

Editor - Cindy Preston  
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Mrs. Madeline Woodruff

# The Hi Herald

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## VALEDICTORY

by Cindy L. Preston

### GOING FORWARD, LOOKING BACKWARD

Tonight, we, the Class of 1970 at Andover Central School, are gathered on this stage, in this auditorium and in this school for the last time as an entire group. We will never again be as close in body or in spirit as we are now. We are a group of young adults with a common background facing a wide and varied future.

We each have mixed emotions about our future and we all have different goals. Some of us will go on to further our education at college. Others will seek their futures in areas other than the institutions of higher education. These are the graduates who will probably not face the college situation and will not be involved in violent protests. But the rest of us, we who desire the advantages of higher education and increased knowledge, what will happen to us? We will face the conflicts on the college campuses. We will face controversy between our ideas and the ideas of others. We will broaden our minds and gain new friends, at the same time losing some old ones. Our entire personalities may change. We will develop completely the beliefs and ideas which have been instilled in our minds since we were five years old, facing our first day at school.

What have we learned since then? We have learned not only reading, writing and arithmetic, but we have learned the true value of human relationships, not only within our own age group, but among both young and old. We have learned that age is not the important guideline in choosing friends and companions. It is the individual himself who must be dealt with. And as we go forth, we ask that we may be treated as individuals and that we may not be judged by the actions of others in our age group. We ask that we may each be evaluated separately by those around us. We want to be judged by our accomplishments which we individually have made, not by the accomplishments of anyone else in the entire world.

We have learned the importance of good sportsmanship and the capabilities and achievements of the human race on the planet Earth. We have received the benefits of an education in the culture of the world. We have experimented not only with chemicals but with music and art. We have learned the definition of beauty of God and of the equality of all men. It is these beliefs which will grow and flourish in our minds as we go our separate ways next year.

But perhaps in reality the greatest conflict we will face and do now face is the conflict within ourselves. Shall we change our moral values to meet the changing times? Shall we believe what everyone else seems to believe? Or shall we choose to keep those beliefs which we have been taught by our teachers, not only in school, but in all phases of our lives and environments? If we do keep the values, should be openly express them with no fear as to the consequences or should we keep them within ourselves as personal values? Should we try to impress our beliefs upon others, or should we let everyone else go his own way as we go ours?

We must all make our own decisions and it is certain that we will not all choose the same direction but we will have to fight for what we believe in. We will have to stand up for what we think is right. We cannot sit back and watch while others destroy the world.

We are the new generation of Americans. We cannot live in the world of our parents no matter how strongly we may desire to do so. We may still possess those ideas which we have gained over the years, but we must assimilate new ones. We cannot live in the past. It is only now, at the very beginning of a new decade and upon this, a turning point in our lives that we may look back. It is

now that we may safely say that we will miss Andover Central School, though some of us may not realize it until September when all our friends return to school without us. We will soon realize that life will go on in Andover without our presence.

We cannot forget, however, the good times we have had here. We have grown up here and we are indebted deeply to all those who took us by the hand and showed us to the door of the Kindergarten room thirteen years ago and to those who again have taken us by the hand and have shown us the way to the big front door which opens to the outside where the sun is shining and the world awaits. We have, until now, watched the problems of the world from a safe distance but now we must go out and face them head-on. And our only guideline to the future is the past, the bumpy road over which we have already travelled. We hope that as we have had companions in our previous travels, neither shall we have to make this journey alone.

It is, perhaps, difficult for our predecessors and our younger friends to understand what we feel and think tonight on this stage. You who have gone before us have experienced the same moments which we now experience but you have probably forgotten how strange and frightening it really is. And you who have yet to experience this cannot possibly understand because you have not reached this moment in your lives. It is only in the past year that we ourselves have come to understand the meaning of graduation from high school.

We want to be remembered. We want to leave our mark in this school, something to signify that we have been here, and we sincerely wish to make an honest and grateful tribute to those remaining behind. It is our hope that they will carry on all the school traditions as we have done.

We feel a great respect and gratitude toward Mr. Kessler, but we must admit that these feelings have not always been within us. They have only recently replaced our old feelings of fear and misunderstanding toward him. But although we each have our own individual memories of Mr. Kessler we are highly indebted to him because he is responsible for the principles and values upon which the day to day administration of our school is based.

We have been taught to behave. The rules were strict and we acquired a great respect for our school and all those within its walls. We feel closer to this school and its students and teachers than we have ever felt before.

We want to be successful and we realize that success is ninety-percent attitude. We want to develop a true understanding of everything that happens around us. However, we also want to be understood. We want the generations which follow us to be understanding. We sincerely hope that their feelings will be the same as ours when they reach the point upon which we now stand. We want them to experience the same happiness we have felt and we want them to taste success, as we hope to. We have been trained for the great responsibilities which have been thrust upon us and we will bear them proudly with the hope that we may set an example for the graduating classes of the future.

We are leaving, and as we go forward into the future, we will change. It is inevitable, but as we change, so will the world around us as will our school and our friends. We will cherish our memories of Andover Central School as it used to be when we were there and it is with sadness that we go.

We will probably come back someday to try to relive some of those memories but we will be tremendously disappointed because few will remember us and nothing will ever be the same. There will be new teachers and new students, new ideas, new paint on the walls and new curtains in

## SALUTATORY

by Deborah Baker

### TOMORROW

Reverend Clergy, Members of the Board, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Kessler, Teachers, Parents and Friends:

We stand before you tonight on the brink of something great — graduation to be sure, but this is something more. What makes tonight different from all other nights? No one of us really realizes yet what is happening to us, but the essence of tonight is this — tonight marks the beginning — the beginning of a new life, our future.

Future is a long time to think about. To think that by the time we are seventy, more than fifty years will have passed from this night and most likely we will have many more to live. Are we ready to take on the responsibility of the future. We HAVE to be, for tonight we have passed the time when we were dependent upon our parents. We must now make our own lives, independent and productive lives that we can be proud of. For what is life if you yourself cannot respect it? I look on tomorrow perhaps idealistically, but nonetheless with hope and longing. No matter what great sorrows and troubles we have now time will heal the hurt and pain. Memories remain — but then memories are beautiful things to have for they take you to another time and place when the present is too much to bear.

I look back over the past thirteen years that I have known most of the people that you see behind me and realize how lucky I have been to have known them. They all mean something special to me, even the ones with whom I may have differed at times. My life is full because of them. What will their tomorrows bring? I can't wait to have a class reunion about twenty five years from now and see what everyone is doing. Their futures will be what they make of them. We all wish them well, but the final choice of lives will be theirs. I can't pick the right life for any one of them any more than they could for me. You, their parents and friends can help them, but please don't push them into anything. Leave the decision up to them. Encourage them when needed and let them know that you are behind them in whatever they choose.

The going will be hard for awhile for my class. Our generation has gotten the reputation of being rebellious and undisciplined, caring nothing for the values and traditions of our parents. Quite the contrary. I think tradition is something that should be valued and kept for the most part anyway.

the library.

We must admit that we have not enjoyed every minute of it, but it is a part of our lives we can never forget. We can no longer be children but the memories of our childhood and of our friends back home will forever be within our minds and hearts.

But I can't judge my generation because I cannot see it from a critical point of view. I see their grievances and know that many of them are right, but is it my place to take part? You learn much more by being on the side of neutrality.

Tomorrow holds so much for those who seek it. The day WILL return when having a creative mind means more than having two cars and a new house. We are already seeing some traces of this, in the form of rebellion, but still they are, there. There are some here who will still have beautiful minds that stay always young when all others are old and long forgotten. The mind that is open and constantly searching for new things in life is the one that lives long after death.

Imagination is the greatest gift God gave to man. No one can control your imagination. Right now if I wanted I could imagine that I were in a grassy field somewhere with the sun hot on my face — no troubles burdened my mind. Life was beautiful and lovely. All of us have some secret dream that is known to no one but ourselves. That's the way it should be — there are some things that can't be shared with anyone. I should think that everyone of us who is up here tonight is imagining, wondering what the future will bring. Some of you have probably formed your own opinions about what will happen to each of us and maybe some of them will turn out to be right. Yet no one has the right to sit in judgment on us, to condemn anyone of us for thinking the way we do or for doing some of the things that we have done. Finding out for yourself is part of growing up, a part of life that is indispensable. That is why all parents should let their children have experiences that will enrich their lives in some way — the experience may not be a pleasant one but then neither is life always pleasant. Parents, don't tell your children to do something or not to do it without giving them a reason. It's like telling a three year old not to touch a hot stove. The mother doesn't say that to touch it will cause a great deal of pain — she doesn't lightly put the child's finger on a part of it. So the child doesn't know for what reason he is told not to touch the stove and he touches it anyway. It's the same with all ages, especially the age we are now in. I think that most of you see what I'm trying to say. It is simply this — don't deny life to your children. The hurts and disappointments are just as much a part of growing up as the joys and happiness.

And so, we sit here tonight, not yet aware of life or the world but ready and eager to find out. Paint a picture of colour, swirling, hazy, vibrant. That is us, for we too are colours; some swirling, some hazy, some vibrant and full of life. How we arrange these colours into a composition that is thought out and painstakingly put together is the task now before us. We have perhaps a few years to do this. If not done by then we have failed ourselves. That is the ultimate failure, for you, as you know your-

self, are the most important thing to consider. Your life must revolve around you — what it is that you want and how to get it. There will eventually be someone else who enters your universe, but this should only help to intensify the feeling that self — satisfaction is the final goal.

And so I again ask the question: Why is tonight different from all other nights? It is different because it marks the beginning of a new life for each of us. Everyone of us has a future, a tomorrow; what we do with it is up to us. Thank you.

## Student Council News

Do you have an odd job that you would like to have done? Or, are you new in town? You would like to hire a babysitter, but you just don't know how to find one. Well, here's an opportunity you shouldn't pass up. This summer the Andover Student Council is operating an "odd job" program. All you have to do is call Eileen or Jeanne Atwell, 478-4023 or Pam Crittenden, 478-5363. The rest is left up to them. They will find someone to do the job for you out of their files. It's that easy. There will be no need to call several boys or girls before you find one who can do the job. So, give it a try. It couldn't hurt.

## Perfect Attendance List

End of Fourth Marking Period  
June 19, 1970

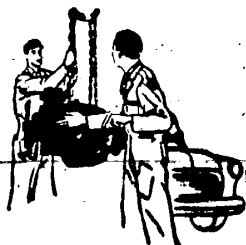
GRADE 2 — Donald Freund, Joseph Thomas, Denise Tomm, Melvin Loring  
GRADE 3 — Robert Cornell, James McCormick  
GRADE 4 — Cleon Densmore, Brenda Empson, George Milligan, Cindy Angood, Brett Grossman  
GRADE 5 — Christine Lounsberry, Orville Perkins  
GRADE 6 — Marcella Davis, Robert Spencer, John Green  
GRADE 7 — Roy Allen, Keith Freeland, Linda Mulconery, Craig Dodge, John Thomas  
GRADE 8 — Betty Jackson, Chad Grossman  
GRADE 9 — Connie Baker, Roger Godown, Nalla Pott, Joyce Rouse  
GRADE 10 — Jeanne Atwell, James MacMichael  
GRADE 11 — Ronald Godown  
GRADE 12 — Candy Congelli, John Fanton

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