



## UTETC Staff/Student Newsletter

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Special Bulletin for this week and next week--UPCOMING\*\*\*\*\*

**VISITORS FROM THE NORTH CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND SCHOOL** will be coming to evaluate some special areas of UTETC on **May 4 & 5**. You know United Tribe's plans to offer associate degrees, as well as its one year certificates. Dr. Robert Rue of Spoon River College, Canton, IL., and Dr. Susan Crawford of Minneapolis Community College, Inver Grove heights, MN., will be here to review automotives, licensed practical nurse, medical records, and business clerical areas, since these are the four major vocations where new changes will be introduced.

The effort of these planned change will be to **improve opportunities for UTETC students**. If all goes well, particularly with the "team visit" from North Central, then such new programs will begin "Fall Semester."

Yes, fall semester! Remember a new system called semesters is scheduled to begin in late August, 1987. But, those on the quarter system will be able to finish their vocational program under the quarter program. Mostly new students will be affected by the semester program.

If all goes well, this will be new and exciting development for United Tribes. We will remain vocational and will continue offering certificates, but we will also have two year degrees. Better options for UTETC students!

This is why we will be asking for suggestions for "name changes" for the school. There'll be more on this topic later.

The upcoming visit by Dr. Rue and Crawford will be an "evaluation focused on UTETC's request to add the Associate's degree." In other words this is a **focus visit**. So, keep in mind, that you may have visitors to your area, although they will be concentrating on the above noted vocational areas. Many thanks to all those who've helped out to date and to all of you who will.

**IT'S SPRINGTIME ON THE PRAIRIE AT UTETC** -- Come Friday at 2:00 p.m., we'll mix it up with a centerwide cleanup of campus and areas, followed by a picnic and games for students and staff. **Mr. Ed Johnson**, support services manager, is coordinating this event. Check with him at **EXT 204** if you have questions.

Staff and instructors should check with Mary Baker for the Friday event.

Usually, the cleanup takes little more than one hour--if we all pitch in and help each other. Then, food, fun and games. So let's do it! Picnic time will be out by the cafeteria.

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**Now here is something interesting about UTETC. Can you guess who Hannah Stone is? You oldtimers should know, for sure. The Good Red Road, Passages Into Native America** was released some two weeks ago and is by Kenneth Lincoln with Al Logan Slagle. Here is an excerpt on United Tribes:

"We rambled for two hours west of Jamestown to the United Tribes Employment Training Center, south of Bismarck on the Missouri River. Indian families of all tribes enrolled here for fifty-two weeks of basic education with teachers from their own cultures. United Tribes intergrated job skills with Indian traditions, personal health, and family support. Family was the tribal nucleus. The center housed, fed, educated, and skilled Indian people, including single men and women as extended kin of the tribal family. Mothers and fathers were individually trained for work, while the children attended Indian-staffed schools on the same grounds, once army officers' headquarters. They weren't far from Fort Abraham Lincoln--Custer's point of departure for the Little Big Horn just a hundred years ago.

Visitors were received as guests, though not particularly indulged; everyone was very busily at work. 'The Indians here want desperately to learn,' a mixed-blood counselor told me between classes on drug abuse and family planning. 'They know that education means better lives for them, and they're disappointed when weekends interrupt their class time. There's no time to waste, no patience for poverty.' I wondered if schooling had ever meant so much to my UCLA students. No fooling around, no lost motion, after so much had been lost. 'We're got a hundred years of pain to heal,' the counselor said. It wasn't a metaphor, but a statement of fact.



I browsed through the library rows of Indian books, tribal newspapers, and periodicals. The setting spoke of cultural pride, not red chip on the shoulder, but Native American confidence and dignity. Down the halls decorated with student art, I spotted the office of Hannah Stone, editor of the *United Tribes News*. Hannah directed public relations for United Tribes and hosted a weekly Indian television show out of Bismarck.

She rose to greet me. 'Hello, I'm Hannah Stone. Nice to meet you. Sit down.'

Gap-toothed, attractively middle-aged, hearty, and hard-living: Hannah was a woman with her thoughts in the open, and she made a point of meeting others head-on. Each week she counseled Indian convicts in the state penitentiary. Straight talk was her rule.

'Indians serve longer prison terms than whites because they don't understand the parole system,' Hannah said. She was dressed in tan riding pants and a fire-engine red sweater. She knew her own mind and style and had a native western candor. 'A white man will get out of the pen in three or four years on good behavior, where an Indian will stay locked up for his full twenty. The Indian thinks he's got to serve out the entire conviction. An' bein' locked up means sobriety, so he hits the bottle any time he's out of the slammer. You've got to have the right skin color to get outta prison and stay out in Indian country.'

A toss of her raven hair sparked a flash of off-white beaded earrings. Married twice, the second time to a Montana Crow, Hannah had taken part in peyote rituals through the Native American Church. 'You know somethin', I couldn't find my place once in a meeting,' she said half to herself, 'darndest thing.' She looked out the window at the ashen skies and thought a minute, tapping long fingernails on a beaded Indian belt.

'Finally I left the meeting and went outside in the night, next to a big ol' cottonwood. I stood there under the moon and listened to the wind in the leaves.' She toed the wastebasket pensively with her tooled boot. 'I was lookin' for something and didn't know what it was. I stood there a long time, not even thing. The moon just slid on down the sky. I didn't know what to do. I was lost.' She stopped again, brushed one hand over the other, and continued.

'The stars were out. The leaves started talking to me, in a language I didn't exactly understand, a soft rustling like whispers or singing. But I still thought I know what they were saying, from somewhere, even if it wasn't yet clear—like trusting someone who was speaking in a dream, when you can't hear the words right.' Her face fell, then she looked up, apprehensive of whether I could understand. I was a white man.

'A lizard came 'round the cottonwood, out of nowhere in the night, and stuck out its tongue, then it scurried behind the tree again, quick. I went back inside, scared, more confused. It didn't seem right.

'I asked my friends for help. 'You'll have bad times, then good times,' the peyote road man said. That's all. 'Bad times then good times.'

Hannah's eyes grew very heavy, and her face dropped.

'I became an alcoholic, in the bars all the time. I had to have that drink or I'd go crazy, mean, fightin' mad. My marriage broke down, for the second time. I couldn't stop drinking. I started bleeding in my eyes, then hemorrhaging in my ears and nose and throat. I felt like I was blowing up inside.

'I went home and got ready to die. I saw myself a failure forever, no good, a damn wasted Indi'n.' She drew her hand across the desk, as though clearing away dust. 'I locked myself in my room and refused any food or water. I sat there on the floor dying, turning off each part of my body, one by one. My mother was locked outside crying.'

Hannah stopped and lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, tilted her head back, then kept going. All I could do was listen.

'My brother finally came home after a week and broke down the door. There I was on the floor, no food for days, hair matted, face bruised and streaked, filthy clothes. I couldn't even walk. My brother carried me like a baby.' Her mouth flinched, and there were tears in her black eyes.

'I faced my on death.' She leaned on the point and seemed to gather strength. 'Now I consider myself reborn, a new Indian woman. I've got a good job here. I'm working with Indians who need what I know and can do. You know, I feel at peace. My life makes a difference. I know who I am now.'

Hannah and I talked for a couple hours, as the wind gusted fifty miles an hour in a heavy dust storm outside. The power lines blew down, and the electrical outage cast the room in a dusty grey twilight. Hannah's daughter called, worried about their horse corralled in the storm.

'Animals know how to protect themselves from dirt, Honey,' Hannah reassured her. 'We'll all be all right, don't you worry.'

Our group left United Tribes and crossed the Missouri through flooding rain, then drove south over the Heart River to Standing Rock. Sitting Bull's homeland was eroded, unarable, almost as wild as the badlands. A flock of cranes caromed back and forth over the Cannonball River.

Descending the last incline into Fort Yates, I had strange premonition...'



MONTH                      M A Y                      YEAR                      1 9 8 7

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<h1>Recreation:</h1>					1	PING - PONG TOURNAMENT  Mixed Doubles Horseshoe Tourney
					2	MOVIES by  Jack Nicholson!
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Jack Nickelson Movies cont.  10 AM Bowling AEROBICS 8:00	DARTS - Baseball  Swimming 6:00	CO-ED Volleyball  AEROBICS 8:00	Tennis Lessons 6:00 PM  3 PT Shooting Girls Contest	6:30 Staff Volleyball  Pool Tourney 6:00 AEROBICS 8:00	Friday Night Horror Movies	Don Blevins 10K Run in Yates Sign up if you want to go.  Movies by Jane Fonda
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Jane Fonda Movies cont.  AEROBICS 8 PM	<u>DARTS</u>  6:00 PM Doubles Pool tourney.	3 point Men's Shooting Contest Softball -(Pen) AEROBICS 8 PM	Tennis Lesson 6:00 PM  Singles Tournament (Men & Women?)	6:30 Staff Volleyball  AEROBICS 8PM	Graduation DANCE "Golden Warrior" Holiday INN	OPEN SOFTBALL TOURNEY Starts at 9 AM 8 teams.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Clint Eastwood MOVIES  AEROBICS 8 PM	TALENT SHOW Starts at 7:30. Don't Miss it. CO-ED Volleyball	ROLLER SKATING 6:00  AEROBICS 8 PM	UTETC CRAZY OLYMPICS  1:00 to 4:00 PM	SWIMMING 6:00  AEROBICS 8 PM	Graduation at 2:00 PM	HAVE A PLEASANT SUMMER! !
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						