

The Teacher's Role In Education

We are concerned about the process of education, so we have allowed Mr. Garner to accord his opinion on an aspect of a problem in education.

Professional status has been an issue, among teachers for quite some time, but it has recently taken on new significance with the rise of teacher unions. Teachers should not strike, it is often said, because they are professionals. But are teachers on the same socio-economic level as doctors, lawyers, dentists? What makes a professional "professional?"

Professionals as a group have four main attributes. First, every professional receives advanced training in his chosen field, usually on the college level. A teacher (like a doctor, lawyer, dentist) must have a college degree; a teacher must also upgrade his "license to teach" every five years, or he will lose it. Second, a professional enjoys the recognition and appreciation by the community of his special skills. A professional contributes directly to the community welfare, usually on a high level.

A third mark of the professional is the flexibility of his work schedule. He has his own work to do, and he determines his own approach within broad boundaries. He works regular hours so that he can serve more people, but he is willing and able to go the second mile in his work.

Salary level is the final mark of a professional. A professional level salary includes compensation for his extensive training, for his high level contribution, for his flexibility and initiative in meeting people's needs. Usually, professionals earn more than say, blue collar workers, but there are reasonable exceptions.

Are teachers professionals, then, according to these criteria? No, they are not. They do receive professional training, but they don't receive professional level salaries. They have professional level responsibilities, but they don't have the flexibility and freedom needed to solve the problems they face.

The move among teachers to seek recognition as professionals is a fairly new one. And, it has not been very successful, mainly because many people do not recognize its importance. Professionalism is important to many more people than just teachers. The obvious beneficiaries of professional recognition are the teachers themselves, but the students are the ones who stand to gain the most.

We all know what happens when a worker begins to feel that his work is unimportant and that he himself is not appreciated. He goes steadily downhill, both in the quality of his work and in how he feels about himself. Loss of quality, the slipping of standards, is a tragedy that touches us all directly or indirectly.

For a multitude of reasons, teachers no longer feel good about their jobs or, in many cases, about themselves. Tisk, tisk, we are tempted to mutter. But there is a larger group involved than just teachers. The large group is the consumer of the service teachers provide: the students. When a teacher fails to do his work in a professional way, who suffers? Who rejoices that he has found a slide, only to bemoan his later performance on the SAT, his lack of admission to a decent college, or even his inability to land any but the most menial of jobs?

The benefits that students

derive from a professional status for teachers may be seen by first considering the alternatives to professionalism. What will happen if teachers continue to be pushed into the open arms of labor? Teachers will soon begin to act like labor, making demands and calling strikes when demands go unmet. But even if a strike never occurs, irreparable damage to teacher attitudes and morale will be done if labor wins over professionalism. When teachers become laborers, schools become factories, and students become cartons to be cut, folded, filled, and sealed. There is no place for either conscience or compassion on an assembly line.

That's the negative argument. While there are many positive arguments for professionalism, one stands out in my mind in the form of something my old daddy used to tell me. "Most of the time," he said, "you get only what you pay for." Teachers have been trying to prove this wrong for years; they've been giving and giving and giving simply because they perceived themselves as professionals regardless of whether anyone else did. Teachers are, on the whole, altruistic people; they are capable of great sacrifice as long as their generosity is not abused. But what W.B. Yeats wrote is also true: "Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart."

I for one would like to see students exercise a little enlightened self-interest. I would like to think that they and their tax-paying parents will realize that professional status for teachers is not a gift just for teachers but an investment for the entire community in quality education.

Daniel E. Garner



Mrs. Pardue

The Messiah, A Masterpiece

By David Bulla

The man who wrote the *Messiah* did not know what he had orchestrated until he came to the "Hallelujah Chorus," where he proclaims that "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God himself." And when the Oratorio was first played before George II, he did stand, and thus the custom of standing through that sublime chorus. And on Sunday December fifth the Greensboro Oratorio Society presented George Frederick Handel's masterpiece.

Among those from Grimsley that were part of that production were many teachers and students; they were Joe Franks, Nancy Gibbs, Kathy Cary, Martha Janke, Suzanne Booth, John Quillin, Ed Spears, Elaine Adams, Page Thompson, Charles Jones, and Lynn Hammer.

The performance was highlighted by the "For Unto Us A Child Is Born", "Hallelujah", and "Amen" choruses. The meritable production was directed by Mr. Don Trexler.

Pardue Is New French Teacher

By Leigh Cagle

Un Nouveau Professeur

Grimsley is privileged to have a new teacher added to our foreign language department. Mrs. Pat Pardue has been teaching both French and Spanish classes since November 2, the beginning of the second grading period.

Mrs. Pardue has both an undergraduate (1961) and a masters degree (1971) from UNC-G. She taught there for seven years previous to her new job here at Grimsley, which she finds much different from teaching at college. She is presently teaching French I and II and Spanish I.

A graduate from Grimsley, Mrs. Pardue stated she would rather teach here than at many of the other high schools in Greensboro. She has in fact, taught here for three years just after she got her undergraduate degree from UNC-G. She likes the students, but added that she finds them, on the most part, very talkative. The only habit which seems to bother her is to see a student chewing gum while trying to speak in class.

Having been to France three times, she has an erudite background including knowledge on European cultures and customs. On one trip in 1974 she took three college students along and toured France, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and Spain. Her last trip in October, was to Greece and she is now looking forward to traveling through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

Mrs. Pardue is an enthusiastic gardener. She also plays the guitar, does needlepoint, and enjoys bicycling, swimming and camping. This past summer she and her fourteen year old daughter camped to Nova Scotia. She also has a twenty-year-old stepson.

Grimsley is fortunate to have acquired such an active teacher. Mrs. Pardue will no doubt do an excellent job. Let us hope she continues to enjoy her job at Grimsley.

Mrs. St. Nick Interviewed by High Life

By Susan McGlamery

Hello! This is your *High Life* reporter, broadcasting directly from the (Brrr) North Pole. I have journeyed to this bleak outpost of human civilization to interview that jovial old codger himself, Santa Claus. Here comes someone now. Oh, it's only Mrs. Claus.

Mrs. Claus: What, what did you say?

High Life: I said, oh good, it's Mrs. Claus.

Mrs. Claus: No you didn't, you reporters don't fool me. You wanted to speak to Santa, not me!

High Life: Now Mrs. Claus, calm yourself. I'd like to ask you a few questions for my publication.

Mrs. Claus: Shoot, but make it snappy. I've got some figgy pudding in the oven.

High Life: O.K., uh, how does it feel to be married to one of the most famous and best-loved men of children's folklore?

Mrs. Claus: I get so tired of that question! How should I know how it feels? I'm not a psychiatrist, you know. Can't you reporters at least be original?

Elf: Mrs. Claus, Santa wants his figgy pudding now.

Mrs. Claus: All right, All right! Geez, I don't get no respect around this joint.

High Life: But Mrs. Claus, you are the wife of one of the best-loved and ...

Mrs. Claus: I know, I know, everyone keeps reminding me. But my life ain't as easy as people seem to think. For one thing, it's no picnic being up here in the North Pole all the time. It's cold up here!

High Life & Elf: How cold is it?

Mrs. Claus: It's so cold that we have to thaw our hens out before we can make egg nog!

High Life: Really? That's very interesting, but ...

Mrs. Claus: And it's so cold that Rudolph's nose went out!

High Life: Right, right, but we must go on.

Mrs. Claus: I've always wanted to open an act at L.A. or Vegas. You know, a little comedy, some songs ...

High Life: Mrs. Claus, we all know that every Christmas Eve Santa Claus brings toys to all the good little boys and girls all over the world. But what do you do on Christmas Eve?

Mrs. Claus: About what I do every night -- watch T.V. I'm just mad about the Fonz.

High Life: You can't mean that. Everyone knows that Mrs. Claus is a happy, good natured, matronly woman, red-cheeked, her husband's faithful helper, always bustling about in the kitchen ...

Mrs. Claus: No, no you've got it all wrong. I don't cook, the elves do. Of course, I have to

make the figgy pudding because no one else can make it as good as I can.

High Life: Yes, but you can't just sit around and watch T.V. all the time, can you?

Mrs. Claus: Why not? Isn't that what most people do?

High Life: No! Well, I guess not. Just sometimes.

Mrs. Claus: What else is there to do in this forsaken place? You can't go outside -- it's so cold. There are no social functions, just the local Reindeer Club, which is a bore. There is simply nothing to do up here, what with the long winter nights and everything. The only event I know of is the annual Reindeer Games.

High Life: There's Mr. Claus! Hey, Santa! Can I ask you a few questions?

Mrs. Claus: Forget it, he won't speak to you until he's had his figgy pudding. He's a bit touched you know.

High Life: Oh, of course. Well, look's like our time is up. Thank you for talking to us, Mrs. Claus.

Mrs. Claus: Don't mention it. Come on up next year if you like.

High Life: Sure thing. This is your *High Life* reporter, signing off. Merry Christmas!

Mrs. Claus: Be sure to catch my act in L.A. You know, it's so smoggy there that ...

GHS Personals

John -- Glued to the brick.

L.E. -- Do you hear footsteps in the track race all the way back in 7th?

Mr. G. Lewis -- Love that sexy moustache!

Charlie -- Someday somebody's really gonna knock you off your pedestal and it's really gonna hurt.

L.E., K.B., W.B. -- They rolled right out of my jeans last week! J.C.

R.W. -- Good luck with your teeth the 28th --C.E.

Lee -- Why don't you give her a ring-a-ling?

J.T. -- UNTIL DINNER ... It won't be that terrible! They'll do it and you'll be home again before you know it --C.E.

K.B. -- Winner of the Marathon Make-out Contest, December third and fourth.

Paula -- when are you gonna let me kiss ya? --Commode

D.D. -- This is my toast to Mr. W. after almost a whole semester I've gotta say it really been something. I still have those discussions. Too bad we can't do this again next semester!!! It's been fun!! Merry Christmas!!! --C.E.

Merry Christmas, Snoopy G.

Joe-Joe -- Why are you called KING or should I ask the three G's?

A.S. -- Did you say SHUT UP?

C.K. -- Did the bionic hands get out of control as J.D.'s? --Sugar bear and B.L.

L.L. and L.T. -- My bubble has burst and been put back together so many times, I've run out of glue. I've given up and it's still in a million pieces on the floor. --C.E.

P.J. -- THANKS!

Merry Christmas, Big Fig! Suzy and Joan -- Boo says hello.

Shadow -- Isn't B. R.C.'s? He's very F.O.

C.F. -- To inhibited, huh??? You've got to be kidding!!!

Comrade, how's the chick?

Emmy, what did you want to tell me in German class? --J.A.

Is the doctor IN or OUT? (or does he exist?) I worry about dirty old men.

W.B. -- Is Kojak still in your "wears"?

Interested in starting a riding club? Instruction, Trail Rides, Boarding. For further information contact Kalen Vaughan at 292-4137 or Mrs. Rapp 643-3136.