

Indian culture day

Indian Culture Day occurs once or twice during a school year. It is triggered by someone, usually a staff member or student, dashing excitedly into the school and loudly proclaiming, "the fish are really biting, big ones!" "I caught twenty before school started this morning!" Or, "the eel just hit the edge of town, they're bringing them in by the boat load!" Or, "I just saw ten moose standing in the middle of the runway!" Or, it could be just a beautiful, sunny, lazy day that beckons.

Last Tuesday was just that, a beautiful, warm, sunny day. Alfred Painter, Joe Maillelle, Jr., and Ezra Golilie rushed excitedly into school talking about the big fish being caught in the creek in back of David Nicholas' home. That set the stage. We all went through the mo-

ly when several children came up and told us that the fish were BIGGER down the creek. So off we went, the children gliding through the underbrush, jumping over logs and laughing. I followed from a distance, sinking into holes, clawing my way up hills and getting tangled in vines.

When we finally made it, we found the place so congested, that Edith, Rhonda and I decided to go farther down the creek. That was our second mistake. After walking for about thirty minutes we couldn't find a good place to fish nor could we find a path leading back to the village. To add to our misery, the gnats swarmed on us. I think they're related to the Piranha fish of the Amazon River, they're voracious. Then, Rhonda yells that she's spotted some fresh animal tracks. I hoped they weren't bear tracks, that's all we needed. Then, Edith screamed, "we're lost." Remembering my position as leader and teacher, I reminded them, rather calmly, that we weren't lost, that they were born and raised here and probably knew every turn of the creek, every blade of grass and the location of every path. They both looked at me like I had lost my mind. Edith informed me that they had never been this far before. So, off we went again, climbing and clawing up banks, falling in holes and swinging from tree to tree. After about an hour we spotted the warm, friendly smile of the village of Grayling. The girls took off, running and laughing toward their homes. I stopped at the first house, Rose Maillelle's, and drank a cup of hot, black coffee.

There isn't a muscle in my body that doesn't ache, nor hardly a place that isn't scratched — but — as soon as I recover — perhaps in April or May — maybe we'll have another Indian Culture Day — that is, if the fish are biting.

— Mattie Pat Shaw

News from Grayling

tions of doing our math, writing our spelling words and confronting the English language, but in the back of every mind was the picture of catching big fish from the creek in back of David's.

We lasted until about 1 o'clock, and that was it. With one foot out the door, I told the children to go home and get their fishing gear and meet me at the creek, that I was declaring the rest of the day, officially, "Indian Culture Day." I accidentally ran over a couple of kids on my way out.

Rhonda Taska, Edith Andrews, Timmy Chase, Joe Maillelle, Jr., and I ran to the creek, tried a few places and then found "THE place." Every time we cast out, we brought in a fish. What pure enjoyment!

But, as ever will be, the grass always looks greener on the other side, especial-