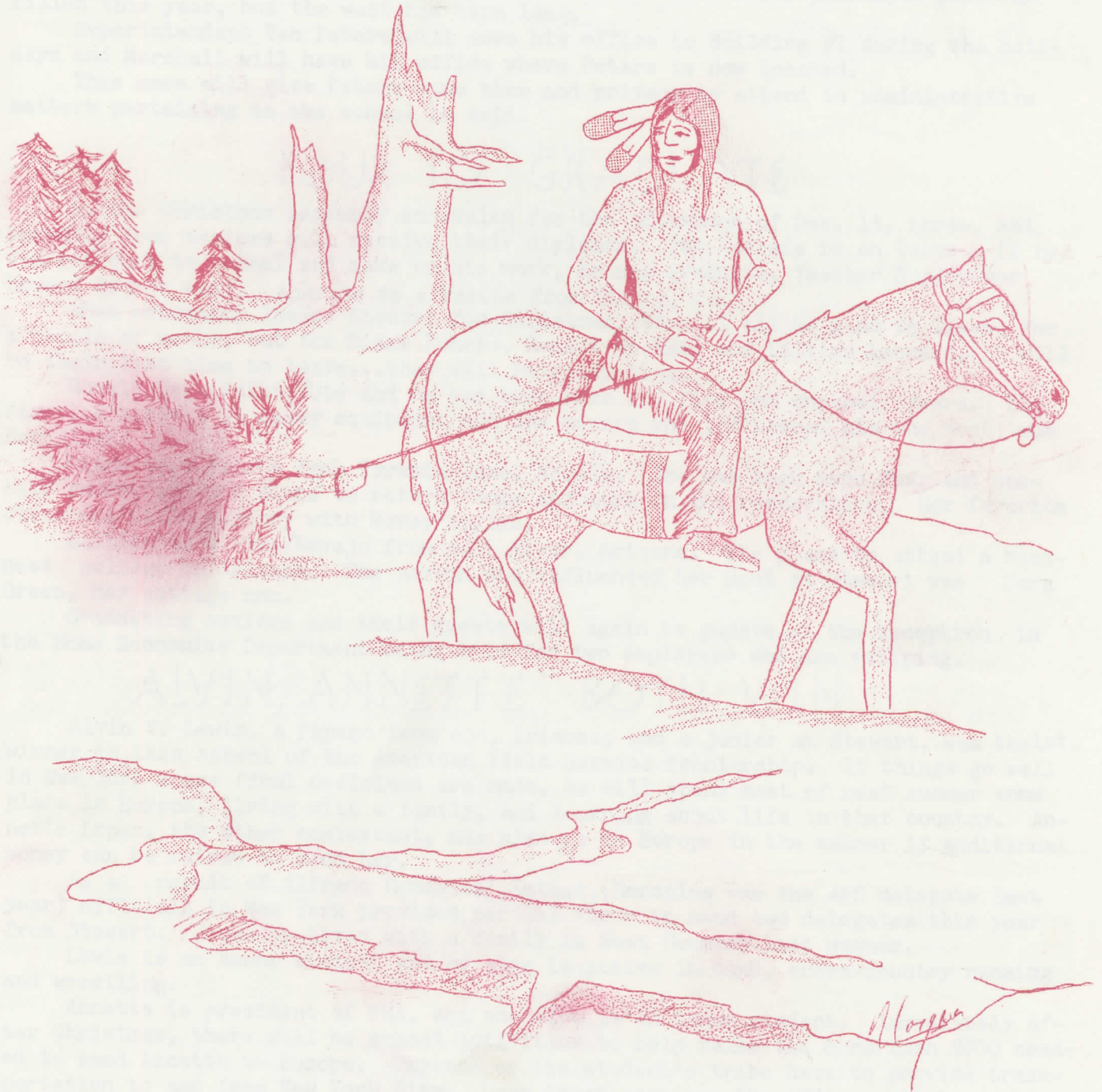


WARPATH

Volume VII, No. 8
December 15, 1976

CHRISTMAS EDITION

Stewart Indian School
Stewart, Nevada



NEW PRINCIPAL TO ARRIVE JAN. 4

When classes resume after Christmas, Stewart Indian School will have a new principal. Mahlon Marshall, currently the principal at McDermitt High School in McDermitt, Nevada has been selected to become Principal at Stewart January 4.

Marshall is 4/4 Hoopa Indian. He has been employed at McDermitt for the past three years. He is in his late 40's, and married.

Prior to coming to McDermitt public schools, Marshall was a consultant on Education for the state of California for seven years. Prior to that, he was a classroom teacher.

It has been known for some time that Stewart would have a principal position filled this year, but the wait has been long.

Superintendent Van Peters will move his office to Building #1 during the holidays and Marshall will have his office where Peters is now located.

This move will give Peters more time and privacy to attend to administrative matters pertaining to the school he said.

FOUR TO GRADUATE

At the Christmas Assembly scheduled for the afternoon of Dec. 15, three, and possibly four seniors will receive their diplomas. Tad Andrade is on leave. If he can get back to school and make up his work, he may graduate, Teacher Supervisor Howard Brunje said. Andrade is a Paiute from Bishop, Ca.

When everybody leaves Stewart for Christmas, they'll all be glad to leave for a couple of weeks, but for Diane Poncho, Ronald Kochamp and Lillian Leonard, it will be their last time to leave...they will be graduating.

Ronald is a Paiute/Ute and he has been here for five and one-half years. His favorite subject is heavy equipment and the person who influenced him the most was Bud Allen.

Diane is a Paiute from Pyramid Lake, Nevada. She has been here four and one-half years, and she plans to return home and work on the reservation. Her favorite class was U. S. history with Robey Willis.

Lillian is a Pima/Navajo from Salt River, Arizona. She plans to attend a business college in Arizona. The person who influenced her most at Stewart was Dora Green, her cottage mom.

Graduating seniors and their guests will again be guests at the reception in the Home Economics Department being held for two employees who are retiring.

ALVIN, ANNETTE BOTH WIN

Alvin V. Lewis, a Papago from Ajo, Arizona, and a junior at Stewart, was the 1st. winner in this school of the American Field Service Scholarship. If things go well in New York where final decisions are made, he will spend most of next summer some place in Europe, living with a family, and learning about life in that country. Annette Lopez, the other contestant, may also go to Europe in the summer if additional money can be raised to send her.

As a result of Alfredo Gonzales' letter, (Gonzales was the AFS delegate last year) officials in New York provided partial funds to send two delegates this year from Stewart. Gonzales lived with a family in West Germany last summer.

Lewis is an honor student and he also is active in band, cross-country running and wrestling.

Annette is president of FHA, and she also is an honor student. Immediately after Christmas, there will be school activities to help raise the more than \$800 needed to send Annette to Europe. Parents or the student's tribe have to provide transportation to and from New York City. Leon Cowan sponsors the AFS competitions when nominees write themes and make speeches about why they want to be a delegate of AFS.

LOVE AT CHRISTMAS TIME

by a Student-Name Withheld by Request

I feel that love at Christmas time is something special to all of us who are going to school away from home.

When Christmas vacation comes, most all of us are happy to go home and know that some one on the other end will pat us on the back or maybe just say, "Hello" and hope we have a good vacation.

Yet, there are some of us who stand all alone and weep because we don't have a home to go to, or someone who cares enough to give their children love.

But remember, there is always one of us thinking about one of you. Will we ever forget you? NO! We will always accept you into our home if you are lost and haven't a place to go...come to us, we will give you food and shelter.

And as you grow older, may the brightest star guide you to your destiny and God bless you at Christmas.

PEOPLE

by Annabell Dick

People are interesting. Have you ever watched someone and wondered what kind of person he really is? I have. Sometimes I just sit and watch someone-the way he acts, talks, and his relationship with others.

Some people have a nice friendly attitude towards others besides his friends, but other people act antagonistic or ignorant about the ways of other people.

Why do some people think they are too good for others? Why do we get put down when we try to do something good? Have these thoughts ever crossed your mind? Which kind of person are you?

We shouldn't judge a person by the way he looks, walks, or talks. A person's faults don't make them a monster. You make mistakes, don't you? Every living creature that roams this earth has faults in them. So we should look on the good side of a person and make the best of his faults.

We should be a friend to all. Who knows, maybe you'll enjoy living a lot more if you accept and tolerate other people more.

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

by Shirley Garcia

People celebrate Christmas in a lot of different ways, be it religious, social or whatever they make it to be.

There are people who really go at it when celebrating. They attend parties of all kinds and drink to get drunk. Later, they remember how they celebrated and what happened, or maybe they don't remember at all.

A number of people consider Christmas a religious holiday. They attend Mass and receive a blessing. People also invite relatives and friends to their homes for a special meal of some kind. It may include anything from a big turkey to a small piece of bread and soup. There are some who don't give a hoot about celebrating Christmas. They stay home and watch television.

Some people are not as lucky as other people are. They live far away from home and can't get a chance to go home to be with their loved ones. Others don't have a home and have no one to care for them; therefore, they don't have a chance to experience a happy moment we call Christmas.

However or whatever you do on Christmas day, have a good time, but take care.

S T A F F

WARPATH is published by students in the Publications class. This Christmas issue has stories and poems from anyone who wanted to contribute their thoughts. The next special edition will be the end of school paper with Senior Biographies.

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NEW MINISTER AT STEWART

Two new people walking around school are David and Donna Anderson. David is the new minister of the Stewart Community Baptist Church. They are pleased to be working with the students at Stewart and would like to invite all students to attend the Youth Programs at the church on Sunday and Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9 p.m.

These evening programs include games, singing, a devotional message, and refreshments. Students are also encouraged to attend the regular Sunday morning worship services at 10:30 each week.

The Andersons hope to establish an active music and possibly a drama program in the near future. Those interested in participating should attend the evening youth programs for further information.

David and Donna moved to Stewart from ARbuckle, Ca. where David was the Minister of a Baptist church. Donna was teaching home economics in the high school and had given piano lessons, too.

The Andersons have a foster son, John, who is a freshman at Carson high school.



GEORGE MORAN, EDYTHE DRUMMOND QUIT

George Moran, Teacher-Supervisor for the school ranch and vocational shops plans to retire at the end of this semester, along with Edythe Drummond, science teacher.

Moran has been employed here at Stewart for the past 19 years. During that period, he has been acting principal, instructional co-ordinator, and also curriculum director in addition to being a teacher supervisor.

Before coming to Stewart, Moran taught agriculture at Chemawa Indian School in Salem, Oregon for four years, and prior to that, he was a vocational agriculture teacher in public schools.

Mr. Moran's first love at Stewart is the school ranch where he has tried many times to develop it into a more productive learning center, but various restrictions have made it impossible for him to see his dream realized.

Miss Drummond came to Stewart first in 1960 and left in 1962. She returned again in 1967 and has worked up to the present time, a total of more than ten years.

During this time, Miss Drummond has taught general science, law and order, plus various crafts, and also government. Prior to coming to Stewart, she taught in city schools in Los Angeles and also in San Diego County Ca. as well as in Martensdale, Iowa, where she was head of the English department.

Altogether, Miss Drummond has taught 24 years. In other occupations, she has done everything from selling children's shoes to inspecting aircraft during World War II. Miss Drummond attended law school for four years and worked as a law clerk in Los Angeles and she also worked in the L. A. sheriff's office.

"I never had a student I didn't like," Miss Drummond said. She plans to continue to live in Carson City, but she may travel a lot after she retires.

PARTY POOPED

Because of conflicts with sports activities, employee bowling activities, and Christmas activities in general, it has been impossible to set a date for a dinner party to honor George Moran and Edythe Drummond. Therefore, their farewell will be a tea party in the home economics department December 15, following the Christmas program to be held for the students in the auditorium on the afternoon of that date.

Christmas is a busy time for everybody. Boxing is beginning; likewise basketball and wrestling. .not to mention the time it takes to give final examinations and get grades placed on report cards. Come back next March George and Edythe. We will try to have some fancy amenities then. Both of you will surely be missed. Someone may take your places, but nobody will ever exactly fill your shoes. Best Wishes.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

(We asked readers of Warpath to contribute their favorite Christmas Recipes. They appear below.)

Christmas Wassail

by Gaylene Lawrence

Steep in hot water: $\frac{1}{2}$ box of whole cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ box cinnamon sticks; $\frac{1}{2}$ box mint flakes. Add hot rum or wine to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flavored water.

Christmas Sweet Rolls

Make sweet dough and roll it out to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness. Spread with butter or margarine. Sprinkle on ground cinnamon, nutmeg and a small amount of ground cardamom or cloves and a considerable amount of brown or refined sugar. Roll up dough into a long tube. Cross-cut and sprinkle with Christmas candy. Bake on a greased cookie sheet at 400° for 8-15 minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and more Christmas candy.

Vanilla Ice Cream

by Betty Albrecht

When I was a child at home, it was just "known" there would be homemade ice cream. My mother would refrigerate the cream so it would be chilled. My dad would chip ice from the cattle trough and my brother and I would fight over who would get to turn the crank first. We watched mother mix the ingredients and pour the mixture into the container. We would then begin to turn the crank with my Dad warning us to turn slowly so the ice cream would not turn icy. After about 45 minutes of painful turning, we would be rewarded with a dasher full of creamy ice cream to eat.

4 eggs	1 quart of cream
2 cups sugar	chipped ice
1 teaspoon salt	freezer salt
3 tablespoons vanilla	

Beat this mixture until foamy. Pour into $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon container. Add milk if necessary to fill the container to about 3 inches from the top. Place container in bucket. Fill ice cream bucket with salt and ice, alternating them. Be careful, do not use too much salt as this will freeze the liquid too fast and cause it to be icy. Keep adding ice and salt as the ice melts.

See's Fudge

by Rosalee Goodwin

This recipe came out of a cookbook, but Rosalee said she had tried it and it is very good.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar.....1 can Pet milk (13 oz.)

Put in large heavy pan. Bring to a rolling boil. Cook slowly for six minutes. Stir constantly. Add: 3 small packages chocolate chips, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. oleo (no butter) 5 oz. marshmallows, 2 cups nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool in a large pan.

Zucchini Casserole

by Chris Randall

4 cups diced zucchini, 2 cups boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 onion (chopped) $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper, chopped, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste.

Cook Zucchini in boiling water until tender. Drain well. Then beat eggs, stir all other ingredients into eggs. Stir in zucchini. Turn into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart baking dish. Dot with butter and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. This will serve six. (Employees will remember eating Mrs. Randall's casserole at the employee picnic early in the year.)

Dear Santa:
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happy when I

Dear Santa:
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I've been
All I want
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Dear Santa

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P. S.
(Aunt)

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa:

Thank you from the bottom of my shoe for making all the little kids so happy when Christmas is here.

Thomasa Rivas

Dear Santa:

Since Christmas is just around the corner, thought I'd write and let you know how good I've been.

I've been really good this past year. All I want from you is some new clothes, a doll, and some roller skates. I'm hoping to get these things this Xmas.

Diane Poncho

Dear Santa:

Thank you for past goodies. All I ask now is for good health, fine friends, and many more years to travel and live.

Very thankful,
Rose Mary Wood

Dear Santa:

For Christmas, I would like to have a machine that would make me skinny so I could eat all I want during the holidays. Also, could you bring me some new clothes because I don't fit in any of my old ones.

Respectfully,
Gerald Klein

Dear Santa:

I would like to make a special request or a Christmas wish. I would like a car so I could drive crazy and they can make a movie about me and write a book about me.

Signed,
BCIM

P. S. Or a tab or orange sunshine.

L.D.S.

Dear Santa:

I've been extra good this year, and I was wondering if I could have something special this time? My stocking is the one with the racing stripes, hanging by the wine rack. You can leave her on the couch, cause I doubt if she will fit in the stocking.

R.V.

P. S. I prefer blondes.

(Aunt Mini is vacationing at the North Pole and she's letting Santa do the honors.)

Dear Santa:

I'm only asking for this and I hope you can fulfill it. Next year, I would like tougher football players, a bunch I could win every game with.

Thanks,
Coach Lippy

Dear Mr. Claus:

Please leave a 10 lb. bag of pinto beans on my door step on the Salt River reservation. Thanks a lot,

Bean Lover

Dear Santa:

I'm not asking for much since I'm not greedy. I only want one thing. Just one million dollars, that's all. Thanks if I get it, boo to you if I don't.

Kurihara

Dear Santa:

All I want for Christmas is this one guy I used to go with because I miss him a lot and I have been so lonely this entire semester. I still like him a lot, but he left me. Every day I say to myself, I hope to see him and talk to him today, but then I never do. I wish you would give him back to me for Christmas.

Yo-Yo

Dear Santa:

I've been a nice little girl this year and I think I deserve a boy doll with everything. In school I really have been behaving myself, even though I did throw gum at my teacher once.

Jackie Manuel

Dear Santa:

I want some new dresses and skirts because I'm running out of pants this Xmas.

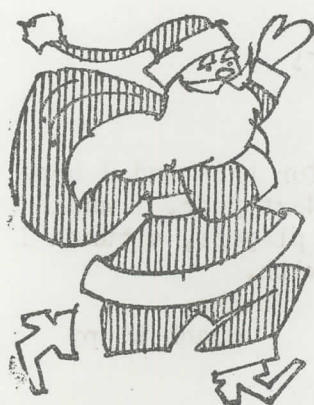
Rosalee Goodwin

Dear Santa:

This Xmas all I want is a car to drive around with the prettiest girls in school in it. I know I deserve it.

Alfred Gonzales

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!



SPORTS

WRESTLING BEGINS

Stewart's newest sport (resumed after about six years) is wrestling, and the first competition will be Dec. 11 against Carson City, there. This will be an invitational tournament, and Stewart will have 13 different weights represented.

Tom Joseph and Ben Barnette are coaches for wrestling. On December 5, an exhibition match was held with the Carson City Junior Varsity. Stewart pinned several, so the coaches are looking forward to an exciting year. The wrestlers practice in the lobby of the gym since all other places are being used either by boxers or basketball teams.

INVITATIONAL BE TOURNAMENT SET

Douglas High School won the Stewart Lettermen's Tournament played Dec. 3-4, but the Braves might have won it had they not lost their cool when they saw the score board and found they were behind.

Stewart beat Lovelock Friday night to progress to the finals. In the first quarter, Stewart was ahead 14-10. Then Douglas rallied and at halftime, the score was 22-25 in favor of Douglas.

In the third quarter, Stewart got with it and at the end of that play period, the score was 33-37 in favor of Douglas, but they had been tied many times.

It was at the beginning of the fourth quarter the Braves lost their cool, but quickly rallied and fans were yelling for a victory. Then they got behind, lost their cool again, and Douglas won 56-48, after Daryl Kill fouled out.

The Stewart Invitational Tournament will be held this weekend, Dec. 10-11 with some of the same teams playing again. In the consolation game, Lovelock defeated Virginia City 96-87, so it was an exciting game also. Johnny Gonzales was Stewart's high scorer with 22 points.

INTRASQUAD EXCITING

Nearly 1,000 fans attended the eighth annual Stewart Intr Squad boxing bouts Sunday, Dec. 5 in the school gymnasium. There were 28 bouts, and most all of them were action packed.

Perhaps the most exciting bout was James Burrell Vs. Adrian Dennis. Dennis tripped and fell, but he got up, fought again, and won the decision, although it was close, and some thought Burrell had it in the bag.

Another exciting fight was Manfred Narcho vs. Gary Patrick. This, too, was close, but Narcho was the winner. In other fights, Douglas Buckskin fought Andrew Crook. Buckskin decisioned this one.

Football star Alvin Leon fought Ralph Rivas and Rivas won this one. Tyrone Kalka fought Russell Marks, with Russell winning.

At least six Stewart boxers will be boxing at Ormsby House Dec. 15 at the Fourth Annual Northern Nevada vs. Northern California tournament.

The three that will be boxing for sure will be James Burrell in the 106 lb. weight; Adrian Dennis, 112 lb.; and Selwyn Johnson in the 156 lb. weight.

The next boxing activity for Robey Willis' winning squad will be in Reno, Dec. 10 and 11 at the SNABL Novice Tournament.

Thirty young men will be remaining in the Stewart boxing club. Coach Willis said the Intr Squad Tournament held Sunday was the best one in the history of the school. Every one really tried, Willis added.

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A PLACE I REMEMBER

by Alfredo Gonzales

"There's no place like home sweet home." This quote, be it so corny, applies to me. Yes, it does seem odd that I would say this about Stewart.

I'll miss the towering green pine trees, the cool mist of morning, and the great country air.

Stewart, being so close to the High Sierras has these features and much more. The students...copper tanned, brown-eyed, and mellow by nature are all reaching out for something we can hold close to our heart---friendship.

MY FATHER

by Annabell Dick

My father was a person I will always remember. He was a kind person. When I was troubled, he was always there to lend a helping hand. But if we got into mischief, he would put me back on the right track by talking to me and explaining what I did wrong.

I am the oldest one in the family and my dad always told me to make a good example of myself for my younger brothers and sisters.

When Dad was around, I usually put on my best behavior, but when he wasn't around, my brothers and sisters and I would usually be up to no good.

But then the day came when he was no longer around. I felt really bad, knowing there was the future ahead of us without my dad. You see, my father died of cancer.

So now, whenever I start to do something wrong, I always think of him, knowing he wouldn't like it. I would do everything I know that would please him if he were still around.

In my heart, he is still with me, however, wherever I go.

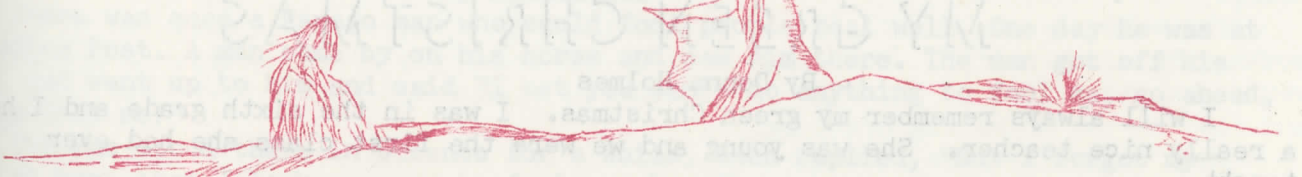
TWO THINGS I CAN'T FORGET

by Tenya Batala

A sight I will always remember is seeing the Indians in their tribal dress dancing on Indian Day when they were on the gym floor. It reminded me of the fun I had in the Hopi Club the past two years in Winslow Public School.

Our club got invited to attend a pow-wow in one of the other public schools.

When he arrived, Raven was there, and ever since then, his people have had fire to keep them warm.



We made the grand entry in our Indian costumes. That's when we danced and got a second place trophy and a first place, and an outstanding award. We really had fun then.

And one more other thing I will always remember is the snow and the fog back home. This was at home on the reservation when it really snowed and was also foggy. We had to walk down to the school because the buses couldn't make it up the hill. All the roads were icy and it was still snowing. Everybody was falling all over the place.

We would all be snow fighting while we walked to school. Some of the students didn't make it to school. I didn't, so for punishment, my dad made me help shovel all the snow away from the front of our house.

These things I will never forget.

HOW INDIANS GOT FIRE

by Merton Meyers

Once upon a time, before the coming of the first settlers to the new land, the Indians were living in peace with God and each other. But they had one problem: they had no heat. The only person who had heat was a hermit who lived high on a big steep mountain. Meanwhile, the people who lived in the valley below were freezing because they had no heat of any kind.

The setting is in early fall when nights and mornings were very cold. So the people in the valley called a joint meeting with the other people who had no heat either.

They made a plan to go get fire from the hermit. They sent up scouts to see the old man and to ask for fire. When the scouts did not return, the people started to get worried. So then they sent up the bravest man to try to get fire. Meanwhile, the hermit was watching the events from high up in his cave because he had eyes like an eagle. He knew they were going to make another attempt to steal his fire.

That night, the new visitor dressed himself as a raven, and he was the one who actually got us the fire we have today. But in doing so, he got so close to the fire that it burned him and that is why the Indian is called the redman.

In talking to the Hermit, the Hermit agreed the brave one could have fire if he would fight the Hermit and beat him. Then the Hermit asked the brave one what the Hermit could have if he won. The brave one could not think of anything, so he told the Hermit to let him think about it for a while, and the old Hermit said that was okay, but not to try any tricks.

So after careful consideration, the brave one dressed as the Raven said if the Hermit won he could have the life of the people in the village below. The Hermit liked this idea, so the fight began.

When it was time to begin the fight, it was windy and snowing, so the brave one known as Raven said, "We will have to fight in your cave." The Hermit agreed to this, and they were fighting around the fire. Then Raven made his move and threw the Hermit in the fire. Then he grabbed a stick that had fire on it and ran or flew back to the village as fast as he could go.

When he arrived, Raven was a hero, and ever since then, his people have had fire to keep them warm.

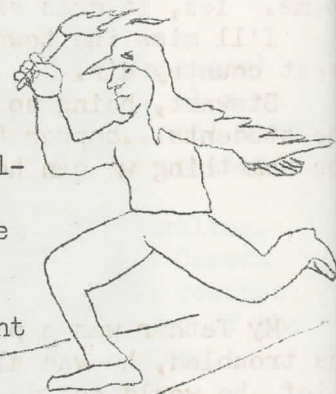
MY GREEN CHRISTMAS

By Donna Holmes

I will always remember my green Christmas. I was in the sixth grade and I had a really nice teacher. She was young and we were the first class she had ever taught.

When Christmas time came around, she had a real neat idea. Everybody liked it, so we got busy making our shells. We had wire to cut and paper to cut and paste, and paint. It took us all about a week, but it was fun and we'd stay after school to decorate the room and rehearse our Christmas program. The following week, we were really busy, and I was scared when it came time for us to put on our shells and dress in green so we looked, I guess you could say, nice.

It was scary, but it was okay. I was in the front row and before we started to go on stage our teacher gave us candy to throw out to the smaller kids or parents. We sang our song along with the piano and it was called "Green Christmas." None of us were scared anymore. It was as we had been singing all our life. At the end of the song, we threw candy and I hit a man on the head. I thought he was going to get me, but luckily, he didn't know who did it. Our teacher was so proud of us she let us keep our shells. Mine still hangs in my closet at home, and when I see it, it always reminds me of the time when I was in the sixth grade.



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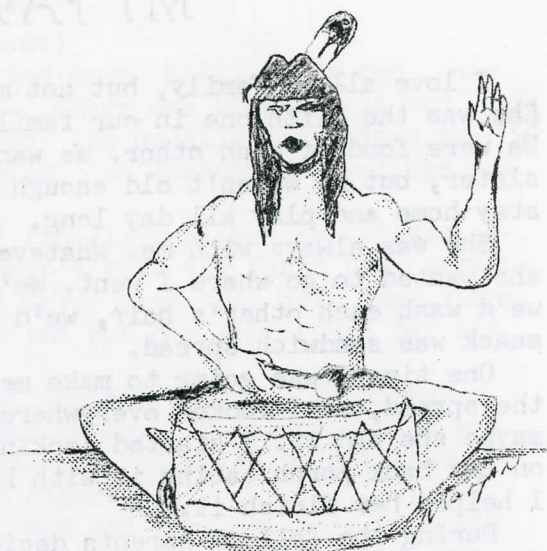
RAIN DANCE

by Virgil Lewis

The crimson sky atop mountains and hills
Promises a peaceful night
As an elder singer stands,
Making ready to call the people--
The time has arrived.

Beautifully, his voice floats from house to house
Inviting men, women, children, young and old.
Gracefully, the people emerge
From mud houses silhouetted against the sky
As the song wanders to the mountains.

Rattles overpower the fading song
Against the gray sky, images of people sway
Enchanted by the rattles of the elders
Slowly, the wind sings a silent song.



WHERE I LIVE

by Arlene Carrillo

I live in Arizona, down in the Southern part near Tucson. My village is quiet. It feels like you can have peace there by just sitting around and doing what ever you want instead of somebody telling you what to do. I can enjoy the cool clean breeze and hear the leaves rustling when the breeze comes.

Then when I go to bed at night, I usually don't fall asleep right away so I lie there and I can hear the crickets or grasshoppers on the trees. It gives me the chills, then I think that they are too far away for them to come in the house so I just think of something else, like I am very happy to be here in this village instead of somewhere in a town or a big city with all that smoke and noisy cars or trucks, and people talking evvertime without knowing that they're talking to loud and that it disturbs some one else.

MAN WHO FOOLED PEOPLE

by Manuel Luz

There was once a Papago man who could fool people real well. One day he was at a Trading Post. A man came by on his horse and saw him there. The man got off his horse and went up to him and said "I bet you can't do anything to fool me, go ahead, try to fool me!"

The man stood there in silence for a while, then replied, "But I forgot my book at home that I look up ways to fool people. Say, why don't you lend me your horse so I can go get it?" Well ok said the other man, So the man who could fool people left and never returned. No that's how he fooled the man on the horse.

CINQUAIN

by Christine Oppenheim

Stewart, Nevada
Old place
Homing, touring, inviting,
Home of the Stewart Braves
Boarding School

DESERT

by Sandy Ramon

Desert sun during the day
Makes me wish that I had stayed
Where the sun shines brightly,
Providing warmth for those who can't
Buy the warmth they need.

MY FAVORITE SISTER

By Clarinda George

I love all my family, but not more than I loved my little sister. She was the fifth one in our family, one or two years younger than I. We were fond of each other. We wanted to go to school with our older sister, but we weren't old enough to start school yet, so we had to stay home and play all day long.

She was always with me. Whatever I'd do, she wanted to do it, and she wanted to go where I went. We'd wash each other's hair. Everytime we'd wash each other's hair, we'd sleep together, and our favorite snack was sandwich spread.

One time I was going to make me a sandwich, but I couldn't find the spread, so I looked everywhere in the kitchen, and then I thought maybe she had it. I started looking for her, and I found her sitting on the back porch eating it with her hand. The jar was half empty, so I helped her finish it.

During the fall my parents decided to go acorn hunting for a few days and I had to go with them to help them pick up acorns. They wouldn't let us both go along because they said if they did, we would just play around. Also, my sister had never picked up acorns. She cried and begged to go with us, but she couldn't because we were going with some relatives. My older sister was left at home to baby sit her and my youngest brother.

Everything was packed and put in the car. Everybody was ready to go. We all got in the car and were ready to take off when I looked to see where she was and I saw her standing in the doorway holding our little puppu and crying as she watched us leave.

The car started and backed up, then I heard it bump into something. Later, when I got off to see what everybody was watching. I saw my little sister lying on the ground with a hole in her forehead and bleeding. She was dead.

I guess she had tried to run after us when we got in the car. Her name was Majorie.



SOMETHING I REMEMBER

by Robert Usher

My favorite slide was the one of the waves when they were beating against the rocks. It reminded me of an experience I had this summer. The beach was surrounded by a wall of tall, jagged rocks which looked like the ones in the slide we saw in class.

The only way you could get to the beach was by a narrow trail that was on the south side of the cliff. The climb down to the beach was pretty scary. Sometimes I would step too close to the edge and a chunk of rock would tumble down the cliff and land on the sparkling beach below.

When I finally made it down to the beach, the tide was pretty low and there was seaweed all over the beach. I found a piece of seaweed that looked like a snake. It was green, slippery, and wiggled when I touched it. I did some more exploring and discovered a big dark hole in the face of the cliff that looked like a bear's den. I walked a little further and decided to take a rest.

I was sitting on a large rock and watching the waves beat against the rocks. The formation looked like a brick wall, and the waves were snowballs, trying to break through the wall and get on the other side.

The waves would explode off the wall and shatter into small particles of wetness...never giving up, but always coming back to try again.

This was an experience I don't think I will ever forget, and the slide I saw was a fresh reminder of that fact.

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UNHAPPY DAYS

(Name Withheld by Request)

It was in the fall of 1971 when everything started down hill. My dad was still living at the time, and Mom was a happy person. There are three girls and three boys in the family, and of course my Mom and Dad. We usually did things together that were a lot of fun. We were a happy family. We shared our feelings and sometimes even cried on each other's shoulders.

I really don't know when it started, but when I finally realized it, it was already going from bad to worse. I walked into my parent's room and found them arguing. It made me feel bad because that was one thing I had never seen them do. They stopped quarreling at the sight of me. My mom came over and put her arm around me and asked if I would like to help her cook dinner.

I went with her, but was too scared to ask about their argument. At dinner, everyone was their usual self, trying to out talk each other. It seemed that I was the only one who noticed that Mom and Dad were not talking. I tried to get them to talk about something, but they wouldn't talk to each other.

Finally, one night, they had a fight. Dad left Mom and took the boys with him and they didn't come back for about three days. In those three days, Mom was usually in her room. I would walk up to her door and hear her crying sometimes. My sisters and I tried to cheer her up, but after a while she would think of Dad and go back to her room.

In those three days, we experienced how unhappy you can get without your dad and the boys. We went to school, came straight home, hoping Dad was home. I thought he had left us for good, and I would try to cheer up my sisters.

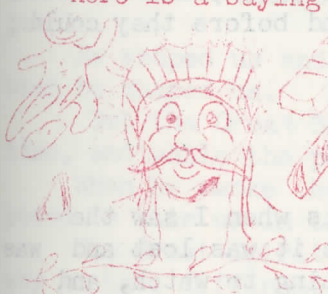
On the third night, as we were getting ready to eat dinner, I heard a car pull up in the driveway. I was the first one to the door. My brother came running in, full of things to say. Mom went out to meet Dad who was already half way up the walk. We let them in, knowing things were looking up.

Gary, second oldest of my brothers, told us they had gone down to Grandma's house. I guess the boys started missing Mom and wanted to come home.

Finally, Dad and Mom came walking in, hand in hand. She said that we had better finish dinner before it got cold. We did have a cold dinner, but it seemed that nobody minded. At least I didn't. All I was concerned about was that Dad and the boys were home.

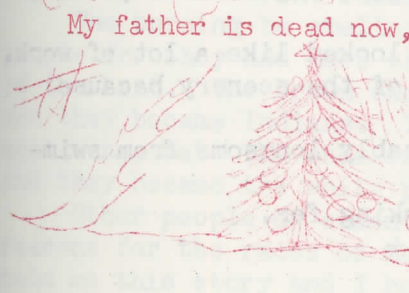
I guess it takes an experience like this to really realize that we should be grateful to have loving parents...parents who are concerned about us and care what we do with our lives.

Here is a saying Dad used to repeat to us when we were about to give up on life:




"You don't just keep looking
out the window;
You just keep opening doors."

"One day a new door will open
and it will be
The right one for you."



My father is dead now, and that is why I remember all these things so vividly.



HOW RATTLESNAKE GOT FANGS

by Bruce Manuel

Once a long time ago, there was a rattlesnake. In those days, rattlesnakes had only one rattle. This one rattlesnake lived by himself, and every night he would hear the village people celebrating with dancing and singing.

Later on, the wise man would tell stories, and the rattlesnake liked to hear stories, so he decided to go to the pow wow. When he arrived there, he went into a corner and coiled up to listen to the stories.

Soon, a jackrabbit came along and hopped upon the rattlesnake. Being a brankster, jackrabbit started bothering the rattlesnake, and soon all the children came and joined in. They tied him in knots and started to play ball with him. Rattlesnake was treated very roughly.

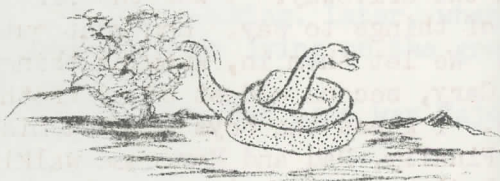
When the celebration was over and rattlesnake returned home, he lay in his hole and ached all over. He vowed he would never go to the village again, but the very next night, he could hear them having fun, so he decided to go again to the village.

Rattlesnake thought to himself I'll just hide in the corner. But again, Jackrabbit found him, and again rattlesnake crawled back to his hole in great pain. This went on for some time, and finally rattlesnake made a prayer to the sun god for some protection.

That night, rattlesnake had a dream. The sun god came to him and gave him fangs and told him not to use them if he didn't need to. And the sun god told him he must always shake his rattlers before striking.

So that night, rattlesnake went to the village and coiled in his same corner, waiting for some one to come along and give him some trouble so he could bite him.

He didn't have to wait long for jack rabbit came along, saw the rattlesnake and kicked him. Rattlesnake started to shake his rattles, and jackrabbit asked, "What are you doing that for? And just after jack rabbit said that, he tried to kick rattlesnake, and then all of a sudden, jackrabbit gave a yell and went limping to a corner to nurse his wound.



Rattlesnake was still coiled up waiting to strike again, but everyone backed off. Then one of the wise men stood up and said, "I have watched you mistreat the rattlesnake for a long time. He was once a timid harmless creature, but now he will be the most deadly snake on the desert."

And with that, the wise man asked the rattlesnake for forgiveness, but the rattlesnake said he could never forgive them for their hostility and before they could say anything more, rattlesnake left them.

A SIGHT I REMEMBER

by Duane Wasson

One of the most interesting sights I will always remember is when I saw the beaver swimming in the water by himself. The beaver looked like it was lost and trying to search for his home. Most beavers are pretty interesting to watch, and that is why I chose him to write about.

I've watched beavers build their homes before, and it looked like a lot of work. They cut down trees with their teeth. I couldn't see much of the scenery because it didn't show from the view I had.

It just looked like to me the beaver was lost and probably lonesome from swimming around by himself.

But I hope he did find whatever it was that he was looking for.

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MY NEW SISTER

by Emaline Schurz

Once, when I was younger, I wanted another sister to play with, and one day my mom came home with one. It was a new baby and it was a girl. I was so happy, and then again, I was rather jealous because everybody paid more attention to her than they did to me, and I just couldn't wait until she got older.

Every time I tried to play with her, my mom would say, 'Get away, you might hurt her,' so I would go outside and play with my older sister in the play house.

Sometimes my older sister would get mad at me and tell me what to do. I didn't like it at all, so I would get mad at night and try to be the baby, but my big brother would only take me outside until I stopped crying. Then I'd play by myself and some times wander off.

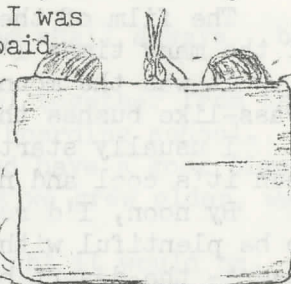
Grandfather would go by my house and he would see me playing by myself and he would pick me up and take me to town to have some ice cream. It seemed to me my grandfather was the only one who was nice to me. After our trip to town, I'd always come home happy.

Then we moved to my grandfather's house and there were more kids to play with, and by then, my sister was older and we played together a lot.

One time we were both playing in a big box and my sister had some scissors. She was cutting her hair and it looked nice, so I thought I'd cut mine.

We really got into trouble. My mom tried to make our hair even, but she couldn't, so she just cut it real short.

Now that we are both grown up, we look back at the fun we had as kids and we laugh and laugh.



THE RACES OF MANKIND

By Manfred Narcho

The way my grandmother told me this legend, it began a long time ago.

The Great Spirit was bored because he had nothing to do but just sit around and do the things Great Spirits do.

He was tired of making it rain and snow all the time, so he wanted to see what the land would look like when all the ice and stuff was gone, so he got rid of the cold.

After a few months or so, the land started turning green. He wanted to run and just mess around all over the land, but again he realized that Great Spirits don't do these things. He wanted someone to help him enjoy his world, so he made people.

He shaped us and put us all in a pot to cook, and we were all the same color when he shaped us.

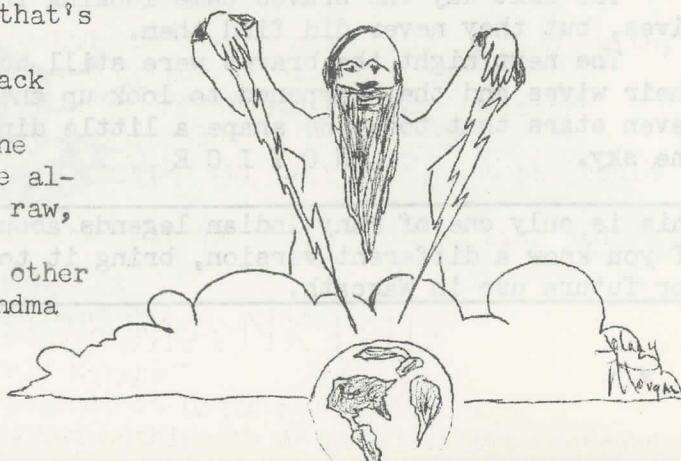
But the Great Spirit had to cook us until we were done. This took a long time, and while the pot was on the fire, the Great Spirit dozed off.

When he awoke he smelled something burning, and then he remembered he was supposed to stir us in the pot so we would all be cooked the same.

The Great Spirit made a mistake and that's why we have different races of mankind.

The burning he smelled became the black people for they had more than their share of the heat. The brown ones were well-done and they became Indians. The Chinese were almost done, but the ones on top were half raw, and they became the white people.

Other people or scientists may claim other reasons for the races of mankind, but Grandma told me this story and I believed her.



MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!!!MERRY CHRISTMAS

DESERT HUNTING

by Virgil Lewis

The film of the desert that was shown to us during our English hour reminded me of the many times I've hunted in the desert.

It was the mountains, with all their plant life like the various cactuses and grass-like bushes that really brought back the memories.

I usually start on my hunting trips early in the morning at the crack of dawn. Then it's cool and not quite as hot as it gets later on.

By noon, I'd reach my destination, which might be a certain mountain known to be plentiful with game. Along the way I like to enjoy the peacefulness of the desert- the desert birds singing their morning songs.

Sometimes the peacefulness makes me forget that I'm hunting and I'll flop down underneath a shady tree and doze, although my father has told me quite a few times that I should keep my mind on my hunt and what I'm hunting for.

If my mind wanders off, like it usually does, the animals or my prey can sense it. The hunted animal senses this and will not offer himself to the hunter.

LEGEND OF THE SEVEN STARS

by Donna Holmes

This story is about a small group of Indians who lived in the same camp. One day the young braves went out to hunt for food for themselves and their wives. There were seven men and seven women in the group, and the women decided to go along to gather up berries.

While hunting that day one of the squaws called out to the other women but not to the braves. They all came running and discovered she was picking wild onions and taking bites of the onions as she picked them. They all soon filled their baskets, and on their way back to camp, they were talking about how much their husbands would enjoy the onions with the meat they would bring to the teepee. They did not get back to the teepee until about 7:00 p.m. and they discovered their husbands had returned ahead of them.

All the women had eaten the wild onions, and as soon as they walked into the teepee, their husbands asked, "What's that smell?" Since they had eaten the onions, they couldn't smell anything, so their husbands threw them out for the night, and told them not to return until they had gotten rid of the smell.

So the women went out and started looking for a place to sleep, and they came to a hill. They climbed it to sleep on it, but before they fell asleep, they all talked about wishing to be some place else. They also discussed how mean their husbands were to them.

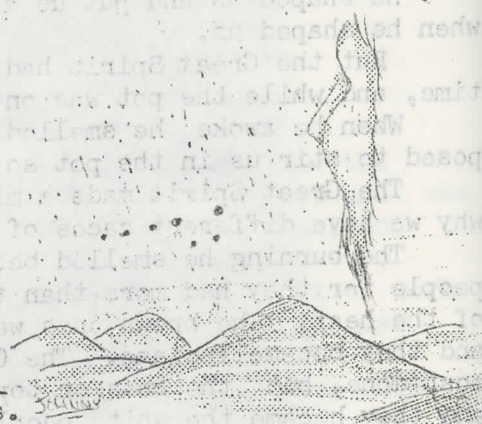
Suddenly they heard a voice, and they decided to follow it because they thought it would be fun to go up in the air and see how things looked below. They began to go up, higher and higher, and finally they went clear up to the sky.

The next day the braves came looking for their wives, but they never did find them.

The next night the braves were still hunting for their wives and they happened to look up and they saw seven stars that took the shape a little dipper in the sky.

NOTICE

This is only one of many Indian legends about the stars. If you know a different version, bring it to room 113 for future use in Warpath.



DEATH OF A FRIEND

BY James Burrell

I once had a best friend. He passed away last summer, but he shall always be remembered by many of his friends.

This is a true story about my friend. We went to grade school together from the first to fifth grades, and we had good times until I went away to boarding school. When I came home, I'd catch him at a dance and we'd walk around and have a good time talking. I went further on to high school here at Stewart and as we grew older, we started to know what life is all about.

Then in the year of 1976, it wasn't a good year which I thought it would be. Sometime in mid August, the weekend came rolling around, and that meant dances were coming up, and this one dance was at his grandparent's village.

But everyone just called it 'the ranch' because his grandfather and most of his family are cowboys. That Friday night dance was going on and I was there myself, too when I saw one of my friend's brothers. I asked him where my friend was and we began discussing the good times the two of us had had together.

Then the early morning of Saturday came.

I saw a lot of people running to this one place so I took off over there to see what was happening. When I got there, I walked into the crowd and looked down on the ground and I saw my friend lying there. He was dead, apparently from his own hands. It brought great shock to everybody. It really hit me like a well-aimed punch. It just took my breath away.

I can never forget that morning. I still can't get it out of my mind. His face appeared to me for a week, and I went to his funeral, and that was the last time I will ever see him, but he is not forgotten.

So for myself, if I win my third San Francisco medal in boxing, I would like to dedicate my medal to a close friend of mine.....who won't ever have a chance to win a medal for himself.

THE ZEBRA

by Robert Usher

I really enjoyed the movie we saw in class about zebras. I have always been fascinated by animals still living free and wild. One of these days I plan on taking a trip to Africa and I hope to make a short film similar to the one we saw about the zebra.

To me, the zebra looks like a horse in prison clothes. It is a beautiful animal with its braided tail and short shiny mane. You can almost feel the smooth, silky coat, and its fluffy brown mane.

Its short, powerful legs carry it, fast and smooth, like a hang glider when it catches a strong wind.

Sometimes the zebra resembles a bucking bronc, dipping its head, jumping, spinning, and kicking up and out. I've always wanted to ride a zebra. Maybe one of these days I will.



WHAT I THINK

by John Jose

I was asked in one of my classes if saluting the American flag or the American flag meant anything to me.

I feel proud of how we have progressed since 1776. I feel proud and grateful that I am an American citizen and to be a part of such a great country.

It is a great country in spite of all the many problems such as high crime rate, political and racial problems to name just a few.

We've had problems ever since this country was born, but it is the people who care and want to make this a great country who work together to find solutions to the problems. The people who cared and were willing have gotten us this far. I've read about problems such as bussing, illegal gambling, unemployment, etc., and I hope one day these will all be solved.

I don't know how long it will take for all of them to be solved, but I hope one day they will be. The people have to work together in order to get something done.

In this Bicentennial year, I wish famous people such as Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison and others could see how much we've accomplished with their great inventions, and how it has helped not only the United States but other countries.

Many Americans have not been recognized who have done great deeds to help America. Some have helped preserve wildlife which has been close to extinction. Others help clean America's lakes, rivers, and try to clear the air of smog which we breathe every day. Even if it is just a small deed like that, or people working together to clean up their neighborhood, or city block. In large cities, there may be over 5,000 blocks.

When the National Anthem is played, I have seen people playing around or talking. They're just having fun in their own way, but they don't realize how fortunate they are to be living in a great country.

Some know this and think this is not too great a country. They just have not seen or heard about the problems in other countries. We have rights which many other people would like to have but don't.

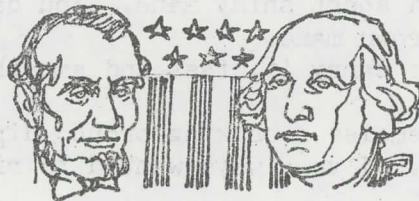
We have a long way to go and there are many things to be done, so help America in any way you can even if nobody praises you or recognizes you. The important thing is that you know you helped.

You're living in this great nation, so help out even it is just something like saluting or having respect for the American flag and America the Beautiful.

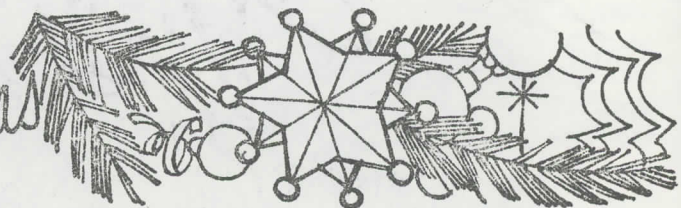
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CHRISTMAS CHEER

by Manfred Narcho

Take Christmas, for instance. All you need is a bottle of Hawaiian punch, three lemons, and tequila.

Remember, you don't want Santa Claus to taste this because he'll want to stay and have another, then another, and just one more, and he'll forget to deliver his gifts.

Okay, you mix the punch to whatever your potion your little heart desires. To every two parts of punch, you add one part of Tequila.

After you've mixed the punch and Tequila, you add the lemons. Slice the lemons into fourths and squeeze them into your punch bowl or whatever and then stir and you are done.

It is very important not to give any to Santa Claus.
Merry Christmas. Ole"

HOW TO COOK BEANS

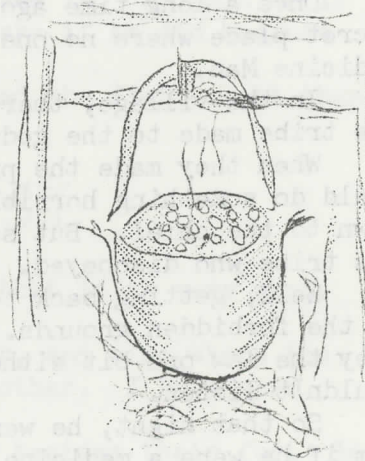
by Alfred Gonzales

Start by getting fresh, Class "A" pinto beans from your local market. You then clean out the rocks from the beans, put them in a strainer, and run water over them. After they are clean, you put them in a pot of water which is over a stove.

If everything goes right, they will soon start boiling. It would be a good idea to add water when most of it has evaporated.

Oh, yes, if you like salt, please add these magic little grains. When the beans are cooked, they should be soft and sweet to the tongue.

Good luck



WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

by Arlene Carrillo

It's that time again when Christmas comes around. To some people, it means a lot. To others, I don't know.

Last Christmas my sister got a present from my step sister. It was a radio, the color of it was red and white, and it was shaped like a ball. So my other step sister and I started teasing her about it. We were saying that we were going to play catch with it, then my other step sister got mad at us and started saying that we were just jealous because all we got was a set of towels.

By the way, I have two step sisters. That's how come we always side with one another.

But to me, Christmas is something that really lights me up like Christmas lights. Maybe that's why I like Christmas. I like to see all the colorful lights on the roof tops and most of all, I like them on Christmas trees. Lights, plus all the ornaments is beautiful.

W I N T E R

The Grass is frozen

All the pretty spring flowers
Have died and gone.

by Cheryl Terry

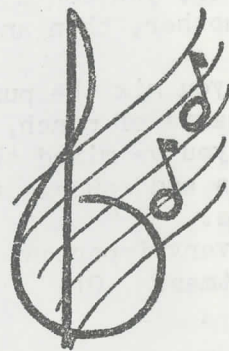
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ROCK GROUP

by Wallace Moristo

Playing in a rock group is fun, but it is also hard work. It takes an effort to be able to play every day without losing your mind. The rock band's guitar player is Kenneth Joaquin, on drums, Wallace Moristo, and on bass Maurice Jefferson. Vocals are done by Gaberial Choyugha and Ralph Rivas. Managers for the group are Jerry Harvey and Vernon Antone.

I'm hoping some day we will be able to perform for a school dance or maybe a school concert. Right now, the group seems to be coming along fine. But we do not have any microphones to get Gaberial and Ralph started. In the meantime, I guess they will have to sit tight.



LEGEND OF THE VALLEY OF FIRE

by Merton Myers

Once a long time ago, way back before the white man was here, there was this secret place where no one was allowed to go except the head of a village and the Medicine Man.

In the village, there was a young man who decided to break the promise that the tribe made to the gods.

When they made the promise, the gods said that if anyone broke the promise, they would do something horrible to the valley. Most of the people obeyed the law handed down to the chief. But some didn't like to obey. Usually it was the younger set of the tribe who disobeyed.

Well, getting back to the story: This young man of about 20 decided he would go to the forbidden grounds. He told a great many of his friends who didn't like to obey the law one bit either. They tried to talk him out of his plan, but he just wouldn't listen.

So that night, he went to the forbidden place. A god approached him and asked him if he were a medicine man because the god knew the chief but he didn't know all of the medicine men. The young man lied to the god and he was allowed to enter.

After he entered, he decided to look around there. Along came the chief then, and asked the gods if they had let anybody in. The gods told the chief they had and the chief told the gods about the young man who was determined to disobey.

Then the gods got mad and told the chief what they were going to do, and they did it. First they sent a big lake through the valley and then they set it afire.

The young man who had lied to the god was then on a ridge overlooking the valley. The gods struck him, and to this day, the man's head is there watching the valley.

This is a made up story. The end.

GOING HOME

by Connie Blackwater

I can hardly wait to get home to see all my friends and relatives. I know there will be plenty to do. Getting ready for Christmas and catching up on all that has happened will be exciting.

I really can't wait. You have to know how it feels to understand why I'm writing this. But it is fun to think about all you can do when you go home. Some of the things I will enjoy doing is sleeping late every morning and being able to eat any time I want to go to the refrigerator.

That's why I'm going to be the first one on the bus!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!!

merry christmas!!!!!!!

MY FIGHTING DAYS

by Dale Washington

Since I haven't got a good essay to write, I'll write a bad essay on when I was at the age of nine.

When I was in grade school, in the fifth grade, I first started fighting. This was a school off the Lehi Reservation. It was a grammar school and so this is where I started fighting. The grades taught were one through six.

Before I came here, I was a Mama's boy, and she probably thought of me as a bad kid, but I know she loved her boy.

The first fight I remember was in the classroom. A white boy asked my friend what kind of Indian he was, and he said, 'I'm only an Indian.'

The white kid said something about the Indians. It was only words, probably, but I got mad, and I guess you could say they kept their cool.

After a few weeks, this boy and his so-called gang got nasty with some Indian girls and that's what got to us Indians.

I met one of the guys in the rest room and I wanted to see if he was a tough kid, without his friends, but all I did was punch him on his lip. But I busted it, and blood started flowing and he started crying.

I didn't stop until some older guy in the sixth grade came in. He told me if I didn't stop, he'd beat me up. I told him that I didn't care if he did because there would be a second time that I would get back.

Just then, my older cousin came in and you know I stopped the fight right then. I was lucky they didn't tell.

DEER IN THE FOREST

by Arline Carrillo

My impression about the movie, "Deer in the Forest" is that it is very good. Or should I say it is the best movie I have ever seen?

The part that I enjoyed most was the fawn and its mother, and also where the two bucks fought, because I had never seen them fight one another. I have seen cows or bulls fight, but never deer.

Sometimes I wonder what keeps the deer warm in the snow besides their fur. In the movie, the snow was deep and they acted like it was just sand. They ran and walked in the cold water.

Another thing: in the springtime, everything was green and birds were singing. That's when the mother deer gave birth to her fawn. It first, it was wobbly when it was trying to walk, but after it got up, it became stronger and stronger.

I'd say again: The movie was very good.

GIRAFFES

by Marcella Sakayouma

In the film we say about the giraffes, they were huge stilt-like animals, reaching out into the sky. Their long, toothpick legs are so boney that I don't see how they can carry their big, round body.

Their skin looks so tough and saggy around the neck that even the birds can sit and peck at them and they won't even feel it!

The neck seems longer than their legs, and when they want to drink from a water hole, they have to spread their front legs out in order to bend down and reach the water.

The giraffes must have tough elephant skin in their mouths because they can eat about anything from weeds to trees that have sharp spines such as cactus with needles on them.

The design on the skin looks like a patch work quilt all put together to make one big blanket.

GRANDFATHERS SECRET

by Donna Holmes

My mom told me this story not too long ago, but I can't remember it very well. This is a true story that happened when she was about fourteen or fifteen.

My grandfather used to go up to the mountains and hunt. Sometimes he would go just to walk around, and one day while he was walking, he came upon some bones that were sticking out of the ground. He was very excited about finding this, whatever it was. So he went home and stayed till the next morning. He wanted to tell everybody, but he thought he should keep it to himself until he was sure what the bones were.

He got up very early the next morning and took some things like a lunch, a shovel, and a lantern and a gun. He said he was going hunting. He dug all day and he dug up a lot of pieces. He was putting the skeleton together, and it took a long time because pieces were all over the place. And he did not finish, because he got sick and died.

Before he died, he told his family what he had found and where it was, and he told my Mom first, because he thought she should know more than any one else.

After he died, people tried looking for the place but could never find it, even after he told them. My grandfather is not forgotten by me, even if I never met him.

Some of my cousins have gone up there but they have never found anything. I guess the bones still remain up in those mountains somewhere, but nobody knows where except it is over by Yerington, Nevada for those who want to try to find it.

THE GOOSE

by Cisco Andrews

The goose slowly floats in the sky above, like the drifting of snow falling downward to the ground. It gives out a cry as if trying to tell you something. The breeze softly brushes against its wings, lifting it upward into the sky above like a kite that has come loose from its strings. The breeze pushes it up, as if it was a feather and soon it goes out of sight, leaving you standing there wondering where it has gone.

THE BUFFALO

by Virgil Lewis

In viewing the slides taken over the years on various subjects by Ms. Shannon, the one which inspired me most was a buffalo standing alone in an open field.

Behind him was a cloud-topped mountain, around him, the field of brown brush seemed almost endless. Nothing else, except the mountain was towering toward the sky.

This scene, with its own beauty and the lone buffalo, had me thinking. I thought of how the buffalo almost vanished from our world. The one, magnificent creature standing there, appeared also to be in deep thought about his breed, wondering if they would ever be as numerous as before.

STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

by Manfred Narcho

The place I will always remember is the streets of San Francisco and China town. I went down to participate in the Examiner Golden Gloves Tournament last year, and I'll never forget the millions of colorful people and the bizarre fashions I saw being worn there. China town was like another world consisting of many toy-like houses, narrow streets, and people with the same likenesses.

The smell of herbs and spices was as thick as the fog hanging low over the great city, and you get a feeling of being in a small dream land.

FROG AND COYOTE

by Annette Manuel

One day coyote was out taking a walk. He heard someone calling him, so he looked all around but couldn't see anybody. Then he started walking again, when he did so, he heard the sound again. It was coming from a bush, so he went to look. Sitting in the bush was Frog. Frog was making fun of coyote by calling him names and coyote got mad and said he was going to eat Frog.

Frog said if Coyote was to eat him, he had to put salt on him first or something would happen. Of course coyote wouldn't listen and just ate frog.

Then coyote started on his way again. Soon he noticed his paws were getting wet. He looked down and there was water all around him. The water was rising more, so coyote climbed up a tree. He sat there for a long time. Then he saw some storks walking in the water. He called them over and asked if they could carry him over to some dry land. The storks said they would. So he got on the back of one of the storks and they started on their way.

While traveling, coyote started making fun of the stork, calling him stick legs. Stork got mad and told coyote to shut-up or he'd drop him in the water, but coyote kept it up, stork got really mad and dropped coyote in the water.

Coyote could've made it across, but he's always getting himself into trouble, by not doing what he is told.

MONEY DANCE

by Cheryl Terry

I live in a small village called Goodyear, Arizona, a few miles from there, is another village called Bapchule. Every summer in this village, there is a big feast, where the men kill a cow, and all the ladies make good things out of it. There are also dances. They are mostly for men, but there is one where a small boy dances, while the people throw money at him.

The dance is just for enjoyment. The boy is dressed in pants that are rolled up. On his ankle he wears fur with bells on top. He has no shirt on, but on his waist there is also fur with bells.

He has to pick up the money with his mouth, and he can't use his hands. He dances as long as the people keep throwing money at him, he is about 10 or 12 years old, and he may get very tired. If he does his father will step in and finish the dance for him.

HAIKU

by Donna Holmes

Let the sunshine in
All around the world is green
So have fun in it!

It falls gently down
Covering all that's on ground
Feels cold against me.

Proud to be Indian
But deep inside there's sadness
Of broken promises.

* * * * *



MY GREAT GRANDFATHER

by Duane Wasson

He was a medium tall man with pure white hair and a quick temper. He used to sit alone under a tree by the river and stare into the beyond as if he was wondering what was going to happen to him after he passed away.

Sometimes when I'd see him under his special tree, I'd be tempted to ask him why he sat under that tree most of the day and what he was thinking about during that time. But something deep down inside me kept on telling me not to ask. So I would just walk away and leave him alone once again, but still I was curious about what he did.

I know some day when I'm asleep he will come to me and tell me what he was thinking about during his time of stillness, for he once told me, 'Time is getting short, but one day you will feel good and want to sit alone in one special place yourself.'

MAKING PIKI BREAD

by Tennia Batala

Making Piki Bread is hard to do. First you need to go build a fire for the piki so the stone where you are to make piki will be hot and just right for it to bake. Then you start mixing your ingredients in pottery. What you need is blue corn meal, hot boiling water, and some fine clean ashes.

The dough may be hard at first, but when you start putting water in it, it becomes wattery. But you have to start out with boiling water. When the dough gets watery, you add your ashes in the dough. The ashes have to be mixed with water. It then makes the piki kind of green.

When all that is done, you can start spreading the dough on the hot stone. Make sure you put enough dough in the piki oven so the piki will come off the stone just right. The first time when you spread the dough on, it will come off crumbly. You have to use your bare hand in the dough and get a little of it, then you pat it on the stone. Keep doing that until the entire stone is covered with piki dough. Peel off the dough when it gets dry or when it is ready to come off. Put it aside until you put on another layer of dough on the stone. Then you can put the one you put aside back on the stone. Fold up the one you put on top of the one that is still on the stone. Keep repeating this until the dough is all gone. But make sure you watch your fire. If you think it is not hot enough, you put some more wood on the fire in the oven.

The piki you make will be about three or $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. It depends on how much dough you make. The piki can be eaten at ceremonials, weddings, dinners, or whenever you feel like eating it. This is food made by Hopi Indians.

CHRISTMAS

by Robert Usher

Carolers singing/ Sleigh bells ringing/ Children asleep, happily dreaming;
The night is still with a snow white chill/ and the North Star bright and gleaming:
We know what the season is

We know what the reason is

The birth of Christ, our Lord.

DAY DREAMING

by Randy Pinto

I walk slowly into my classroom feeling sleepy/ I slide into my chair/

I lay my head down and hope the time goes fast.

I hear the teacher start to speak/ My eyes feel heavy as her voice starts to fade

My mind takes me to a far away place/ to a place where the world is kind/

I see the brightest colors and the freshness of spring/ All of a sudden I feel
a thum; on my head/ As the teacher wakes me from my dream.