

Talented Teen's writing gets noticed

Last Spring, tribal member ALLISON EMPEY was selected to participate in the Fourteenth Annual Oregon Writing Festival at Portland State University. Allison is in the 9th grade at McMinnville High School this year. Here is the story that was selected for the Writing Festival.

A RUSTY BICYCLE

Jimmy longed for a new, shiny, red bike, like all the other boys at school owned. The other night he asked his mom for a bike and she looked at him with that pained look in her eyes because she wanted so badly to be able to make her son's life wonderful. "I'm sorry, Jimmy," she explained, "this month money has been sort of tight," as she tenderly brushed Jimmy's shaggy red hair out of his eye. It seemed to Jimmy that the money was always tight, since his father had split, leaving the family penniless.

After school Jimmy walked the long way home to his shabby apartment, so he could walk past the bicycle shop. As he neared the store he slowed down, scuffing his shoe on the pavement so he could look at the bikes a little longer. The bikes were so shiny, they seemed to glow inside the warm, lighted store. Outside Jimmy pulled his thin coat a little closer around his tiny body as the wind whirled and howled around him. The minutes seemed to pass like seconds as Jimmy stood watching the glowing bikes with his face pressed against the window. When he finally tore himself away from the window it was starting to get dark.

Hustling along home something seemed to be beckoning him, almost calling his name into an ally way. Jimmy looked around to make sure no one was looking and ducked into the alley. Inside the alley where the wind couldn't reach, there was a calm, quiet feeling, almost like time had stopped to take a break.

Something seemed to be calling Jimmy to the dumpster. He carefully picked his way around the broken glass, mud puddles, old trash, empty whiskey bottles, and smashed boxes to the dumpster. The smells of old bananas, moldy foods, tuna fish, dirty diapers, and gym socks filled Jimmy's nose as he neared the dumpster. He could hardly keep his stomach from rising. Then his eyes fell on a bike. Not a shiny, new, red bike like Jimmy had envisioned, but a rusty, old, flat-tired, dirty bike. None of this mattered to Jimmy, though. As soon as his eyes laid themselves on the bike his freckles seemed to dance on his face and his eyes glowed. His eyes seemed to look past the rust and dirt and only see the beauty that the bike once had. Jimmy carefully removed all of the old cans, boxes, and other litter piled up against the rusty bike.

Jimmy tenderly picked the bike up and carried it all the way home. When he reached the run-down apartment he called for his mom to see his new prized possession. She looked into Jimmy's big, soft, clear, blue eyes, dancing with excitement. The eyes of her former husband that she had looked into many times before, but now never would again. "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy," she thought. She knew how cruel kids at school could be to someone who was different, or who had a different bike, a rusty one at that.

The next day Jimmy proudly rode his bike to school, after he had wiped up all the dirt and pumped up the tires. At school the kids hardly noticed the bike because they were amazed over Jimmy's new attitude. He carried himself better, smiled more often, and participated in the classroom and the games at recess. Jimmy seemed to have a positive aura around him that rubbed off on everyone.

The bike had changed his life. He had learned a valuable lesson in life, to look past appearance and see the true beauty of life.

Wedding Announcement

Rebecca Crocker (granddaughter of Anne C. Thompson and Wilson Bobb, Sr.), and Terry Crocker have the honour of announcing the marriage of their son. Tribal Member BRIAN HOWERTON will marry Erika Fulkerson on Saturday, the third of October, nineteen-ninety-eight at Saint Cecilia Catholic Church in Beaverton, Oregon.

Erika is a graduate of Cornell University and works as Project Coordinator for Intel of Beaverton. Brian is Marketing Manager for Bank of America in Portland. The couple will live in Hillsboro.



Final Salmon Distribution Saturday, October 10

The distribution will be for those tribal members who have not received their salmon yet. The distribution will start at 9 a.m. and run until all salmon is gone. Anyone having question call Karen Larsen at 879-2376 or 1-800-422-0232, ext. 2376.



Next time you are at the Natural Resources office, check out the new mural that hangs in the foyer. The depiction of a Native American with forest animals was painted by Peggy O'Neil of WOW Exhibits in Neskowin, Oregon.

Craft and dance class begins this month

The Royalty Committee invites interested tribal youth to participate in craft and dance class, which will begin on **October 12**, from 6:30-7:30 at the Community Center. They will be held the second Monday of every month from now on. For more information or girls interested in Royalty Court, please call: Leonette Galligher, (503) 879-5017; Claudia Leno, (503) 879-5892; or Terry Warren, (503) 726-7535.

WE'RE MOVING!

Tribal program staff are currently preparing to move into their new offices in the Administration Building. They include Tribal Council, Administrative staff, member benefits, accounting, enrollment, contracts, grants, tribal publications, purchasing, human resources and legal staff. Your patience is appreciated during the next month.



Thank you

A hearty "thank-you" to Pam Warren, Travis Benoist, Linda Olson, and Melvin Brisbois for helping me move on August 31 to my new home in Sheridan. I am forever grateful.



Veronica Gaston ("Ronnie Bears")

Brooke Morgan Flores

was born June 1, 1998 in Houston, Texas. She weighed 8 pounds, 3 ounces, and was 19 inches long. Her parents are Michael and Tiffany Flores. Brooke is pictured here with her big brother Cody. Congratulations to the family.