

Final Exams

Although the end of the year is welcome by all, the examinations that come with it are not; which is understandable for few boys, cadets at Carlisle or elsewhere, waste any love on their scholastic work.

Our mid-term exams are hard, but these finals are—! Well, let me put it this way; if the boys had their choice between any one of these exams and a night on Guadalcanal with the Japs, they would gladly choose the latter. However, not all of the Cadets would be confronted with this problem, for if they make an average of 85 per cent or above in their work during the last semester, they are exempt from these nightmares.

There are two types of cadets that end up taking them. The first, realizing that he is not a genius, studies and does sufficient work every day so that he will not have to cram for these exams. The second type, either thinking he is a mastermind, or not caring, but in reality a fool, neglects his work and wakes up a week before exams to jam, cram, twist, and turn, trying to quench this newly aroused thirst for knowledge. To the former, we say "more power"; to the latter, we say "we can feel for you, bud, but we just can't quite reach you."

