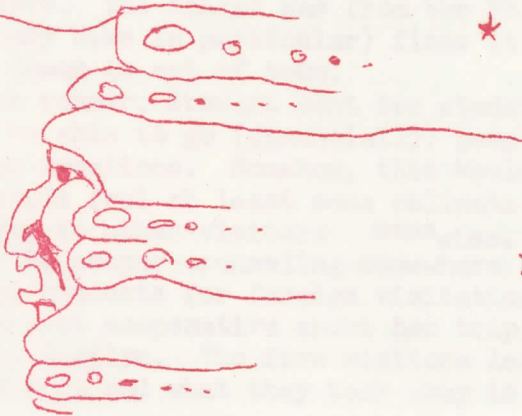
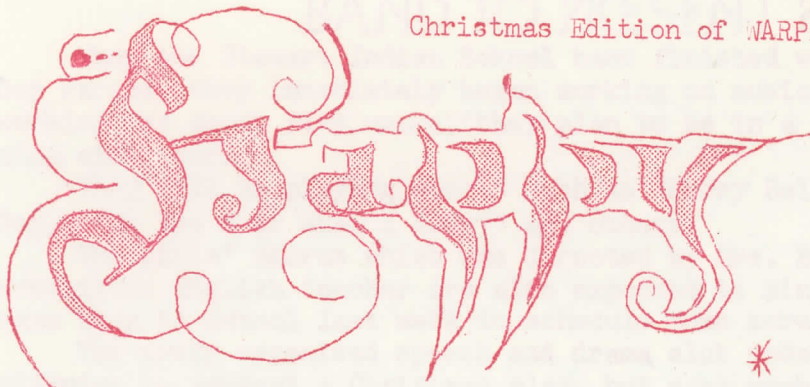
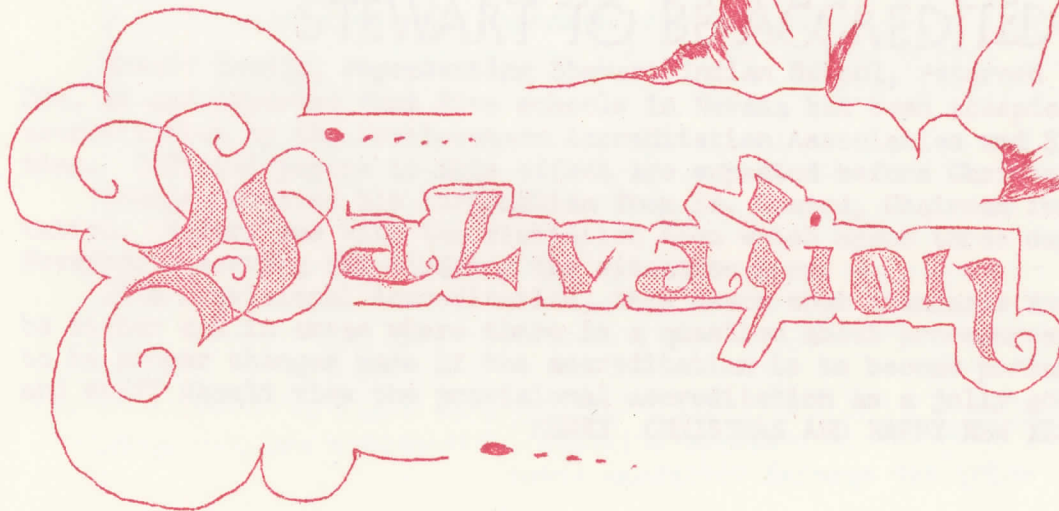


Christmas Edition of WARPATH, Dec. 18, 1974

Stewart Indian School
Stewart, Nevada



DAVE
MARTIN



BAND TO PRESENT PROGRAM

When the Stewart Indian School band finished working on music for the Nevada Day Parade, they immediately began working on musical pieces for Christmas. After working for about five weeks, they plan to be in a Christmas concert Dec. 17 beginning sixth period.

They will be playing carols such as "Merry Bells of Christmas," "Little Drummer Boy," "Do You Hear What I Hear?" and others.

The girls' chorus which was directed by Mrs. Beverly Robertson when she was a substitute English teacher are also expected to sing at the program. Mrs. Robertson came back to school last week to schedule some more rehearsals.

The newly organized speech and drama club under direction of John Elliston was planning to present a Christmas play, but some members dropped out. They may or may not be a part of the Christmas program. It is difficult to present anything when students cut or go home early, or in some way prove themselves undependable.



Volume V, No. 8

December 18, 1974

Christmas Edition

Stewart Indian School
Stewart, Nevada

VISITOR HIGHLIGHTS GYM

A highlight of the recent Invitational Basketball Tournament held at Stewart Dec. 5, 6, and 7 was a real Hawaiian dance performed by one of five foreign students who was on campus at the time. These students came from Germany, Columbia and the Phillipines. The dancer was from the Phillipines but her name is unknown since the hosts (Mary Howe in particular) finds it too much of a burden to reveal such names and Mr. Cowan is out of town.

Last summer, Stewart sent two students to foreign countries, and in order for them to be able to go (financially) people employed here and some townspeople were asked for donations. Somehow, this would seem to indicate the recipients of such travel would feel at least some obligation to their school to co-operate in matters pertaining to other visitors newswise. If they don't, then they have not had the proper counseling somewhere along the line, or maybe the criteria for selecting students for foreign visitation should be changed. Cynthia Varela, who has been most cooperative about her trip to Denmark, knows that the girl who danced was named Marilyn. The five visitors left campus Dec. 8. What they brought in for eign exchange and what they took away is not available to Warpath. The whole reason for the creation of Students for Understanding and the American Field Service was to bring about more cooperation and better understanding between people of different races, nationalities and cultures. We are sorry that one of Stewart's representatives missed the boat.

STEWART TO BE ACCREDITED

Howard Brunje, representing Stewart Indian School, returned from Seattle, Wash. Dec. 12 and reported that Five schools in Nevada had been accepted for provisional accreditation by the Northwestern Accreditation Association and Stewart was among them. Official papers to this effect are expected before Christmas, Brunje said.

Brunje received his information from Ed. Howard, Chairman for Nevada Accreditation. Howard was with the visitation team which spent three days at Stewart in November observing and studying the situation here.

With Provisional Accreditation, this means that standards for school work will be higher and in areas where there is a question about procedures, there will have to be proper changes made if the accreditation is to become permanent. Both students and staff should view the provisional accreditation as a jolly good Christmas present.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

by Edwina Antone

Christmas will be here soon, and already you hear Christmas music everywhere. In years past, schools always had a Christmas program about the birth day of Christ, but after the U. S. Supreme Court made a ruling about religious freedom, the programs scheduled at this time of year have undergone a remarkable change. But we still hear Christmas carols, Santa Claus songs, and always the classic music such as the Hallelujah Chorus played often.

Christmas music is repeated so frequently, you will have no trouble identifying it, but young children born today may have to have an explanation about what it means.

For those who hear Christmas songs and enjoy them, they were inspired by the birth of Christianity.

Although it may be news to those involved in the Jesus Revolution, the guitar has been involved in church music for quite a while, especially during the Christmas season.

In fact, it was the guitar that provided the accompaniment at the church debut of 'Silent Night,' perhaps the world's most popular Christmas carol.

This happened in Oberndorf, Bavaria nearly 150 years ago. The words of 'Silent Night' were written by Father Joseph Mohr, and the music was composed by the church organist, Franz Gruber.

However, on Christmas Eve, the church's organ was broken legend says, and Gruber knew only three chords on the guitar, but he used that instrument to accompany the singers when they sang Silent Night for the first time.

Today, Silent Night is sung in at least 90 languages all over the world. I think it is a very beautiful song.

One way to learn what the Christmas carols are all about is to listen to the lyrics or words as the singer sings them. They always tell a story.

WHAT WE NEED

by Esther Lewis

The news in this editorial is a bit old, but the need for a sound board in the new gymnasium is not, so I'm going to write this.

The all-school assembly held with the Phoenix Area Board of Education was most interesting and enjoyable, but what we need in the gym is better acoustics. It seems at times the only thing you can hear is the echoes. You couldn't hear parts of a lot of speeches.

The sound board was excluded in the building of the new gym in order to save money. Maybe officials thought it was not necessary, but you only have to sit in the gym and try to listen to somebody talk to realize just how necessary the board is. I mean, how would you like to go the new gym to play a game and then not be able to hear the referee's calls because of the echoes? Who saves what then?

OPPORTUNITY

by Esther Lewis

When opportunity knocks on your door, open it and let him walk in. Entertain him to the best of your ability and when he gets ready to leave, he'll hand you the key to open bigger and wider doors, so remember when he comes knocking on your door, he might hold the key to success.

At Stewart, students have the opportunity to participate in foreign visitation, to attend church in Carson City, to seek employment with a good chance of being hired. But it is up to us to be ready when opportunity knocks. We have to meet opportunity half way, be on time, be dependable, and be interested if we expect success. Are you ready? Are you willing? And are you able? MERRY CHRISTMAS

WARPATH is published by students in creative writing, publications and photography classes. We hope you enjoy our special Christmas issue.

MY NEIGHBOR

by Barry Thomas

I can remember a neighbor I used to have on the Pima Reservation who was not of our tribe, but we let him live by us. At Christmas, he was not happy or ever looking forward to it at all, because he never got a present from anyone.

I felt so sorry for him and wanted to make him see that Christmas is not all gifts and candy and bright colorful lights and a man in a red suit who gives you all kinds of good things. But I couldn't make him understand. It worried me that he would get tired of Christmas coming every year, so I went to his house and told him the story of how Christmas came to be.

The old man looked in my eyes and I did not know if he understood what I was trying to tell him or not. He didn't speak English very well, and I couldn't speak his language for he was from a different tribe.

I visited him several times, and then one day, we went for a walk and I told him of how Christ was born and how the wise men brought gifts to the Christ Child and all those things that had to do with Christmas. I wanted so much to make him understand what Christmas is all about. That day, I let him return to his house alone and I returned to my home, but in a few days I visited him again.

I thought I had failed to show him what Christmas was all about, and I wanted to tell him more, even though I thought it was hopeless, for I wished that he would know what Christmas is all about!

As I left him at his door, I turned to leave when he said, "Hey, you're what Christmas is all about. You're kind, gentle, and you're good to me and all the other people I see you with. I think you are Christmas."

And in leaving, I felt I had played God in one man's life.

PAPAGO LEGEND

by Barbara Ramon

I guess you could call this a legend about a man, his wife, and his dog. At one time, there lived this man and his wife, and they had a pet dog. The woman liked the dog a lot, even more than her husband.

Every day, the lady would say to her husband that she was going to go get wood for a fire. She would leave the house and take the dog with her. They would come back away later. Sometimes she would have wood and sometimes she would not, and she would make all kinds of excuses to her husband.

Then one day, she and the dog went out again, and this time her husband sneaked up on her and the dog and he became very jealous.

The next day, when the woman went out again, her husband told her to leave the dog at home with him, so she did.

That lady went and when she came back home, her husband said to her: "Come and eat. I've already fixed supper for you." The lady went and sat down and then she asked where the dog was. Her husband said that he was probably outside playing somewhere.

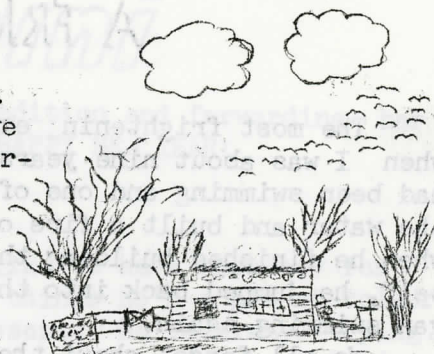
Then the lady ate, and after she had finished, she said to her husband, "This meat is good, but what kind of meat is it?"

"It's the dog you are eating," her husband answered.

Then the lady got shocked and she died.

* * * * *

ADVISER'S NOTE: It has been like pulling teeth to get students to write legends. Almost any legend written interestingly has possibilities of publication and maybe even payment to the writer if it is sent to the right editor. Rack your brain over the holidays or at night when you are sitting around talking and WRITE SOME LEGENDS.



A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

by Marlin Pinto

The most frightening experience I ever had was when I was about nine years old. My friends and I had been swimming and one of my cousins got out of the water and built a fire on the water's edge, but when he finished building the fire and warmed himself, he jumped back into the water and we all began swimming again.

We all forgot about the fire until my brother told me that the fire had gotten even bigger. We looked, and by that time, it was too big to burn out, so we grabbed our things and took off.

The next day, we went back and found out that the fire had burned all the trees down on one side of the lake which is pretty big. But the fire didn't get to the other side of the lake.

After that, we never went there again because some man had seen us running from there the day before and he knew it was us who had started the fire.



ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

by Leonard Wisepirit

One year, on Christmas Eve, I was barely dozing off and I heard these funny little sounds like bells on my eardrums. So I sat up in bed, but the sound had stopped, so I lay back down, and in about a second later, I heard mice running across the ceiling. Then, a big rat bounced across the room in a couple of quick steps. I think he ran into the chimney because I heard a brick fall. But it must have landed on something soft, for I never did hear it hit. I guess the rat must have fallen, too, because I could barely hear him walking around in the living room.

Then I heard a "Ho-Ho" kind of laugh. I wondered why a rat would be "ho-hoing" around in the living room. I got there just about the time this guy was ready to go up the chimney. He had a candle and just before he blew it out, I saw his brown face with a kind of red nose, and a white beard. When I come to think of it, he was wearing a red suit with white trimmings and black boots. Then, up the chimney he went, struggling all the way.

I started running for the fireplace, but I tripped over something and then I heard my dad. I asked him what he was doing sleeping on the floor, but he didn't answer me. He just asked me what I was doing. I told him I'd seen Santa going up the fireplace, and he said, "Oh?"

And then he told me I must have had a dream because he didn't see Santa.

But guys and gals, you know I saw him, don't you?

REDHEADED WOODPECKER

by Barbara Ramon

There must be a lot of legends about the woodpecker and how he got his red head. This is the story I have heard from the Papagos.

One day during the summer when the cactus fruit was getting ripe, the woodpecker flew over and sat on the side of a tall cactus which was loaded with fruit almost ready to spurt out.

The bird began picking at the cactus, for this fruit is eaten by both man and birds.

Pretty soon, the ripened fruit fell down and hit the woodpecker right on top of its head. My people say that is how the woodpecker got his name of red-headed woodpecker, because of the ripened cactus fruit which landed first right on top of the bird's head.

You can still see woodpeckers, ~~always with~~ red heads now, picking at the cactus fruit the moment it is ripened.

Ask Aunt Mini

EDITOR'S NOTE: Aunt Mini is giving up her page this edition and forwarding her letters on to Santa Claus. She will be back in 1975. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Dear Sandy Claws:

I'm righting you a letter to tell you I would like to have a new pair of skates. Guess you don't member me as I'm only a little girl who only likes to receive a lot of stuff.

Also a doll and some trucks and hand cuffs and jacks and one machine gum. And could you also give me a baby brother with black hair and eyes? I need one to play cops with. And thanks for reading this.

A Secret Friend.

Dear Santa:

Christmas is a time to watch people having a snowball fight. A lot of people take this for granted, but they fail to realize the beauty of the snow and the uniqueness of each individual.

How can you help but notice the effect Christmas has on each of us? Its only the richness of ourselves that comes through our physical beings.

Philosopher

Dear Santa Claus:

Have you ever seen a smile? I mean a smile that tells you things without saying a word?

Many times I have seen some people just put on a smile only because it is expected of them. But everyone should smile and really mean it. A smile with yourself and fellow beings.

Philosopher #2

Dear Santa Claus:

When I was a little girl and didn't do what was expected of me, I remember that you brought me switches and ashes. Two girls in my publications class have cut most of the past three weeks so would you please bring some switches to them, and if their mamas don't use them, I will! In addition, you can tell them to expect a big fat "F $\frac{1}{4}$ " for Christmas. Maybe when they digest that, they will realize that there was indeed SOMETHING TO DO in publications class for those who are doers.

TEED-OFF TEACHER

Dear Santa:

I would like to have this boy for Christmas who thinks he's a pro at roller skating at present. He is always trying to knock us down when me and my friend go skating.

And something else: he calls me "Smiley" and he is always telling me not to smile, but what can I do when I see him but smile at him because I like him very much.

SMILEY

Dear Santa Claus:

Well, I would like to ask for a lot of things. I would like to have first of all a million dollars, but I know how the economy is, so just bring me all my friends at Christmas and have them look happy when they see me and not mean and we will all have a Merry Christmas.

HAPPY

Dear Santa Claus:

I'll hang my stocking on the j door for you because I want a radio for Xmas.

Love, Harry

Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring me a dog for christmas. I like to play with dogs and I have been a good girl.

Barbie

Dear Santa:

I have been very naughty this year, but I want a doll so bad for Christmas. Will you bring me a doll even if I was a bad girl? I'd take an outlaw doll or any kind.

Little Girl

DEAR LETTER WRITERS:

I'll do my best, but you know without snow, it is a bit difficult for Dasher, Prancer and Rudolph the red nose to get across the country, and this year we are even going to the moon. Just keep your fingers crossed and wish for snow and a very happy Christmas vacation with your parents back at home, and I'll do what I can.

Love, SANTA

ONE THANKSGIVING DAY

by Marlin Pinto

The day before Thanksgiving, a few years ago, my uncle and I had decided on getting some firewood for his living room fire place. We started off early in the morning and arrived at a forest where many of the trees had fallen and were dry enough to burn in the fireplace.

We began cutting wood logs with our chain saws which we luckily remembered to bring along with us. When our cut we had been piling up was high enough, we began loading it onto the pickup until we had it high over the cab. My uncle then asked me if I would like to drive on a few miles to a place called Crocketts. I said, "Okay," because he said he would buy me something to eat. We drove along for a while talking about crazy things. In about an hour, we reached a wooden cabin.

I waited in the pickup while my uncle entered the smokey cabin and was greeted by some other men. As I was waiting, I saw a few old men come out of the cabin, all were laughing and yelling in each other's faces at the same time about what they used to do when they were younger.

These old guys seemed to be stoned (drunk). My thoughts then were This must be the bar I heard about a few times from a few drunks I've talked to.

A few more people were coming out, carrying cases of beer and a couple bottles of whiskey some winos were standing and laying against the walls of the cabin. Each held a bottle of wine, a gift probably from another wino who had a few dollars to spare.

One of the winos had gotten up off the ground and walked over and asked me for a ride to his home in Arizona. If he hadn't smelled and been so dirty, we might have given him a ride if we'd had the room. I had to say there wasn't any room because the chain saws took up all the space. The wino left, going to another car and asking the same favor. They refused to give him a ride also, so he picked up a rock and hit the car. One of the men got out and hit him, putting him to sleep for a few hours.

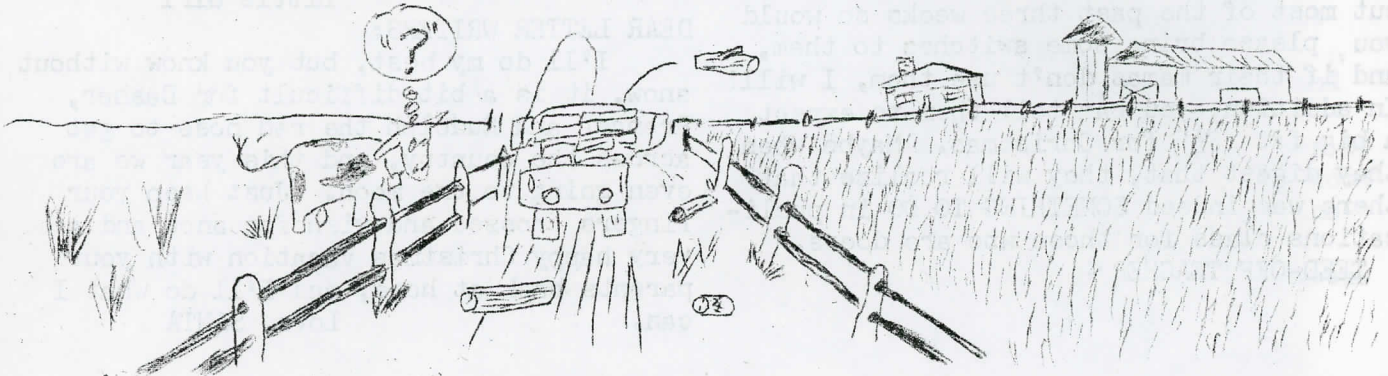
Finally, my uncle came out with a bag of sandwiches and other things. He put them in the seat and went back in and brought out two cases of beer. On our way back home, my uncle told me to have a few beers since I was tired. One can led to another, bill I was so drunk I couldn't see straight. A few miles out, we stopped to check our load, somehow we had managed to lost most of it.

We decided not to go home until the next morning when we would be sober. Next morning, we couldn't go very far because our guage reached its gas tank empty mark. We walked till we found a few cars, the people gave us a can of gas, and my uncle paid them for it and we left.

In a few minutes, we were on our way home. When we arrived, my aunt asked where the wood was. Uncle said we couldn't get too much because it was too muddy. Later, my mother asked where the chain saws were. I thought they were in there when we were coming, someone stole them.

My uncle couldn't come up with an answer to the question quickly enough, so he began telling everything that happened.

We all began laughing for we thought they would be angry at us. My mother told us we had better eat our turkey and ham for it was our Thanksgiving day.



Sports

INTRASQUAD BOXING EXCITING

The sixth annual Intrasquad boxing matches were held at Stewart Dec. 8, beginning at 6:00 p.m.

The first fight of the night was by flyweights, and then it progressed on to the heavyweights.

The first fight, a special attraction, was between Jimmy Gentry 85 lb. and some body from elsewhere. Jimmy won that fight in the first round.

Winners in the other flyweight fights were William Lalo and Manuel Pablo. In the Bantam Weights, Philbert Norris, Albert Noriega and Harlan Osife. In the Light Welterweight division, winners were Andrew Crook and Manford Narcho.

Winners in the Welterweights were Valentine Soke, Tony Macias and Selwyn Johnson. In the middleweights, winners were Delbert Jackson, Dale Washington and Camillus Nish. Light heavyweights were Anthony Stacey, Delbert Jackson, and winners in the Heavyweight division were Bennett White and Woody Myore.

Lionel Harney and Ira Ortega, 1974 National A.A.U. tourney competitors, staged an exhibition fight which was not judged. Lionel is a bantamweight and Ira a featherweight. The fight was most exciting, proving again that both fighters have great speed.

The fight judged "Fight of the Night" was between Tony Macias and Arthur Shaw. Both were given Van Heusen shirts, compliments from Murdock's Department Store.

The next boxing tournament will be at Nixon, Dec. 14, and following that, a selected group of Stewart boxers will compete at Ormsby House Dec. 18 in a tournament between boxers in Northern Nevada and Northern California.

Those who will be boxing for sure include Lionel Harney, Ira Ortega, Selwyn Johnson, Artie Shaw, James Burrell and Jimmy Gentry. Several others could fill in as alternates, coach Robey Willis said.

BRAVES MEET MANOGUL

Both Varsity and Junior Varsity basketball teams will go to Manogue high school in Reno Friday, Dec. 13 to play their first conference games of the season. Naturally they expect a victory.

Varsity has won three games in tournaments played at Stewart so far this year, and they lost 3, one by two points in an overtime play.

Bud Hurin, coach for Varsity is proud of his team this year and he is expecting great things from them. Dean Walema, junior, has been playing good basketball for several years now, and he is usually the top scorer. Travis Tapija is another great potential at the basket.

In the Invitational Tournament, the Braves won their first game played on Thursday, but lost on Friday night. Then they won in the final game on Saturday when they played in the Loser's bracket, getting third place in the tournament.

Stewart's five starters in Varsity include Dean Walema, Tapija, Baxter Sanchez, James Reed and Albert Mendoza.

Eight teams were invited to the Invitational Tourney. Sherman Indian School didn't come, so Harry Lippy's Junior Varsity team played instead and lost, although they did some good shooting.

The Freshman basketball team is coached by Ed Mike and Loren Joseph and they have showed some great potential.

The Frosh have won three and lost one game so far. They beat Lovelock, Carson City twice, and lost to Monogue Dec. 11.

Johnny Gonzales, Nick Antone, Fred Parley, Stanley Stevens, Tom Juan, Rufus Lewis and Stanley Prome are some of the outstanding players. There may be others we have left out. If so, we think you are all great and our space ran. Ed.

MY PLANS

by Linda Yazzie

After I leave Stewart, my plans are to become a teacher. You see, I want to help and teach my fellow Indians.

I know there are a few Indian teachers here at Stewart, but I think we need more than just a few Indian teachers.

In order to understand and feel the way somebody does, you should be of their own race or creed. Mostly all the Indian teachers I've had in the past seemed to understand what we needed and what we didn't, so in order to try to perfect ourselves, we, the individual, had to be willing to learn.

The non-Indian teachers I had were also there when we needed them, but what I'm trying to say is: Did they know what we wanted and needed?

I know many of my teachers have done their best, and I think it is up to the student to study if they want anything in life like being able to teach their own race.

I think if a person is qualified to teach at an Indian school, he or she should be able to understand the Indian student's feelings. To me, it matters if you are of a different race. I guess some of you might agree and some of you won't.

But wouldn't you say that in order to know and understand one's wants and needs, you've got to have respect for that person?

I guess what I've just written won't make sense, or maybe it will. What I am talking about is my dream to come in the future. I hope there will be an all-Indian teaching staff that will have the power to rise and teach throughout the land.

SOMETHING ABOUT ME

by Barbara Ramon

I guess I'll write something about myself since I don't have anything else in mind to write about.

I am a Papago Indian from Ajo, Arizona, to be exact, a village by the name of Gu Vo (Gu-Vo in our language means "big pond.") I am a senior and this is my fourth year here. Before I came here, I attended Santa Rosa boarding school for two years.

I wonder to myself at times what made me come to Stewart for all my other sisters and brothers attended Phoenix Indian school. But I had some friends and cousins who came to school here. They were the ones who encouraged me to come up here, I think. I have attended boarding schools for six years and I attended public school for six and a half years. I liked going to public school better than I do going to boarding school. The reason I started going to boarding school was that I was tired of staying home and seeing the same people every day. Yet, here, every year we have some students graduate and the next year, we have more new students. So there are new people to see every year besides the same ones you saw the year before. Then, when you are away all year, it's nice to go home in summer and see your family again. By the time you get tired of them, it will be time to go back to the boarding school.

AND ME TOO

by Sandra Manakaja

I would like to write about myself. My name is Sandra Manakaja and I'm from Supai, Arizona. I'm an Indian who likes learning about life and about anything that is taught here at Stewart. I live down in the Supai canyon where my people live like their ancestors did in the old days. We have to ride horses down to our homes and we have to walk to get to the store and buy food and carry it back to our house.

If we want to go to the movies, we have to walk. Some people have to get water from the river and some live in old houses and use wood for a fire and to cook with.

We don't have any school on our reservation, so I have gone to boarding schools all my life. This is my third year at Stewart, but before that, I went to Fort Apache. I am a junior.

Classroom News

DRIVERS ED

Two officers from the Nevada State Highway Patrol in Carson City came to Stewart Dec. 6 to give exams and to visit and give vision screening for students in Ed Mike's Driver's Ed class.

Before a student can start driving, he or she has to get a learner's permit which will allow them to drive with only their instructor. Most of the students passed the test with the exception of a few. The students who passed will be driving some time this week. Those who did not pass will have to go into Carson City and take the test again and hopefully pass it before they will get their permits to drive.

PE

In the Girls' physical education classes, the girls are doing warmups, meaning they are doing different kinds of exercises. Then the girls pick two girls to be captains and the captains take turns picking out whoever they want on their side.

After the two captains get through picking, they play a basketball game. PE is required because it builds the muscles in your body and makes you stronger and more healthy.

4-H CLUB

Irene Kurihara's 4-H club is working in arts and crafts. Presently, they are busy making Ojo-De-Dios (eye of God). They are crossed sticks wrapped in yarn of various designs.

If you wish to see what has been created, you are invited to visit room 206 to view some accomplishments.

The club members, Julian Angelo, Andrea Auguh, Carmelita Dennis, Norma Johnson and Nadine jPoleahla and Matt Vera are working on a very complicated Ojo to take home for Christmas.

After the Christmas vacation, the club plans to work with beads and other crafts in preparation for 4-H Activity Day to be held around April 15. There are still some openings in the club for new members who are interested.

LAW & ORDER

Edythe Drummond took her classes in Law Enforcement to Carson City Dec. 10 and 11 for a first hand look at a trial. The students sat in on a jury trial that involved a prisoner from the state prison who was charged with conspiring to escape.

Judge Frank B. Gregory was presiding. He talked to the Law Enforcement class and said, "I am awfully glad to see you young people taking an interest. The law does concern you and you've got the right to know what is going on."

After the court recessed, Judge Gregory answered questions about the law and court system. He also gave the class a tour of his private office and they saw his collection of Nevada State Laws and the Supreme Court Decisions which he said could be obtained at the City library.

The judge said he hoped in the future, other law and order classes would return to hear other trials.

SPEECH

Students in photography class taught third and fourth periods by Ruby Shannon will be offered speech the second semester. These speech classes will last one period, and anybody wanting to pick up 1/2 unit of credit in speech can enroll the second semester Mrs. Shannon said.

NO TEACHER

A group of students classified as Jr-Senior English are having a rough time getting a teacher. The position is that left when James Rodgers was promoted to Education Specialist in the Nevada Indian Agency. There have been about four substitute teachers so far and again the class is without a teacher. Rumors that one is coming any day have not materialized and the students are wandering around like little lost sheep.

Another position needed badly in order for the school to function is that of librarian. While the library is open some of the time to check out books, that is a far cry from having a librarian to suggest and aid the students in finding the material they need. With fire alarms going off by some nuts who think they're being funny, sometimes some classes are hard pressed.

Sing A Cinquain

Christmas Tree
Ornaments, bells, candycanes
Hanging, decorating, lighting
To make the tree beautiful
Christmas! (no name)

PRESENTS

Large, small
wrapping, sharing, giving
For everybody, anytime
Christmas. (by Edith Yazzie)

SNOW

wet, cold
Sliding, playing, throwing
Making snowmen
Christmas. (by Edith Yazzie)

SANTA CLAUS

Fat, jolly
Bringing, giving, making
He brings presents,
Christmas (by Edith Yazzie)

BEINGS

Mortal, supernatural
Confusing, everlasting, surprising
Strangest of all animals
Living. (by Addie Stevenson)

MOODS

Lonesome, sad
Crying, forgiving, lying
Feeling of quietness
Depression. (by Addie Stevenson)

PRESENTS

Unexpected, pretty
Enjoying, showing, accepting
In one form or another
Happiness (by Addie Stevenson)

HOPE

Wisdom, visions
Seeking, finding, understanding
In ourselves
Indians.
(by Addie Stevenson)

SNOW

White, soft,
Sledding, throwing, building
Something to dream about
Christmas. (by Virginia Chee)

SANTA CLAUS

Fat, jolly,
Loving, smiling, sharing
Brings gifts for all,
Christmas. (by Virginia Chee)

TINSEL

long, thin,
shining, glittering, hanging,
decoration for a tree
Christmas. (by Evonne Broncheau Marrietta)

UNKNOWNNS

Mental, physical
Confusing, frightening, learning
Surrounds us all
CAUTION! (by Addie Stevenson)

TURKEY

Golden brown
Stuffing, cooking, eating
Shared with your family and friends,
THANKSGIVING. (by Virginia Chee)

LETTERS

Neat, illegible
Asking, inquiring, hinting
Wanting the right answer
AUNT MINI!

APACHE DOLL

Designed, shaped
Cutting, sewing, shaping
Putting it all together into one piece
DOLL. (by Rose Larzelere)

MIRANDA

Poised, sedate,
Talking, playing, smiling,
Leader of the Pom-Poms,
Washoe. (by Edith Yazzie)

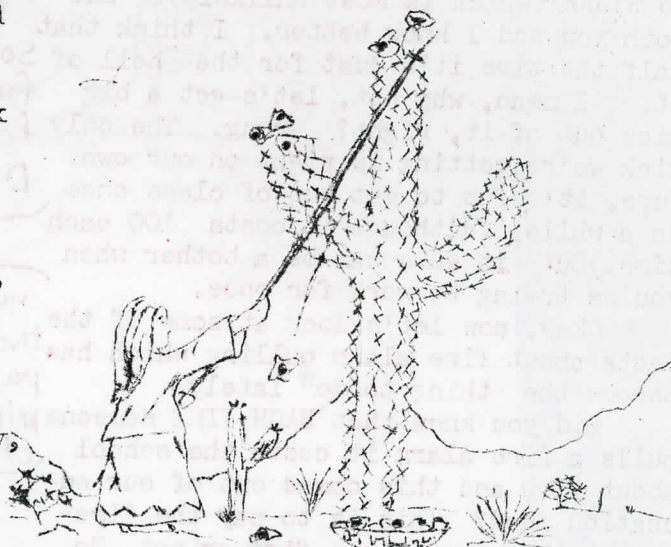
GATHERING CACTUS FRUIT

by Barbara Ramon

About the end of June or the beginning of July on the Papago Reservation, the cactus fruit are ripe and ready to be picked. The women and the men go out to pick them. They use a long stick with a short stick attached across it at the top like a kind of cross. They make this long stick by connecting the dried up cactus ribs.

Cactus pickers leave for the mountains early in the morning while it is cool, and sometimes they stay there all day. Then, in the evenings, they come home. The women rest for a little while, then they mix the fruit up to be eaten.

They take the fruit out of its shell and put it into a container. Then they add water to this and mix it with their hands. When they are finished doing that, it can be eaten. Sometimes they don't mix all the fruit up. They save some and put it out in the sun so it can be dried. When it gets all dried, they store it away so if somebody gets sick in the family, and can't eat, they can make some soup for them out of the cactus fruit.



In some villages, the people go out to the mountains and live there for a while until they get enough fruit to make wine or jam. My people have some of the old houses out there where they stay. They can leave the houses there when harvest is over and go back the following year, for the only time anybody lives in these old houses is during the time the fruit is ripe.

Some people make jam or syrup from the fruit for their families to eat later in the year.

I don't know how they make it because I've never seen it made. And too, they make it over there near the mountains where they stay. Then they just bring it in and sell it to the other people.

Every year some villages (mostly the same villages every year) make wine out of the fruit. I don't know how they make this either for I have never helped make any. But when the wine is made, they take it to their village and in August some time, they have a wine feast.

The villages have their feasts on different days, not all on the same day. And when they have the feast, they have a little round dirt house in the middle of the village (this is where our Papago god E-Etoy is supposed to be).

The people sit around E-Etoy's little house and sing for a while, and then they start drinking the wine.

This is supposed to go on for three days or whenever they run out of wine. People come from different villages to that village for the wine feast.

Some years, when it rains a lot, there is hardly any cactus fruit because the rain makes the fruit fall off the cactus and it doesn't have a chance to ripen.

If there is little fruit, the people do the best they can at picking it. On other years, when it hardly rains at all, there is nearly always a lot of cactus fruit to pick, so the people can get all they want.

In almost every Indian tribe, there is some staple food or clothing given to the people by nature. The Plains Indians used the buffalo for food and its hide for clothing and shelter.

In the Papago society, the Saguaro cactus is the staff of life. The fruit is both food and drink, and the ribs of the Saguaro plant are used to make artistic crafts or even fuel for a fire when they need to build one.

FIRE ALARMS AREN'T FUNNY

by Cynthia Varela

Have you ever heard the saying, "What they don't know won't hurt them?" Well, this may be true in some cases, but when it comes to pulling fire alarms at Stewart the saying should be read, **WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WILL HURT THEM.**

This semester, there have been students pulling fire alarms left and right. Why? Who knows? Maybe it's because they feel sorry for the other students who go to class (which is most unlikely). But both you and I know better. I think that half the time it's just for the hell of it. I mean, why not, let's get a big kick out of it, right? Wrong. The only kick we're getting is right on our own. Sure, it's fun to get out of class once in a while, (although it costs \$100 each time.) But it sure can be a bother when you're trying to work for once.

Okay, now let's look at some of the facts about fire alarm pulling which has become the thing to do lately.

Did you know that **EACH TIME** someone pulls a fire alarm it costs the school about \$100 and this comes out of our education fund? This is to pay the firemen whether there is a fire or not. So far, there hasn't been a fire, so the firemen are called up and told there is

no fire. Although they do not have to come to see for themselves, they are paid any way because they had to leave their regular jobs to run to the firetruck.

Just think: we could use the money we spend for this foolishness on paying firemen for **false alarms** for many useful things that would benefit our education.

Our educational funds are used for our activities, our books, pencils, paper, and all the other supplies we use daily.

Remember, when you or a buddy decides to take your money to pay firemen for being interrupted from their regular work to get to a call saying, "There is no fire," you're also taking money from the rest of the students.

Don't let it get too bad. They just might try to catch whoever the Fire Alarm Pullers are and then how would you like a fine and a long jail sentence?

KACHINA DOLLS

Name Withheld by request

A Kachina doll is a carved, painted and decorated doll. It is made of cotton wood and decorated with feathers, shells and pieces of cloth and turquoise. It is not an idol or shrine that is to be worshipped or prayed to by the Hopis.

They are made in many forms such as demons, ogres, animals, birds or clowns. They are given to little girls and women. The little girls play dolls with them or just hang them in their homes. The dolls are given to them in December when the Kachina comes in the morning bringing dolls, plaques, moccasins, etc. He gives little boys lightening sticks, moccasins and rattles and this Kachina is somewhat like Santa Claus. In the summertime, the Kachinas dance and give gifts again, such as dolls, plaques, bows and arrows and shoes. This is called the Home Dance. This dance attracts a lot of tourists and different people around the Hopi villages.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Do you think we can borrow some money from the Educational fund to buy that set of New Books for the English Department?

You mean you HAVEN'T heard the Ed. Fund is broke, payed their last dime to the firemen for those false alarms.

you think they'd let us pay handle for wickles and dimes in front of NOVAKE after school?

