

CHRISTMAS PASSES

The reason for Christmas is to celebrate the birth of Jesus. This is celebrated by most countries on December 25th. Many people exchange gifts and decorate their houses with holly, mistletoe and Christmas trees.

The custom of exchanging gifts began in memory of the gifts that the shepherds and the wise men brought to the Christ Child. Some children believe that the presents come from St. Nicholas, now known as Santa Claus. He was a kindly Bishop, famous for giving surprise gifts.

Music for Christmas began with the musical prayers of the Christmas church. "O Come, All Ye Faithful", is probably the most popular Christmas Carol and is sung in many parts of the world in many languages.

China and Japan observe Christmas customs that are familiar to those in the United States. The Chinese call their Santa Claus, "Shing Tan Lao Ren", which means, "Holy birthday, old man".

In Latin America, Christmas season often lasts many days. In Mexico, each family looks forward to the "Posada", where the families form a procession from house to house, in memory of Mary and Joseph in searching for rooms on the first Christmas Eve.

European countries have various Christmas customs. In Czechoslovakia, a girl tells her fortune by putting a cherry blossom in water. If it blooms before Christmas Eve, it supposedly means that the girl will marry sometime during the year.

However Christmas is celebrated people are united in their feelings of joy on the birthday of Christ.

Andrew Tall
Wilfred Hoelscher

THE NEW YEAR IS HERE

New Years Day is the first day of the calendar year. It is celebrated as a holiday in almost every country. Church services are held with a party often held afterwards. In the United States people gather at midnight to see the old year out and the new year in.

Resolutions, or promises to do good things, are now a part of our New Years' festivities. Each person resolves or promises that in the coming year he will do a certain worthwhile thing, like study harder or be to class on time. Resolutions are made by many people although it has become somewhat of a joke since they are so often broken.

How about you? Do you have a New Years' Resolution? No? Well, make one then! Okay, now that the resolution is made, the hard part comes—keeping it!!!

ACHIEVE WRITING THROUGH SENSES

Mrs. T. D. Allen, creative writing instructor for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, visited English classes at Chemawa during the week of December 1-5. Mrs. Allen met with English teachers, offering suggestions for creative writing and also asking for their ideas. She taught several classes to show her method and how it worked. Mrs. Allen believes everyone has the makings to be a writer because everyone has a nose, eyes, ears, a mouth, and fingers. It is with these five senses that we learn everything and record our own experiences.

Mrs. Allen and her husband have written several books, many of which are historical fiction. *Doctor in Buckskin* is the story of the early frontier days; *Prisoners of the Polar Ice* has its setting in Alaska. *Navajos Have Five Fingers* was written after they spent time on a reservation in the Southwest.

As a result of Mrs. Allen's visit, some of the Chemawa students have tried their hand at creative writing. Some are convinced they will never be writers, while others were surprised at what they composed.

Mrs. Allen has edited a book, *Miracle Hill*, which consists of writings by one of her Navajo students. Following are some writings of Chemawa students. Is it possible some day these may appear in book form? Could be!

A BLIND PERSON'S WORDS

Make pictures in my mind, strange
illusions
appear in many different structures.
Coming in all black scenes, what are
colors?
Dreams help me understand a little.
Life to me is but a wonder, time is long.
Questions come at me, unanswered.
Feeling the shape of forms, delicate touch
hard and rough in texture.
What is ahead of me? A hope for
science to
make vision possible for darkness?
Gold and silver is of no value to my life
Only a moment to really see.
Sometimes I'm glad that I cannot see the
bad things in life that humans create.
At other times, vision is all I ever want
even if its for a few moments.
Blind to the world, but my talents
I'll show
that don't need eyes to perform.
The color white I'll always carry in my
hand
and the color black in pictures.

Stephen Itta

I AM A CHRISTMAS TREE

I knew it was the time of the year when people come to cut us for Christmas trees. I heard so many stories of it. I can feel the excitement stirring up in me. All the other trees were standing as straight as they could and spreading their boughs. I tried to stand straight but my top kept bending. The other trees laughed and told me I'll never do. People started coming and went right on past. Some elderly people came. The lady said, "It would make a beautiful tree, but its top is bended". I felt my heart sinking. When I was almost ready to give up, a little girl came up. Then she ran off again. But in a little while she came back with a lady and a gentleman. The lady said, "It will never do". The man agreed. The girl started to cry so the man got me. I was so proud when the man carried me to his truck. As I rode in the truck I felt happy because I know I'll make a little girl happy. And now I'm standing very proud and happy. People come to admire me even though my top still bends. My lights are shining and beautiful and the Baby Jesus is under my boughs. I am proud to be a Christmas tree and happy knowing that I'll make a little girl happy.

Anonymous

ONE AND ONLY KID BROTHER

Achieve your goal, my young brother
for without it you are lost.
Speak soft, my young kid brother
for words come silently.
Cheat not, my fair brother
for you'll find no truth.
White or black, my lost young brother
you'll find both are one.
Today or tomorrow, my young brother
is only here once to use.
Be self-reliant, my dear young brother
for you'll understand yourself.
Plan ahead always, my young brother
for time needs accurate use.
Enjoy all life, my fresh young brother
for too much there is in life.
You're still a baby, my young brother

WIND

Love to hear the wind sing.
Can't see the wind blow.
Wind blowing. Wind blowing.
All day. All night

Love to see the wind blow.
The tree's down —
hoping it will happen
some day, some night.

C.L.