

Alcohol is one of the worlds No. 1 killers. It has happened around the Reservation I lived on so many years.

My brother, and one of my cousins and several others had a keg. Early in the morning they ran out of booze. They tried to drive up town real fast, but instead they missed the curb. The car went 15 or 18 feet in the air. Robert my cousin who was sitting on the passenger side, flew out the window. Floyd who sat in the middle, went through the windshield, face first. My brother, the driver, hit the wheel and the windshield. Robert flew a few feet in the air, knocked his breath out when he hit ground. They all were hurried to the hospital. Robert died on the way. Floyd died just when they arrived at the hospital. Randy was rushed to Bend Hospital. A few days later he was transferred back home. When I went to see him, on the right side of his eye, was a big clod of dried blood, underneath his skin. It was awful to see his eye like that. The doctors said he can get it skingraphed, but at the moment he couldn't because the blood would have to be all cleared up. Later, he had an operation on his eye. When he sleeps, one eye is always open. It will be this way for life. He was pretty lucky, it was his third accident so far, and I hope the last.

My stepfather was a policeman in Nevada; he came to Oregon. He did drink alot. I remember his coming on Easter the year of '73; he's been with us for 7-years now. We all like him, he is full of fun, and we don't want to lose him either. In 1979, he ended up in the hospital. He almost died. I remember seeing it happen, he just got out of the hospital, and in the house was hot. He was telling his aunt in Indian, he feels dizzy, he is going to go lie down. When he got to the bedroom door, I saw his eyes rolling up, then, slowly shaking, he slid down the wall. He started spitting out blood. We used about 16 or 17 towels cleaning up the blood, but more kept coming. The ambulance came. He was in the hospital a long time. Finally he got out. He didn't need to turn to alcohol when he got upset, but he did, and it happened again. Now he has one more chance. So far he hasn't touched alcohol again.

My sister too, she is now 21. She starts hemorrhaging when she drinks. Everyone wonders why, and she is so young yet. They don't know about when she was young. I was always with her, she knew if she let me go, I would tell

Chemawa is my first and only boarding school. I came in 1979 and was impressed on seeing so many tribes here. First I met a Cheyenne, then a Skokomish. There are tribes here I'd never heard of. The only tribes I had known were Paiutes, Warm Springs, Wasco, and Skoshoni.

I care a lot about this school. It hurts me to see some kids disrespecting and wrecking it. Here, they have a place to sleep, eat, and go to school. But still, some do not respect it. They have asked to be accepted. Where is the respect they promised? Is it something to laugh about and treat as a joke? Will someone give them a big gold medal for such actions?

It is childish and a big disgrace.

This school is a part of our Indian Heritage. Your elders came here and took good care of it and were proud. Don't put your family to shame.

A.Lewis

"It made me gladsome to be getting some education, it being like a big window opening."

--Mary Webb

my mother, so she kept me hostage for the night. We'd go home around 5 a.m. Our Mom would still be sleep. Beginning at 14, she drank and kept it up. In Highschool, she'd go to school hungover. She quit school her junior year. She, too, has one more chance, and I believe to hurt the family, she'll keep on going.

My uncle tried to commit suicide when he was drunk. We were all at the Carnival, he must of been home by himself. When we came home late that night, he was on his bed cutting his wrist with a razor. My cousin put sugar on it to stop the bleeding and we took him to the hospital. My Mom told me the reason why he limps is because, when he was young he drank until he and others got into a wreck and his leg burned. It bothered him, until he got an artificial leg. That is good, because slowly he gets around, even to the store where he gets what he calls his "medicine".

Slowly the Indians on that Reservation are forgetting what alcohol really does. Young people these days may think that it can't happen to them. Don't count on it! Is it funny?

Is alcohol your best friend?

What am I gonna do when I get out of school? I really don't know. There are times when I just sit and think about what I'm gonna do. Is there really a big world out there? If there is, I'm not ready. There are bills, payments and all that to do. How will I get around?

I sure hate to lose my mother. When I was young, she taught me how to cook, make dinners, and she says a clean house is what she likes. So everytime she goes to town I clean the kitchen, get a little carried away, and do the rest of the rooms. But when my brothers come home, the place is back to the same mess. So the next time, I never cleaned theirs, which they were upset about. She taught me so many things. I have dreams about her. For three nights here at Chemawa I dreamed I was out of school and at home. I would be the only one there. I never saw my mother in my dream, only the boys. I would cook for them. I'd clean the house, but never did I see my mother in my dream. Then I got worried that something could be happening at home, so I wrote brief letters and everything seemed to be fine. The last dream I had of her was on a Tuesday night; before that, around 7:00 p.m. my sister was telling me that at nights, if you look in the mirror with the light off, you can see the devil. Then that night I was dreaming my sister and brother and I were in the kitchen. Again our mother was not there. I was always tidying anything messy. I get to work. We were all talking around, then I said I'm gonna go fix up Mom's room. I was in there dusting, straightening things out. Then I was looking at my mother's picture. It was dark in the room, evening time, and I could feel something behind me, and that was a mirror. I looked and I saw my mother smiling at me, then I saw the devil. I was scared, woke up sweating and my heart was pounding. Seemed funny I didn't scream or cry.

I pray each night hoping to never have any dreams like that again. Because my mother is all I got. My father is gone.

If I try I can run my life good. That is probably one plan I have in mind.

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Indian History and Indian Literature are two really good classes here. They help us to study and learn of the different tribes all over.