

Howlak Tichum

Joseph "Jo Jo" Sidney Smith

Joseph "Jo Jo" Sidney Smith was born on July 2, 1960 to the late Alvis W. Smith Sr. and Ramona "Mona" R. Whiz-Smith in Prineville. Jo Jo resided at Warm Springs with his parents, along the Deschutes River and moved to Hollywood. Due to his medical condition he moved to Salem. He then relocated to Bend, where he lived out the rest of his life.

Jo Jo enjoyed his family, relatives and friends. Jo Jo had a couple of cousins he enjoyed the company of, Eric Smith and Ruth "Pinky" Beymer. Jo Jo enjoyed attending powwows and loved Indian music. He loved chocolate, flute music and traveling.

Joseph passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on September



28, 2011, after a lengthy time of medical conditions, he died of natural causes. Jo Jo is survived by his siblings, Marie A. Calica (Jody), Kanim W. Smith Sr. (Leona), Robert "Bobby" Eagleheart, Austin L. Smith (Lois), Arlene K. Smith, Vernon E. Smith Sr., Kenneth "Kennedy" D. Smith (Edna), and Mona L.

Cochran (Billy), numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and his family at Yellow Ribbon in Bend.

Jo Jo was preceded in death by his father, Alvis W. Smith Sr., his mother Ramona "Mona" R. Whiz Smith, his siblings Tonina A. Smith, Zelma "Tada" L. Smith and Alvis W. Smith Jr., nephew Anthony "Tony" Stacona and Louis W. Smith, niece Angela Smith, and uncle William "Bill" Whiz.

Memorial services were held at 2 p.m. at the Warm Springs Shaker Church on September 30, 2011, laid to rest October 1, 2011 at the Agency Cemetery.

(With all due respect forgive me for the late remembrance; submitted by Mona L. Cochran.)

Boise home after 7 years of service

By Jerry Brunoe
For the Spilyay

George Boise resigned from the army on July 5, 2012 as a Specialist. He was stationed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii in the 25th Infantry Div. 3rd Brigade 2nd Battalion 35th Infantry regiment.

He said, "I got out of the army because my time was up. I fulfilled my contract I signed up for."

Boise joined the army in August of 2005 when he was 19 years old. He was sent to Ft. Benning in Georgia for Basic Training.

He said Basics was really intense, "I was taught right away to work as a team with complete strangers from all over the U.S."

When he signed up to join the army, he was given the option to join a rapid deployment unit. He agreed to it.



George Boise

"The first months in the army after basics I didn't know what to expect," he said.

After his first month stationed in Hawaii he was transferred to Japan to train in Convoy Operations and Movements. He said his first tour in Iraq—from July 2006 to October 2007—was one of his most memorable. His first memory was getting off

the bus in Kuwait City with the hot wind in his face. "It was freaking hot," he said, "I thought, 'Am I really ready for this?'"

He remembers his first action while on duty. He was being shot at and bombs exploded near him. His friends told him, "Don't worry, your training will kick in and we got your back."

He did a second tour in Iraq from September 2008 to September 2009. His third and final tour was in Afghanistan from April of 2011 to April 2012.

Boise has moved back to Warm Springs. He is planning to go to school for Homeland Security and criminal justice. He mentioned one last thing about joining the Army, "I say its a good jump start in life if you don't have college lined up. Do something you think you want to do when you get out."

Fire restrictions higher on reservation

Last week, on Friday, August 17, the Warm Springs Indian Reservation fire danger restrictions increased.

The increased restrictions follow the National Fire Danger Rating System, Industrial Fire Precautions Levels and Warm

Springs Mobilization and Dispatch plan.

Fuel conditions have transitioned from partial live to nearly complete cured stage. The potential exists for increased fire occurrence. For information, call Fire Management at 541-553-1146.

CRITFC meeting at Kah-Nee-Ta

The Columbia River Inter-Tribal Fish Commission will hold its monthly commissioners meeting this Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 22-24 at Kah-Nee-Ta Resort.

In October, CRITFC will host a meeting in Portland on "The Future of Our Salmon: Focus on Hatchery Policy."

Inmates to host second Deer Ridge powwow

The Native American inmates at the Deer Ridge Correctional Institution will host their Second Annual Powwow next month.

The powwow will be at Deer Ridge on Saturday, Sept. 8. Grand entry will be at 9 a.m. Guests should arrive at 8 a.m.

Anyone interested in attending this event should

contact Deer Ridge Chaplain Tim Woods by August 24. His number is 541-325-5617. You can also reach the corrections facility at 541-325-5999. Or send an email to:

tim.n.woods@doc.state.us

The Native inmates at Deer Ridge are inviting dancers and drummers to attend the event. They will have fry bread and Indian tacos, and

a giveaway. A hand-drum special is open to all singers.

Deer Ridge is a minimum-security prison. There are about 760 inmates at the facility. An average of five Native Americans from Warm Springs are among the inmates. Another 25 or so are Native Americans from other tribes.

More News from Indian Country

Apache learns ancestors' story of sacrifice

AUGUSTINE, Fla. (AP)—In the front of the charter bus, the two tribal elders were dozing. They had flown in from their New Mexico reservation late the night before and risen early to take the kids on this field trip. They had to save their strength to share their story.

The teenagers crowded the back of the bus, pressed against the wide windows, taking pictures: a palm tree, a giant golf ball, a statue of Mickey Mouse. "Where's the beach?" a boy in a white cowboy hat kept asking. "I want to go to the beach."

Most of the young Apache had never been to a beach, flown on a plane or seen anywhere as flat as Florida. They grew up on 700 square miles of mountains and Ponderosa pines, in FEMA trailers and cramped government houses.

The teenagers had come to Orlando for a mental health conference that would begin the next day. The elders had made them bring their ribbon shirts and camp dresses. But on this steamy July morning as the bus rumbled onto the interstate, the students had no idea where they were headed.

"Are we there yet?" asked the boy in the cowboy hat. His name is Tralin Enjady and he's 12. "Where are we going?"

The counselors wouldn't answer. They knew this journey was going to be hard.

But if these young Apache could confront their past, if they could walk in the strained steps of their ancestors and feel the thick walls of the fort closing in, maybe

they'd feel some pride and the elders wouldn't have to bury any more kids.

In the fall of 2010, in a span of six months, eight teenagers on the Mescalero reservation committed suicide.

The tribe has about 5,000 members and one school with 500 students. All of the teenagers on the charter bus knew a suicide victim: a 14-year-old cousin who hanged himself from his bunk bed, a 15-year-old girl who committed the same desperate act behind her aunt's house.

"I lost so many friends, one after another. I spent my junior year going to funerals," said Whitney Balderrama, 19. "They even had a blessing at our school in case an evil spirit was going through it."

The tribal government declared a state of emergency. What would make all these kids take their lives in such a short time? Most of them came from caring families. Investigators found they hadn't been drinking or using drugs. There was no suicide pact.

Native leaders called in mental health expert Greg Powers, who once ran the reservation's hospital and had since retired to Gulfport in Pinellas County. He helped the Apache apply for a federal grant to receive intensive counseling and suicide prevention services.

The \$6 million, six-year grant includes funds for an equine therapy program, teacher training and travel. It paid for the trip to the Orlando conference, where the kids would present videos

about reservation life. And it enabled the Apache to bring along Maria Yellow Horse Braveheart, an associate professor at the University of New Mexico.

She believes the suicides stem, in part, from something she calls historical trauma.

"Generations of genocide, colonization, imprisonment, all of that trauma trickles down and leads to other issues," said Braveheart, who has studied and written about the issue for more than 20 years.

When the government systematically attacks a culture—when it uproots people, murders or jails them and steals their land—the disruption ripples through generations. Examples include Holocaust survivors, Japanese-Americans who were held in internment camps—and American Indians, Braveheart said.

"It's empowering for people to know what happened in the past," she said. "If they can understand where their issues are coming from, they have less self-blame and are less likely to succumb to substance abuse, anger and self-destruction."

Of course, American Indians battle other, current issues: isolation, unemployment, poverty. Some of the Apache don't own cars, so they seldom leave the reservation. Many struggle to find even minimum-wage jobs. More than 70 percent qualify for Medicaid—and only 5 percent graduate from high school.

What's left of their culture is fading fast: These teenagers don't know their native language or how to ride a

horse. But through computers and cable TV, they know all about hip-hop and hot rods, baggy jeans and bling, things they want to be a part of. But nothing that is a part of them.

"All of those factors, combined with how these kids are affected by their history, can lead to deep depression and despair," said Powers.

Some of the young Apache had heard of their ancestor Geronimo, how he was hated and imprisoned, his family hauled away. But none knew about the boxcars and boarding school. Or that towering shell fort in Florida.

After two hours on the bus, the teenagers tumbled out onto a narrow sidewalk in St. Augustine and found themselves surrounded by T-shirt shops.

"Where are we?" asked Tralin, the boy in the cowboy hat. "Where are we going?"

Counselors led the kids across the road to a winding path that climbed above the shore. In front of them loomed a 17th century fort with four diamond-shaped bastions jutting into the bay. Tralin looked down at foamy waves lapping the sand. "Look at all that water!" he cried. "Is that the beach?"

A park ranger approached the 25 Apache and welcomed them to Castillo de San Marcos. "I know this will be controversial for some Native Americans, especially those of you who had ancestors here," said the ranger, Jill Jaworski.

"But I want you all to feel

free to wander through the rooms. And know that we're installing new exhibits soon, ones that include your perspective. We're even going to enclose that Apache fire spirit in glass."

The teenagers didn't seem to hear. They were too busy taking pictures of the beach below. The elders looked at each other. What was an Apache fire spirit?

The ranger led them through a gate, past a gift shop, into the grassy center of the fort. "Is there a place they can change?" asked elder Bonna Dell Ortega, 68. She wanted the teenagers to wear their native dress so they would feel more connected to the history they were about to hear.

So the young Apache split off into the bathrooms, where the boys took off their backward baseball caps and pulled on long-sleeved shirts rimmed with ribbons. The girls pulled floor-length satin skirts over their jeans. Trinity Enjady, 14, forgot her moccasins; her Chuck Taylor high-tops flapped beneath her ceremonial dress.

"This way," said a counselor. "The elders are waiting."

In a corner of the fort, next to the powder magazine, an arched entry opened into a dark, vaulted room. There was no sign outside; the National Park Service map doesn't name this place. When someone asked the ranger, she said, "We just call it the Indian room."

The teenagers filed inside silently, staring at the rough walls made of coquina shells, peering through the metal bars striping the windows. It

was hot in there, especially in their long sleeves and skirts.

"Please join hands," said Ortega. "Our people who came here always prayed to their creator, so we're going to open with our Apache prayer."

In 1886 U.S. troops rounded up the Apache and removed them from their native land in New Mexico.

"Our people were the last ones. Geronimo was their leader," Ortega said. He eluded capture for years, moving his people among the mountains. But the Army kept sending more soldiers and killing more Apache. "Finally," Ortega said, "he thought it would be best if he gave up. He wasn't captured. He surrendered, so his people could survive."

Troops forced 506 Apache into boxcars, mostly women and children. "Packed them in like cattle," said Ortega, whose great-grandfather was on the train. "They didn't know where they were going. And whenever they stopped, they were looked at as animals in a cage."

The train took them all the way to Florida, so they wouldn't be tempted to run home. Geronimo and 14 of his men were imprisoned at Fort Pickens in Pensacola. The rest "were brought here, to this fort, and kept in this very room," said Ortega. "Think of how hot this is; they had no air-conditioning or bathrooms. Can you imagine living here? We are all descendants of people who suffered here."

(See TEENS on 10)