

NOTICES

Title VII Parent Committee Members Needed

by Juanita Whitebear

The Lincoln County School District's Indian Education Program serves all Native American students in grades K-12 enrolled in Lincoln County's 19 schools. Our program is designed to "meet the special educational and culturally related academic needs for our Indian students."

Currently, we have four paid staff and approximately 600 students registered with the program. Last year, our school district had the highest number of Native American graduates in the state of Oregon. We give thanks for all the parents/relatives' involvement to help make this possible.

Once a year, we have elections for the Title VII Parent Committee. Parents/guardians of Indian students, administrators, teachers in LCSD, and Title VII high school students are eligible to serve on this board and vote in the election.

The Parent Committee is the strong force and voice for our Native students to the schools. We are encouraging our Native community to again become more involved with the committee so we can continue to see our students succeed.

We are looking for Native American people who will:

Commit to meet in the evenings once a month at various schools throughout the district

- ✓ Help decide how and where the Title VII funds are spent
- ✓ Help make decisions on issues that may arise regarding our Native students
- ✓ Offer support to all LCSD schools regarding our students
- ✓ Volunteer to help with tribal history and cultural classes
- ✓ Know about or willing to commit time to attend conferences and trainings regarding Indian education

We are now taking nominations and will hold elections on Oct. 25. All ballots must be returned by 5 p.m. on Oct. 25 at Siletz School. If you are interested in running or know someone who you think will serve on this committee, please contact one of the Title VII representatives in your area.

Thank you – All of My Relations

Fred Rider, Title IX Coordinator – Toledo High, 541-336-5104

Patty Savage-Socha, Indian Education Assistant – Siletz School, 541-444-1134

Juanita Whitebear, Indian Education Assistant – Taft High, 541-996-2115

Ann Goddard, Indian Education Assistant – Newport High, 541-265-9281



Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

By golly, I wrote about all the important things already – fishing and hunting. Maybe a little nostalgia ...

When I first started to work here with Janet, she says that I'm going to work with young kids. I was strongly opposed to this, but she wouldn't accept no for an answer and in the process, I became involved with the little people.

Really though, it wasn't all that bad. In fact, it was rather enjoyable once I got used to the idea. As it turned out, Janet put me up to putting a raft trip together for the young people, I think starting from third grade to the fifth. Well, along with Frank Petersen, Dave Graham, Ed Bartlett, and Clayton Shultz (I don't know what happened to Janet), we put one together.

Now, not knowing too much (still don't), it was decided that in order to accomplish this, it would take a certain amount of dollars. So it will take X amount and we need X number of kids to make it affordable.

Well, 70 sounded like a good number. We gathered 70 names and divided that by the amount of \$ needed, and it would be affordable. Phil Rilatos let us have a school bus and USDA gave us a bunch of dented cans. I think what wasn't dented, the lovely young lady in charge dented, and we started off. There were not 70 kids, however, only 30. Oh well.

We arrived at Maupin for a four-hour or so trip. While having breakfast, I was watching for someone to bring the rafts to take the kids down the river. No one showed during breakfast time. Well then, they would meet us at the launching site.

The Chemawa crew loaded up and we followed them upriver a little below Sheers Bridge. Dave then gathered all of us by the river's edge and then the news hit me. He said to the kids that if they don't listen, things won't go right. This is when I began the disagreement.

I said that they can't do it, they're too small, their arms are like weenies. The boys and girls were arguing. The boys were saying, "I don't want to be in her raft. She's a girl." And the girls were throwing pinecones at the boys. They weren't paying any attention to Dave and Ed.

Well, they pumped the rafts up, I think five of them, and they boarded. The kids were a bunch of riots running wild. I knew that this was going to be a disaster. Now I knew why we only had 30 out of 70. Those mothers knew something I didn't, a premonition if you will.

Well, the first bend was a wild one. There was an aluminum boat wrapped around a rock, the water was a swirling white and crazy. I was very worried. I figured that this was my last day on

earth. I was not about to come home and tell some mother that her child had drowned. I was prepared to join the children.

But around the bend came the first boat. Them little weenie arms were hitting them paddles like crazy. Those little people were doing everything right. Then the second boat, then third. In the fifth boat, something went wrong. The boat went up on that rock almost perpendicular to the water, then spun around and came off the rock. In the process, one of the kids fell out.

All the others in the raft quit paddling and went to the side that the fella fell out of. He came up on the other side of the boat. Now those little weenie arms stopped that boat in the middle of that rapid, picked up the unfortunate guy, and then started on their merry way. Well, kind of, because then they started jumping out of the boat and I figured okay, Great Spirit, you have control, and I went on my merry way.

Incidentally, this is the only raft trip I was on that went the way I think they should. That is, I take them to point A, go to point B, pick up the cadavers, and then come home. I don't like to get wet, especially in cold water. This has been my plan all along, but something always happens and I have to go on the boat.

Out of 12 times down the Deschutes River, that first time is the



only time it worked. I don't remember too much about who was on the boats the first time, but the one who fell out of the boat works at the casino today.

I do miss these excursions. Our staff members who did all these things are gone now, except for myself. George Nagel has taken over Dave and Ed's place. Incidentally, George does a marvelous job. I shuttle once in a while.

I would like to see us do these things again. We now have access to the Rogue River. We can run it with the provision that we clean up the campsites as we go, which we do anyway. I don't know exactly why we're not doing these things. Maybe it's financial, maybe it's lack of enthusiasm.

We took some adults on another trip. I'll talk about that at another time. I wish I could name names because everyone who has gone with us has had a wonderful time. Once in a while, I'll see someone working at the casino who was with us. They still remember the good times.

Some even say they still have the rock. I always tell people to pick up a rock to take with them to remember, as there will never again be a time like today. That is, this particular group never again will meet like this. We'll meet on different occasions, but never like today. I'd like to thank all of those who have been with us for the memory.