenses. This is what that says to me. It tells IHS that we have extra dollars, so all our medical services must be met. We as tribal members know that is not true. We do not have a list of medical services denied, which is called a deferred list. To me, that data would justify receiving more funds for Managed Care. Another half of the story is that much of our funds go to alcohol and drug related incidents. So to the Police Department, I hope you can use that as an incentive also in focusing on the alcohol and drug problems.

If you are concerned about

an incident, treatment, etc., IHS does have a 'complaint' form. For issues, incidents to be addressed, this would be to the patients benefit. The person to call, or see while you at IHS is Michelle Gemelas at 553-1196.

Alcohol and drug program

We all know this program has to be addressed. Right now I would just like make the statement that I am embarrassed about the apology letters submitted in the Spilyay. I've talked to a Counselor and he said it was part of the treatment. Here's my point. This paper goes to Central Oregon and I'm sure many other places. The public must think we are all a bunch of drunks and drug users. That's the message I've heard. When people speak of the Rez, they acknowledge we have this problem. Duh, so does everyone. However, there was concern about the negative image the media has portrayed of Warm Springs, so the apology letters does not help that image. It is mandatory I understand that the letters be written. Please try sending the letters personally to the people of concern. Regarding facing up to

the problems publicly, isn't that addressed in AA/NA meetings? Humiliation hasn't worked in the past, so I would suggest 'change'. After all, it is counseling services and that would involve encouragement instead of a public flogging. Submitted by Dorothea Barney.

Contribution

A big shout out to Mr. and Mrs. Alneeta Smith III, Vivian, Wahneeta and our Warm Springs Dental Clinic. It was good to see Wahneeta from our IHS Dental Clinic helping with this lil' Springers basketball tournament... Contributing part of their life to our Warm Springs children. Can't beat their efforts and attitudes. Thank you.

Not very many people are willing to contribute their time. They all want money to be paid, eight to five it, then escape our glorified concentration camp, Rez, to the free world. Why doesn't our sick, very sick freedom! So we can create our own town, city, business community. Good job, Third and Vivian and others. Bobby Eagleheart.

Happy birthday wishes...

Best birthday wishes to my nephew, Adrian Lance Coulter Jr. I send all my love. Your Auntie, Jeanette Thompson.

I want to wish a happy 17th birthday to my fiancé Shanell Kalama, from your man Jarrod Allen. I love you, Shanell. Stay strong, I'll be back to hold you my arms soon. Love, Jarrod Allen.

Happy 21st birthday to Samuel Scott on April 23. From the family.

Happy 18th birthday on April 26 to my baby sister Jeleah Sam. No matter what goes on in life, you know that I will always be your loving sister. I wish you the best in life. Love from Elsie.

Happy birthday ante "OOAH". Love you. Thanks for putting up with me all the time. Love from Clarence Vernon LeRoy Sam.

Happy birthday to Ante Plum. Love from your two brothers Clarence and Jantian. Hope to see you soon.

Happy birthday to my Na-Na Plum. Thanks for always being there when I need you. Love from Elsie.

Happy anniversary April 26 to my Grandma, Elodpa, Eliza and Grandview Jim. Love from elsie and Clarence Sam.

Timely history on the Bridge of the Gods

By George Aguilar

Mythical stories the likes of the following were told by Native American river people, and there are several versions of this particular story. These stories were unwritten. Until modern times they were told only the generations by guardian spirit inspired story tellers.

The Bridge of the Gods story is shared by several tribes of the Pacific Northwest, specifically the Klickitat, Wishram, Wasco Cascade, and all of the Colum-

bia River people. When white men recorded the Native American stories, some of them may have lost some of their glitter and metaphorical meanings.

"Long before recorded history began, Indian legend says the people of the Great River had much difficulty visiting friends and loved ones on the opposite bank. In response to their pleas, the Great Spirit built a bridge of stone that a gift of great magnitude.

"Modern scientists claim that about 1,000 years ago, the mountain on the Washington side of the Columbia River, near what is now the small town of Cascade Locks, caved off, blocking the river. Prior to this time it was believed there was a huge lake locked in behind the Cascade Mountain range on the eastern side of the present day prairies of Washington and Oregon and as far away as Idaho. The waters of the vast inland fresh water sea found a weak spot, and rushed out, tearing away more of the earth and rocks until a great tunnel was formed under the Cascade Mountain Range. The Native people were awed by the now beautiful bridge left by the water. In grateful thanks to the Great Spirit for saving their bridge from total destruction, the Natives gave it a new name... The Bridge of the Gods."

(www.theoutlaws.com/indians4.htm).

Kushiat's story-telling father Yel-pum may have portrayed this story to the young people in his time era in this manner:

Long ago quarrels and fierce fighting broke between the spirit that lived in the river and the evil spirits that lived in the mountains above it. In one of their battles, the mountain demons built a rock wall across the stream and tied to it the chief of the river spirits.

But the river spirit, strong in his anger, broke the ropes. Then he called upon all his powers and gathered together all the river spirits. With their help he cut a hole and then a long tunnel through the rocks. This made a broad stone arch over the river, a wide natural bridge which people and their dogs could cross.

The Great Spirit, whose home is in the sky, called together the tribes living on both sides of the river. 'We shall name this bridge of the Tabmabnawus,' he told them. 'It will be the bridge of the spirits, buy you people also may use it. As long as you are good and friendly and peaceful, the bridge will span the river. But if you become selfish and greedy, if you quarrel and fight, it will be destroyed. Then the rocks will fall into the water below.'

The people crossed over the Bridge of the Gods, and they passed under in their canoes. Then they would

pray to the Great Spirit for courage and guidance as they paddled through the long dark tunnel. For many years the Indians on both sides of the river lived in peace and friendliness. They met together for fishing, hunting, huckleberry picking, camas digging, races, games, gambling, Indian trades, and the winter spirit dances. But in later generations bitter feeling grew up between the tribes, and warfare followed. At last, quarrels over who owned the bridge turned into a bloody battle that lasted for days. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, the earth began to shake and tremble. The mountain demons belched forth flaming thunderbolts and great clouds of smoke hid the sun. The hurled white hot rocks set forest fires far and near. They hurled hot stones and liquid rocks upon the water below. Great plumes of white steam reached for the heavens.

Angrily the river spirit dashed the waves against the supports of the bridge. The huge rocks began to tremble and tremble. Then with a noise like the thunderbird on the mountain, the Bridge of the Gods fell. Rocks, earth, trees came tumbling into the angry, whirling waters of the river.

And all the Indians on the both sides of the river felt the earth shake and heard the great crash. They had seen the flames and the hot rocks thrown by the mountain demons. Runners were immediately sent out

in all directions. 'The Bridge of the Gods had fallen!' they called out. 'The Great Spirit has spoken.' Ref. Ella Clark.

But in happy days to come, jubilation will reign supreme when the Native Cascade people return to the place where the Creator of all good placed them.

Our chiefs and the white men have smoked the pipe of friendship; and another Bridge of the Gods now spans the river where the Bridge of the Gods was in the days of our old people. Not as glorious as the natural God given bridge, but nevertheless it's a bridge.

And maybe, just maybe, there will again be games played like the Wacculcul, large swimming pools, being river people they were in the probability once the best swimmers of any culture of their time. There might even be wrestling arenas featuring championship Indian type wrestling, and big wigwams sheba tourists who like Queen Sheba country. And maybe there will be a big place to show what the river people's civilization was like many snows ago.

(The excerpt above is from the seventh chapter of George Aguilar's next book, titled *The Shattered Civilization*.)

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