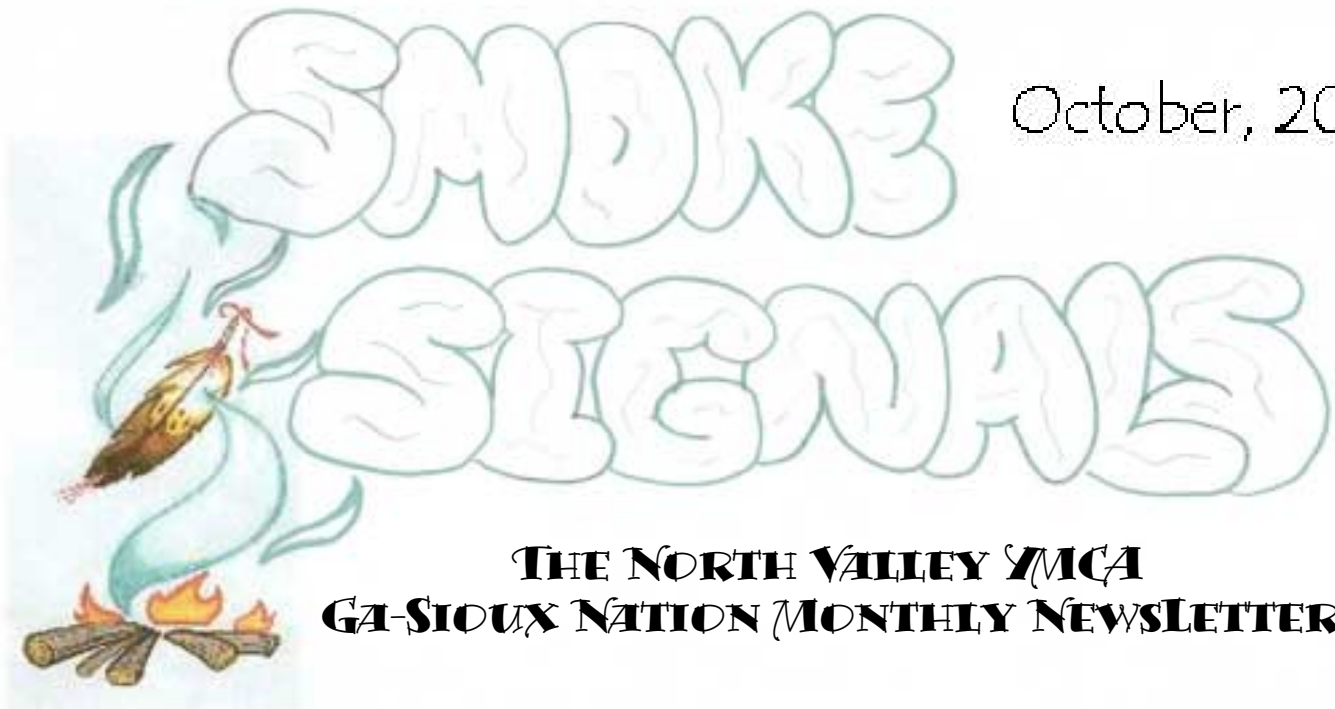


October, 2000



**THE NORTH VALLEY YMCA
GA-SIOUX NATION MONTHLY NEWSLETTER**

Greetings from the Chief

I was watching my oldest son play soccer just the other day; he was goalie. He made what I thought was an amazing diving save. Now, being the proud poppa, I cheered him on and puffed my chest out. On the drive home from the fields, I had a great conversation with my 6 year old. We spoke of the election of all things! He wanted to know who I was voting for. I was really impressed. When I got home, I looked down and saw my 7 month old. It hit me right then... my gosh are they growing up fast! I mean, it doesn't just seem that way, but time is just flying by. It was literally yesterday that I was holding my children in the hospital, watching their first few breaths. I cannot get over how fleeting our time with our children is.

So... why the tear jerking story? It's just then I've had come to a realization that every, and I mean every moment we have with our kids is precious, which is why I appreciate the Guides and Princess program so much. I've always said that

this program is not a substitute for setting aside quality time with our kids, but it does give us concrete goals to shoot for. I had it all planned to take at least two weekend camping trips with my kids this past summer. But things got busy at work and around the house and before we knew it, school was starting again. But I KNOW that we're going to Whittle in January. I know we'll be in Catalina in the spring. Man! Am I excited or what?

Our turn out at Skate Night was literally unbelievable. We actually doubled the number of skaters we had last year. All credit belongs with you guys - you all did a great job of telling your friends about the program, increasing the size of your tribes, and spreading the news. I thank each and every one of you. I'd like to set a personal goal this year of besting all attendance at EVERY event this year. I know we can do it. We've had a great start! Thanks again!

Joe Orr
Ga-Sioux Nation Chief

TRIBAL NEWS

Chumash

The mighty Chumash tribe had its first meeting on Thursday, September 14, 2000. As usual, we had full attendance and had a great time. Our meeting was hosted by Running Bobcat and Morning Star (Jay and Rachel) and our girls made great painted customized hats.

The mighty Chumash had full attendance at the Skate Night where the Indian Princesses made their fathers look silly as they held their father's hands and helped them around the roller rink.

The mighty Chumash are in the process of working with the Blackfeet tribe in organizing what we hope will be a great Pilgrim Feast. We look forward to seeing all of you there, when the Ga-Sioux nation will again be together.

Chief Doug "Red Bear"

Blackfeet

Greetings Ga-Sioux Nation.

A Message from the Blackfeet Tribe.

We had our first tribal meeting at the tee pee of Chief Morning Bear and his braves Wild Eagle and Soaring Eagle. The evenings' rain didn't stop the tribe from getting together for a terrific meeting. The Blackfeet are 20 members strong and all the braves and fathers are looking forward to another memorable Indian Guides year. The tribe is made up of Two Bucks and Wild Buck; Sun Dance and Cloud Dancing; White Fang and Little Fang; Morning Bear, Wild Eagle, and Soaring Eagle; White Lightning, Lightning Foot and Lightning Bear; Black Cloud and Thunder Cloud; Silver Bear and Silver Fox; Fire Hawk and Golden Hawk; and Running Bear and Brave Wolf.

Since our meeting, the Blackfeet were among the record attendees at Skate Night. The Braves brought their families and had a great time skating and watching their elders go home with sore knees and bottoms. We are all looking forward to our next meeting hosted by White Lightning, Lightning Foot and Lightning Bear.

Cheers.

Chief Morning Bear

Seminoles

Greetings Fellow Ga-Sioux,

The Seminoles had a super time at skate-night. "Growling Bear" was spotted trying to keep up with "Screeching Hawk". "Wild Wolf" & "Dancing Cat" were gliding around having a blast. "Howling Wolf" & "Running Wolf" were having a howling fun time. "Lazy Buffalo", "Crazy Buffalo" & "BBQ Buffalo" were blazing like a stampede. We also introduced our new members to the nation. Welcome "Blowing Wind & Crazy Wind", and "Shooting Breeze & Soaring Arrow". They also were having a great time at skate-night. Thank you Mohave & Sioux North tribes for such a fun event.

Our fist tribal meeting was held at the buffalo herd, where our sons made arrowhead necklaces out of raw hide. Our next meeting will be at the eagles nest. Hope to see you at El Torito night.

Until our tribes meet again.

Gary "Chief Lazy Buffalo"

Apache

**EXTRA EXTRA
READ ALL ABOUT IT
APACHE TRIBE EXPANDS BY TWO FOLD**

There must of been something in the fall hunt because the tribe has expanded to twenty-two boys and their fathers. Welcoming new to our tribe Robert, Will, Corey, Eli, Tyler, Eric, Brendan, Dino, Ricky, Miles and Vincent. Back by popular demand Dylan, Scott, Justin, Michael, James, Michael N., Dominic and Connor, Kyle, and Riley and Kyle T. As the moon grows larger and the winter hunt begins, we begin to forage for the winter months. The Pilgrim Feast brings us together to reflect on the growth of our nation. This is a time to show the new braves the ways of our tribe. The Indian spirit was in all of our great tribe at Skate Night and most important of all we didn't have any fallen braves or at least broken spirits. Until the Great Spirit calls us to unite

Chief Tom-a-hawk
Tom

Mohave

Skate Night was a tremendous success. We more than doubled the attendance from the previous year, and The Mohaves are extremely proud to have co-sponsored this fun-filled evening. Just about everyone appeared to have a blast, and the level of enthusiasm was quite high. Most of the Braves and Princesses have become great skaters. Malone and Scott have become real terrors on the rink, and I think they're just about ready to join the roller-derby. The fathers showed a lot of spirit in so many of them buckling on their skates and stumbling around the rink. However, I believe it is best if I reserve judgment on their skating acumen.

I worked the registration table for a large portion of the evening and I want to thank Andrew, and his father Alan, for all their help in seeing that everyone was admitted without any appreciable

delays. Andrew, a straight "A" math student, proved invaluable in figuring out those complex math equations (3 skaters, 2 spectators, 4 patches, and a Happy Meal to go).

We look forward to seeing many of you next month at the Pilgrim Feast.

Chief Howard

Comanche

Greetings,

Wild cat & I were glad to see all of you at Skate night. We had, I'm happy to say had about a 90% turn-out for that night. Looking forward to the Pilgrim feast coming up in Nov. and the Christmas parade after that. Keep up the good work.

Good Hunting,

Chief Star Gazer

Sioux North

The new season is off and running and everyone in the Sioux North Tribe is very excited about it. We had our kickoff tribal meeting at Chief Flying Elbow's Tepee and brought together some new ideas and approaches to conducting our monthly tribal gathering. The entire group was enthusiastic and eager to participate in the activities and it turned out to be a very successful gathering for the new season.

Our first nation event at Skateland was tremendous. There were so many participants that we actually ran out of patches to distribute. I believe that we had over 300 skaters there that night. We had a huge turnout. Thank you Mohave Tribe for helping to sponsor this event. The dads and princesses had a great time skating with each other and it was wonderful to see them holding hands and spending some quality time

helping each other around the rink. Yes, the kids were actually doing the helping in some cases. The best part about the evening was that our tribe acquired two, maybe three new father/daughter members. That is awesome. It was evident from the smiles on all of the faces that everyone had a terrific time.

Until next time.

Chief Flying Elbow

Tribal Drum

One of your goals should be to build up your Tribal Treasures. These are the tools or accessories that you'll use in your meetings and at nation events. One such item is a Tribal Drum. Drums were used by many Native American Tribes during wartime and peace, during Tribal Meetings, to celebrate and to mourn. I found a website that sells drum kits so that you might put together your own Tribal Drum. The site is <http://www.harborside.com/~jalapeno/>



UPCOMING EVENTS

- Pilgrim Feast 11/11/00
- Christmas Parade 12/3/00
- Camp Whittle

(see the attached flyers for more information)

CRAFT IDEA

CONTACT INFORMATION

Here is the some Contact Information again:

| <u>Name</u> | <u>Tribe</u> | <u>Email</u> |
|----------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Joe Orr | Nation Chief | jorr@socal.rr.com |
| Joe Allegretti | Asst. Nation Chief | allegretti@msn.com |
| Josie Rea | Program Director | josierea@ymcala.org |

STORY TELLING

I got a lot of good feedback on the last story I included, so I figured I'd continue this new tradition. I'm not sure which Native American Tribe the following legend is from, but I thought it was a great story. I shared it with our tribe this month. I hope you enjoy it!

How Coyote Stole Fire

Long ago, when man was newly come into the world, there were days when he was the happiest creature of all. Those were the days when spring brushed across the willow tails, or when his children ripened with the blueberries in the sun of summer, or when the goldenrod bloomed in the autumn haze.

But always the mists of autumn evenings grew more chill, and the sun's strokes grew shorter. Then man saw winter moving near, and he became fearful and unhappy. He was afraid for his children, and for the grandfathers and grandmothers who carried in their heads the sacred tales of the tribe. Many of these, young and old, would die in the long, ice-bitter months of winter.

Coyote, like the rest of the People, had no need for fire. So he seldom concerned himself with it, until one spring day when he was passing a human village. There the women were singing a song of mourning for the babies and the old ones who had died in the winter. Their voices moaned like the west wind through a buffalo skull, prickling the hairs on Coyote's neck.

"Feel how the sun is now warm on our backs," one of the men was saying. "Feel how it warms the earth and makes these stones hot to the touch. If only we could have had a small piece of the sun in our teepees during the winter."

Coyote, overhearing this, felt sorry for the men and women. He also felt that there was something he could do to help them. He knew of a faraway mountain-top where the three Fire Beings lived. These Beings kept fire to themselves, guarding it

carefully for fear that man might somehow acquire it and become as strong as they. Coyote saw that he could do a good turn for man at the expense of these selfish Fire Beings.

So Coyote went to the mountain of the Fire Beings and crept to its top, to watch the way that the Beings guarded their fire. As he came near, the Beings leaped to their feet and gazed searchingly round their camp. Their eyes glinted like bloodstones, and their hands were clawed like the talons of the great black vulture.

"What's that? What's that I hear?" hissed one of the Beings.

"A thief, skulking in the bushes!" screeched another.

The third looked more closely, and saw Coyote. But he had gone to the mountain-top on all fours, so the Being thought she saw only an ordinary coyote slinking among the trees.

"It is no one, it is nothing!" she cried, and the other two looked where she pointed and also saw only a grey coyote. They sat down again by their fire and paid Coyote no more attention.

So he watched all day and night as the Fire Beings guarded their fire. He saw how they fed it pine cones and dry branches from the sycamore trees. He saw how they stamped furiously on runaway rivulets of flame that sometimes nibbled outwards on edges of dry grass. He saw also how, at night, the Beings took turns to sit by the fire. Two would sleep while one was on guard; and at certain times the Being by the fire would get up and go into their teepee, and another would come out to sit by the fire.

Coyote saw that the Beings were always jealously watchful of their fire except during one part of the day. That was in the earliest morning, when the first winds of dawn arose on the mountains. Then the Being by the fire would hurry, shivering, into the

teepee calling, "Sister, sister, go out and watch the fire." But the next Being would always be slow to go out for her turn, her head spinning with sleep and the thin dreams of dawn.

Coyote, seeing all this, went down the mountain and spoke to some of his friends among the People. He told them of hairless man, fearing the cold and death of winter. And he told them of the Fire Beings, and the warmth and brightness of the flame. They all agreed that man should have fire, and they all promised to help Coyote's undertaking.

Then Coyote sped again to the mountain-top. Again the Fire Beings leaped up when he came close, and one cried out, "What's that? A thief, a thief!"

But again the others looked closely, and saw only a grey coyote hunting among the bushes. So they sat down again and paid him no more attention.

Coyote waited through the day, and watched as night fell and two of the Beings went off to the teepee to sleep. He watched as they changed over at certain times all the night long, until at last the dawn winds rose.

Then the Being on guard called, "Sister, sister, get up and watch the fire."

And the Being whose turn it was climbed slow and sleepy from her bed, saying, "Yes, yes, I am coming. Do not shout so."

But before she could come out of the teepee, Coyote lunged from the bushes, snatched up a glowing portion of fire, and sprang away down the mountainside.

Screaming, the Fire Beings flew after him. Swift as Coyote ran, they caught up with him, and one of them reached out a clutching hand. Her fingers touched only the tip of the tail, but the touch was enough to turn the hairs white, and coyote tail-tips are white still. Coyote shouted, and flung the fire away from him. But the others of the People had gathered at the mountain's foot, in case they were

needed. Squirrel saw the fire falling, and caught it, putting it on her back and fleeing away through the tree-tops. The fire scorched her back so painfully that her tail curled up and back, as squirrels' tails still do today.

The Fire Beings then pursued Squirrel, who threw the fire to Chipmunk. Chattering with fear, Chipmunk stood still as if rooted until the Beings were almost upon her. Then, as she turned to run, one Being clawed at her, tearing down the length of her back and leaving three stripes that are to be seen on chipmunks' backs even today. Chipmunk threw the fire to Frog, and the Beings turned towards him. One of the Beings grasped his tail, but Frog gave a mighty leap and tore himself free, leaving his tail behind in the Being's hand---which is why frogs have had no tails ever since.

As the Beings came after him again, Frog flung the fire on to Wood. And Wood swallowed it.

The Fire Beings gathered round, but they did not know how to get the fire out of Wood. They promised it gifts, sang to it and shouted at it. They twisted it and struck it and tore it with their knives. But Wood did not give up the fire. In the end, defeated, the Beings went back to their mountain-top and left the People alone.

But Coyote knew how to get fire out of Wood. And he went to the village of men and showed them how. He showed them the trick of rubbing two dry sticks together, and the trick of spinning a sharpened stick in a hole made in another piece of wood. So man was from then on warm and safe through the killing cold of winter.

