

GIRL'S BASKETBALL NEWS

The Senior girl's basketball team travelled to the Lakehead last weekend to play two Lakehead teams. Three miles outside of Dorion our bus broke down and we had to transfer to another bus. We arrived at Lakeview high school at 8 - an hour late.

The Juniors played the first game and downed Lakeview 24-14. The game was hard hitting with 19 fouls going to each team. Terrace played their last 8 minutes with only four players.

The Senior girls were beat by an 11-8 score. Both teams did most of their scoring on foul shots.

The games ended at 11 a.m. and we were served lunch by the Lakeview girls.

We were billeted out in Port Arthur and had to report back to the school at 9 a.m. Saturday morning. We went to Selkirk by taxi and played the first game around 10 a.m. The Senior girls trounced Selkirk seniors 35-13. The scoring was evenly divided among all the players. The Juniors played to a 29-21 victory.

At 3 p.m. we left for home. We made one stop at Nipigon and were home around 8 p.m. We were given a real welcome by the two schools and had a very enjoyable weekend. We hope Selkirk and Lakeview will be able to play here in the near future. Standings are: Juniors - Lynn Simmer 16 points, Kris Olsen 15, Lorraine Belliveau 8, Lita Boudreau 7, Terry Pastor 4. Seniors - Diane Campbell 13 points, Linda Dakin 13, Gail Dakin 11, Margaret Jean Wallwin 4, Claire Belliveau 2.

SKI CLUB NEWS

The local ski hill was the scene of much activity on Sunday afternoon as thirty club members both young and old took part in a Treasure Hunt.

After rules were explained and two man teams formed, a list of clues were handed out and the hunt was on. The list took approximately one hour, then scores were tabulated and winners were: First - Bevin Black and Billy Megraw, Second - Stan Megraw and Pinette St. Louis.

Scores were close and all those participating are to be congratulated on a fine effort, even a cold wind could not cool off the enthusiasm.

The organizers have had many requests for a repeat performance in the near future. Watch the club-board notices for date and time.

This week-end the club are holding a mid-season race for intermediate boys age 14-18. (cont'd Pg. 12)

by Bill Smiley

More on education

This was supposed to be part two of a series on education in this country. Last week, I complained about: obsolescence; the lack of everything but pupils; the unfairness of the fund-raising for education; the lack of any national standards; and the rigidity of practically everything in the system. Not bad for a start.

In all the years I wrote this column before I began peddling pedagogy, nobody tried to suppress my opinions here. Many disagreed violently. Others threatened to cancel their subscriptions. Some said I was vulgar. And one reverend gentleman even offered to thrash me within an inch of my life. I reminded him that my big brother was a six-foot-two, 210-pound engineer, and I never heard another word.

The first hint that I should tone it down came from a representative of the mighty teachers' federation. Said they'd had several letters from members urging that I be drummed out of the service because I was destroying the teacher's image by mentioning here such human horrors as sex and drink, and by using the odd epithet.

He asked me heavily what I would do in his position. I replied lightly that I'd do what I always do with letters from cranks and bigots — chuck 'em in the wastebasket. He was annoyed. Pinned down, he admitted there were two such letters. And I was annoyed.

Second subtle suggestion was from an inspector. A lady. She passed the word that the Deputy Minister, no less, was concerned about my column and its contents.

I turned indigo and snarled, "You mean the Department is trying to tell me what I can say and can't say in my column?"

"Nonononono!", she blurted, visions of headlines dancing in her head. "It's merely hoped that you'll use your own good judgment."

Next time, it was another inspector. At the time, a now-defunct newspaper for teachers was running my column. The paper was happy; the fan mail was heavy. But, whispered this inspector, he thought he should tell me, for my own sake, that I

was getting in wrong with the federation.

"Waddaya tokkin about!", I enquired in my best Head of English Department manner. And got no answer that I could pin down.

I seem to be down on inspectors this week. And so I am. We got the word the English inspectors were coming. I alerted my 15-odd birds in the English department.

Next morning, the English staff would have gladdened your eye. Gals all in their best dresses, hair fresh-done. Men with their shoes shined. And every single one glowing with virtue after working till one a.m. preparing the sort of unrealistic but model lessons that inspectors expect.

Nine a.m. Word comes that they wouldn't be there. Snowing and blowing. Any of us would have struck off for anywhere. But these city-nurtured drivers are terrified by a bit of wind and snow.

So we shot off all those terrific lessons on the kids. Mine laughed heartily when they saw my desk cleaned off. It was the first time they'd seen me below the breast-bone in months.

And tomorrow we have to do it all over again, because the inspectors are still coming, if they can make it. May they go into a big snow-bank and sit there for four hours. If they do struggle through, it will be an anti-climax. The girls' dresses are crushed and their hair coming down. And I sure as hell am not going to shire my shoes two days in a row.

Just another of the evils of our system. A teacher is given a record of merit by an inspector, who sees him maybe once a year, for one or two lessons. The self-confident showman, who may be a lazy bum normally, whips up a flashy lesson for inspection, and scores high. The self-conscious teacher, who normally does a terrific job, becomes nervous and makes a botch of things, and scores low.

I don't really hate inspectors. They've changed. They are no longer the old terrors, but a pretty decent, helpful lot. But the system is punk.

More next week, maybe.