

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

By Marcia Phelan and Treva Turner

Christmas is the denominator common to all phases of American life and to all standards of living. It is the sound of silence beyond the language of men—the language of the heart.

A spiritual pause that refreshes is found in all yuletide seasons, each time as comforting and warming as before. With every gift given and every gift received, the candle of Christmas is lighted in the human heart; a candle which burns

so brightly it is felt by people around the world.

Christmas is celebrated differently but always symbolizing the same thing. In Mexico, the penata is stuffed; wooden shoes are filled in Holland, and in the Scandinavian countries the yule log is cut and burned.

No other holiday affects so many people at once and as a result people and nations are never so closely united as on the blessed 25th. Christmas constitutes a oneness,

without which Man's spiritual life would be incomplete.

Let us not think of Christmas only as gifts and brightly decorated trees but remember a Greater Gift given to us almost 2000 years ago. In churches, in homes and schools the story of The Holy Birth is retold by song and story. On that silent night the Saviour of the World was worshipped by only six people. Today, His story is told by all mankind, in tongues unknown and in lands across the globe.

Children, businessmen, mothers

and fathers: to each one Christmas means something different and wonderful. To the soldier in Africa it is a bright light of promise above the battlefield, and to the sick and homeless it means that someone cares. They remember "These three abide: Hope, Faith and Love. But the greatest of these is Love."

To humanity, Christmas symbolizes the scope of a world beyond, and it says that no man shall vanish into darkness for the light of Christmas shines through the darkest hour.

Cool
Yule



The Trojan TRUMPETEER



Frantic
First

Official Publication of the Student Federation of Catalina High School

Vol. 1

TUCSON, ARIZONA, DECEMBER 20, 1956

No. 8

'ACTIVITY' DRIVE IN MOTION

Promoting the sale of activity tickets is the major project of the Student Council at present. Many students do not realize how much they can save with a purchase of an activity book.

If a student attended all the school activities for which an activity ticket may be used, he would save a total of \$22.30. An itemized list is as follows:

Football, 6 games.....	\$ 3.00
Dances, 5	2.50
Basketball, 11 games	5.50
Baseball, 7 games	3.50
Wrestling, 5 matches	2.50
Gymnastics, 2 matches	1.00
Rifle, 6 matches	3.00
Tennis, 1 match50
Golf, 6 matches	3.00
Trumpeteer, 18 issues	1.80
TOTAL	\$26.30
Price of Activity Ticket	4.00
Total Saving	\$22.30

As the football season is over the price of the activity tickets have been reduced to \$3.00. To receive this special rate a student must pay in cash and the reduction is for this year only.

The Student Council is sponsoring a contest between the four classes. Two \$5.00 prizes will be given; one to the class that reaches nearest 100 per cent and one to the class selling the most activity tickets.

Editors Decorate



Decorating for the first annual "Torch Ball" are left to right: Twila Kohler, Eddie Guerrero, Carolyn Buntin, Carolyn Roettger, Gaeel Morrison and Ray

Foust. The "Ball" will be held tomorrow night in the THS cafeteria. The admission price is \$1.00 per couple. Photo by Dave Severson

Students Choose Royalty Finalists

The Torch Ball is December 21 following the THS-CHS basketball game. It is in the THS cafeteria until 12 p.m.

Blue and white, with shades of red, gold and yellow will carry out the theme for the dance.

Torch king and queen finalists are Bill Gaylord, Chuck Giles, Mac Greely, Gary Johnson, Bon Richardson, Judy Dickerson, Marlene Glad, Carolyn Roettger, Pat Sullivan, and Bev Zeidler.

Vote for one boy and one girl in homerooms tomorrow. The winners will be king and queen and the remaining eight candidates will serve as attendants.

Carolyn Buntin and Eddie Guerrero are the dance chairmen with the annual staff, Diane Nasby, editor-in-chief; Ray Foust, assistant editor; Helen Thompson, classes; Linda Fry, activities; Gaeel Morrison, student life; Nancy Walker, typing; Twila Kohler, ad layout; Karen Mathews, art editor; Lynn Steinko, assistant art editor; Kenny Sanders, sports editor; and Mr. Robert Dawson, advisor, helping.

The Grand March will head the program and the coronation will climax the evening. Music is by Wayne Webb's Hi Cats. Price is \$1 a couple and dress is casual — no levis.

Students have invited faculty members and administrative heads as special guests.

CHS Frosh Hi-Y Sell Yule Trees

CHS Freshman Hi-Y are now selling tickets for Christmas trees to raise money for a dance they will be holding soon.

The club meets at the Light-house on the Desert on Tuesday evenings at 7:30.

'Peanuts for Polio' Group Slates Drive for Jan. 12

January 12 is the date set for the annual Peanuts for Polio drive. Each high school in Tucson is participating and Catalina's representatives, Mike Glendening and Treva Turner, are asking for volunteers from CHS. Nine captains will be picked, from those who offer their services, to help head the drive.

Tucson will be divided into districts and each school given a certain area in which to sell. Catalina's best "drawing card" will be El Rancho shopping center which took in almost half the money made last year.

The drive is headed by Mrs. Meyer Agron and the president of the city school council is Gilbert Rodriguez of Marana High School.

National Honor Service has offered to take the polio drive for their yearly project. Any other volunteers would be appreciated. For anyone who wishes to work on the drive, or for added information, please see either Mike Glendening or Treva Turner.

Council Passes Royalty Ruling

In order to give more senior girls the chance to hold the position of a high school queen, the student council has passed a resolution designed to prohibit the same girls from receiving the honor in every queen election.

The resolution as passed by the student council reads: "Resolved, that a Catalina High School girl may be duly elected by the Student Federation to one queenship."

Katalina's Kiddies

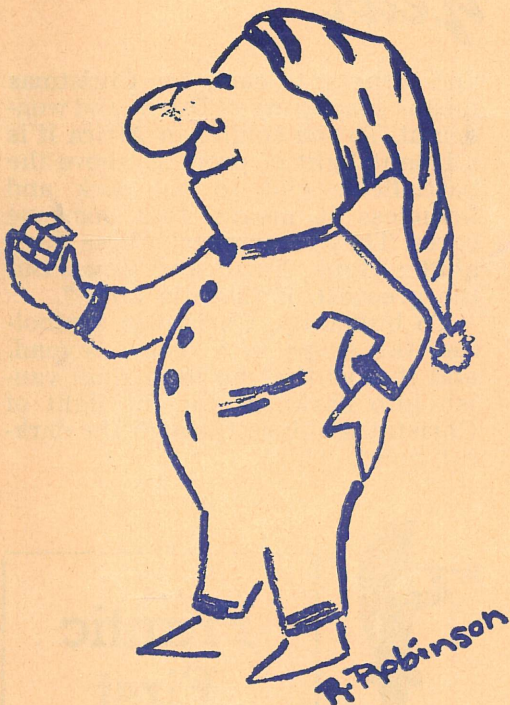


Pictured above are student council members enjoying early Christmas gifts from Santa and his helper, Miss Victoria Kalil. Catalina's real Christmas gift, we hope, will come in January with the beginning of the second semester.

As We Dream By The Fire . . .



There's nothing like a good old fashion Christmas fire . . . dogs, popcorn, apples and all. Above, Nina Hill, Marlene Glad and Bon Richardson enjoy the comfort of this one.



Christmas Spirit

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and rejoice together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone. You have to keep it with the One in whose honor Christmas is observed.

The Trojan Trumpeteer

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Editor-in-Chief.....Allen Burke

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Jovial Eddie Is 'Cool Head'; Enjoys Reading

Known for his jovial laughter and timely wit, Eddie Guerrero, publicity editor for The Torch, is commonly known as a "cool head" around Catalina.

Eddie was born in Arizona, but shortly after moved to California where he lived 12 years before moving back to Tucson in 1951.

Eddie is an alumnus of Catalina Jr. High where he was student body vice-president. In his sophomore year, Eddie served on Tucson High's student council and last year on Catalina's first council. He was also varsity football manager. Besides publicity editor for The Torch, Eddie could be seen at the football games acting as mike-boy. He is also a hall monitor and Junior Red Cross representative.

As publicity editor of The Torch he is co-chairman of the "Torch Ball" and states, "I hope everyone attends, for this will be one of the major events of the year." Eddie was also in charge of The Torch sales drive.

He prefers casual types of clothes to go with his Ivy League, Princeton haircut.

Eddie's musical interests lean toward progressive jazz with Stan Kenton, June Christy and Gene Krupa rating tops.

Instead of eating, Eddie likes to read. He lists John Steinbeck and Edna Ferber as his favorite authors.

Between parties and laughter, Eddie is trying to write a book entitled "Impatient Youth," a study of teenagers.

His hobbies include "swimming in my neighbor's pool," and collecting records.

Eddie claims, "I plan to go to the U of A and major in medicine with a strong leaning toward psychiatry."



'Dandy' Carole Collects Cars; Likes 'Parties'

This year at football and basketball games the smiling face of perky songleader Carole Creager has been easy to find.

Carol, who is 5 feet 4 inches and has brown hair and eyes, can be classed as an honest to goodness "Yankee Doodle Dandy," for she was born on Independence Day, 1939, in Bloomington, Illinois. In 1947 she moved to Tucson and attended Jefferson Park Elementary, Catalina Jr. High, Tucson High and is now a senior at Catalina.

As hobbies, Carole lists a miniature car collection left over from eighth grade and driving cars, "real ones." As far as food is concerned she loves chicken, fixed any way but "especially broiled."

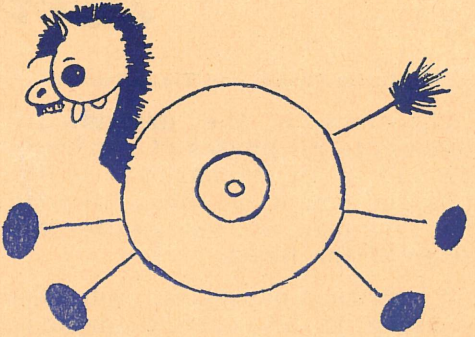
At school Carole is kept busy with student council, senior advisory board and Girls' League.

Swimming, parties, and dancing rate high on Carole's interests outside of school.

The album "Tambo" by Les Baxter is at the top of her favorite music list and when asked about Elvis all she could say was, "Oh heavens, I hate him. He is such a crumb."

Next to her dislike for Elvis is her pet peeve, which is "teachers who bawl you out for something someone else did." As for embarrassing moments, she couldn't name one, "there've been too many."

Carole plans to become a private secretary to some big Hollywood executive after she graduates.



Record Roundup!

By Eddie Guerrero and Rita Robinson

Having a few problems with your Christmas shopping? We will try and help you with a few timely suggestions.

If you want to go all out, treat your friend to a "long playing" album; it has the same effect as an all day sucker. Any of these albums will do the trick.

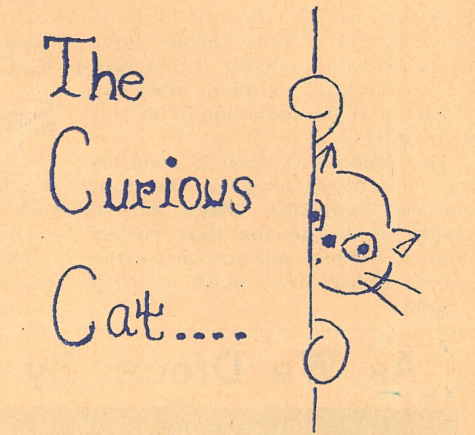
The perennially popular Doris Day has a new Columbia album "Daydreams" which is bound to satisfy. Ever dazzlingly Harry James' release entitle "Jazz Session" is a collection of standards dressed up. For something new and different Harry Belafonte's "Calypso" on RCA is without parallel. With this new album Belafonte has started a new trend in the recording world.

Due to Belafonte, artists are turning to the calypso vein. For example, the singles "The Banana Boat Song" by the Fontane Sisters on Dot and Sarah Vaughn's on Mercury follow this new trend.

Some interesting new singles to consider are: Jill Corey's "I Love My Baby," a typical 20's tune done up in fine style. "The Money Tree" and "Dancing Chandelier" are two fast-moving novelties that are sure to please. Little Richard will show all R and B fans a lot with his knockin' beat on "A Girl Can't Help It." The much recorded tune "Anastasia" is bound for stardom, due to the film and the fine vocal by Pat Boone on Dot.

Well, that's all for now, but we hope we have given you a few ideas for your Christmas shopping.

So here's hoping that you'll have a "cool yule and a frantic first."



Question: What do you want for Christmas?

Don Parsons, junior: "A new pencil to do my homework."

Carol Sagert, freshman: "Bill Denniston."

Bob Garton, sophomore: "A new Ford four-door."

Helen Thompson, senior: "A concho belt from McLellan's."

Dennis Blakemore, senior: "A Cadillac—no, make it an El Dorado."

Mary Alice Whalen, junior: "I want Santa Claus to bring me Dennis."

Kay McMillan, senior: "A trip to Yuma Union High School."

Bob Struck, junior: "A pair of blue suede shoes."

Faculty Says

By Esther Schreurs
Assembly Chairman

Many people, experiencing their first Christmas on the desert, have been bitterly homesick for the white Christmas to which they are accustomed. However, we found on our



first Christmas in Arizona, that there was something even more rare and beautiful than snow. The topography and climate of the holyland itself was here!

In addition, our neighbors to the south have given us a beautiful, simple, sincere expression of their love of the Christchild in the use of the luminarios at Christmas.

Tradition has it that a small church in New Mexico, lacking funds for elaborate decorations, placed seven luminarios on their roof—one for the Virgin Mary, one for Joseph, one for the Christchild, one for the lamb and one for each of the wise men. The effect was so lovely that to this day, in New Mexico, people use this form of festival of lights.

It has occurred to me that since we of Catalina High School have so much to be thankful for as we anticipate the move into the beautiful new, functional high school, we might say "thank you" to the entire community by lighting the inexpensive but effective luminarios on our homes throughout our district on Christmas Eve from seven to nine o'clock. That is when families

Christ Is Born

By Ann Schermerhorn

Christ is born!

A feeling sweeps the streets
and invades the darkest alley
and to the highest summit leaps
Unharnassed; a thing flowing
wild.

Christ is born!

Proclaim it in the churches,
Proclaim it in the homes,
Proclaim it where communism
lurches ever forward, trying
to replace God.

Christ is born!

Release for every man
Alas!—not from poverty or
calamity
But from strait-lined thoughts
that can promote eternal
helplessness.

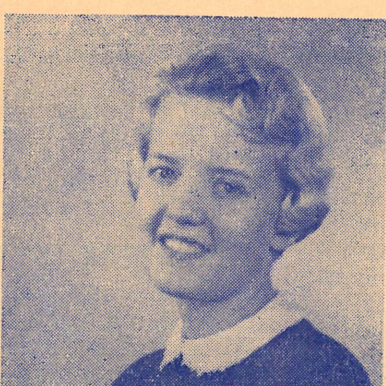
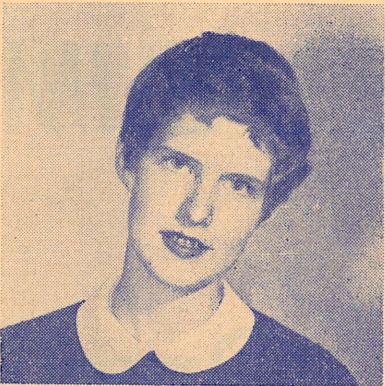
Christ is born!

People think it as they decorate a
tree,
As they make cookies, or greet a
friend,
As they go caroling, knowing
these things to be all in love,
and saying, indeed.

Christ is born!

drive about to see the Christmas decorations.

So, Catalina students and teachers, use paper sacks (about 20 lb. size), put in three inches of sand, roll down the top as you would a sock (about three times to make the top firm) and place in each one a candle (old ones will do). On Christmas Eve place these on the roof, or up the front walk, or around a wall, and light them at seven o'clock. In this way we can really make an impression on the community with our simple and sincere happiness at this sacred season.



Judy Dickerson

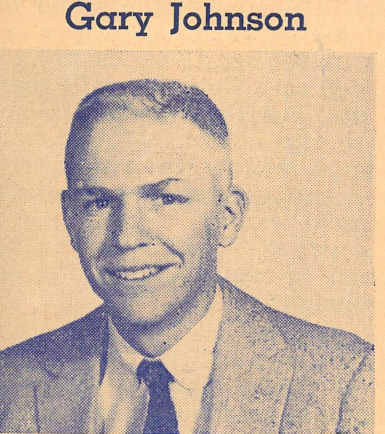
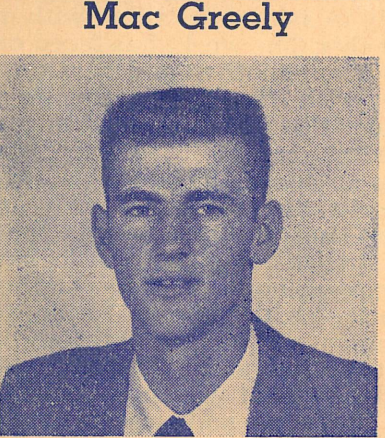
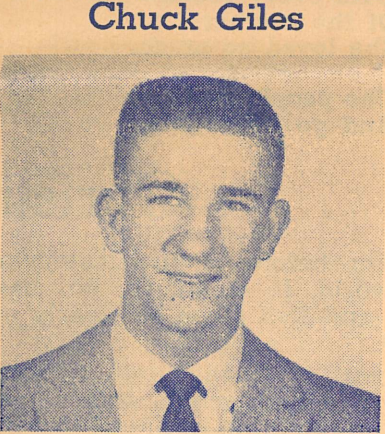
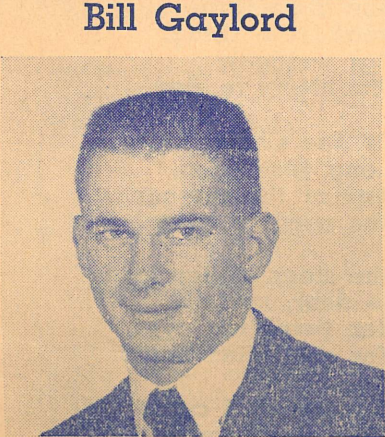
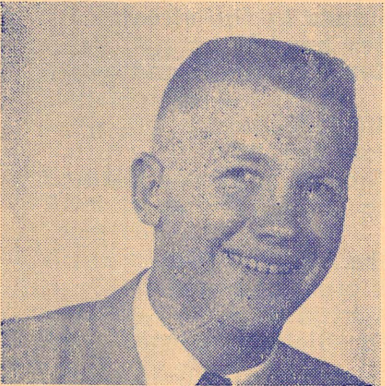
Marlene Glad

Carolyn Roettger

Pat Sullivan

Bev Zeidler

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AFICIONADOS WOBBLE FROM EL CIO UPROAR

By Rusty Baker

For being the least useful and most supremely futile club, El Club Cid, the Spanish club, is undeniably in the upper echelons of Catalina's roster.

Here is a club that only offers knowledge of your southwestern way of living, tie-ins with the country you live only sixty miles from — with some of your best friends' native tongue, and with unlimited fun. A club whose members can scarcely wobble away from the delicious abundant refreshments served often at meetings — meetings that, in sixty minutes, accomplish marvelous gains in retention of Spanish and things Spanish.

But why should you go? There is no reason to increase your intelligence, knowledge — the state provided wonderful asylums for you who feel that way.

And as far as enjoying yourself — isn't that stupid? — why not go out for switch-blades boys, and football, girls? If you have half a mind to do that sort of thing, undoubtedly you are adequately equipped, so don't hesitate a second.

On the other hand, if you can tear yourselves away from your books Monday evenings at 7:30, why not drop in? Translation sheets are provided (the club is conducted in Spanish) and if you can read English, you can do well in El Club Cid.

You needn't be fluent in the language — some members don't know how to say "ouch" in Spanish, nevertheless they suffer no displeasure.

The club even has a true Spaniard, Pepe Iveas, who speaks (in English when the going gets rough) on Spain — no other club can offer an attraction as relevant as that. And oh, you can find the room easily enough by the music, laughter, and general uproar.

Clubs

By Marlene Hubele

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PRINTING CLUB — CHS, PHS, and THS will have a joint banquet on January 17. THS will present charters to the two new clubs from the Junior Benjamin Franklin Society.

FUTURE HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA — Christmas Party to-night.

PROJECTION CLUB — Officers have been elected with Ronald Graeser, president; Mike Mayer, vice-president; Virginia Forbes, secretary; and Carla Schumacher, treasurer.

SPANISH CLUB — Monday, Dec. 17, movies on "Christmas in Mexico" were shown.

High School Inn

Lunches and School Supplies


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JRC Meets; Ends Project

At the Red Cross Home Room Representatives December meeting, Catalina students were thanked for their Red Cross donations which were used for children's work.

The first semester's projects included filling fifty overseas boxes, money for the Hungarian Relief Fund for food and winter clothing, and 225 books for the Yaqui Indian Village which will be presented at their Christmas program on December 19. The projects for the second semester have not been decided as yet.

Kenny Sanders, the only Tucson representative sent to Europe, showed slides of the Red Cross study center in Rome.

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Club Shows Students Use of Machines

Monday, Dec. 10, the Projectionist Club sponsored an all day training program on the use of the moving projection machine.

Fifty-six students participated in the program. Those who successfully completed the course received cards denoting membership in the club.

Damage has been so great to the moving projectors through the misuse and lack of proper maintenance that students are now required to have a projectionist card before they may operate a machine.

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Christmas Capers

By Rusty Baker

Uncle Tom and Aunt Harriet Stowe yearly have a party for all their relatives around Christmas time. It is a beastly little whimsey of Harriet's that she is my favorite aunt so she calls to specially invite me at approximately this time of the year. How I dread those parties! As I think back to last year's party, I can still hear Harriet ha-ha-ha-ing and he-he-he-ing, shrieking staccato orders to the KIDDIES and, as a hostess, combining her Bohemian graces with that endearing graciousness of a newly caged cobra.

Last year I walked in to find the party in exceedingly full swing. "Darling!" screeched Harriet in a piercing soprano. Then she clobbered her favorite nephew with a kiss and urged him on into the "Teenage Game Room."

Here was side-splitting fun at its maddest — a few pimply girls lying around fanning themselves waiting for coronary thrombosis to put them out of their misery. Although my notion of youngsters' bopping had always been one of a couple so insatiatingly energetic that most of their dances seem inspired by St. Vitus, three weird couples were bounding around to "Lovely Bender," played with deafening incompetence on a low-fi record player tended by three lively morons. I exited quickly and went into another room.

Oh no! The nursery! All those wailing brats called younger cousins. Special note must be made of Harriet's current nursemaid. She yapped and blustered and pointed and flounced from side to side, giving shrill orders to the children and snapping her teeth together like castanets. When she became especially excited, bubbles of foam sprang from her lips like ping-pong balls. Shortly, however, she passed out — from sheer exhaustion, I think.

A glaze of horror spread over my eyes when I entered the next room. Sprawled in a snug alcove surrounded by several female relatives whose skinny necks and high-pitched cackle lent them more than a passing resemblance to a flock of spring fryers, Uncle Tom giggled while he tried to touch his ear with his tongue.

Unfortunately I met another aunt, an incoherent lady who seemed to be all the flaming adventuresses of the world rolled into one but who, upon closer acquaintance, turned out to be gracious, beguiling, and quite idiotic. She informed me with compelling frankness, as we walked along the edge of the swimming pool, that the whole Stowe family hated me, to which I replied, with equal candor, that the hatred was entirely mutual. She put up a good argument but the swimming pool won out. Her final words were "Wait until you see what you get for dinner!"

I walked into the dining room determined to eat what was put before me even if it was poison. Anyway, there had been made some very pointed remarks about my turning chicken. Recollections of Harriet's highly seasoned food had made me a WEE bit hot food conscious, and I was waiting for the first taste of anything even warm. A gargantuan string bean which I mistook for a chili pepper was overly heated so naturally I assumed I was losing my intestinal tract as the food clawed its way down.

Fortunately I had enough presence of mind to open my mouth and discharge a piercing shriek. At the blast Uncle Tom bounced over to remove me from the kitchen where I had dived into the sink and was exuberantly draining the city's water supply. You should have seen my take-off! When I realized I needed water, I became demoniac and rattled through the kitchen door like an express train. In a few

P and T's Philosophy

This is a new column designed for the more intellectual students of Catalina. Due to the narrow-mindedness of our sponsors we have had a rough time getting this in print.

SIGNS OF WINTER

Signs of winter can be found
In the air and on the ground;
Skirts and sweaters all 'round
— And so are the figures in them.

Referring to the new stop signs—
"We wonder where the yellow went."

There was a young lady of Siam,
When asked if engaged replied
"I am."
As the result men ignored her
And this really floored her.
The moral — be an old maid like I am.

There was a young lady named Sue,
Who repeatedly said "Coochy-coo,"
But the thing they abhor,
When they walk in the door,
Are the calves of her legs that go
"Moo!"

Nails on her fingers,
Nails on her toes,
She shall have hangnails,
Wherever she goes.



Thoughts of Christmas

By Ray Zakowski

**Children singing,
Church bells ringing,
Thoughts of Christmas near.**

**Chimney smoking,
Neighbors joking,
Thoughts of Christmas near.**

**Candle glowing,
While it's snowing,
Thoughts of Christmas here.**

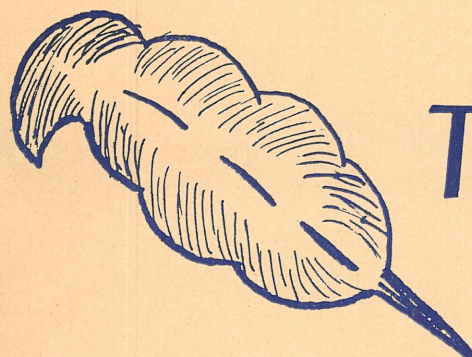
**Present giving,
Peaceful living,
Thoughts of Christmas here.**

moments, though, under Uncle Tom's calming influence, hysteria was restored and with many a light-hearted chuckle I awaited the next course of our Christmas meal.

The entree led off with an erried gumbo identified as banana soup, purplish-yellow in color and nauseating in effect. This was followed by a crisp morsel of fish reminiscent in texture of a leather slipper fried in deep fat. The turkey, which even turned the prongs of the fork, was a pale slice of wood triumphantly garnished with a spoonful of Gleem. Harriet, in an effort to tickle my palate, had cunningly skewered it with a bobby-pin.

For what was euphemistically called dessert, there was something I would designate as pudding, for lack of a more scathing term. It was a gluey blob of dough drowning in curdled milk and butter-scotch syrup, so indescribably sweet that it produced screams of anguish from my dental work.

As I left I distinguished myself by striking Uncle Tom on the head with a long Christmas present, presumably by accident. I told Harriet that the party, none too good at its best, was lousy and that I was going to leave. I regret to say that she was delighted.



The PLUM

One C

By

**A poor little urchin
Stands in the street.
Her head is bare,
Her face small and sweet.**

**Busy people
Pass her by,
Though she tries hard
To catch their eye.**

**She only wants
A crust of bread,
A little scarf
To shield her head.**

**She is so thin,
Poor little thing.
But suddenly
She starts to sing.**

**Of one Christmas
Long years ago,
And of the mother
She used to know.**

**She sings of her face
So dear, so fair,
Her twinkling eyes,
Her coal black hair.**

**The joy that came
With every touch
Of the mother
She loved so much.**

**The people rush
And go on talking,**

Christ

Never before in the history of the world, it seems to me, has Good and Evil stood so clearly posed.

I speak with the limited knowledge of a high school student with no intention of preaching, I merely to ask you to think with about this. The world has faced crisis after another and held on peace with the most tenuous threads. The great nations engaged in secret races of preparedness trying to build the most powerful bomb to kill the most men and women and children. Aren't we little foolish? Suppose we do have the biggest bomb and are the first to use it — which heaven forbid, heaven save if we are not! Retaliation to either side will come with a swiftness that will make our systems of radar and screening and defense futile instruments and lies of effort. All authorities united in saying there is no adequate defense. Not only will we of us die, but the innocent people who are the citizens of the countries upon which we war will be maimed and crushed and dead. The world cannot take much such warfare. Civilization which has been growing for so long could die overnight.

In a play by Paul Green called "Johnny Johnson" the hero stops the First World War by getting the common soldiers and the lesser officers, who don't know why they are fighting anyway, to agree to stop and gives the order to ceasefire. The mutual rejoicing of England and Yank is rudely interrupted by the generals who can see no reason to call off the war until each country has gallantly left its thousands of brave young men dead upon a battlefield. Johnny's declared

Noel

By Vicki Douglas

The little blind girl sighed, and trudged aimlessly up and down the streets of Bethlehem. From early morning 'til late that night she'd been going from house to house, vainly trying to sell her wares, reed baskets, hand-woven by her mother. But business was bad — the child had only two coppers in her hand, the outcome of an almost fruitless day. Sighing again, the little girl lifted her eyes up to the hills, to where her friend, the shepherd boy kept his lonely night vigil, along with his flocks. It would do no good to go back to the little hovel, known to her as home, yet. Her mother would weep in discouragement. Her father had gone away, long before the little blind girl was born, and had never been heard of since. No, she would go and talk to the shepherd boy, who always had a cheerful word and a smile for everyone, even for such as she — blind and barefoot.

Rapidly, her steps hastened toward the hills — the faint "tap-tap" of her little cane picking the way before her. But on reaching her destination, the boy was nowhere to be found. The child called in vain for her friend, but only the echoes, mockingly, replied to her. Wearily, she sank down on the ground in despair, and covered her face with her hands when — out of the stillness of night, came the sound of beautiful singing, and lifting her face upward, the little girl saw, filling the dark sky with glory, a choir of radiant angels. And in their midst, was a Babe, a beautiful Child who threw out His tiny arms and smiled down on Bethlehem — on the whole world. For what seemed only an instant, this awe-inspiring spectacle took place in the heavens, then once again darkness prevailed. But not for the little girl, her eyes had been opened and were now open to stay. She could make out solitary trees on the hillside, and sheep dotting the valley below. For the moment she sat stunned, and then slowly gazing once more heavenward, she perceived a huge star — in the exact spot where the

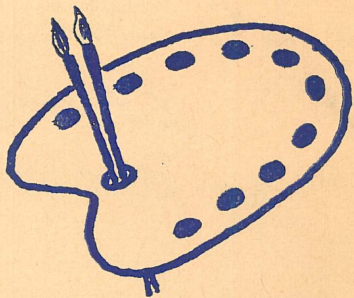


angels had been. It was so magnificent and dazzling, the other heavenly bodies appeared as pinpoints around it. Marveling at what she had just beheld, the child hurriedly made the descent homeward. Everything she saw was beautiful to her now — a mongrel, growling with a bone in the gutter, two men quarreling in the crowded street — all were supremely wonderful to see.

The little girl had only two coins to take home to her mother, but along with them she was taking back the blessed gift of sight and although no one was aware of it, one of the first miracles of Christ.

**Red of holly, green of pine,
Rich with gold and candle shine!
Night sky, star-studded, luminous;
Shepherds, stunned and tremulous;
Angels, with bated breath, sing
Of stable, of Peace, and Infant King!**

& PALETTE



Christmas

Matthews

They do not stop,
They keep on walking.

They step on her
And push her back
One knocks her down
With his clumsy rack.

She lies so still
That it would seem
That she enjoys
Some glorious dream.

But, alas, life's fled,
The child is dead,
The poor limp body,
The drooping head.

Yet — if you listen
You might hear singing
Where stars glisten
And bells are ringing.

Her mother's hand
Smooths back her hair,
Her voice is soft,
Tender her care.

Poor little urchin
She's happy again.
She's left this world
Of busy men.

The people rush
And go on talking,
They do not stop,
They keep on walking.

s Spirit?

sane and the war goes on. Yet, as Emily Dickinson says,

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest
madness.

'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway
dangerous
And handled with a chain.

To me the "divinest sense" would be: Let's just stop making the atom bombs. Let's destroy the ones we have! I'm sure we've no desire to kill anyone, even Russians or the Red Chinese. After all, they're just people like we are — young and interested in a pretty girl or the current football hero, or old with grandchildren on their knees or mothers and fathers who only want the best for their children. Besides, did you ever see anything more adorable than a tiny Chinese girl? I think I'd rather face an atom bomb myself than cause one to be dropped on her.

Foolish, isn't it? but I think such destruction is evil and there's no excuse under heaven for it. Furthermore, I really think that the boys and girls, grandparents, mothers and fathers of all opposing countries would agree.

For, there is another way. At this season when we sing of hosts of angels and "peace on earth, good will to men" it's very clear. A lovely infant, cuddly and warm, with bright eyes that see and understand and sweet arms that stretch out to encompass all mankind!

We can turn to God and to Jesus. We can love each other — yes, even our enemies! Insane idea, isn't it? I wonder where it started.

—Kay Ray

Next Christmas

By Ann Schermerhorn

It was snowing, hard; a real old-fashioned Christmas. Strings of popcorn Lynn and her grandparents had strung, along with colored-paper figures, decorated the tree. Fudge was on the tables and a few hand-wrapped packages were being taken out of hiding. The whole family went to church, and then came "package time." Dinner with turkey and dressing and plum pudding around the big table was a two-hour affair.

Twenty-seven years later it was Christmas, and it began to snow, hard; a good modern Christmas. Lighted bulbs and decorated balls —only twenty-five cents a piece—hung ostentatiously on a tree sprayed silver. Candy—the dime-store's best—was on the tables and packages that looked as if the sales girls were vying for prizes lay in overflowing heaps around the Christmas tree. A few had already been unwrapped, as Lynn had had to open them to see how expensive the presents were that their friends had given them. She wouldn't think of not giving them one just as expensive! She and her husband were roused by the screams of "Merry Christmas" from their children, and grudgingly stuck a big toe out from under the blankets, tired from the night before. Church was never mentioned; they knew it would be too much to get themselves and the children all dressed.

After dinner the children begged with such persistency to be read at least one of their new books that Lynn, exhausted, finally consented. She read the story of the little boy who had no money or gifts to give to Christ on His day. The little boy only went into the church to get warm, and as he followed the people up to the altar to present their gifts he started half-praying: "O Lord God, the rich are giving You finely cut emeralds and the not-so-rich are giving You flowers, but I—I have nothing to give your Son, Christ, except myself." As he knelt at the altar, he felt warm inside and outside for the first time. He heard a small voice say, "You have done well, my child." Lynn thought about the story long after the children were asleep. The values she had learned in childhood, so long dormant, now flamed up in her thoughts. Wasn't all this hurrying—rushing through breakfast, rushing through the giving of presents, rushing to the neighbors to see their gifts, rushing out to dinner, rushing home to let the children get their sleep—destroying the real meaning of Christmas?

Suddenly she was eager for next Christmas to come. It would be an old-fashioned Christmas. They would do more as a family, they would not rush so, they would make the celebration of Christ's birthday, not the scrambled opening of packages, the most important event.

She started preparing that very night for His coming next Christmas.

Legend of the Wind

By Treva Turner

Whispered on the winds of time
Are legends of the shepherds and
the Light,
And of the song the angels sang
O'er Bethlehem that silent, holy
Night!

Lost Love

By Sherry Ross

Christmas season was in full fling, the air was full of gaiety, surprises, and holiday pleasures. Children were in their height of glory with talk of Santa Claus and presents and the grownups were full of the excited type of muffled secrets that always come with this time of year. The air was becoming colder as the glorious day grew near and some even talked of a white Christmas.

I wanted desperately to become part of this montage of happiness but I knew it was impossible. Whenever I heard the lovely old Christmas carols or saw a happy couple under the mistletoe I realized how hopeless it was. I loved him more than life itself and now he was gone. For four wonderful years he had been my past, present and future and now my life was an empty, useless shell.

Why must it have been he? We were so in love, and why now of all times, the most beautiful time of the entire year. The time of miracles and new life — not death.

We were going to decorate the tree tonight and open each other's presents just as we have done for the past three Christmases. We never could wait until Christmas morning. It was so wonderful sharing our love and happiness together. Maybe we did shut others out of our lives, but people in love often do.

I even thought of suicide, it was a natural thing to do under the circumstances, but one day as I sat thinking about him I recalled a little story that our minister had told us one day in church. I remember it had impressed us both, so right away I paid a visit to him. The question foremost in my mind was **why**. Why did He take the life of my love? He was such a wonderful person, sweet, kind and considerate to all. Everyone who knew him loved him but no one loved him half as much as I did.

When I presented my minister with the Question, why, he answered my question with a little story and this gave me the will to live again. This is what he told me:

There once was a kind and wonderful king who lived in a beautiful palace. The king had a wonderful garden filled with many beautiful flowers and a nice old gardener cared for them. The king and the gardener had one flower which they loved more than all the rest. The

Rejoice, Noel, Noel

By Sally Webb

I walked me out through the night
chill
And sat me down upon a hill.
An angel sang of peace good will
On earth, to men. Then all was still.

(Now sing we, sing Alleluia,
The bells they ring, Alleluia,
Sweet gifts we bring, Alleluia,
Rejoice, Noel, Noel.)

I looked me out upon the night
And saw a star which shone so
bright,
It blinded me, this heavenly light.
On earth, ne'er since been such a
sight.

(Blow ye the horn, Alleluia,
This glorious morn, Alleluia,
The King is born, Alleluia,
Rejoice, Noel, Noel.)

gardener gave it extra special care and the king loved to just sit and look at the flower. The flower had a wondrous magical power that made everyone happy who came close to it. It was a strong and handsome flower and the mere sight of it was a wonder to behold. One day the king decided that he must pick it because he knew it would make him, as well as all the people in his palace, very happy. The old gardener was very unhappy when he heard of this for he loved the little flower and he knew that if the king picked it it would die soon after.

When the king picked the flower he was at once filled with happiness and soon after he took it to the palace the little gardener saw a silver glow surround it and he heard gay voices. When the little gardener saw this he also became happy and when the flower finally died he realized that the king, as well as himself were very lucky, because although they had the flower only a short time it had caused them more joy than if they had had a hundred other flowers for a lifetime.

When I left the minister's office I noticed that although soft white snowflakes had begun to fall, the sun was once again shining and I felt the Christmas spirit surge within.

Merry Christmas

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Number One Team Goes To State Meet Friday

The Sideline

By Kirby Smithe

AFTER WITNESSING several cross country meets and seeing the participants afterward trying to catch their breaths, after the tremendous output of effort, I have often wondered just what it was like to run a mile and eight-tenths. While searching for an answer to this question, I decided a good way would be to get the ideas of someone who ran cross country.

The following was told to the editor by David Pratt of the Catalina cross country squad:

"AT SCHOOL before afternoon meets you're nervous and find it hard to concentrate on your school work. We leave in a school bus for Cherry Field about 4.00.

"Bell (Gale Bell, coach) tells us we should talk only of the race and winning but the topics of conversation vary from A to Z."

I asked him what the coach usually says in regard to the race.

"He gives me a very critical appraisal of the coming race. In fact, week before last was the first time he has been the least bit optimistic."

At Cherry Field they suit up and board a rickety school bus for Pontatoc Road, where, winding through the desert, is the 1.8 mile course.

What kind of conversation and attitudes can be found on the bus?

"IN THE ABSENCE of the Jayvees the bus is quiet. Each player has a seat to himself. Mr. Bell gives little gems of advice like, 'relax but don't go to sleep.'"

Pratt says his stomach gets in an uproar about that time. He said, "We, or at least I, think of just about everything on the way out; about the race and how well the other team will do.

"When we get to the bottom of the hill (about 1/4 mile from the start and down hill from the start on Pontatoc—ed.) Bell stops the bus and we jog to the start to warm up. Then we're called to the start and are assigned places."

TELL ME WHAT it's like in the race, after the gun goes off?

"For about the first quarter you run sort of fast to get a good place. Then you start up hill. That's the most tiring part of the whole race. (300 yards is up hill and is covered twice during the race—ed.)

"As you get opposite the start," the sandy haired junior stopped momentarily to survey the crowd witnessing the production. "As you get opposite the start you can hear Mr. Bell and a few rooters yelling, 'Come on, Kalectaca. He's right behind you, Varga.' And then everything goes blank. You don't think of much except your stride.

"AS YOU FINISH the first lap, the coach yells your time and you can set your pace accordingly."

How do you feel as you approach the hill the second time?

"Well, you try to block out all thoughts of the hill. It's murder, all sweat and guts. When you get up the steep part there's about a 100 yard incline yet to go. You really move down hill and you decide it's now or never, only six-tenths to go."

FROM THE FAR turn you can see the tape and the end of the race. Does a runner have any thoughts when it comes into view?

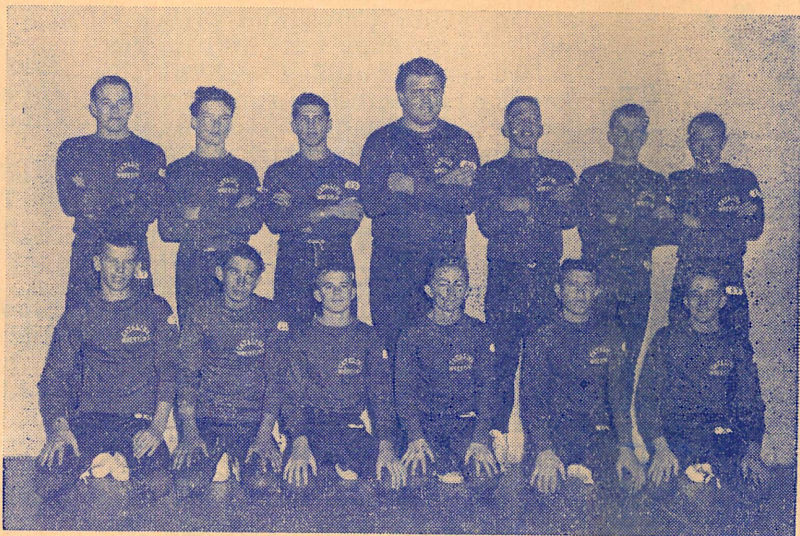
"'Bout the only thing that comes to mind is the lousy guy ahead of you and can you get him.

"After the race is over there is a tremendous letdown. It takes me about a half hour to get my breath and almost two days to be really fully recovered.

"You're glad it's over no matter how you finished," he smiled, and added, "Except Milo (Milo Kalectaca, number one runner), it doesn't seem to affect him too much. Sometimes you get sick and lose your previous meal."

THAT'S IT in a distance runner's own words.

A Strong Back . . .



The Trojan wrestlers received win number one from Pueblo last Saturday. The squad from left to right centered around 300 pound Bill Denniston is Ion Savard, Gary Dickens, Kal Muller, Keith Sorensen, Don Upham, Don Edmunsten. First row: Dave Hawkins, Don Campos, Phil Hall, Dave Murphy, Gary Beck, and Bob Wallace.

Mat Men Take Win No. One

CATALINA'S WRESTLING squad downed Pueblo 48-15 in the first mat match in the history of both schools.

It was a sweet victory for the Trojans since they have been hampered by short practices and a lack of experience.

Bill Denniston, unlimited; Keith Sorensen, 191; Kal Muller, 165; Ion Savard, 154; Roy Campos, 120; Bob Wallace, 112; Phil Hall, 103; and Wallace, 112; and Phil Hall, 103, all pinned their opponents and were awarded 5 points each. Gary Beck, 138, and David Hawkins, 127, won their matches on points. Gary Dickens, 145, had to forfeit his match because he couldn't make his weight. Dave Murphy, 95, also forfeited.

EACH WEEK elimination matches are held in each weight class to see who will be wrestling

in the following meet. The lower ranked men of a class wrestle each other to see who will wrestle the top man of their class. The winner of this match wrestles in the meet. This is a competitive type of sport which keeps the boys on their toes all the time.

The schedule:

Dec. 21, at Camelback; Jan. 4, open; 11, Sunnyside; 18, Phoenix Indian School; 26, Tucson; Feb. 2, open; 8, open; 15, South Mountain; 22 at Washington of Glendale; 29, open; Mar. 8-9, State matches at Tempe.

TROJAN
DEC. 20, 1956
PAGE SIX
SPORTS

Cinder Squad Will Open Workouts Next Month

THE BIG MOVE into the new Catalina High School plant on East Pima will mark the beginning of another season of Trojan track under the guidance and direction of Gale Bell.

Something new is in the offing this year in a proposed "Assembly Meet" which is now just on the drawing boards.

The assembly would be with another local high school, preferably Pueblo, said Bell. It would include a 120 yard high hurdle, 100 yard dash, mile run, pole vault, high jump, and relay.

PREPARATIONS for the regular season will get into motion Jan. 21,

the alleged date of entering the new building, with a meeting of all boys wanting to go out for the sport. On Jan. 22 Bell hopes to issue equipment.

Heading the wanted list are 100 yard and 220 yard sprinters, shot putters, and discus throwers. Bell added, "We need everything though we have a good hurdler, Dick Gwynn; and a broad jumper, Bon Richardson; two pretty good high jumpers in Glenn Perrin and Gary Johnson; and a pole vaulter, Don Price; a pair of half milers, Dave Pratt and Paul Nygaard; and in the mile we have Ted Varga and Milo Kalectaca."

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Kalectaca Sets School Record of 10:6.4 In Rain

By Kirby Smithe

THE NUMBER ONE cross country team in the state, AA south and AA north wise, Catalina, will travel to West Phoenix tomorrow to attempt to pick up first place

laurels for Catalina High School in the state meet.

The Trojans have recorded wins over Tucson, Pueblo, West Phoenix, Phoenix Union, and Salpointe and have compiled an impressive 7-2-1 record. In the Turkey Day Run, CHS tied with THS for second and bowed to a strong Salpointe squad, led by Russel Leorholder of the Pontatoc Road course record.

Running for CHS under the direction of Coach Gale Bell is Milo Kalectaca, who holds the record on the local course for Catalina with 10:6.4, backed up by Ted Varga, John Hibbard, and Fred Nicholas. Kalectaca set the Catalina record while running in the rain against Tucson.

THE BIGGEST victory came when the harriers downed Salpointe by four points in the first meet of the season. Bell and his runners rate the Lancers as one of the best teams in the state.

Competing in the official Arizona Interscholastic Association championship meet are Yuma, Pueblo, Catalina, Tucson, Casa Grande, Miami, South Mountain, Phoenix Union, North Phoenix, West Phoenix, Camelback, and Glendale.

With Catalina taking two wins from Tucson, and Pueblo downing the Trojans in a duel, Pueblo has the edge in the meet though CHS has the better record. Yuma is regarded as a dark horse that could be tough.

BELL STATED that "Pueblo, Tucson, and Catalina have the best chance of winning and there is no reason why Catalina can't take it if the kids hold up."

For the last time Milo Kalestaca, Ted Varga, and Fred Nichols will be running for Catalina. These boys will be lost due to graduation.

Football Schedule Listed

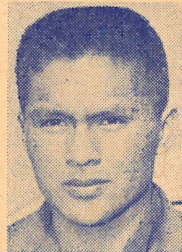
In all probability Salpointe High School will have to be dropped from the 1957 Catalina football schedule due to friction in dates. On the week end of October 4 Salpointe has scheduled Tucson High and this same week end is about the only time that Catalina has an open date.

A new AA school is listed for the Trojan gridders in Scottsdale High. Being removed from the schedules of the last two seasons are the Phoenix Indian Training School and perhaps Willcox. As of Dec. 14

The Catalina High School football schedule as of Dec. 14:

Sept. 20	open
27	at San Manuel
Oct. 4	open
11	Tucson
18	at South Mountain
25	at West Phoenix
Nov. 1	St. Mary's
8	Amphitheater
15	Scottsdale
22	open
Thanksgiving — at Pueblo	

Sport Faces



FROM SHUNGOPOVI, Arizona on the Hopi Reservation comes Milo Kalectaca, Catalina cross country record holder.

Milo was born on the reservation north of Flagstaff in the village of Shungopovi, which no one around here seems to have ever heard of, in 1939.

In his freshman and sophomore years he attended Hopi High School, located at Oriabi, Arizona, where he played basketball. He was forced to come to Tucson because Hopi High only goes up to the tenth grade. He is now living with a Tucson teacher, Jimmy Estrada, together with sophomore Eric Poling Yownra and a junior, Terrance Talasevarina. Both of his roommates are Hopi and are attending Catalina.

ALTHOUGH MILO did attend school here last year he was ineligible due to his transfer. Being a senior, this is Milo's first and last year of competitive high school cross country. He holds a Catalina record time of 10:6.4, which he set two weeks ago while running in the rain against Pueblo.

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Genda Leads JV Pack; Frosh Lack Height

By Bruce Burkhart

THE FRESHMAN and JV teams got a lot of experience if not too many victories in their season openers.

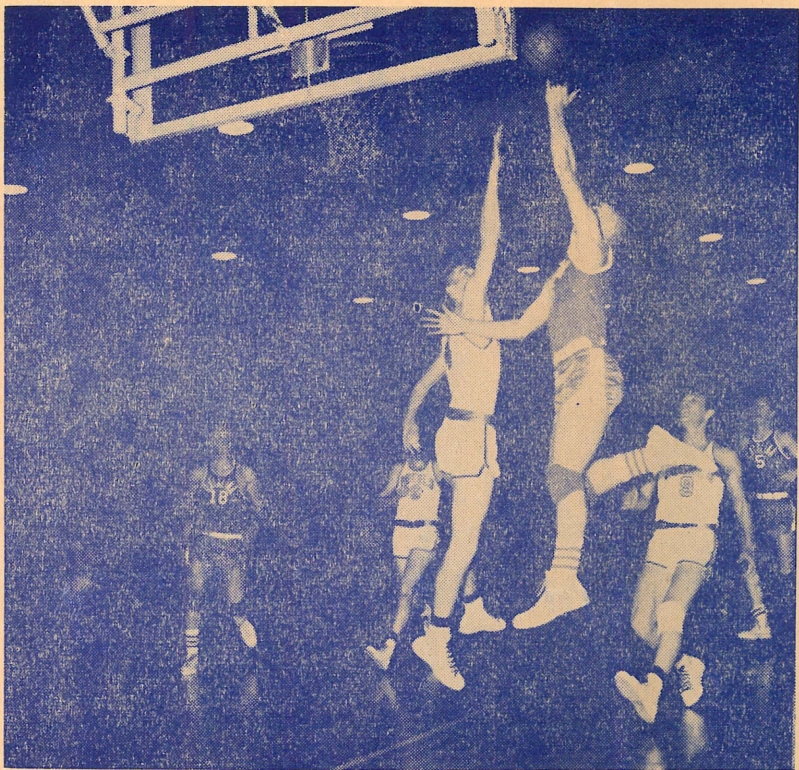
The Catalina JV's broke into the win column in their first start by tripping the Salpointe JV's 32-30 in what is classed as a thriller. Catalina floor work seemed exceptionally good with Neal Genda working well.

In the Pueblo game, CHS speed and shooting accuracy was the deciding factor in the first half, 21-17. Pueblo cooled the hot Catalina attack and went ahead 24-23 at the end of the third period. It was more of the same in the fourth with a 33-27 Pueblo win.

PHOENIX UNION height was again the big factor as they went into an early lead and held it with a big gap at half time. Catalina came back strong with the score reading 34-30, PU, at the end of the third frame. The PU Coyote cubs went off with a 45-40 nod.

COACH DICK BARNES' freshmen went winless in two starts, losing to Salpointe and Phoenix Union. In both cases the Colts' lack of height seemed to hurt. In the Salpointe game, they opened fast but seemed to be overpowered by the taller Little Lancers. In this game Salpointe was victorious 39-30.

In the second start of the season the CHS freshmen were again out-classed by a taller Phoenix Union ball club. The Coyote Cubs went ahead 26-9 at the half time. The Colts couldn't find themselves in the second half and the final score Phoenix Union 57, Catalina 36.



Mac Greeley (dark uniform) of CHS goes up after the wayward sphere with Warrior Andy Leichty. Leichty made two dandies at half court as the Trojans bowed 52-37. The clash was the dedication of the PHS gym.

Baseball To Get Under Way January 21 and 22 At New School

By Bill Wershing

LAST YEAR one of the most successful teams of Catalina High School was Cliff Myrick's Trojan baseball team. They compiled a 6 won 12 lost record and generally

gave most of their opponents a lot of headaches.

CLIFF MYRICK stated that practice would get under way the 21st and 22nd of January.

Back to help coach Myrick win the AA crown are pitchers Chuck Giles, Ray Gazek, Jim Newland, and Bill Mower. To support these gentlemen are catchers Jim Lawson and Floyd Watson.

Sport Faces

Tom Krucker, line crashing fullback, fleet swimmer and ace sprinter for Catalinas' cinder squad, has recently added another feather in his hat of awards.



Tom was chosen as first string fullback on the all-city football team by The Arizona Daily Star from the Old Pueblo's crop of prep gridgers. He also received the Tucson Daily Citizen award for the offensive back of the week for his performance against Pueblo.

Born in Mexico City, Tom has lived in Tucson for the last 15 years except for spending his freshman and sophomore years in a Pennsylvania school. While there he was the only freshman ever to major in three sports—football, swimming and track.

He also participated in the Penn Relays, helping his prep school win a third in the national 440 relay

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Cagers Belt Salpointe, FW; Clobbered By Pueblo, PU

By Charles Partington

AN EXCITING but somewhat disappointing Catalina cage squad goes into its third week end of basketball with everything to gain and not much to lose.

Tucson will be faced tomorrow night at the THS gym at 8 o'clock. Pre-season polls list the Badgers as number two on the AA south scale and the Trojans as third. Saturday will see the Trojans host North Phoenix.

Minus the assistance of first stringer, Tom Hassey, the Tucson machine walked over what is regarded as a powerful West Phoenix squad last Saturday, 50-44.

HIGH SCORER for the Trojans is Bill Mower, junior, who has connected on 23 field goals and 12 free throws for 58 points in three games. Mower has made only two personal fouls in four games.

AFTER TAKING Salpointe 46-33 and Flowing Wells 85-39, the Trojans lost heartbreakers to Pueblo, 43-56, and Phoenix Union, 37-52.

Catalina had an easy time of it against Salpointe as they led at the half, 25-8. Using mostly reserves in the second half, the Trojans let Salpointe close the gap somewhat. In the fleeting seconds of the first half, Kirk Young made a beautiful tip-in shot which was thought to be one of the best shots of the game.

FLOWING WELLS proved to be an easy make for the high scoring Trojans as they swept to a 24-4 first quarter lead. Everybody had a chance to play as the regulars played only one half of the game. Jim Seal and Mac Greeley paced the attack in which everyone scored at least four points with 15 and 14 points, respectively.

The Warriors of Pueblo made a successful debut in their new gym with a 56-43 win over their rivals from the north, Catalina.

ANDY LIECHTY led the winners with 19 points, while Catalina's Bill Mower was high point man for the evening with 23 points.

After leading at the end of the first period, 8-6, the Trojans fell apart and Pueblo pulled away and were never threatened again.

TOO MUCH Allen Holmes was the answer in Catalina's 37 to 52 loss to the Phoenix Union Coyotes. Holmes had 26 points and teammate center Steve Crookston tied with Bill Mower with 14 points.



Catalina's first string of "round" (8), Jim Sakrison (8), Steve Mi Lowery (6) form the nucleus of

Blue and white, with shades of red, gold and yellow will carry out the theme for the dance.

Torch king and queen finalists are Bill Gaylord, Chuck Giles, Mac Greeley, Gary Johnson, Bon Richardson, Judy Dickerson, Marlene Glad, Carolyn Roettger, Pat Sullivan, and Bev Zeidler.

Vote for one boy and one girl in homerooms tomorrow. The winners will be king and queen and the remaining eight candidates will serve as attendants.

Carolyn Buntin and Eddie Guerrero are the dance chairmen with the annual staff, Diane Nasby, editor-in-chief; Ray Foust, assistant editor; Helen Thompson, classes; Linda Fry, activities; Gaeel Morrison, student life; Nancy Walker, typing; Twila Kohler, ad layout; Karen Mathews, art editor; Lynn Steinko, assistant art editor; Kenny Sanders, sports editor; and Mr. Robert Dawson, advisor, helping.

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FTA Initiating Recruitment Program

Under the direction of Pi Lambda Theta and Delta Kappa Gamma, honor groups for women in education, the Future Teachers of America in the Tucson area are initiating a new program.

The Teacher Recruitment Program, as it is called, works like this:

Each member of a Future Teachers Club, or anyone interested in teaching, is assigned a sponsor in the field where their interests lie. The sponsor, a member of one of the two honorary organizations, is to assume the role of a "big sister."

One of the main duties of the "big sister" is to act as an informer. She answers any questions concerning the teaching field and invites the student to visit her classroom for one day.

December 3, at Pueblo High School, Pi Lambda Theta and Delta Kappa Gamma presented a program to get the new program started. All FTA Clubs were invited and the purpose of the meeting was to acquaint students and sponsors with the program.

The evening's entertainment, a panel, headed by Dr. Klonda Lynn from the University of Arizona, presented different views on teaching from the various levels of education. The panel included teachers from the university, high school and elementary levels.

What kind of conversation and attitudes can be found on the bus?

"IN THE ABSENCE of the Jayvees the bus is quiet. Each player has a seat to himself. Mr. Bell gives little gems of advice like, 'relax but don't go to sleep.'"

Pratt says his stomach gets in an uproar about that time. He said, "We, or at least I, think of just about everything on the way out; about the race and how well the other team will do.

"When we get to the bottom of the hill (about ¼ mile from the start and down hill from the start on Pontatoc—ed.) Bell stops the bus and we jog to the start to warm up. Then we're called to the start and are assigned places."

TELL ME WHAT it's like in the race, after the gun goes off?

"For about the first quarter you run sort of fast to get a good place. Then you start up hill. That's the most tiring part of the whole race.

is up hill and is a

Food For The Needy



Stacking on stacks of cans is Diane Nasby, after giving her own contribution. Catalina's initial canned food drive got under way this week. The drive is sponsored by the student body as a whole. Contributions are be left in the decorated boxes under Catalina's Christmas tree.

Honor Service Gives Party, Trims Tree, Holds Initiation

December 18 the Honor Service Society gave a Christmas party for the Tucson Day Nursery. Honor Service members took cookies, punch, and gifts to the children at the nursery for working mothers. The club also gave phonograph records and toys to the community-supported nursery.

The Christmas tree in the main hall of the Vocational Building was paid for by Girls' League and decorated by Honor Service Society members. The decorations for the tree were brought in on a voluntary basis by Honor Service workers and the student body at large.

At the meeting nine "Peanuts for Polio" captains were chosen. These captains are responsible for recruiting members for their team, for seeing that each team has peanuts, and for collecting the money after the drive is over. Captains chosen were Ann Baksa, Emily Kittle, Sandy Tanner, Kay McMillan, Judy Porter, Ellen Mays, Carol Green, Dorothy Fathauer and Marcia Phelan.

On November 29, Honor Service Society held its first initiation with almost twenty students initiated. New members are: Janet Jaxe, Emily Kittle, Barbara Harris, Ann Baksa, Judy Porter, Ellen Mayo, Barbara Beaudry, Kathy Fee, Kay McMillan, Marva Samson, Leslie Merchant, Carol Grun, Stephanie Pence, Kim Klinkieweecs, Drucilla Daney and Charles Lemley.

Plans for Honor Service members acting as hostesses at the Catalina High School's open house have been disclosed. HSS members will conduct the public through the new building and explain the plans of the new school to the visitors.

The next Honor Service Society meeting will be January 10.

Bev Awarded DAR Honor

"I still can't quite believe it," exclaimed Beverly Zeidler, upon being announced winner of the Daughters of the American Revolution Good Citizen Award.

Bev was selected by the faculty from three finalists chosen on November 29 in a student body election. These finalists, Diane Nasby, Pat Sullivan and Bev — were picked from six candidates nominated by the senior advisory board.

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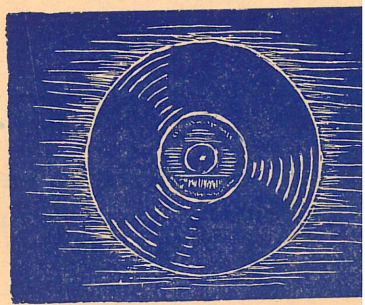
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