

# THE MILESTONE MEMORY

CREATED BY THE MINDS  
OF

EXTRA EDITION

MAY, 1972

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Every generation thinks it's special—our grandparents because they remember horses and buggies; the over-thirties are special because they knew the Red Scare of Korea, Frankie Avalon and beatniks. Our older brothers and sisters are special because they belonged to the first generation of teen-agers. (Before that people in their teens were adolescents), when being a teen-ager was still fun. And here we are, caught in the middle. Ours is the generation of unfulfilled expectations. "When you're older," our mothers promised us, "you can wear lipstick". But when the time came, of course, lipstick, wasn't being worn. "Just wait till we can vote," we said, busting with 10-year-old fervor for peace and freedom. Well, now we can vote, and we're old enough to attend rallies and knock on doors and wave placards, and suddenly it doesn't seem to matter anymore.



Looking back to all the bleakness of elementary school—the annual memorizing of Kilmer's "Trees", the punishment administered banging it a hundred times—that when you guilty heads on hard oak desks—we had one fine, fancy new gimmick that followed us from fourth grade through high school. It was a white cardboard box of folders, condensed two-page stories about dinosaurs, earthquakes and Seeing-Eye dogs, with questions at the end. The folders were called Power Builders and they were leveled according to color—red, blue, yellow, orange, brown—all the way up to the dreamed-for, cheated-for, purple.

Power Builders came with their own answer keys, the idea being that you moved at your own rate and—we heard it a hundred times—that when you cheated, you only cheated yourself. We solved the problem by tucking an answer key into our Power Builder and writing down the answers (making an occasional error for credibility) without reading the story or the questions. We were sent to independent study rooms where we copied answer keys, five at a time, and then told dirty jokes. SRA took over reading the way New Math took over arithmetic.

*Now I see the secret of making the best persons,  
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep  
with the earth.*—WALT WHITMAN



TWENTY  
YEARS  
TOGETHER

Our generation is special because of what we missed rather than what we got, because in a certain sense we are the first and the last.

We inherited a previous generation's hand-me-downs and took in the seams, turned up the hems to make our new fashions. We took drugs from the college kids and made them a high-school commonplace. We got the Beatles, but not those loveable look-alikes in matching suits with barber cuts and songs that made you want to cry. They came to us like a bad joke—aged, bearded, and discordant. We inherited the Vietnam War just after the crest of the wave—to late to burn draft cards and too early not to be drafted. The boys of 1954—our year—will be the last to go.



So where are we now? Generalizing is dangerous. Call us the apathetic generation and we will become that. Say times are changing, nobody cares about homecoming queens and "getting into the college of his choice"—any more—say that (because it sounds good; it indicates a trend) and you make a movement and a unit out of a generation unified only in its common fragmentation. But times weren't all bad!!! If there is a reason why we are where we are, it comes from where we have been.



When we were little, we had big plans. We would be famous actresses and singers, dancing on the hillside, painting our own sets and composing our own music, writing the script and lyrics and reviewing the performance. We would be rich and famous and donate to our famous charities, periodically adopting orphans. We had visions of good works, seeing ourselves in tropical rain forests, feeding the hungry and healing the sick.

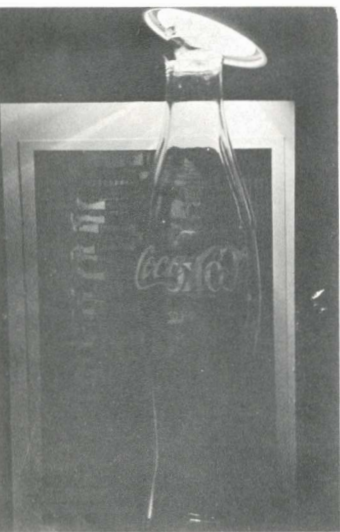
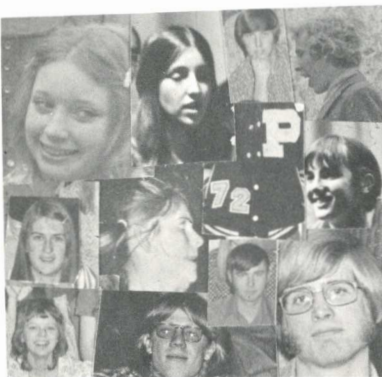


After remembering our whimsical past, we now can wonder about our thrilling future.



Everyone is raised on nursery rhymes and silly things. It used to be when you grew up, this nonsense would vanish. Not for us—it is the core of our music, literature, art and our lives.

Most people are optimistic. Somehow, no matter what the latest population figures say, everything will work out. Man's fundamental goodness may be doubted, but the power to survive is greater.



HEDI  
SAYS  
GOODBYE

This is supposed to be a good-bye letter. I am very liable to get sentimental when I say good-bye to people I like, but I don't believe that this is quite the right way to do it.

Thinking back over this whole school year, I know that I made quite a few mistakes, that I put my foot in my mouth more than once, probably more than a hundred times. I only hope that I didn't hurt any kids' feelings. If I did I'm sorry and I assure you that I didn't mean it, for I like you all a lot.

I'm kinda reluctant to go back to my German school. Everybody that knows about it, is giving me a bad time about the fact that I have to go back to an "all-girl-school". I like Riggs a lot better: just imagine: you can't have a mixed choir, you can't put on any theater productions with male parts in them... it's not as much fun as a mixed school.

Some people might tell me that I didn't participate in enough things, like sports, for instance. Well I didn't participate, but I sure did go to all the sports events I could, and I enjoyed it. This is one thing I might mention: I found something everyday that made me happy. All you kids have been so nice to me. I hope you can get an AFS student for next year. I'm sure, he, or she, will love Pierre and especially RHS.

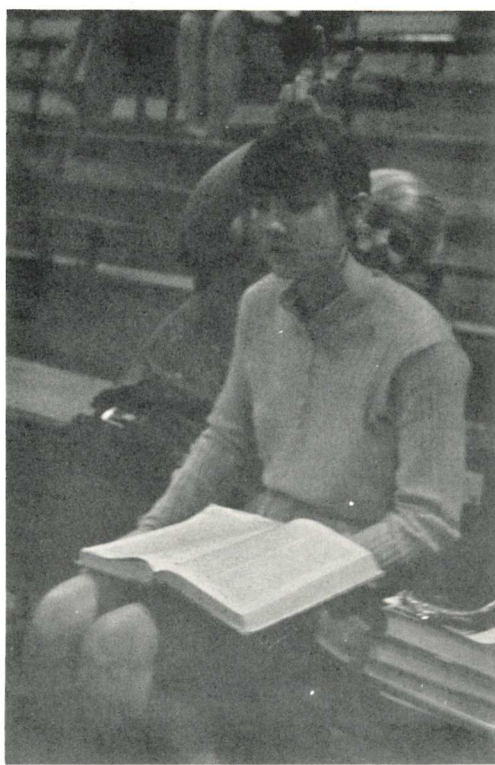
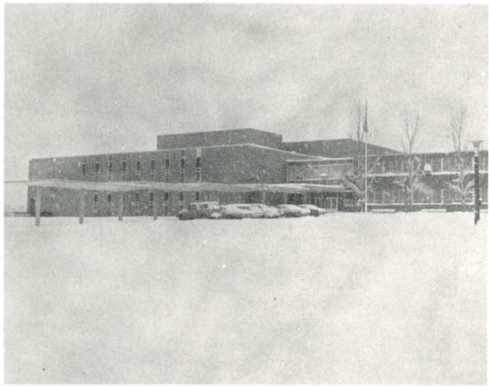
Thanks so much to each and every one of you. Good luck for the future.

Love,  
Hedi Fassbender  
AFS Student

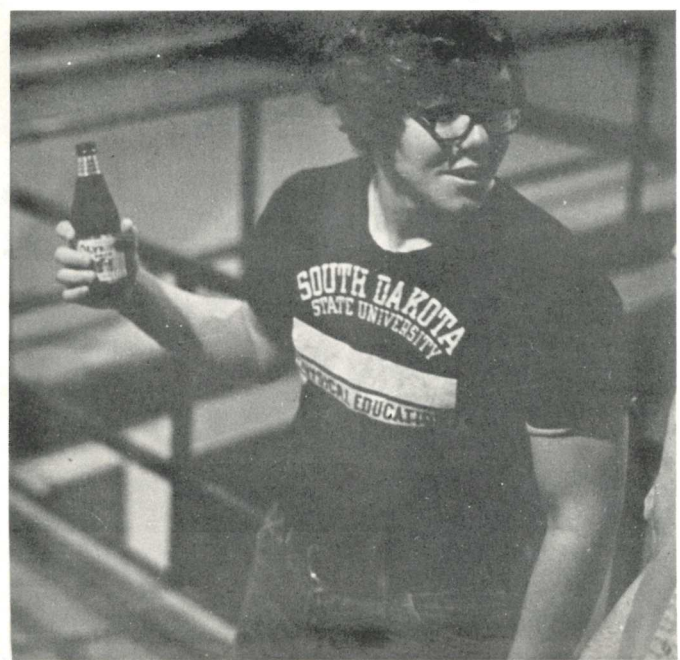
P.S. Well, I didn't intend to write a sentimental letter but I guess that's the way it goes.



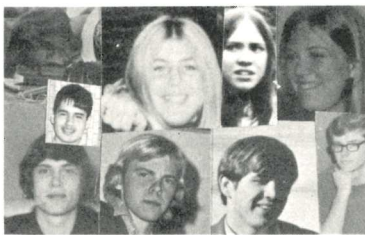
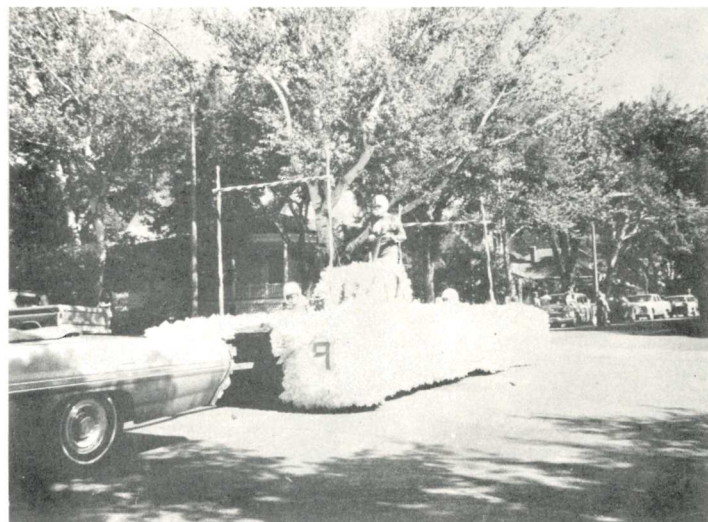




*One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever...*



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*Adventure is not in the guidebook  
and Beauty is not on the map*

*Seek and ye shall find.*

