

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
BRANCH OF EDUCATION

A DAY IN A DAY SCHOOL

by

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR Fred A. Seaton, Secretary of the Interior

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS Glenn L. Emmons, Commissioner

BRANCH OF EDUCATION Hildegard Thompson, Chief

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A DAY IN A DAY SCHOOL

SHISHMAREF, on a small, sandy island off the north-central coast of Seward Peninsula, is a typical Alaskan Eskimo village. To the hundred and eighty Eskimos who call it home, it is "Kee-yik'-tuk"—"the island with our houses on it."

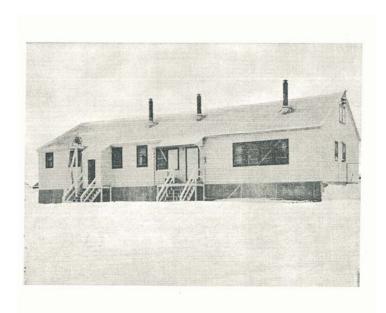
There is a Native Store here. A

Lutheran church. A Government school......

And—like a hundred others in native villages
from Wrangell north to barren Barter Island—
the SCHOOL is heart and core of the community......

The SCHOOL sits back from a sandy beach with the village clustered around it and faces north on the cold Arctic Ocean.

It is more than a plain, honest building of wood and nails and tin. To the villagers it is a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night to guide them out of darkness. It is civilization's Covenant – Promise of a better Tomorrow for a people of many Yesterdays.



And the CHILDREN come to claim that Promise.

Forty-odd children led by faith in education's magic . . . forty-odd children with faces turned to Tomorrow come to remind us of our Covenant.

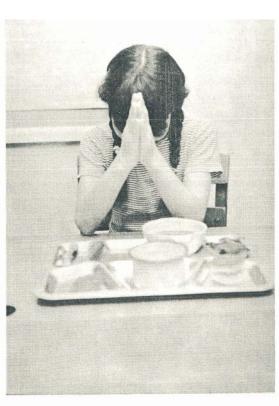
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With knowledge, comes Understanding;

And with Understanding;-

-: REVERENCE:-



and -: PATRIOTISM:-



and -: SERVICE:-



They WORK

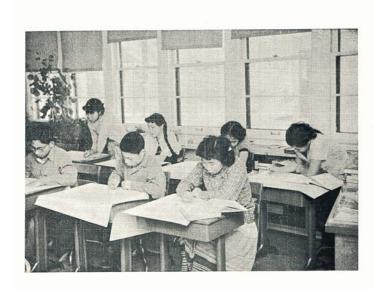
At strange hieroglyphics



at figures in a book.



on a geography-history assignment;



for this business of education comes hard



They EAT

the food prepared by comely village matrons,



served the younger by the older;



and they all join in with gusto!



And they PLAY

outside, when the weather is good,



at cards, inside, when it is not;



and every Friday there is a movie.



Suddenly, the short day is over.

The chairs sit in ranked, unnatural pose;
the silence is hardly broken —
by the swish of Jack's broom —
by the splatt of his mop —



Outside it is dark.
You sit alone;
and you wonder;
What paths have been made straight?
What mind sharpened?
Heart lightened?
What is the meaning of that blot on Mary's paper?
Will there actually be a Tomorrow?

