

More Letters to the Editor

Tribute

I met my Uncle Kenny when I was 4 years old, in San Bernardino, California, where my Mom, Rosella, was going to college. Kenny's charisma was John F. Kennedy-like, even then, and folks were charmed by his warmth as he vacationed with my beloved Aunt Sybil and their kids, my cousins, Greg and Michelle. A fond memory of me screaming at Audrey Hepburn in a crowded movie theater is a favorite from that great trip for the Smiths.

A couple years later, I was very proud of my little green bicycle, with training wheels freshly removed, and loved to ride it at Kenny's house in the Bel Air suburb of Madras. I foolishly ignored warnings not to park my bike behind Ken's car, and wept in a tantrum after he accidentally backed over it.

This too is a hilarious fond memory of mine for my Uncle Kenny, who I chewed out with all the stern authority of a little Indian kid having a crying fit. As if his job as General Manager working hard with our Tribal Council wasn't enough...ha ha!

Kenny's son, Greg, would entertain me with trips to Dairy Queen, and fort building. He helped inspire my career as a cartoonist with his interest in 70's horror comics, and my hobby as a rock musician with his album collection.

His beautiful sister, Kenny's daughter Michelle, wouldn't hesitate to roll up her jeans and collect tadpoles with me on hot summer days throughout our childhood. Her stuffed monkey collection, cheerleading era, and Homecoming Queen glory days were favorites of my Mom and mine as well. Nowadays my cuz, nicknamed "Smo Malone" by Greg decades ago, is a supervisor for the Bureau in Portland.

As a teenager, Uncle Kenny invited me for extended visits to his new modern reservation home down by the river. I watched the KISS television special there while he worked on tribal business issues in the next room at the long dinner table, tirelessly, night after night. And I wrote a research paper for his classmate, my English teacher at MJHS, Harold

Moore, at Ken's house. I think I got a B. It was about a Marvel comic-book.

Uncle Kenny also had to reprimand me for drawing superheroes too hard, leaving deep grooves on his custom wooden tables. Sorry, Uncle! He looked on in amusement as I wore my Darth Vader mask outside at night, startling Buck and Susie's horses.

When Jeannie snagged Kenny, he found his soul-mate. She let my Mom and I house sit her posh, cozy home in the Portland West Hills, where I discovered her foxy daughter's album collection, and continue to enjoy Supertramp to this day.

I cannot properly express our family's pride in Kenny as he was made Assistant Secretary of the Interior under James Watt during the Reagan administration. Rosella took me to see Kenny, Jeannie, and Michelle, in Washington D.C., and I spent a night with them on Embassy Row in Georgetown. What an adventure, when our own Indian "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington!"

Kenny took me jogging with Secretary Watt, and he continued to work at running for years, on both American coasts, turning the heads of women for decades, Republican or Democrat, native or bushron. My Uncle Kenny also met me at the Hyatt Regency where I introduced him to the X-Men cartoonists at a giant comic-book convention.

There was my Uncle, surrounded by geeks and nerds in Star Wars costumes, taking the time to validate my hobby and admire my Wolverine cartoons, inked by my heroes with their autographs. They had just published the Death of Phoenix, a famous comic story, about to be released as the third X-Men movie, 25 years later.

Kenny could walk comfortably in any such and many different circles, warmly meeting talented folks and representing our tribes to our best interests tirelessly, from the halls of our nation's capital to many 509-J school district student concerts of his children and mine.

My Uncle Kenny was also there years later to honor my graduation from the Pacific Northwest College of Art at the Portland Art Museum exhibi-

tion of my senior thesis work. I'm certain I never could have won my nomination as student body president of my college without his example of poise and leadership in the face of an overwhelming majority. Ken took in my vampire science fiction comic-book in spite of my weird choice of subject matter. I can't imagine what he really thought of his eccentric nephew's artwork or nickname...

Yet, as always, Kenny looked cool at this formal affair at the Portland Art Museum, along with my Grandma Mildred, like an Indian Cary Grant or something. All class, he has always had this twinkle in his eye and astounding charisma that makes his family proud and loyal to his amazing career as a public servant. No doubt many folks wondered if he was ever going to run as an Indian candidate for President of the United States.

My Uncle Kenny Smith never did, but if he had, he would have given them politicians a race to remember.

My Uncle Kenny Smith never caved in to those kind of hollow ambitions and political pressures to run for senator, congressman, governor, or President. But he was certainly qualified to, one of the only Indian men of the 20th century who could consider such things.

Instead, he continued, and still continues, to focus and then re-focus on working to improve the lives of everyone in our Confederated Tribes, as well as Native folks nationwide. My Uncle Kenny is the classiest epitome of tribal leadership.

Historians, decades and centuries from now, will recognize Ken Smith's stewardship in an era of rapid growth and modernization for his beloved Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Oregon. We have all been blessed by his leadership in so many ways that he may never realize our profound gratitude for his life's work. That is why my Uncle Kenny is my hero for all this and more.

Sincerely, **Marcus Kevin Moseley**, aka Spider Moccasin.

PS - I hope Ken knows I've forgiven him for running over my little green bicycle.

Next deadline to submit items to the Spilyay Tymoo is Thursday, May 4.



Spring Painting Time Is Here!



Madras Paint & Glass

1076 SW Hwy 97 in Madras, ph. 475-2166

Open 7:30-5:30 M-F; 9-4 Sat

SPRING CLEAN-UP at Warm Springs

Get rid of your old cars



Contact Housing 553-3250, or Fire & Safety 553-1634, to get on the list.

IRA's SALES & SERVICE 475-3861

Diabetes myths and facts

By **Elsie Howard**, Diabetes Nurse Educator
Warm Springs Diabetes Program

Have you ever wondered if some of the things that you are hearing about Diabetes are true or not?

Here are some myths and facts about Diabetes that might help clear up some of those doubts. Read the question first and pause and take some time to answer it either myth or fact before you read the answer. There will be a series of these in the next several articles.

Question: I have "borderline diabetes" because I don't need diabetes pills or insulin to control my blood sugar?

Answer: Myth.

There is no such thing as "borderline diabetes or touch of diabetes." You either have it or you don't. Diabetes is diagnosed in one of several ways:

- 1) A fasting (nothing by mouth for 8 hours) blood sugar result of 126 or higher on two or more tests;
- 2) A blood sugar of 200 or higher on two or more random tests, along with symptoms of diabetes such as peeing a lot, drinking a lot of water, and weight loss;
- 3) An abnormal 2-hour oral glucose tolerance test.

If you have been diagnosed with diabetes using any of these tests, then you have diabetes.

Many times people with Diabetes can control their blood sugar by diet and exercise only, without taking any medication.

(For more information call Elsie at 553-2478.)

Tax Deadline?

Nathan's Business Services

Phone (541) 553-1200. Make an appointment before its too late! Walk-Ins welcome!

Sonny's Dinner Lounge

**Friday & Saturday
LIVE MUSIC**

Karaoke

DJ Curtis Christman

Thursday Evenings

Free Roses Ladies

Exotic Dancers May 23 -

Tickets \$7.50 or \$10 at the door.

Breakfast Buffet \$5.00

In Lounge Only

Weekends - Prime Rib and Crab

Rex Phipps - Chef

**Check Out
Our Specials!**

*All you can eat Prime Rib
Tuesdays*

*All you can eat Pork Ribs
Thursdays*

Pool tournament at 1 p.m. every Sunday

475-3262