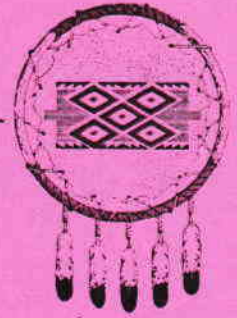


UNITED TRIBES EDUCATIONAL TECHNICAL CENTER
3315 UNIVERSITY DRIVE
BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA 58501 • PHONE 701-255-3285



staff/student
NEWSLETTER

VOL. 10. NO. 14. -01

DATE: DECEMBER 2, 1988

THE HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE

WANT MONEY? THINK YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND IT? JUST LOOK AT YOU - HOW YOU BUSY YOURSELF TRYING TO MAKE IT!

WANT TREASURE? LOOK AT YOU - SHOVELING AWAY!

WANT HIGH OFFICE? NOTICE YOURSELF KNOCKING AT DOORS, POUNDING AWAY!

WANT PRESTIGE? SEE THE HEAVY LOADS YOU BEAR FOR SHORT-LIVED POPULARITY!

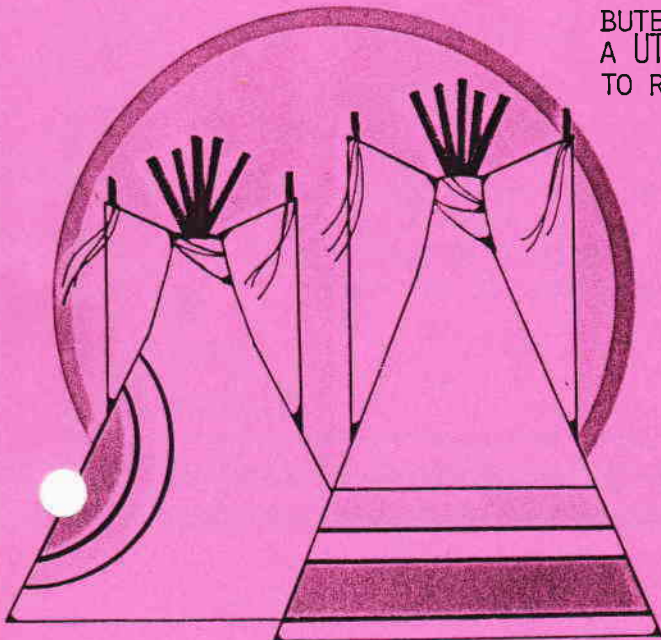
WANT PLEASURE? OBSERVE YOURSELF GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO ACHIEVE FLEETING JOY - ONLY TO SUFFER REMORSE LATER!

TRY NONE OF THE ABOVE. THEY DON'T WORK. PRAY. THAT ALWAYS WORKS.

MEDITATIONS AND DEVOTIONS

FENELON

THIS QUOTATION WAS CONTRIBUTED TO THE NEWSLETTER BY A UTTC STUDENT WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS.



Cafeteria Noon Menu:

Dates: DEC. 5 to DEC. 9

Mon.- Ham and Cabbage
Tues.- Sloppy Joe on Bun
Wed.- Pork Chops
Thurs.- Swedish Meat Balls
Fri.- Grilled Ham & Cheese

IN THE NEWSLETTER "SPOTLIGHT"
IS
MELODIE SILK

IN THE NOVEMBER 25, 1988 ISSUE OF THE UTTC NEWSLETTER, A NEW FEATURE WAS BEGUN THAT WILL CONTINUE IN EVERY ISSUE UNTIL THE END OF THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1988-1989. SUPPORTING STAFF, THOSE PEOPLE WHO "KEEP TRIBES OPERATIONAL" SO THAT THE EDUCATIONAL PROCESS CAN CONTINUE, WERE ACKNOWLEDGED SO THAT EVERYONE WHO READS THE NEWSLETTER CAN KNOW WHO IS DOING WHAT.

SO OFTEN, PEOPLE KEEP "PLUGGING AWAY", COMING TO WORK AND DOING THEIR JOBS, OFTEN BEING TAKEN FOR GRANTED, AND SOMETIMES, UNFORTUNATELY, FEELING UNAPPRECIATED...WHEN, ACTUALLY, OTHER PEOPLE ARE VERY GRATEFUL FOR THEIR CONTRIBUTION...ONLY THE WORDS OF APPRECIATION AND RECOGNITION FOR A JOB WELL DONE GO UNSAID SOMETIMES. THE NEWSLETTER WANTS SUPPORT STAFF TO KNOW THAT WHAT THEY DO IS APPRECIATED.

IN THE ISSUES TO FOLLOW, THE STAFF WHO HAS THE DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE STUDENTS WILL BE "SPOTLIGHTED". IN FACT, THERE WILL BE A NEW COLUMN IN THE NEWSLETTER, BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE, CALLED "THE NEWSLETTER SPOTLIGHT." IN THE "SPOTLIGHT" IN THIS ISSUE WILL BE MELODIE SILK, WHO HOLDS THE POSITION OF "REGISTRAR". MELODIE IS, IN MOST CASES, THE FIRST PERSON FROM UTTC THAT STUDENTS APPLYING FOR ENTRANCE HAVE CONTACT WITH, EVEN BEFORE THEY GET HERE.

WHAT DOES MELODIE DO AT UTTC? SHE PROCESSES APPLICATIONS FOR ADMISSION TO THE COLLEGE. SHE IS ALSO THE PERSON WHO RECORDS ALL THE GRADES THAT THE TEACHERS TURN IN AT MID-TERM AND AT THE END OF EACH SEMESTER. MELODIE IS THE PERSON WHO MAKES UP THE TRANSCRIPTS OF THE STUDENTS' GRADES.

MELODIE DOES SOME RECRUITING TO ENCOURAGE POTENTIAL STUDENTS TO APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO UTTC, AND SHE MAILS INFORMATION, SUCH AS SCHOOL CATALOGS, APPLICATION FORMS, AND BROCHURES TO THE RESERVATIONS AND TO POTENTIAL STUDENTS. SHE ALSO ANSWERS CORRESPONDENCE FROM PEOPLE INQUIRING ABOUT ADMISSION TO THE COLLEGE.

IN HER OFFICE, MELODIE DOES FILING, AND SERVES ON ONE OR TWO ON-CAMPUS COMMITTEES.

WHEN MELODIE WAS ASKED TO TELL SOMETHING ABOUT HERSELF, SHE WROTE: "I AM CHIPPEWA FROM BELCOURT, NORTH DAKOTA. I HAVE FOUR CHILDREN, AND I LIKE TO SEW, DANCE, AND PLAN ACTIVITIES WITH MY KIDS." WHAT SHE DIDN'T SAY ABOUT HERSELF, BUT WHICH HER CO-WORKERS WOULD BE QUICK TO SAY, IS THAT MELODIE IS KNOWN TO BE A GOOD LISTENER AND IT ISN'T UNUSUAL TO SEE STUDENTS IN HER OFFICE EVERYDAY, JUST TALKING ABOUT WHAT'S "ON THEIR MINDS".

MELODIE IS A VERY ELUSIVE SUBJECT TO TRY TO PHOTOGRAPH BUT LOIS LANE HAS PROVED TO BE A PHOTOGRAPHER OF UNRELENTING PATIENCE AND RESOURCEFULNESS! TO PROVE THAT IS A PICTURE (LEFT, BELOW) OF MELODIE WITH CHARLENE (ONE OF THE LPN INSTRUCTORS)



MELODIE, WE'RE GLAD YOU WORK AT UNITED TRIBES TECHNICAL COLLEGE! WE HOPE YOU'RE AROUND FOR A LONG TIME BECAUSE WE'D MISS YOUR SMILE IF YOU WEREN'T!



The UTTC NEWSLETTER is proud to present a very special feature in this week's issue. The writers of this feature are the Seventh and Eighth Grade students of THEODORE JAMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL on the Campus of United Tribes Technical College. The teacher for these writers is MR. DORVIN FROSETH.

The theme of the writings is "Inanimate Objects: CONVERSATIONS". The stories have been printed for the NEWSLETTER exactly as the students wrote them.

Now, here for your reading pleasure: the NEWSLETTER presents "THE YOUNG INDIAN WRITERS OF THE FUTURE"!

MY INANIMATE STORY

by Billie Jo

My story begins when one night I was lying in bed. I was doing my homework. When I heard a voice.
 It said, "Hey, up here!"
 I looked. It was my pencil. My eyes opened wide. I said, "I must be dreaming."
 My pencil said, "Can you help me?"
 I said, "OK".
 He said, "I lost my wife and kids." I said, "How do they look?" He said, "My wife is red, and my kids are yellow, blue, and green." Then he said, "My wife's in the kitchen. Your brother's using her. Your Mom has my kids."
 I said, "I'll ask them if I could use their pencils."
 Everyone said, "Yes. They're in my purse."
 His wife's name was Patty, and his kids names were Sharpy, Pointy, and Erasurehead.
 Then he thanked me and disappeared.
 My Mom and brother asked me where their pencils were. And I said, "I don't know."
 The End

by Jolene

One morning I went home and I went right into my room and sat down right on my bed. And by my bed I had left some things on the floor and a little voice said "Hi!" so I said, "Who's talking to me?" And the little voice said, "Of course you're the only one in here!" So I said, "Well, I didn't know what you were saying. I thought you were talking to some one else or something." And he said, "Well, you must think I'm weird." So I said, "I think I'm talking to my necklace." So I said, "What's your name?" "Well, I don't have a name," said my necklace. "Well, what could I call you?" "Well," said my necklace, "you start calling me Necklace or Lace...whatever, okay." Well, I said, "Bye! I have to go now cause Susan and me are going to shoot around at the courts." It said, "Oh! I remember you dropped me right on your jacket. And you were with some girls named Susan and Kristy and some boys named Jay and Clyde, and all you guys did was laugh and laugh. This was about 6:00 PM and you picked me up and your jacket. We went home and this was only last night and now you still didn't pick me up yet." Well, so I put my hecklace on the dresser and left and when I walked out, it said, "See you later tonight after you come back from playing!"

STORY

by Steven Redbow

One morning I walked in the room and sat down at my desk. I sat there for about 1 minutes, then my desk said, "Get off me!" I stood up and looked at my desk, then I sat back down. Just then I heard, "I said get off me!" I ignored it, then all of a sudden I just went flying out of my desk. I stood up and kicked it. "Ouch! that hurted!" "Well, why did you throw me off then?" I asked in a shaky voice. "Because I was sleeping and how would you like it if you were sleeping and someone came and sat on you?" the desk said angrily. "Well, how come you never talked to me before?" I asked. "Because there was always someone in the room. I don't like to talk in front of other people," he replied. "Well, it's time for me to go because someone is coming. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Bye." "Bye," I answered. But since that day, I never spoke to him again.

INANIMATE OBJECT

by Lloyd

One day I had just finished eating breakfast and I went into the classroom. I sat down at my desk and I grabbed my ruler. I was twirling it, then I heard a voice say, "Please stop twirling me. I am getting dizzy." I stopped twirling my ruler. Then it said, "You always get me dizzy when you twirl me." I said I would stop twirling him. Later on I named him "Ruley" because he was a ruler. I was doing math and I was bending him. Pretty soon, I bended him to far and his leg broke. He was screaming and yelling for help so I wrapped some tape around his leg. After awhile Ruley said he was feeling better. A whole week passed by and Ruley never talked to me. Now I just consider him as a plain old ruler.

STORY

by Laurel

One day when I was walking into the classroom, I heard a voice. I just ignored it at first. When I sat down, something stuck me in the hand. It was my stapler. So I picked up my stapler and it said, "Hello!" I put the stapler back down on the desk and looked at my hand. There was a staple stuck on my hand. After I took it out, there were two little spots of blood where it had been. I asked it why it did that and it said, "You never answered me when I first called you." "Well, I didn't know it was you," I answered back. "Oh, I'm sorry," it said. "When did you start to talk?" I asked. "Oh, about two or three years ago," it said. "Wow, that long," I said. "How come you never talked to me?" "You would always put me away before I could say anything," it said. "Oh, well, I must do my work now." "Okay," I said. "Okay," it said.

STORY

by Ryan

One rainy day I walked into my room and then I heard a strange voice, "Psst, Psst, Ryan. Over here."

I looked around but I couldn't see anything. I turned the light on. Then all of a sudden my teddy bear jumped at me, but I moved. "Now you got me mad," he said. "You got me mad and your in for the beating of your life," I replied. He said, "We'll see about that, kid."

He grabbed me and through me against the window. The window broke into millions of pieces. And I said, "Now I'm going to brake every little bone in your scrawny body."

He jumped me. I landed in the glass. I picked a big glass up and sliced his stomach. All he said was, "Aaah."

The End.

THE DAY MY BOOKMARKER TALKED TO ME!

by Jolene LaVallie

I was getting ready to go to bed when I started to read my book. I heard some really weird sounds. Then I started to look around my room. Then I looked on my dresser.

Then my book marker said, "Hi."

I thought I was dreaming. But I wasn't. Then I said, "Hi. How are you?" Then it said, "Very find, thank you."

Then I said, "I never knew you could talk."

Then it said, "I could talk just as good as you."

Then I said, "Well, I never knew inanimate objects could talk. I only thought living things could talk." Then I said, "What's your name?"

Then it said, "Kyle."

"Well, that's a very nice name, Kyle," I said. "My name is Jolene."

Then Kyle said, "I already knew that."

Then I said, "I better get to bed. I got school tomorrow."

Then Kyle said, "Good night."

Then after that we became very good friends. But no one else knew he could talk, and nobody could hear him, only me.

STORY

by Melanie

I walked in the classroom when I heard something move. I looked in my schoolbox. My spelling book jumped out at me and said, "I like the way you put 100% on me!"

I said, "Well, thanks."

I started to talk to him then. He said, "Maybe you should give me a name."

I said, "Should I name you Herby?"

He said, "Yes!" with excitement. Then he paused for a while and he said, "Can you take me home for the night?"

I said, "Maybe I will so I can get ahead in my work!"

I went to the bathroom and I thought to myself, "How can a book talk."

I went back in the classroom when I sat down on my chair, my spelling book was on my desk. It opened up and he was whispering to me.

He said, "Are you all done with all your work?"

I said, "Yes, but I just have to finish you."

Herb said, "Well, maybe you better start working then."

I start to work on Herb when I put an answer down when he said, "That's wrong."

So I erased it and wrote a different answer.

It was almost time to go home so Herb said, "What time do you get out of school?"

I said, "At 3:45." He said, "Well, it's almost time for us to go home then."

We went home and I took Herb inside so I can go ride my bike.

He said, "Good bye!" before I left, and the ned day we came back to school.

The End

INANIMATE OBJECT

by Susan Greaves

One morning when I came to school, I sat right down in my desk and put my head down and fell right to sleep. Then I herd a voice saying, "Can you please quit breathing on Me."

Then I got up and looked around and just went back to sleep, and I herd it again. I knew it had to be my paper so I just picked it up and crumpled it up and through it away in the wastebasket. Next, when I slapped my desk to pick my pencil up before it fell down to the floor, a voice said, "Ow!" really loud. Then I knew it had to be my desk. I looked around on my desk, on the back, sides, and under, but there

was no face on it except for the iron bars that hold my desk up. So, I just waited until it was lunch time. No one was in the classroom except for me. Next I asked in a curious way, "Are you alive?"

"Yes, of course I am alive. What kind of question is that?" the desk answered me back in a mean way.

"Well, excuse me!" I said in a mad way. Then I asked, "Are you the only one that can talk?"

"Yup!" answered the desk. Finally it was 12:30. "Time to go home!" yelled Mr. Froseth in an excited way.

"Well, I've got to go. See you on Monday. Bye" Then I took off out the door.

CREATIVE WRITING

by Meranda

I went home last night and I thought I heard two girls whispering and it was coming from under me. I looked down at my crutches and they were talking! I just about fainted!

I said, "Are you really talking or am I dreaming?"

They said, "I don't know if you are dreaming. I don't know what that means. Me and my sister have been in that basement at the hospital until you came, so thank you for coming."

"Well, you're welcome, but I still can't believe you guys---oh! excuse me--girls are talking!" I said.

Then one of the twin crutches said, "Well, do you think you could shut the door? I'm freezing! Brrr!"

Then the other one said, "Yeah. I'm cold, too, but do you think you could sit down and give our feet a rest. My foot is killing me!"

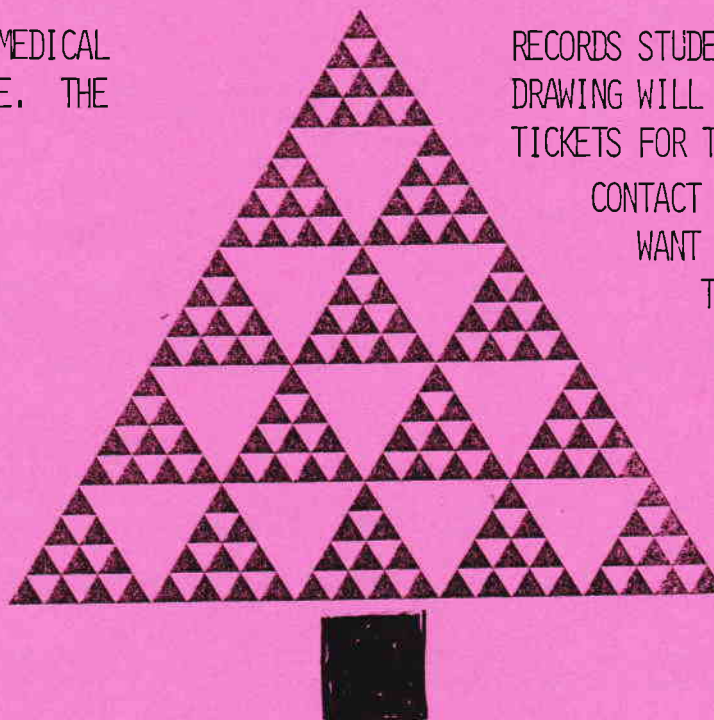
"Yeah. So is mine," the other one said.

So I sat down, gave there feet a rest, and I never heard them again.

The NEWSLETTER would like to thank the Seventh and Eighth Grade writers for their creative writing. Special thanks, too, to Mr. Froseth for contributing this creative writing for the pleasure of the readers of the NEWSLETTER!



JUST A REMINDER! THE MEDICAL
A HOLIDAY BASKET RAFFLE. THE
AT 3:00 PM.
EACH OR 3 FOR \$1.00.
STUDENTS IF YOU
RAFFLE



RECORDS STUDENTS ARE SPONSORING
DRAWING WILL BE ON DECEMBER 9TH
TICKETS FOR THE RAFFLE : 50¢
CONTACT MEDICAL RECORDS
WANT TO BUY A
TICKET!

"THUNDERBIRD"⁷



UNITED TRIBES MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

"THUNDERBIRDS"

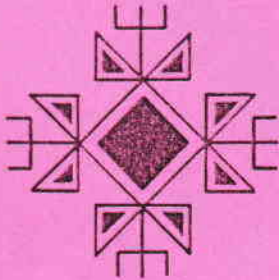
Thunderbird



PICTURED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT - BACK ROW: #21, VERNON WOODHULL; #13, RAY MOORE; #45, RICHARD CHRISTIAN; #41, VERNON SMITH; #33, DALE HALL; #43, ROBIN SMITH, COACH KEN HALL.

KNEELING, FRONT ROW: #31, ROGER YELLOW CLOUD; #11, DENNIS FOUR BEAR; #15, BARRY WEBSTER; #25, WES BROWN; #35, MYRON CHAVEZ.

TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA! TRIVIA!



WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS FROM LAST WEEK'S NEWSLETTER TRIVIA CONTEST. THEY WERE: KEN BROWN, CARPENTRY STUDENT, AND MELODIE SILK, ADMISSIONS COORDINATOR. EACH WINNER WILL, OF COURSE, WIN THE CUSTOMARY 6-PK. OF COKE.

The questions about North Dakota's Pro Boxing Champ VIRGIL HILL continue to be popular, so here is another series of questions about Virgil to test your TRIVIA SMARTS! You must answer all parts of the question correctly in order to win: 1. How many time has Virgil defended (successfully, of course!) his Lighthweight Title? 2. Virgil is currently negotiating for another defense of his title. Where will that next bout be, as reported by the BISMARCK TRIBUNE? 3. What is the tentative date set for his next title defense? 4. Who is the opponent tentatively scheduled for that bout?

Contact Lois Lane at EXT. 227 with your answer. Special thanks to the readers of the NEWSLETTER for your interest in the TRIVIA GAME and for your participation in it!



SPECIAL THANKS to the men from Maintenance who did all the "setting up" in the Small Gym for the UTTC Assembly Program's guest speaker, Mr. Michael Broome. Thanks, Ed Fasthorse, Carl Hohenstein, and Ron Newman!



FOR SALE: Foos Ball Table; also, house plants....small 'n cheap or large 'n reasonable! Call Sherrie at EXT. 239.

FOR SALE: Pre-recorded cassette tapes; titles include: "My Christmas Fiddle", "My Kind of Gospel", and "Together in God's Love". The last two cassettes are of gospel music. PRICES: \$6.00 to the staff and students of UTTC \$7.00 to off-Campus purchasers

Contact: Ed, at EXT. 204

FOR SALE: Individual and group pictures of the UTTC Men's Basketball Team ("THE THUNDER-BIRDS") Pictures are full-color, glossy prints in various sizes. Payment for pictures must be made in advance, at the time they're ordered. Prices are: 4"X6" prints: \$.75 each 5"X7" prints, \$3.00 each, and 8"X10" prints, \$6.00 each. Call Mary at EXT. 227.

***** CONGRATULATIONS, MILO! *****

SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER FOR MILO DE SHEQUETTE, WHO PASSED HIS GED TEST WITH FLYING COLORS!!! THE NEWSLETTER HAS IT FROM A VERY RELIABLE SOURCE THAT MILO'S SCORE WAS ONE OF THE HIGHEST ACHIEVED BY ANYONE TAKING THE TEST IN BISMARCK! WE ARE PROUD!!!

The UTTC NEWSLETTER is an on-campus publication of the United Tribes Technical College, 3315 S. University, Bismarck, North Dakota 58504. Phone: 701-255-3285
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Dr. Loretta DeLong
Vice-President of Student Affairs
EDITOR: Mary Lemcke
CONTRIBUTORS: Faculty, Staff, and Students of UTTC
PRINTER: Terry Lewis

VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS!

FATHER VICTOR WILL BE CONDUCTING RECONCILIATION SERVICES (HEARING CONFESSIONS) AT THE UTTC CHAPEL BEFORE MASS ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4TH AND SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11TH. MASS BEGINS IN THE CHAPEL AT 10:00 AM EVERY SUNDAY.

ON DECEMBER 7TH, THERE WILL BE TWO PERFORMANCES OF THE JAMES W. FOLEY POEMS, STARRING MEMBERS OF THE BISMARCK SHADE TREE PLAYERS, DURING NORTH DAKOTA'S CENTENIAL YEAR, DIFFERENT FAMILIES WILL BE PRESENTING THIS PROGRAM. THE DEC. 7TH PROGRAM WILL BE HELD AT THE THEODORE JAMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE CAMPUS OF UTTC. THE PROGRAM WILL BE PERFORMED AT THAT TIME BY BOB AND PAM SHULTZ AND THEIR CHILDREN ABBIE AND KALEB. THE PERFORMANCES WILL BE HELD BETWEEN 2:45 PM - 3:30 PM IN THE TJ CLASSROOMS. ALL STAFF AND ADULT STUDENTS OF UTTC ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THIS PERFORMANCE! THE JAMES W. FOLEY POEMS ARE ABOUT NORTH DAKOTA, AND THE ENTERTAINERS DOING THESE PERFORMANCES THIS YEAR DRESS IN TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY COSTUMES WHILE THEY PRESENT THE POEMS.

ON DECEMBER 9TH, THERE WILL BE A CONCERT IN THE UTTC "BIG GYM" BETWEEN 2:45 PM AND 3:30 PM FEATURING THE LAUREN PELON MUSIQUE COMPANY. LAUREN PELON IS A MUSICIAN WHO SPECIALIZES IN MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE MUSIC, OFTEN PERFORMED ON TRADITIONAL, ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS OF THE TIME. MS. PELON USED TO BE WITH GARRISON KEILLOR DURING HIS SUCCESSFUL TENURE WITH THE PUBLIC BROADCASTING SYSTEM. THIS PERFORMANCE IS BEING HOSTED BY THE THEODORE JAMERSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THIS VERY UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING CONCERT. MS. PELON WILL BE BRINGING MANY OF THE OLD INSTRUMENTS THAT SHE PLAYS DURING THE PRESENTATIONS OF THE TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF EUROPE.

THEODORE JAMERSON IS SPONSORING A "CHRISTMAS STOCKING" RAFFLE. THE DRAWING WILL BE DECEMBER 15TH FOR A HUGE CHRISTMAS STOCKING LOADED WITH GOODIES. TICKETS ARE THREE FOR \$1.00 OR 50¢ EACH; THEY WILL BE SOLD BY THE STAFF AND STUDENTS OF TJ.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR PLANNING THE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM FOR UTTC WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE STAFF AND STUDENTS WHO TURNED OUT FOR THE ASSEMBLY FEATURING MR. MICHAEL BROOME; THE ASSEMBLY WAS ON NOVEMBER 28TH. MR. BROOME IS A WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC SPEAKER WHO NORMALLY RECEIVES BETWEEN \$3,000.00 - \$6,000.00 FOR EACH APPEARANCE HE MAKES!!! BECAUSE MR. DENNIS HUBER (MINORITY BUSINESS OFFICE AT UTTC) KNOWS MR. BROOME, UTTC WAS ABLE TO "GET" HIM BECAUSE DENNIS AND HIS WIFE, BEV HUBER (ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR) PLAYED HOST TO MR. BROOME OVER THANKSGIVING. DENNIS TOOK MICHAEL BROOME HUNTING; MICHAEL IS FROM THE CAROLINAS, AND HE'D NEVER HUNTED SOME OF THE GAME FOUND IN NORTH DAKOTA. IN RETURN FOR THAT FAVOR, MR. BROOME CONSENTED TO BE THE GUEST OF UTTC AND TO SPEAK TO THE STAFF AND STUDENTS HERE. SPECIAL THANKS TO DENNIS AND BEV FOR MAKING MR. BROOME'S VISIT POSSIBLE! DENNIS, WHEN ARE YOU TAKING MR. BROOME HUNTING AGAIN, SO WE CAN GET HIM BACK???! EVERYONE WE TALKED TO WHO SAW THE ASSEMBLY ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH!

"CHARACTER IS THAT QUALITY THAT ENABLES ONE TO CONTINUE TO DO WHAT IS ESSENTIAL TO ACCOMPLISH A GOAL EVEN AFTER THE MOOD IN WHICH ONE SET THE GOAL HAS PASSED."

D. MICHAEL BROOME