

# The Salutatory Address

The Salutatory Address is a sad thing. It requires dusting off faded experiences and times gone by when we were younger and less mature. This speech in itself acknowledges the fact that time is speeding on and we are growing older. Four years which are filled with poignant times--times of sadness, joy, fear and anxiety, preceeded this ceremony. Let us now turn back and gaze over our shoulder at those four spent years which mark the end of an era--our era.

As eighth graders we shyly sat in odd-shaped desks on an April morning and noticed the new and unsure faces that we would someday come to know so well. The taking of our entrance exam marked the turning of a key which would open the door to a new and unknown future. When September drew near, we came to school under the guidance of an older brother or parent and watched in amazement the confusing process of buying and selling books. This, to me, was an unusual time.

On a September morning we carefully checked our schedules and soon we found ourselves seated in new rooms, surrounded by new students, and confronted by new teachers. These teachers formed a segment of the first male faculty we had ever encountered. In time, these dedicated men were to play an all-important role in the ultimate development of the mental, physical, and spiritual aspects which are so important in a teen-ager's life. Although they demanded a little more attention and a little better behavior than had the sisters, we soon learned that they were compatible both in and out of class. As always, time sped on. In what seemed to be a short time, we had left the beginning of our past behind us. An air of smugness hung over our close-knit division as one hundred and eighty new-found friends began to struggle for the coveted spirit banner. While inter-competition grew keener, we found ourselves surpassing the heralded upperclassmen in drives and other facets of a Colonel's life. Under avid guidance from enthusiastic teachers, we developed a pride in our accomplishments. Although we were learning and growing, we still were freshmen and had yet to taste the fun and excitement of semi-formal dances. This privilege waited around the corner in the second stage of our high school career. We had met the challenge of the freshman year.

With a growing air of security, we entered our sophomore year. Although the courses were harder, we soon found ourselves reaping the rewards of an ever-growing list of friends. These friends we will never forget. Through classes and extracurricular activities, many friendships were founded; some flourished, some died, some were never known. We grew in our pride as a basketball team of undetermined talents rose to a regional powerhouse. A rookie debate team composed of the late Paul Tepe and Larry Funke made their mark by bringing home their second consecutive regional debate championship. Wrapped up in the exciting and variegated aspects of a high school career, we failed to notice that two years had passed and we were on our way to a new world of maturity and responsibility. While working, studying, and building our future, we overcame both the sinister and sheltered times when teenagers are confused; yet, we were never pessimistic. Obscure times are a part of being young. As outgoing sophomores, we began to note the future quickly taking its place as a never-to-be-relived past.

Now, the Junior year was upon us and the burdens of leadership were increasingly evident. With the desire and spirit to meet that challenge, we easily capped four consecutive spirit banners. In the Campbell Lodge Festival, we found the surging power of unity as we joined together under the banner of the Junior Jungle. Sports continued to bring many breathtaking moments and thrills long-to-be-remembered. The swimming, cross country, and golf teams were setting goals for future squads to challenge. In the Junior-Senior Prom, we hold an accomplishment which no one can take away. In a united effort, we remade the gym into a setting we will long remember. Following the elections for Student Senate officers, an optimistic class waited to take over the reigns of leadership.

As the final phase of high school drew upon us, the hand of God dealt a horrible blow. Paul Tepe, our school president, was tragically killed in an automobile wreck. His death marked the loss of a friend and a spoke in our wheel of leadership. Without this spoke, our efforts were to be