

Field trips aren't what they used to be

Recently went on my last "field trip" with students. A field trip is something a teacher lines up, fields all kinds of base hits, and I do mean base, and trips over some little item, like six kids didn't make the bus home and how come and what about my little girl and what kind of an educational system do we have, anyways?

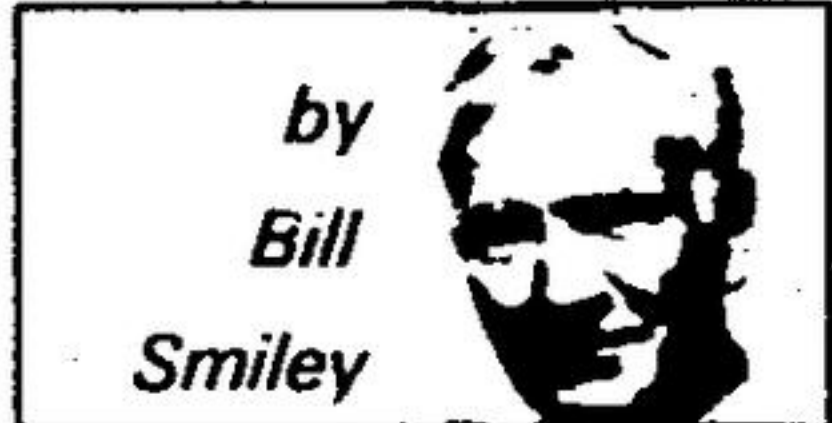
To some, a field trip is a day, or a week off for teachers and a waste of time for students. "Frills", snarls one parent. "Never had nouns that runnin' round in my day, seein' half-naked women and fools in long underwear, and I got a good education. Never outs work in my life." Says another.

And they're right, of course. Field trips are frills. They cost money which would be far better spent in drilling them on how to spell "receive," even though, after five years, they still spell it "recieve." Or to put tomtom together and eventually wind up knowing what a two-by-four is.

But maybe the pinch-mouthed lady who refers to "frills" would be a different person if she'd taken a page from Lady Macbeth's book and put a little guts into her old man. And maybe the other guy would not be so smug if he'd travelled to the East Coast and seen what a fisherman must do to earn a living.

Mustn't digress, though it's tempting. Wait'll I retire. Boy, this paper will burn, as the column is being written.

I said it was my last field trip. Good reason. I gave them up about ten years ago, and let the younger, idealistic teachers batter their brains and bods out



by
Bill
Smiley

Today, one must apply to the county school board, on a form. Then, one must get the principal's approval, usually a matter of course, unless you're taking a group to study the latest pornographic movies, or the latest development in topless dancing.

Then one orders a block of tickets. Then one sells them to the students, along with a formidable price for the bus. Then one fills out further forms, with the name, home rooms and individual numbers of the students. Then one tries to collect the money from the students who are away sick, or have forgotten, or have changed their minds. Then one must pay the bus company, up front. Then one must send a cheque for the tickets. Then one must fill out more forms, declaring exactly who is going to be on each bus. And so on. And on.

Then one must count and recount the students, make sure they get to the theatre on time, round them up for the trip home, count them again like so many cattle, scour the nearby taverns for the stragglers, leave behind those who have vanished, and return to a torrent of tirades.

I've had some great trips, years ago, to the O'Keefe Centre, the Royal Alex, Stratford, before the purpose of the trip became smothered in a paper snowstorm. Frances Hyland, Richard Burton, Alex Guinness. Great plays, students high on theatre. Never mind the bus breakdown on the way home. It was part of the adventure.

Then the troubles began. The permissive era. Lowered age for young drinkers. Bus

prices going out of sight. Creeping bureaucracy that made it a paper horror for the organizing teacher.

Took my last trip to Expo. Students puking beer all over the bus, after an evening in Montreal. Students acting like old maids who had just tried their first dry martini. The hell with that, I said. Who needs it?

This time, I was forced into it, by the sudden illness of the teacher who was organizing it. I think it was the organization that knocked him out.

I hate to admit it, but I enjoyed the trip, after the last-minute hassle over the paperwork. The kids were delightful, friendly, on time. The show was pretty good, live Shakespeare, the only way to enjoy the bard. There was only one hitch. I took my wife.

Every student was in the bus, seated, ready for the trip home. No sign of the Old Battleaxe, who'd gone shopping.

I paced up and down, outside the bus, muttering imprecations and scowling, for the benefit of the kids. She didn't show.

After 20 minutes of this, here she comes, strolling along, laden with shopping bags. I snatched them from her, hurried them into the luggage rack, told her I wouldn't sit beside her, and generally carried on.

She'd got the time mixed up. The kids forgave her. I stopped playing furious. We got home on time.

Maybe I'll do one more field trip, before I retire. But guess who isn't going? Right.

Christmas Seal fund is short of new goal

The Halton Lung Association announced that results of the Christmas Seal Campaign were far less than anticipated. To date, the campaign shows less than a three per cent increase over last year's, a total of \$120,919.22.

Cec McFadden, campaign chairman, reflects the concerns of the board of directors when he states that the \$8,000 shortfall in the campaign will have an effect on programs which are usually offered free of charge to the Halton Community.

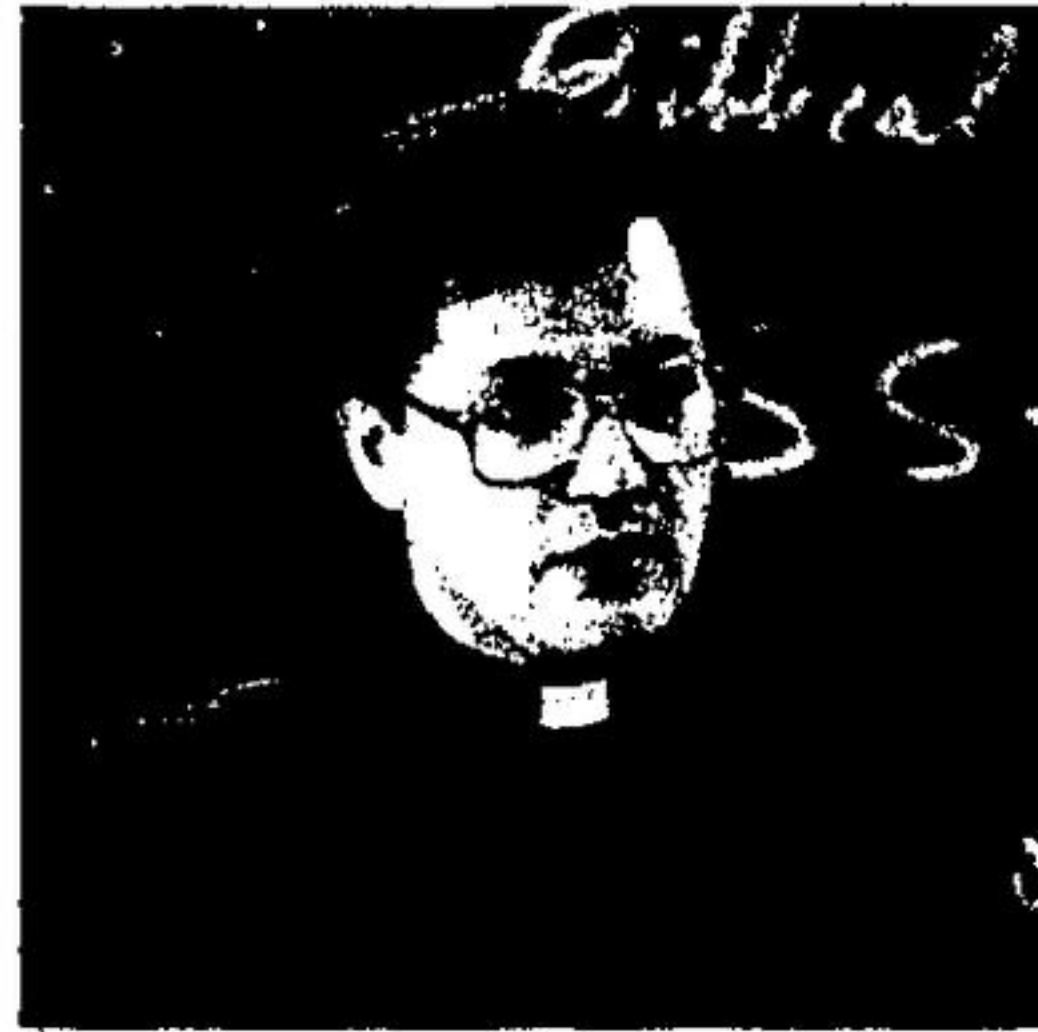
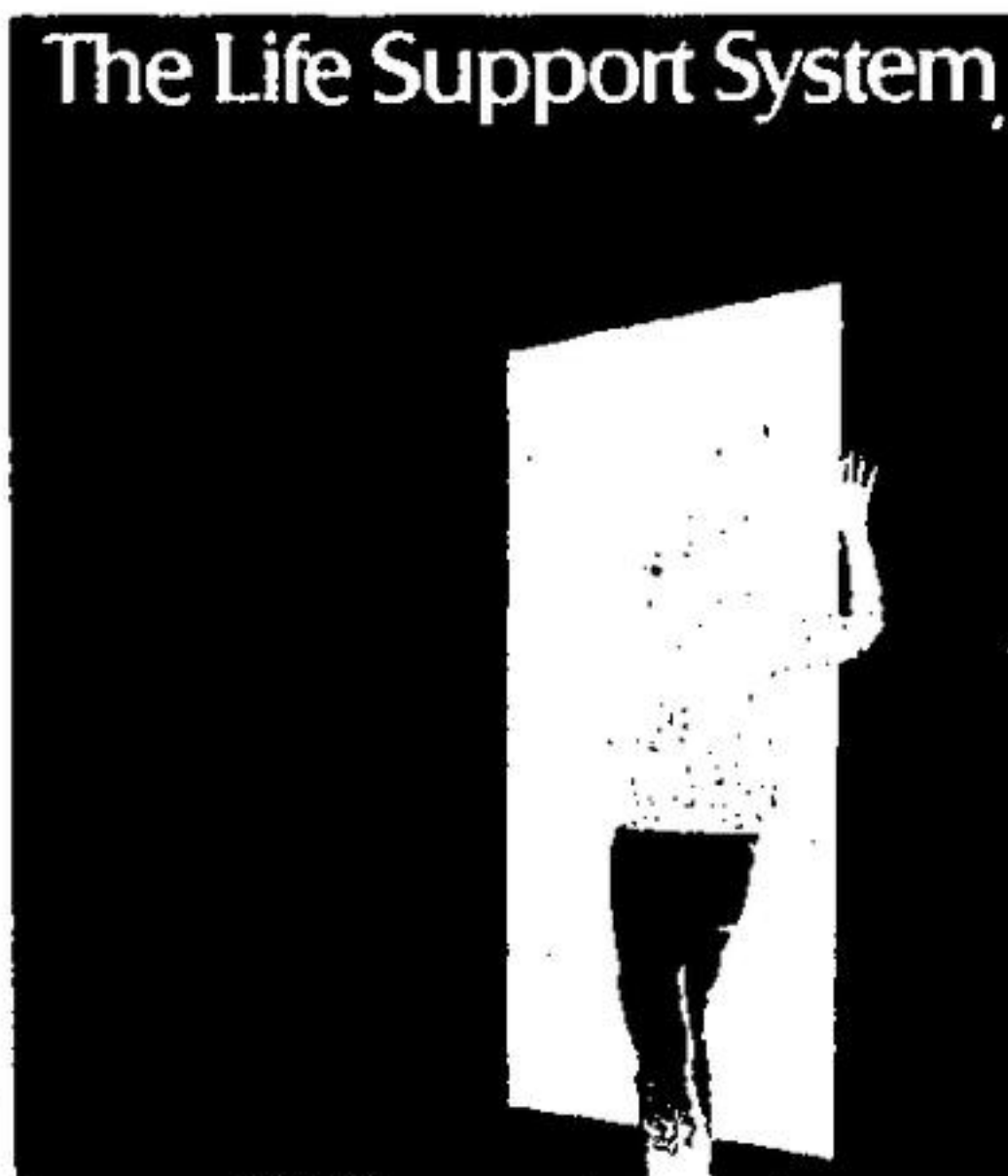
The Canadian economy has certainly had an influence on personal and corporate donations he says. However, Halton is dragging far behind others in less affluent areas. Ontario as a whole is reporting substantial increases for most of the other 32 associates.

Mr. McFadden stated that the campaign does not close officially until March 31, 1983, and that Halton citizens who have forgotten to send their donations still have time to do so.

There is only one Christmas Seal Campaign per year in the region of Halton and this supports all the Halton Lung Association programs—no government grants or any other financial support is given outside the public commitment.

ShareLife 83

The Archdiocese of Toronto Appeal for the education of priests, the developing nations, Catholic Charities and Covenant House/Under 21



ShareLife Sunday March 13, 1983

\$5,625,000

Please make cheques payable to:

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Acton Public Library (853 0301)
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Thursdays, 7 - 10 p.m., 7 April - 23 June
Instructor: Mr. Henry J. Regehr

Georgetown District High School Community Organization 1 (Social Work 222R RZ)
Tuesdays, 7 - 10 p.m., 5 April - 14 June
Instructor: Mr. Neal Rulon
(This course is presented with the co-operation of the Halton Hills Recreation and Parks Department. For more information, call 877-5185.)

UW Information Session
A UW representative will be available to discuss UW programmes, admissions and other matters of concern from 6:15 to 7:00 p.m. at the Acton Public Library on Thursday, April 7th.

Special Summer Session in Orangeville
You may also be interested in attending one or both of two intensive courses to be offered during the first two weeks of July in Orangeville. For more information, please contact the Registrar, Renison College, (884-4600, ext. 3368) or send the following request form by April 22, 1983 to:
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