

Examinations, those

Examinations have always been a chore to students. What few people realize is that teachers usually wind up with the most trouble. Some poor misguided souls believe that exams are merely taken off the shelf every year, dusted off, and with a few minor alterations regiven periodically. Below the author will try to enlighten these unfortunate beings on the following subjects:

- 1. Origin of exams
2. Effects on pupils
3. Effects on teachers (by far the most important topic)

To begin this sad story we must understand where exams are born. Few realize that usually they originate at Christmas time.

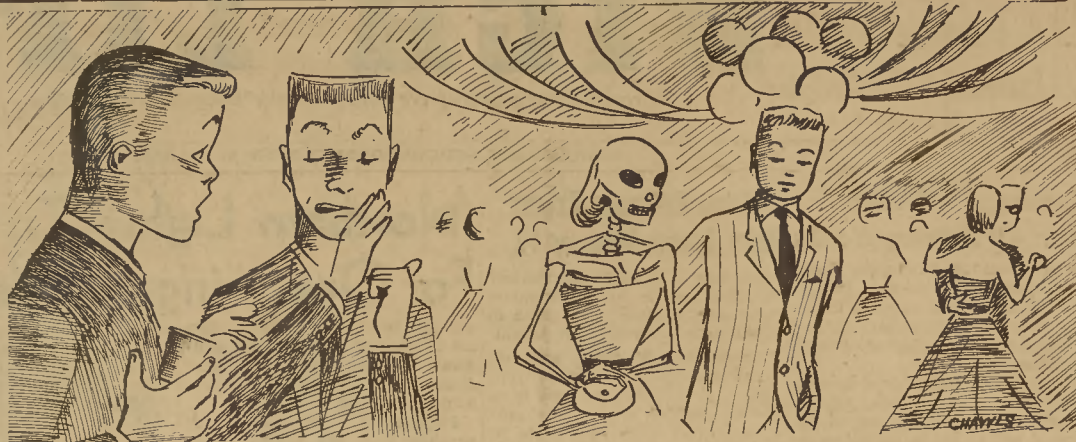
Teachers, too evil to be visited by Santa Claus on Christmas Eve, spend their two week vacations cleaning cauldrons, scraping together ingredients, and brewing examinations. Always working in secret, they spend weeks making their brain teasers more potent and deadly than they think any rival's could possibly be. At last, no longer able to hide the source of their fiendish pleasure, the school marms decide to announce to their classes that examination time is to come.

The shock produces varying effects. Some of the weaker students faint, others turn mute, and then there are always the stalwart souls who remain completely unruffled by any such knowledge. As soon as the class revives, the initial debate begins, to review or not to review, that is the examination—I mean question. Those in the affirmative ask to have their memories refreshed as early as two weeks ahead of time. Happy to oblige, Teacher then alters her nightly assignments to read in this fashion: review chapters 1-639 and answer questions on page 4-594 excluding the third question on page 15.

During this hubbub of exam preparation the proverbial Johnny of the why-he-can't-read variety one day startles the class with his straightforward explanation that one morning at 2 a. m. he went blind summarizing the index of Boccaccio's Decameron. Those on the negative team of the debate, determined not to submit to the torture of review, calmly announce that such practices are against their religion.

However, with the passing of time, all scholars, whether willing or not, when faced with the reality of not passing, head for the trees of knowledge via the nearest text book. Suddenly a renaissance occurs, a shorter one no doubt that the Italians experienced, nevertheless by far more drastic in effect. Students who previously never cracked a book decide to try the uninviting novelty called studying.

On the eve of that all important day, lights flicker on throughout the city as the gleam of midnight oil becomes a familiar



YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES? VLADIMIR REALLY DID DIG ONE UP!

sight. No doze tablets sell by the case load; students armed to the teeth with coffee, drugs, and text books declare war on exams and prepare to battle it out the following morning.

Some of the more naive pedagogues, failing to realize that no sleep + study = exhausted students on exam day, tire themselves out and are unable to begin combat immediately. Having to recuperate for several days, at last they recover enough strength to begin making up late exams, only to find to their regret that by this time their minds are blank, washed clean by the waters of rest and sleep.

All breathe sighs of relief when the grueling tests are over. Pleasure is added with the stark discovery that now the evil inventors of the shameless tests are to be its main victims. While Johnny regains his eyesight and other hot rod noblemen return to former habits, the repentant teacher, burdened with hundreds of uncorrected papers, is heard to plead, "Please, no more idiotic paragraphs to grade; I can't stand anymore," as she peers over her room full of papers stacked neatly to the ceiling and quietly awaiting her.

COUNCIL CORNER

BY BILL O'BRIEN

The Student Council has completed the tabulation of the evaluation sheets you filled out before Christmas. The results are as follows:

- 1. Do you feel that you are being well represented on the council? Yes-1345 No-107
2. Do you think the council's sophomore orientation program was adequate? Yes-1316 No-122
3. Was the sophomore election run smoothly and efficiently? Yes-1236 No-55
4. In your opinion, were the 1957 Homecoming activities a success? Yes-1207 No-153
5. Did you gain a better understanding of your council as a result of the assembly program entitled "The Student Council in Action"? Yes-1281 No-126
6. Do you think the council's presentation of the Honor Code was effective? Yes-1075 No-270
7. Has the council put sufficient emphasis on the Honor Code? Yes-961 No-469
8. Are you conscious of the Honor Code? Yes-1195 No-159

- 9. What is your opinion of the Lunch-Time Recreation program in the girls' gym? Good-312 Fair-664 Poor-310
10. Do you think that the Lunch-Time Recreation program should be continued? Yes-1217 No-162
11. Are you willing to participate in it? Yes-991 No-325
12. Did you gain any tangible facts that will aid you in choosing a future career during the past Careers Day? Yes-1249 No-149
13. Would you say that Careers Day was a success? Yes-1356 No-39
14. Do you feel that Careers Day is worth the time and work that goes into it? Yes-1378 No-41
15. What was your general overall opinion of Careers Day? Good-1261 Fair-160 Poor-10
16. Do you think that Careers Day should be held again? Yes-1212 No-224
17. Do you think the present plan of a council report every two weeks is sufficient? Yes-1212 No-2224
18. Do you think "Council Corner" as a regular HIGH LIFE column is worthwhile? Yes-1269 No-106
19. How would you rate the council's work up to now? Good-1187 Fair-226 Poor-25

Hall Tales

BY JUDIE BITTINGER

A story with a moral is always rewarding, so listen fellow students, and you will hear a tale of great wisdom.

There was once a lady moose who had two suitors. The two male moose were very jealous of each other, so they were going to fight each other for the maiden's hoof. But the lady said, "No, you two go to the top of the mountain over there and the one that brings me the most stones, I'll marry." So they went to the top of the mountain, but one moose took too many stones and tripped, falling all the way down the mountain, losing all his stones. So the other moose won the lady. Now, the moral of the story is, "A rolling moose gathers no stones!"

Panic-stricken students and paper-laden teachers can mean only one thing to any innocent idiot—EXAMS! But don't be discouraged, sophs, they get to be a habit after a while.

Speaking of exams, have you ever been in a class where the teacher says, "This exam will be given by the honor system . . . everyone will move to different rows and sit three seats apart!"

The average man—One who thinks he isn't.

Conscience—A little voice that tells you not to do something after you've already done it.

Friend—One who often has the same enemies you have.

Boy—He is always one of three things—hungry, thirsty, or both. Woman—Generally speaking, is generally speaking.

Friend of family: "What's your son going to be when he passes his final exam?"

David Watkins' pere: An old man, most likely.

Mr. Lynch: "My daughter is having her voice cultivated."

Friend: "Is it improving?" Mr. Lynch: "It's growing stronger. She used to be heard only two houses away. Now we get complaints from as far away as the next block."

Phil Causey: "I dreamed I had a job." Fellow Syitt: "You look tired."

Frances Blake: "How was the scenery on your trip?"

Polly Young: "It ran largely to tooth-paste and smoking tobacco."

Song heard while passing a local bee hive: Bee it ever so humble, there's no place like comb.

He went out one lovely night To call upon a miss, And when he reached her residence,

He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this.

He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this. He ran up stairs like this.

"Oh, say those three little words that will make me walk on air," the passionate date of Marie White whispered.

"Okay," replied Marie, "Go Hang Yourself!" That's our Marie.

That's all for now—Remember, he who laughs, lasts.

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