

Schreiber Dance-a-thon (Cont'd from page 15)

Judy and Bob Smalley of Marathon, winners of their high school dance-a-thon, received first prize of \$50 along with David Bailey and Suzanne Chicoine of Schreiber - \$50. Third prize of \$10 went to Keith Searles and Cathy McGrath and honourable mention goes to David LeBlanc and Violet Roen.

All in all the event was a booming success!

New officers of the United Church Women are shown in the photo below by Inez McCuaig, with Rev. and Mrs. E.C. Prinselaar.

Front l to r - Mrs. Bill Thrower, treasurer, Mrs. Wesley Clemens, president, Mrs. Nelson Smith, secretary. Back l to r - Mrs. and Mr. Prinselaar, Mrs. Frank Fummerton, first vice-president, Mrs. Oscar Laine, second vice-president.



Mrs. J. Rummery presided for the meeting of the March of Dimes Committees - Mesdames R. Mac-Adam, B. Mullins, J.D. Bryson, D. McGuire and J. Campbell, when arrangements were made for their annual collection to take place on Friday, February 2nd.

SCHREIBER RESIDENT PASSES AWAY

The funeral of the late John Kondrat, aged 83, whose death occurred in the hospital on January 24th, was conducted in Schreiber in St. Andrew's United Church. The funeral was conducted by both Rev. G. Husser of Terrace Bay and Rev. E.C. Prinselaar, on January 27. (Cont'd on page 13)

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley



There are heartening signs that a revolution, bloodless, but sweeping, is taking place in education.

There are indications that the oppressed people have passed the muttering stage, have attacked the Bastille, will free the prisoners and in the process over-run the Swiss Guards, defenders of the ancien regime. And all will be wine and dancing in the streets. And chaos.

But out of chaos eventually emerges order. Look what God made out of a heap of chaos. And out of the chaos of the French Revolution emerged a completely new concept of freedom and equality that had a tremendous impact on the world.

Perhaps the revolution in education will produce a similar freeing of the spirit of man, allowing him to cope with the great and relentless pressures of this age and those to come.

Education in this century, the century of the common man, has been a failure on a grand scale. It has failed entirely to come to grips with a society that has been turned upside down and inside out by two global wars, mass communication, a tremendous spurt of technological advance and a close, hard look at traditions.

Educators, with a few notable exceptions, have been timid, shying from anything that might upset the system. The public at large has ignored education, except to bleat about the cost.

As a result, education has been a generation behind the times. It has become a monolith of repression, rigidity and conformity. It has been an elephant waltzing with a giraffe.

But fresh winds are blowing through the concrete boxes in which young minds are supposed to be exhilarated, excited and liberated. And with many another, I cry a loud, sincere, "Halleluia!"

Go into an elementary school today. You may be shocked to death. Instead of sitting in neat rows, facing a teacher, and putting up their hands so they can spout some meaningless information which has been memorized, you're apt to find the children wandering all about the room, doing things,

looking up information, actually talking to each other, which, of course, is pure heresy.

It looks like anarchy, but it isn't. The teacher is teaching, not just telling. The kids are learning, not being taught. No longer are they little sponges, each in his own compartment. There is a flowing of ideas, a joy in finding out for oneself.

Go into a high school. The teacher is supposed to be reading a poem, preferably written at least 100 years ago. Then he is supposed to elicit from the students, with a series of childish questions which bore the bright ones and are ignored by the dumb ones, the meaning of the poem. Then there is supposed to be the search for similes and metaphors. Then he is to put an analysis of the poem on the blackboard, the kids copy it down, and everyone is happy. They have "done" a poem. They are being taught the joy of poetry. They are being educated.

But what's this? They're not even sitting in rows, but in a circle. They're arguing about the poem, which was written three years ago. They relate it to their own lives. The discussion may run from hippies to drugs to broken hearts to religion to joy to beauty. They may still be fighting about it when they leave the classroom. Dreadful. Disorganised.

It's all disgusting and degenerate, but it's happening. And not just in the classroom. There are field trips in geography. Imagine. Going right outside where the geography is. A visit to parliament by a history class. Shocking. History should be in books, where it belongs. A trip to the theatre for an English class. Sheer depravity. That Shakespeare can be pretty filthy stuff, if it isn't carefully censored.

My wife tells me that some of the professors at university are actually teaching these days, instead of just talking at you.

Where will it all end? The iron hand has been removed and one of these days we're going to be faced with a generation of kids who like school so much they'll have to be kicked out at 16.