

Class of 1977
graduation
Center Line High

A RE WE PREPARED

by Ron Kustek 6-15-77

WE, the graduting class of 1977, have to ask ourselves the very important question: Are We Prepared?—prepared to leave high school and confront whatever life has to offer. WE have been led to believe that high school could lead us in one of two directions; it could educate and prepare us to move onto some higher form of education, or, it could train us for some vocation.

The latter is handled extremely well at Center Line. Our vocational cirriculum is one of the best in the entire state. But what about the college bound students? Are they adequately prepared? We are guided in what to think instead of how to think for ourselves.

The term "Education" means the propagation and generation of ideas. That is what's lacking at our school. The whole concept of education.

The fault lies mainly in alot of the teachers. They just present their subjects without involving the students. The foremost complaint is that the material is so cut and dried, so unenthusiastically presented, that students aren't turned on to the subject. If teachers themselves aren't excited about teaching, how can we be expected to really get into learning?

Like any other occupation, teachers should be held accountable for their profession. In all other jobs, pay is in accordancewith preformance. If a man doesn't do what he is paid to do, he is considered a failure. If the teacher doesn't do the proper job, the student is the failure.

There are some dedicated teachers in the school who care enough about education and make their classes interesting. They do show pride. But those good teachers at Center Line are too few and too far in between.

There aren't many students who can learn from the poorly presented classes. In that respect, those who do are set apart from the other students. But, even those few are still subject to the unpleasent, yet necessary aspect of school commonly known as playing the game.

We have gone to school for 12 years, not counting kindergarten. Think of it. Twelve years of tardy bells and hall passes; of graded homework, graded tests, graded conduct; of report cards, grade point averages (which no one is ever really sure of), honor lists, citizenship ratings; of straight lines and silence. Twelve years pitted against our classmates in a daily Roman circus. The game is "Doing What You're Told". The winners get gold stars, affection, envy. They get A's and B's, honors, awards, and scholarships. The losers get humiliation and degradation.

The fear of losing the game is a great fear. What if we fail and have to watch our friends move past us to glory? The pressure mounts, we play the game more intensely. One might have to modify, depending on how badly they need the grade. To get the grade, we learn to do one of three things. We memorize, so on tests we recite without true knowledge. We "brown-nose" the teachers, which no one will admit to doing. Or we learn to cheat.

Don't be shocked. Cheating occurs more than any of us would ever care to admit. YOU see, we're grade junkies