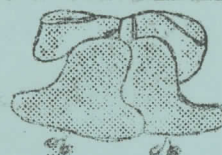


Volume IV, No. 8
December 18, 1973

Warpath



Stewart Indian School
Stewart, Nevada

Christmas Edition



Works by Five Stewart Students in Arrow V

Willard Anita and four other Stewart students who graduated last year were honored recently by being published in a little book called Arrow V. It is edited by Mrs. Terry Allen, nationally known author, and Arrow V was fifth in a series. The other students appearing in the book include Gus Antone who painted the cover; Cathy Enriquez who wrote an essay; Ann Quay who wrote a poem; Emma Kootsetewa who also wrote an essay, and Willard who wrote a legend. All contributors plus their teachers received 10 copies of the book. Charles Crume was Gus Antone's art teacher and Ruby W. Shannon, journalism teacher, was the instructor who assisted the authors. The first four "Arrow" books have been published a second time by a publisher in Washington, D.C. This time, students who had contributed their creative efforts received checks as payment. Arrows IV should be off the press and available for purchase at book stores in February of 1974.

Christmas Vacation: Needed Change

by Curtis Martin

After about four months of seeing the same people, going to school every day and looking at the same roommate or mates, you find that you really need a change of scenery.

Most students are quite tired of school and are looking forward to Christmas vacation when they will be seeing their families. They will begin leaving early Wednesday morning, December 19, and return January 8. Classes will resume Jan. 9. It will be a great time for letting your tension come out.

Enjoy your vacation and don't get into trouble or get too wild.

Since it is the end of the semester, not everybody will be returning. If you are not graduating, I hope that all of you do return after vacation. If you don't, however, remember that Stewart Indian School is always here with a friendly staff and an education system. HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Band, Chorus in Concert

Richard Martin, energetic band director at Stewart Indian School, presented his students in a concert at the old gymnasium Thursday, December 13. The group was divided up into beginner's band, chorus, and advanced band. There were entirely too many students for them to all get on the stage in the auditorium. Accoustics are inadequate for music in the new gymnasium, so the old gym was used with several students having to sit on the floor. Two trios of wood winds and brass instruments also played traditional Christmas music plus the school song, Battle Hymn of the Republic and several marches. The music sounded very good to be played by students who have had little experience being in a band at all. Martin has worked hard and the students have practiced long hours to learn their numbers.

The advanced band will be travelling to the Papago Reservation this weekend.

Santa Claus Comes to SIS Assembly

The Christmas Spirit came to Stewart officially Friday, December 14 when a group of students in Rosalee Goodwin's Personality Development Class plus some of the Mighty Seniors presented an assembly. The class did a Seance skit, complete with Santa Claus who passed out goodies to the student body.

Special awards were given to students by the seniors for being outstanding in certain areas. Santa read several of the letters he had received, and it was a fun time for all...complete with a door prize.

Saturday night, December 15, the Seniors held a Christmas dance, including decorations in the old gymnasium. Music was provided by Wade Large and Walema. Now for the final finals Monday and Tuesday...and Wednesday..HOME FOR CHRISTMAS!!!!

Does it Really Matter?

by Cynthia Varela

Does it really matter what kind of weather you have on Christmas Day? To many people, it does. They were brought up with the idea of Christmas being cold with lots of snow; pretty trees with sparkling bright lights, and best of all, presents and goodies. Sounds like fun, huh? Well, what is the true meaning of Christmas, anyway?

It most certainly isn't the material things I've mentioned before. Is it because someone told you Jesus Christ was born on this day? There is no exactly known birthdate of Jesus. No one really knows what day he was born of the Virgin Mary.

But then, what is the meaning of celebrating Christmas? I think it's the thought! Since we don't really know the exact date, why not make it December 25?

So, when you celebrate Christmas Day, have fun, but remember whose birthday you're celebrating even if you're not really sure if you're late or early.

On Being Thankful:

by Paschal Francisco

I have my parents to be thankful for all the good life I have lived.
 I have my home to be thankful for all the time I lived there.
 I have the dorm to be thankful for all the time I stayed there.
 I have my teachers to be thankful for all the things I learn from them.
 I have my tribe to be thankful for all the money I got this summer.
 I have my friends to be thankful for all the help I got from them.
 I have the charter buses to be thankful for taking me all the way with no charge.
 I have the cooks to be thankful for all the food they have served us.
 I have the Post Office to be thankful for all the mail I got from home.
 I have my classes to be thankful for all the things I learn from them.
 I have my records to be thankful for bringing back memories of back home.
 I have my "A" pass to be thankful for all the time I went to town at night.
 I have my clothes to be thankful for all the time I wear them.

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

STAFF

WARPATH is published bi-weekly by the students in the journalism and photography classes. The Christmas issue also has contributions from students in other classes as well as from some employees. We are grateful for your contributions.

Editor---Cynthia Varela

Art.....Brent Naha

Adviser.....Ruby Shannon

Winifred West, Lydia Brooks, Raymond Venezuela, Mike Santos, Marilyn Myron (Yearbook)
 Jerolyn Lewis, Lani George, Evonne Broncheau, Janice Steele, Orrin Eben, Curtis Martin, Doris Hoover, Mary Whitman, Randy Moreno, Charlene Benjamin and Pamela Enos.

America: Then and Now

By Brent Naha

Many years ago, in this land we now call America, a people found a way of life. These people were called natives--natives of this land. The population grew, so groups of people began to find different areas to set their homes, for if they had stayed in one place, they would have faced starvation.

As the years went by, different groups began to migrate to different parts of the land they thought would best suit them. And each group was called a tribe. Each tribe picked a leader in whom they had trust and faith. This man was called the chief. Those who knew what to do in situations which one person could not do alone were called the chief's council. So, as they moved to different parts of the land, they prospered and grew and branched out into more tribes. They settled in Canada and lived throughout what is now the United States of America.

But as time went on, changes came in their way of life and religion. The coming of the white man had a great deal to do with this change. Many of the tribes no longer exist. Just the major tribes who fought for their existence survived. Then they began to change their way of thinking. Some believed the way of the white man was better. But not all people thought the same way. In recent years, an organization called A I M (American Indian Movement) was formed to keep the Indian heritage and culture alive instead of letting it fade away.

There have been other movements and organizations that want to be separate from the regular society. (For instance, the Black Panthers represent black power. We also have red power, cowboy power, etc.)

In some places, we still have beautiful trees, meadows and places where wildlife can thrive. But man must go on. He must find more room where he can grow and prosper. The government has also set aside places for recreation such as parks, playgrounds, campgrounds, and other places where mankind can find a moment of peace and get away from the so-called "ratrace."

Big cities are getting so that people can hardly see through their windows because of the pollution. Pollution is destroying the world, and now we have the energy crisis. What are we going to do when pollution covers the sunlight and kills the plants and clogs up the air? One of the major causes of pollution is the automobile. Another is the factories. My opinion would be to go back to the old way of life. Sure, we had hardships, but they lead to success.

Times were hard in those days. There were times when there was a war between blacks and whites and reds. There were fights between whites for independence and also fights between Mexicans and whites and Indians.

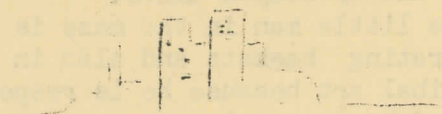
But as the years went on, the mind of man changed...not only white but all nationalities. Indians began to go to school to learn the ways of the whiteman. There became an organization to help the Indian get an education. It was called the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA).

The older people of a tribe began to tell their grandchildren to get an education or go back to the older way of life.

Grandparents told of their ancestors' hardships they had and encouraged them to get an education. Many Indian schools were established strictly for Indians.

Up to now, we, the natives of America are headed towards peace in society. We want to be someone. Someone who wants to be noticed, and not overlooked as before.

Many will become leaders. Many will grow in business and industry. It is coming to a time when it does not matter what color you are or who you are. We are all humans and we've got to grow in order to keep our heritage alive. But the thought of being an Indian will remain in our minds forever.





Mongolian Santa Claus

by Louis Youvella



Once upon a time, long ago in the country of Mongolia, there lived a small boy who herded sheep.

One day while he was herding sheep, he came upon a man who was big....about the size of an ox. The boy walked up to the man and asked him what was wrong, but the man would not answer him. The boy then saw that the man was foaming at the mouth. The little boy got scared and thought the man had rabies.

But he found that the man was just dehydrated. So the boy splashed some water on the man, and he came to a little bit and the boy started giving him some water. When the man was able to talk, the boy asked him where he was from. The man told the boy he came from the North Pole and while he was riding his sleigh, his sleigh overturned, then he had fallen to the earth.

The man said he then started looking for his sleigh and he had run out of water, but had kept going for so long that he had finally fallen over.

The little boy took the man to his home below the hills. The boy asked why he was riding the sleigh in the sky and the man told him he had been delivering presents to the boys and girls all over the world.

The little boy had never heard of such a thing, so the man explained who he really was.

The next day, the man and little boy went looking for the sleigh and found it. Then the man gave the little boy a big sack of toys and told the child he would be getting presents from him from then on. And that is how the little boy found out about Christmas and who Santa Claus was.

Who is the Man in the Maze?

by Mary Whitman

This is a legend I was told a long time ago. It is about a man called Se'Ahki. He is the little man who lives in the center of the Maze.

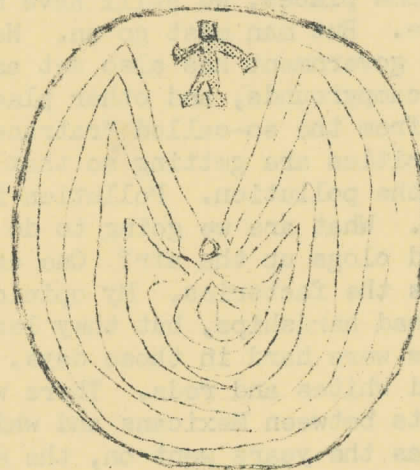
One day Se'Ahki was out and some warriors chased him. He ran into this maze which is his home. It was like a cave, or rather like a jig-saw puzzle. It had many paths that lead to different parts of the house.

No one but Se'Ahki knew the way around. The warriors followed him into his cave. It was dark and they had little air to breathe. They looked and looked but could not find Se'Ahki anywhere. They went deeper into his cave, and one by one the warriors died because they did not have enough air, food or water.

The Pimas still look up to Se'Ahki because he helps them when they are in trouble. They respect his right to privacy and leave him alone.

No one person who has ever tried to get into Se'Ahki's house has ever made it back out or stayed alive.

The little man in the maze is used in decorating baskets and also in other tribal art because he is respected and loved by my people.



S N O W !

I have heard at the fall
Of this feather-like fleece
That Old Mother Goose
Is picking her geese.

I love the white covering,
I love the old saw;
But I don't love anything
About the thaw!

S L U S H, S L U S H !

M E R R Y M E R R Y



Haw'ak Will Get You if You Cry!

by Doris Hoover

This legend was told to me by my mother just as it was told to her by her mother.

A long time ago, there lived a mean old lady up in the mountains in a cave.

These mountains where her cave was found were located near our village. This lady was so mean that the Pima Indians gave her the name of Haw'ak. The only time Haw'ak ever came down was in the evenings because that was when the little children were outside playing.

Haw'ak had a huge basket tied to her back which had a lid. This is what she used to put the children in that she stole. Haw'ak never went near the houses of the people or into their houses as she could always get the children that were somewhere out in the sage brush playing.

So whenever the people of the village would see her coming, they called the children in so Haw'ak would not get them.

Haw'ak always wore earrings, and she had a necklace, rings and belts made out of the bones left over from the children which she ate for her meal. She had a huge hollow rock and a stone she used to grind them with, and then she would eat them raw.

One day Haw'ak came down to steal some more children. This time, with the bunch she stole was a boy who was much older than the others, and he knew just what to do to get out of Haw'ak's basket.

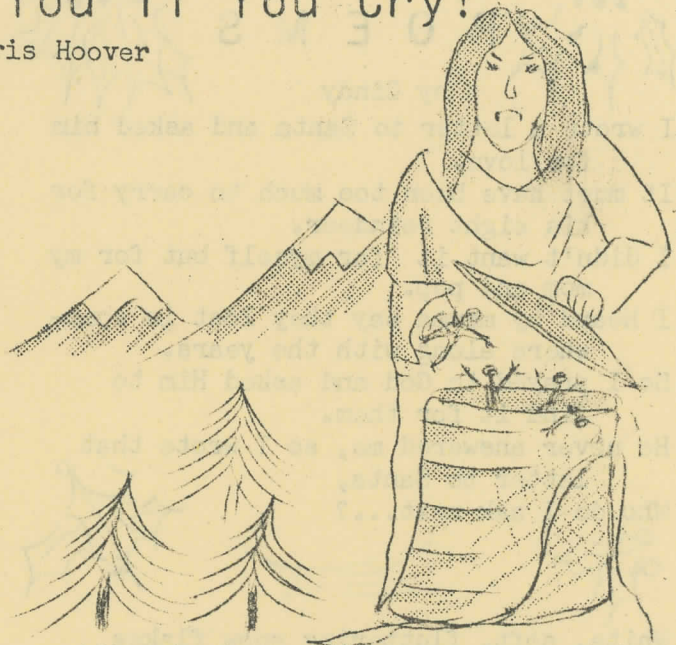
Haw'ak had a trail that she used to get back to her cave, and on the side of her trail were mesquite trees all along the way back to the cave.

The boy told the others that he had a plan and he told them what to do.

He told them that he would hold each of them up out of the basket so they could catch hold of a branch of the mesquite tree as she passed underneath.

The boy did his job so accurately, Haw'ak didn't feel a thing. If she happened to hear a noise, she thought it was her basket hitting the branches as she passed.

The little children were instructed by the boy to run as fast as they could after Haw'ak passed on and not to stop until they had reached the village.



After he had helped out everyone else the boy jumped out all by himself and ran to his home.

The children told their parents what had happened and how they had escaped.

The people of the village then decided they had to do something about the mean woman to prevent her from eating any more of the children.

They held a meeting and decided what to do. A few men volunteered to go up to Haw'ak's cave and tell her that she was invited to their Fiesta. Haw'ak said she would go if she decided to. The following night, they had their fiesta. At first, the people of the village thought Haw'ak was not coming, but later on that night, they saw something coming and right away they knew it was Haw'ak. Haw'ak hesitated to enter the village, but then she decided, "Well, if they were nice enough to invite me, I guess they are not going to hurt me." So she came in and started having fun. Some of the men gave her one drink right after another until they got her drunk. After Haw'ak passed out, they piled wood on top of her (which they had gathered just for this occasion.) They poured kerosene on the wood to make it burn faster and this was the way they killed the wicked old lady.

So whenever little children get mad for no reason, the Pima parents will say to their children: "Be quiet or Haw'ak is gonna get you."

This always stops the crying.

* * * * *



POEMS

by Cindy

I wrote a letter to Santa and asked him
for love.

It must have been too much to carry for
his eight reindeer.

I didn't want it for myself but for my
mom and pop.

I heard my mamma say they lost is some-
where along with the years.

So I prayed to God and asked Him to
find it for them.

He never answered me, so I wrote that
letter to Santa,

Who do I ask next...?

White, soft, fluttering snow flakes
falling to the ground,
Merry bells of laughter echo through
my ears.

The trees showing *through windows
sparkling and bright;

Celebrate, Celebrate, for it is
Christmas Day!

Hey, wait a minute, what are you
celebrating?

Jesus Christ was born, but not on this
day.

You know it, and I know it, but do they?

Will Santa come to my house this year?
Mamma said he didn't see our house
last year.

I wrote him a letter to tell him what I
wanted,

But you know he never answered me.

I thought it was a small thing to ask
for....

But I guess it was really too much.

Dark, cold, and empty..my future.

An escape I sought to find;

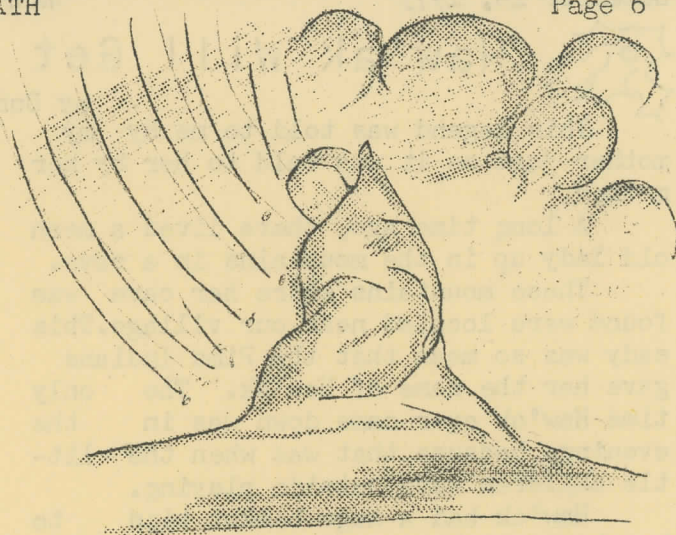
Lonely, sad, and filled with fear..my
life.

An escape I needed to find.

To get away was only a dream, a dream
so very far away...

But you were not so far away, for you
are by my side.

Thank you, Lord, for showing me the way.



The Green Virgin

by Cynthia Varela

The Tule River Reservation is located in the high Sierra Mountains in central California. The hills are all around, overlooking the reservation.

In order to get to the nearest town, Porterville, you have to go on a very winding road.

On one hill which we call Bouncing Hill, there's a rock that looks like the Virgin Mary holding Jesus. There are a lot of rocks all over the place both big and small, so you may not notice it unless you really look for it or if some one calls your attention to it.

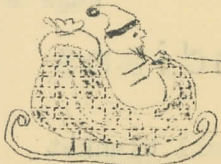
Mary seems to be kneeling and bowing her head. Her body looks as if she is facing the road. I've always wondered if she was protecting and blessing us when we'd leave the reservation.... but SHE is only a rock.

One day some one painted her green! My mother was very angry and hurt. The green made the rock stand out more, but the green was so bright and ugly, it seemed to take the tender magic away.

We knew whoever could have done such a terrible thing could not have known the wonderful feeling we've felt for this rock.

It's been about four years now since the Virgin Mary rock has been painted. The paint is peeling and falling off from the wind, rain and sun.

Each year, I wait for it to be completely free of the green paint so I can wonder once again.



Ask Aunt Mini



Dear Aunt Mini:

Recently, I was invited here from Louisiana to perform some marriage ceremonies. Some girls married two or three boys and some boys married two or three girls. This seemed unusual to me. Is it an Indian custom?

Rev. Hart Throb

Dear Preacher:

It happens all over the world. I can tell you haven't been around too much before going into your profession.

Aunt Mini



Dear Aunt Mini:

I have a problem. I think of myself as a sex symbol, but all of the people I know say I am a homemaker. Which path should I follow?

Confused

Dear Confused:

Be yourself. If you consider yourself a sex symbol, continue to consider.

Aunt Mini

Dear Aunt Mini:

I have a student who is always screaming and yelling in class. What can I do about her?

Earache Teacher

Dear Earache:

I hear you are a biology teacher. Why not experiment on her lips and stitch them together since you've already found out what's inside!

Aunt Mini

Dear Aunt Mini:

Please tell me why the wind and snow have to always come just before Xmas holidays? We could use this moisture next summer more than we now do.

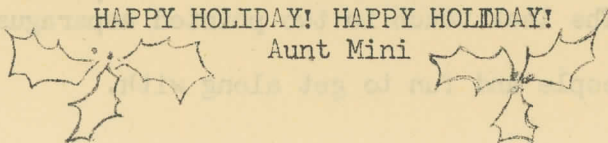
Not Mrs. Santa Claus

Dear "Not Mrs. Santa:"

If it came during the summer, we would probably want it during the winter. Why not send a letter to Mother Nature. She might be able to answer you better than I can.

HAPPY HOLIDAY! HAPPY HOLIDAY!

Aunt Mini



Dear Aunt Mini:

Since it is getting close to Christmas, I just thought I'd ask: Do you know SANTA? Knowing how you people stay secretly hidden, I figured you two know each other. I wish I knew him. How is he, REALLY?

Kris Kringle Fan

Dear Kris:

Why, yes, I do. And he's a nice old man. He is from everywhere and no where. As you can tell, his eyes are very bad, so he misses some houses these days when he gives out the presents on Christmas Eve.

Aunt Mini

Dear Aunt Mini:

Well, it's time for Christmas and I feel like I should get you a present for all the help you have given me, so what do you want for Christmas?

Generous

Dear Generous:

Since you feel like I have given you some help (I hope it was useful) then I want another letter from you to see if I can do it again!

Aunt Mini



Dear Aunt Mini:

I have this problem and I don't know how to solve it. I mean, I always take my time getting to know a boy. By the time it gets to where I really like him a lot, and respect him, someone else comes along. Should I give up trying to catch a boy?

Failure

Dear Failure:

Like the cheerleaders say: Never give Up; Never Give in; Fight to win! But in this case, you need the right weapon to fight with in order to win. I think the best weapon would be femininity. Give him something to like and to respect also; then maybe your efforts won't be so wasted!

Aunt Mini

Aunt Mini would like to wish all of you the very merriest Christmas and the happiest kind of a new year!

If Christmas Were Celebrated by Indians

by Orrin Eben

The morning in the Indian village is very still and silent. A small blanket of snow covers the ground and gives a scene of peace and serenity among the people of the village.

Finally, figures break the silence of the morning. The people seem to have a smile about them. The smile is because they know of a great celebration which is near. The celebration is Christmas, the birth of the Indian Christ.

Every child knows the story of how Christ was born in a white buffalo skin in the Great Spirit's Teepee. And that great chiefs travelled from all over Indian America to see the son of a great leader. They brought gifts, too, of much value to offer to the new born chief. Gifts such as prize horses, ownership staffs, beaded moccasins, headdresses, sacred lances, as well as prize ornaments which were taken in battle with the white man who trespassed on our land.

The Indians had a Santa Claus, too, only he didn't ride in a sleigh and have reindeer. He rode an appaloosa stallion in full headdress and costume. As he rides through the sky on Christmas Eve, he drops eagle feathers to young Indian boys who have proven worthy enough to become a brave or warrior.

For the younger children and older girls, he drops beaded moccasins, tiny boys and arrows, and Indian dolls and other toys which Indian children can play with.

For the adults and older ones, he drops Indian blankets, buffalo skins, fur pelts, spears, and beads in small pouches.

Christmas among the Indians is a beautiful and glorious holiday.

* * *

Horses are my Hobby-Yippy!

by Ramond Venezuela

My hobby is riding horses. But there are times when I really feel like riding horses. I ride horses for pleasure and for work.

One time my cousin and I roped one of our horses to tame it. It was about five years old. Well, we roped it, and soon after that, the horse pulled the rope from out of our hands. The rope really burned our hands. We were running around the horses trying to get the rope off of our horse. We had been standing and waiting for an hour for the horse to cool off from his anger. Finally, we took the rope off of him.

At one time we went looking for one of our cows that could have given birth to a calf. My buddy and I looked for the cow until late in the evening. I knew how her horns looked for they were shaped differently, so we continued to look for her. Finally, we found the cow and she had a small calf. We started chasing the calf, but we had to rope it to catch it. Then we had to carry the calf all the way home on the saddle in front of us.

My First Job

by Winifred Vest

When I first saw the Ormsby House, I wondered how it looked inside. Well, I got my first look when I started working there.

Thanks to Mr. Dickerson, I got my first job at Ormsby House. It was frightening at first, but as the days went by, I got used to the place.

The area where I work is called the pantry. We make different kinds of salads and sandwiches there. Most orders we get are for club house sandwiches. They are made with three slices of toast, lettuce, tomatoes, bacon, and turkey.

Another common order is shrimp sallad. It is made with lettuce. On top is the shrimp and tomatoes, eggs, and cucumbers. The last touch is two pointed asparagus spears with green pepper around it.

The people I work with are very nice people and fun to get along with.



Christmas

by Mike Santos

Christmas is celebrated differently in most places. In Germany, some people have Christmas trees in their houses for every member of the family. The trees are decorated with lights and candy that can be colored and shaped to look like meat, fruit, or toys.

German families often make their own gifts. Weeks and months may be spent on making gifts. The women often make embroidered handkerchiefs or sofa cushions. The men carve figures of men or animals from wood and paint them in different colors.

On Christmas Eve, everyone gathers for the Bescherung. This is the ceremony to light the Christmas tree.

After the lights have been lit, the gifts are given out.

Many Germans enjoy roast goose or other fowl for Christmas dinner.

But even in different parts of the world it is still a season of love and happiness for all.

We may not all get drunk the same, but we are all happy at Christmas.

Quick Cranberry Sherbet

by Sybil Keesee

- 1 can jellied cranberry sauce
- 2 Tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoon sugar

Crush sauce with a fork and add lemon juice and sugar. Freeze firmly in an ice cube tray. Transfer to a chilled bowl and whip light and fluffy. Keep the sherbet in the freezer until ready to use.

This cranberry sherbet is very colorful for Christmas dining and it can be eaten as a dessert or it can accompany the turkey or chicken.

Our family likes this Christmas dish because it is easy to make; anyone can make it, and it adds that special coloring which makes a Christmas meal festive.

EMPLOYERS and students were asked to contribute their favorite Christmas recipes or goodies. We appreciate receiving this information to pass on to you.



Christmas Is:

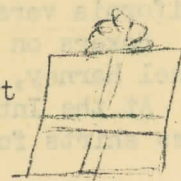
by Hulet Terry

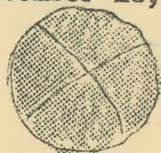
- Going home for vacation
- Getting hit with a snowball from somebody that's feeling good that day.
- Going sleighing with some friends.
- Tipping over with a friend while sleighing over a steep hill.
- Getting hit on the top of the head with a piece of snow while standing under a tree.
- Getting snow in your shirt.
- Receiving a \$5 gift when you just gave that person a \$20 gift.
- Trying to get somebody to sing Christmas songs.
- Having a hangover on Christmas Eve and on Christmas.
- Chasing girls and throwing them in the snow.
- Watching little kids while they fight over each other's toys.
- Having a warm breakfast in the morning.
- Being able to run when somebody is throwing snowballs at you.
- Getting a get-well card from a friend when you're sick and can't go out.
- Being able to do things other kids can't do.
- Being thankful you have parents to be proud of.
- Trying to ask if you can borrow the family car and go see friends.
- Trying to hide gifts until Christmas time but can't because the person seems to be everywhere you go.
- Getting full of eating, but they are asking you to eat more, so you go on.

I'm Depressed Over:

by Albert Walema

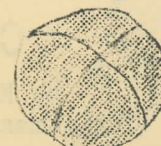
- Wars (scared I might have to go)
- Not enough money to spend
- Hatred
- Misuse of drugs
- Alcohol (liquor)
- People talking behind your back (bad)
- High prices
- Friends skipping classes
- People who cheat
- A sad song
- When a friend is depressed
- The changing rules at Stewart
- Flunking a class
- Losing in a sport





Sports

by Norman Frazier



Stewart's Indian basketball tournament began Thursday, December 6, at 3:00 p.m. The first game was with the Stewart JV's against Lovelock. The JV's lost by eight points.

The first Stewart Varsity game was against Coleville. It was a close game all the way. The most points we led by was 10. At the end of the game, Coleville won by one point. The score was 60-61.

Varsity played their second game Friday at 5:00 p.m. It was against Chemawa, Oregon. It was an easy game for they were not that tough like some people were saying. The score of that game was 64-52 in favor of Stewart.

The third Varsity game was played Saturday at 5:00 p.m. against Hoopa, Calif. That game was a little hard. A lot of hustling was going on. The score at the end was 67-62 in favor of Stewart.

Later, Saturday night, in the final game between Whittell and Douglas, Whittell won by just a few points.

It was an exciting weekend of basketball. For the championship game, the bleachers were filled to capacity and people were standing in the lobby. Many people from South Tahoe and Gardnerville came to see their teams play.

Stewart presented four trophies. The consolation trophy went to Stewart for winning the most games in the loser's bracket. Whittell received the championship trophy; Douglas received second place trophy, and Chemawa received the Sportsmanship award.

A team of all stars were named by the coaches in the tournament. Stewart did not make this team.

At the conclusion of awards, the Stewart Booster Club presented a plaque to Bud Hurin for "Ten Years of Exciting Basketball." Hurin came to Stewart in 1963.

Stewart Boxers to Compete at OrmsbyHouse

by Jonathan Lewis

Stewart's fifth annual intrasquad boxing bouts were held Dec. 9. It was for the students a preview of the rest of the season.

Not too many people were present, but that was the way the team wanted it. If there had been a larger crowd, more of the rookies would have really frozen up.

I think every one was a little tight even though most of us used this fight to see what we need to improve on. This was a fight I consider hardest to win because you work with these guys all season; you teach them what you know, and by the time you fight each other, they will already know most of your moves.

It is also pretty hard to fight someone you have known for a long time through different sports.

This is the first time we will have to take a cut from the team. The years before, the ones that couldn't take it would quit. There are some that think they are tough when they come out; then they find out they're not as tough as they think they are. These are the ones that quit.

On the other hand, there are guys that would seem to quit the first day, but they just hang tough and find out they can take more than they thought.

Since we will have to take a cut, the ones that are cut will receive a pass to be admitted free to all league meets. Some will be put on the taxi squad.

The other fights we will participate in will be at Nixon and then the Northern California versus Nevada contest will be held at Ormsby House Dec. 19.

Boxers on the all star team from Stewart who will be fighting Dec. 19 include Lionel Harney, Ira Ortega, Isidro Cineceros and me, Jonathan Lewis.

At the Intra squad contest Dec. 9, Francisco Steele and Vernon Gibson received dress shirts for being named the best fight of the evening.

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