

and shocked he couldn't help but stop. They let me up and it worked. Everybody's face was red with rage or shame. I considered myself tough, but I didn't want to be that tough. The others followed suit, howling like banshees. The Disciplinarian was so disconcerted that the rest of the beatings were anti-climatic and short-lived. All the rest thanked me for howling as loud as I did.

William Collins, Jr.

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In spite of our seeming difficulty in getting along with the employees of the Indian school, I will have to say we had some top-notch school teachers. They were kind, understanding, patient, not quick to anger, very intelligent and most responsible. I don't believe I can say the same for the present stereotype Indian - school teacher. Nowadays, it seems to me that, first of all, they are "Government" employees. After serving their first year of probation, they almost can't be fired. They're "in", and knowing this, complacency sets in. They just plod wearily through the day, watching the clock, uncaring whether you get an education or not. They know they'll get their pay check every two weeks. In truth, they just put in their time. There is no P.T.A. The families, more often than not, are too far away to seemingly care. There is an air of indifference everywhere. Students are lethargic and lackadaisical. Who cares? Who really cares, are the thoughts and feelings that pervade the atmosphere. No one ever comes around. Maybe once a year.

The folks used to give us a quarter apiece on September 1, the first day of school. That was supposed to last us until Christmas vacation, which was two weeks long. Four or five of us used to pool our pennies and buy us a watermelon from a Farmer Brown who had a patch south of the school. We were all watermelon-starved. We'd literally fight for the biggest pieces after we "busted" it. By the way, did you ever "bust" a melon? Just drop it on the ground from a height of 3 or 4 feet and grab for the heart with your hands. We ate fast, with huge mouthfuls,