



# The Orange and Black

## A Hanover Tradition

Volume 84, Edition 3      Hanover High School, Hanover Pennsylvania      Valentine's Edition 2011

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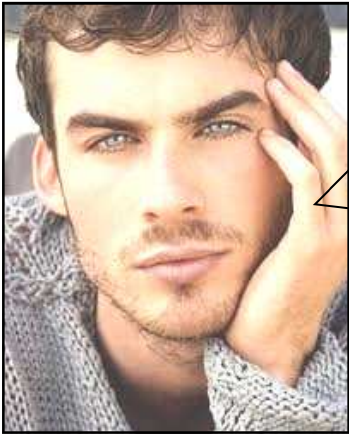


# Dream Valentine

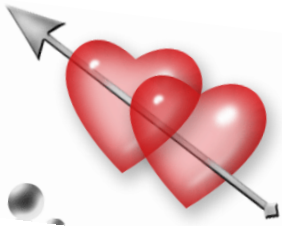
By Casey Louthian



If you could pick anyone in the world, alive or dead, to be your valentine this year, who would you pick and why?



Senior Candace Menges-  
"Ian Somerhalder because he is *hott*. I think we'd have fun."



Senior Donald Linton-  
"I guess Halle Berry, because she's gorgeous and seems like a pretty good date."



Senior Meghan Royston-  
"Will Smith because he has great arms and he could carry me everywhere."



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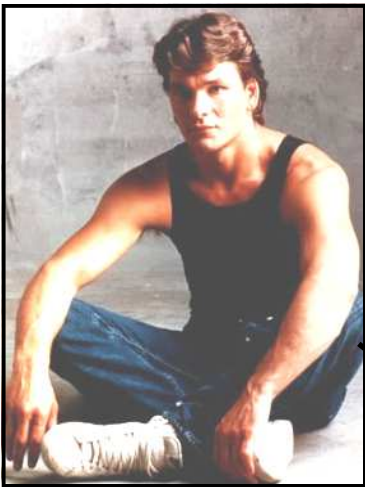
**Advisor:**  
**Mrs. Paula Frank**

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**Freshman Jennifer Fisher-**  
“I would have to say Michael Jackson because he was a fascinating person.”



**Mike Vaux “Hector”**  
“Mrs. Deb Smith because she’s our favorite music teacher.”



**Mrs. Brown (librarian)-**  
“Mine would be Richard Gere– a young Richard Gere.”



**Mrs. Frank-**  
“Ralph Fiennes to talk to him about his animal conservation charities while listening to his accent and looking at his eyes.”



**Sophomore Bradi Hill-**  
“Patrick Swayze, just because.”



**Junior Matt Kline-**  
“The entire *Glee* cast because I think we would have a ridiculous amount of fun. Darren Criss and Chris Colfer are my idols.”





**Mrs. Smith (English Teacher)-**  
“Either Jake Gyllenhaal, Hugh Grant, or Don Draper from *Mad Men*—despite his shady past, I’d still go with him.”



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**Mrs. Little (English teacher)-**  
“John Lennon because I found him interesting.”



**Senior Sam Walton-**  
“I would choose Harriet Tubman because she opens the secret tunnel to my heart.”



**Senior Peyton Caler-**  
“Demi Moore before *G.I. Jane*.”

**Sophomore Austin Brown-**  
“I don’t need a celebrity, I have my girlfriend.”



**Sophomore Billy Ruckman-**  
“Jennifer Aniston because she’s beautiful.”



**Senior Zac Coleman-**  
“Kate Beckinsale...Have you ever seen *Underworld*?”



**Senior Jon Dandy-**  
“Katy Perry because she’s incredibly gorgeous.”



## Farewell To A Nighthawk Legend

By Mrs. Paula Frank

Known in the Hanover Public School District (HPSD) as a mentor and friend to many, Mr. Steve Padjen, 87, passed away January 20, 2011 at Plum Creek Nursing Center in Hanover.

A graduate and football player of Steelton High and Dickenson College and a veteran of the US Army, Mr. Padjen worked for the HPSD for 37 years during which he held the positions of history teacher, football coach, athletic director and assistant principal. He received his Masters in Education and Principal Certificate from Western Maryland College.

He was the Head Football Coach for 11 years from 1955 to 1966, had 77 career wins and led the Hawks to two undefeated seasons. He holds the best coaching record by percentage in Hanover High football history.

In 1963, he was Head Coach of Pennsylvania's Big 33 Team and six of his players were named to this event.

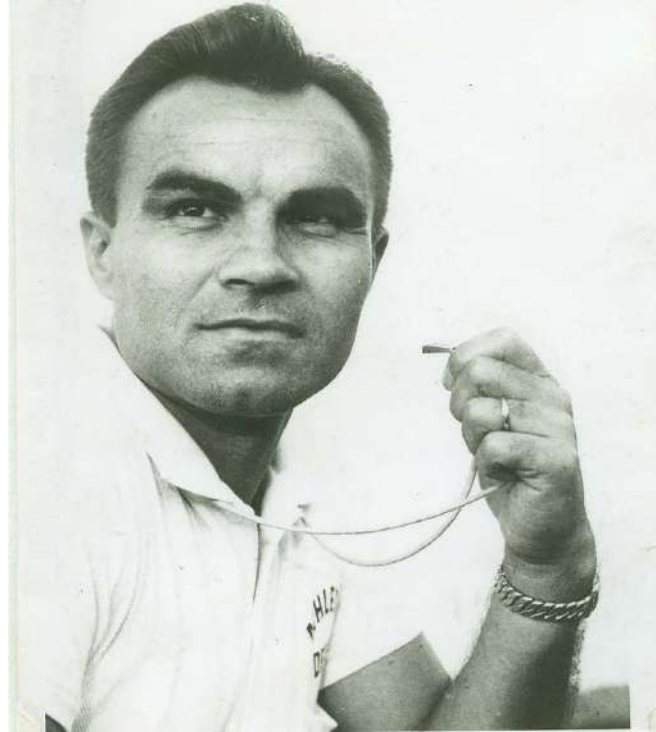
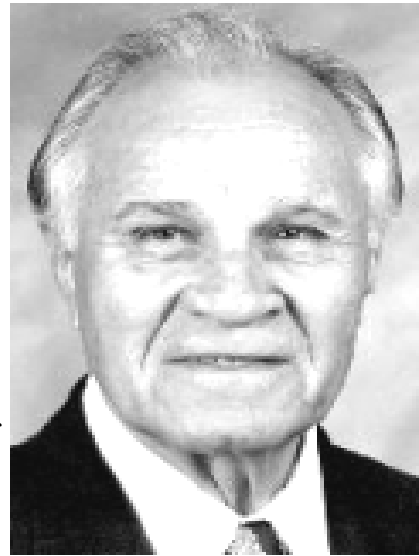
In 1984 Padjen was inducted into the South Central Chapter of the PA Sports Hall of Fame and was active in this organization for many years.

Padjen was an active member and leader in several Hanover community and church organizations which made him a local role model and known to many. In 2005, he was awarded Hanover Exchange Club's Golden Deeds Award for all he has given back to the community.

HHS librarian of 35 years, Jane Brown said, "He was the nicest disciplinarian we ever had. He was well-liked by the community."

The hundreds of people that waited in line for hours to pay their last respects is a testimony to the lives he touched.

Fran Stringer, HHS Spanish teacher who was hired under Padjen, said of him, "He was a true gentleman who loved this district and always had a positive word for students and staff. He was someone that anyone could talk to, a fatherly figure and a real Mr. Hanover."



Videogaming: A Serious Addiction?

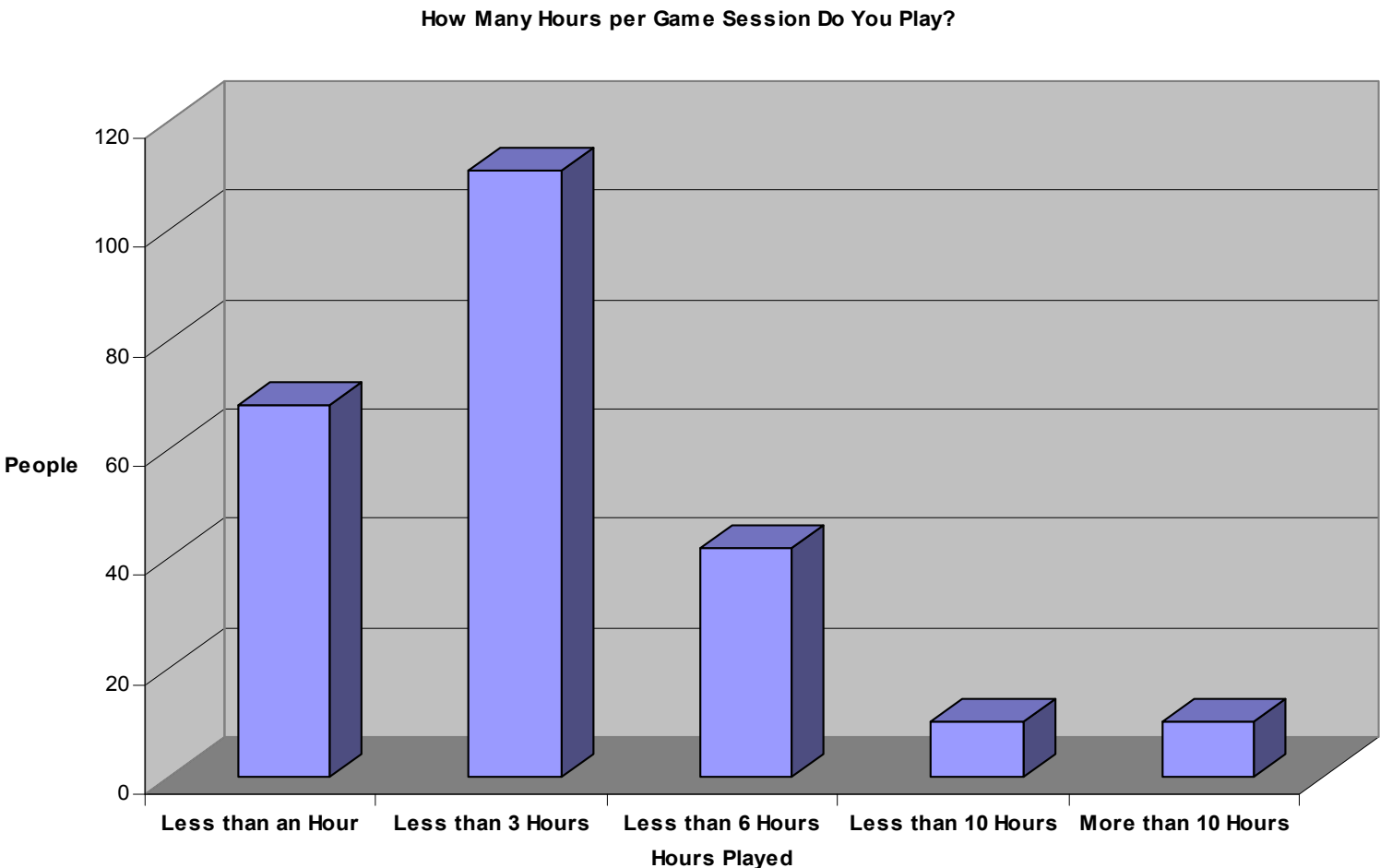
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By Christian Torres

According to the tallies taken from The Video Game Survey, a staggering amount of students do not consider video gaming addiction as severe as

ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder).  
Doug Gentile, an Iowa State University psychologist who studies how advertising and other media

about the length of time played; and stealing games and money to play more. These video game addicts perform worse in school, have trouble paying attention in class, and



gambling or alcoholism. Truth of the matter is, this type of addiction isn’t yet taken seriously or just not acknowledged by the public.

Statistics show that almost 1 in 10 American children are addicted to video gaming from ages 8-18, the way people are addicted to gambling or drugs. These “pathological gamers” are usually boys that are twice as likely to have doctor-diagnosed

drive behavior says that video games fire up our brain’s “reward centers,” which set off the type of rush drug addicts feel, but the impulse to play like pathological gambling.

Some of the symptoms for video game addiction include spending increasing amounts of time and money; irritability or restlessness when play is scaled back; escaping problems through play; skipping chores or homework; lying

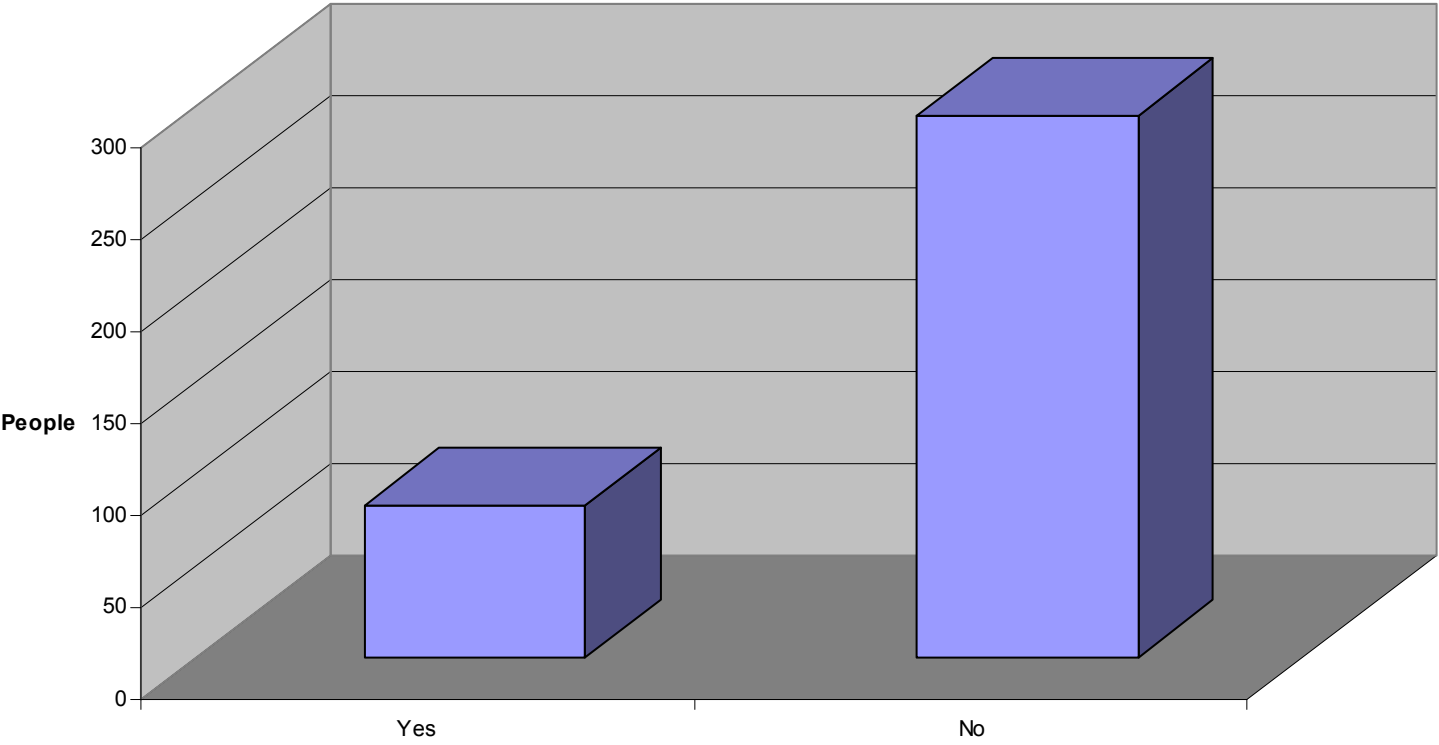
even they admit to being addicted.

Gentile says, “It took 20 years of research to show that alcoholism isn’t just a failing of the individual or their families, but an actual medical problem. That may be where we’re headed as we study video game addiction.”

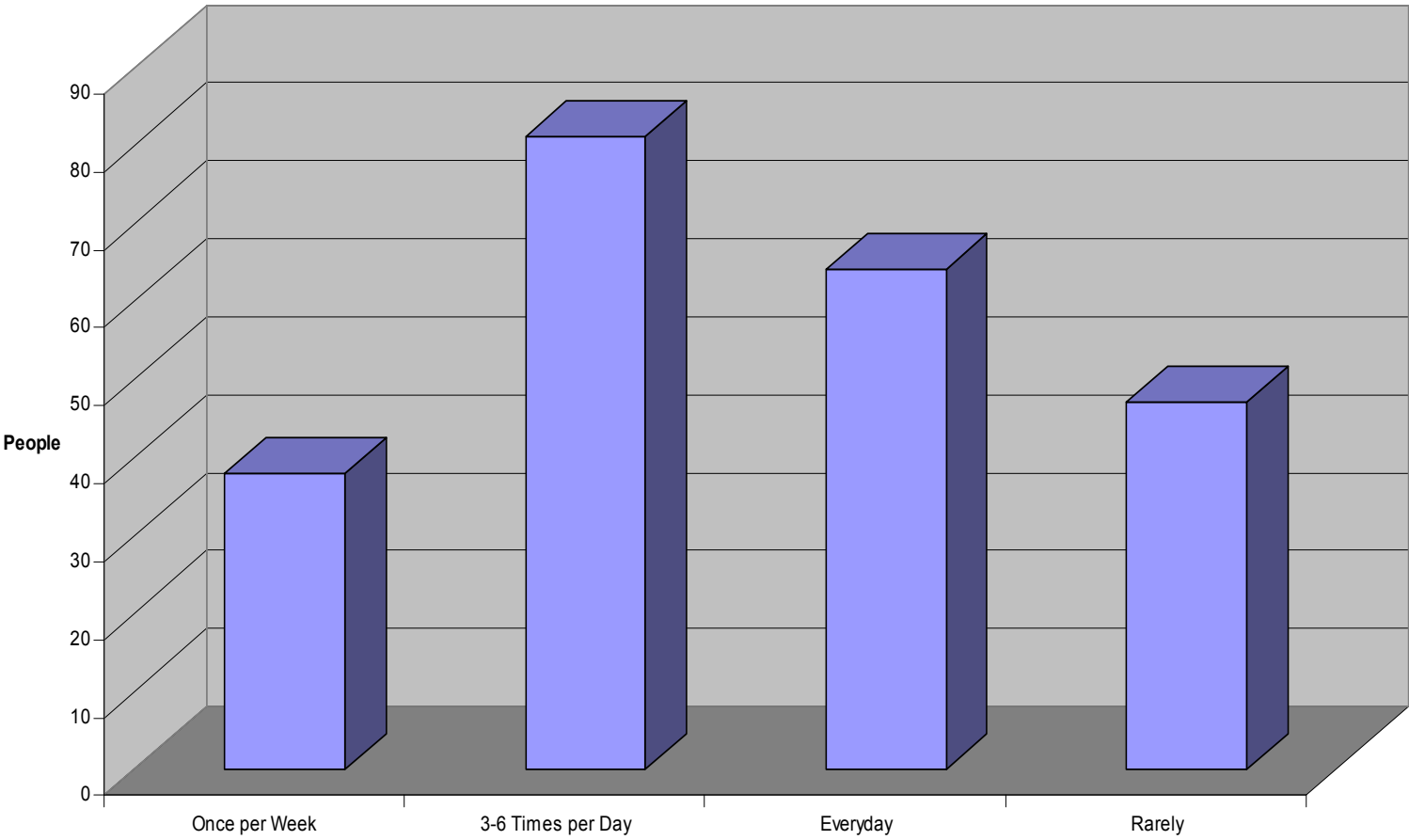
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Results of HHS survey (continued)

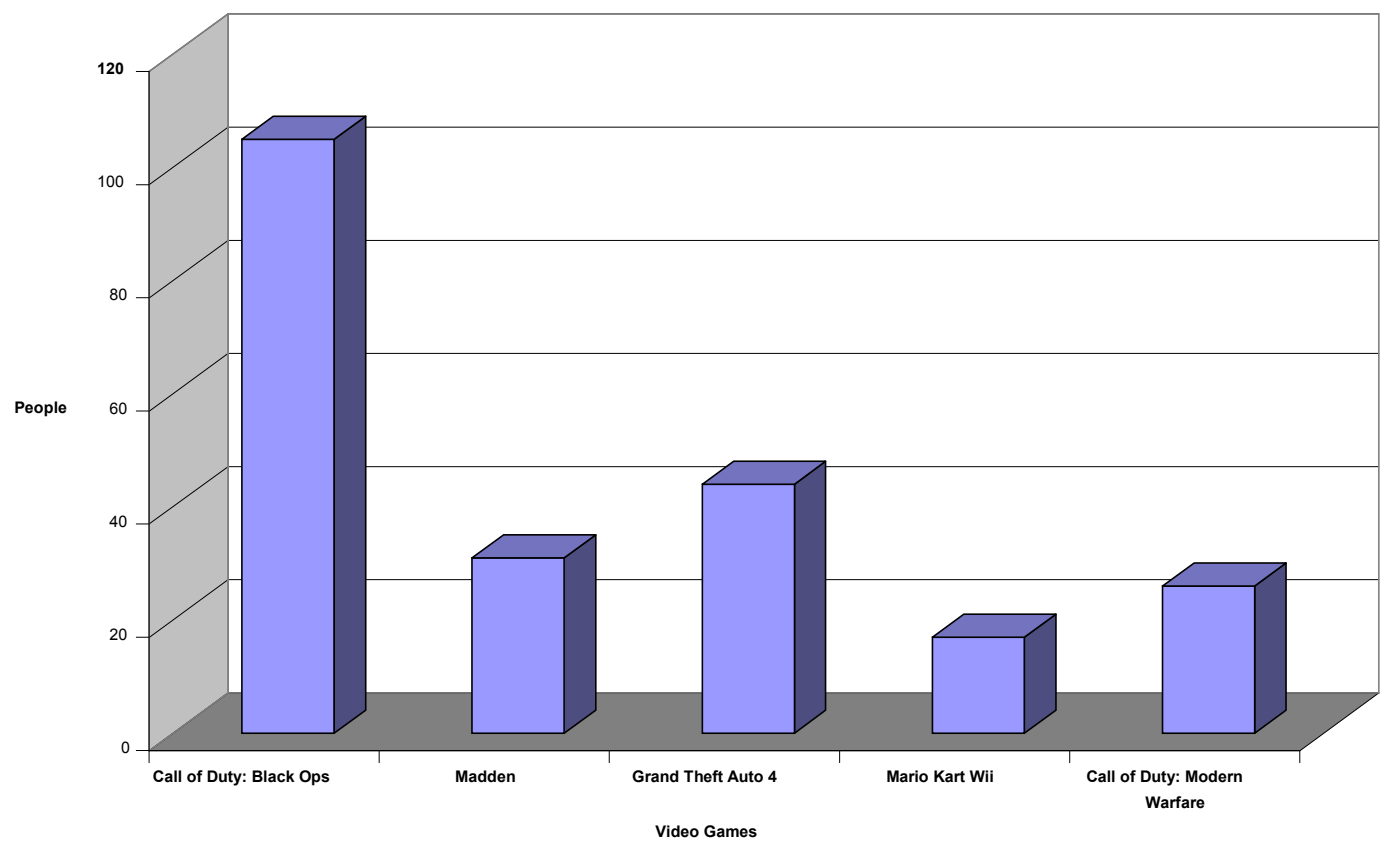
Is Videogaming Addicting?



How Frequently Do You Play Videogames?



Most Popular Games



## VALENTINE FACTS



- American men say they'd prefer to receive boxed chocolate as a Valentine's Day present followed by gourmet, high-end chocolates then conversation heart candies.
- A majority of men (53 percent) admit that they lean on friends and family to find the perfect present for their sweetheart while 11 percent look to co-workers, 10 percent ask the cashier and 7 percent consult the World Wide Web.
- Even if they don't make the final purchases until the last few days, the majority of men (75%) testify that they plan ahead for Valentine's Day.
- When it comes to present time, women prefer a gift after a nice dinner, while most men prefer gifts first thing in the morning.
- American men and women agree that the most romantic place to share candy is in front of the fireplace.
- On average, men shell out \$130 each on candy, cards, jewelry, flowers and dates. That's more than double what women commit to spending.
- Children receive 39 percent of all Valentine's Day candy and gifts. Following them are wives/mothers (36 percent), fathers/husbands (6 percent), grandparents (3 percent), and pets (1 percent).
- About 8 billion hearts will be produced this year; that's enough candy to stretch from Rome, Italy to Valentine, Arizona 20 times and back again. The peak selling season for conversation hearts lasts only six weeks, but confectioners produce the candy for nearly eleven months of the year.
- At least 10 new conversation heart sayings are introduced each year. Recent additions include "Yeah Right", "Call Home" and "Puppy Love."
- Each year the television game show JEOPARDY! Includes questions about conversation hearts on its Valentine's Day show.



# Mini-Thon 2011

By Matthew Kline



February is here again and that means it's time for Hanover High School's Mini-Thon! Hanover has been doing the Mini-Thon for six years now. It is a 12-hour spin off of Penn State's Thon, in which they stand up and dance and just have fun for 48 hours to raise money for kids with cancer.

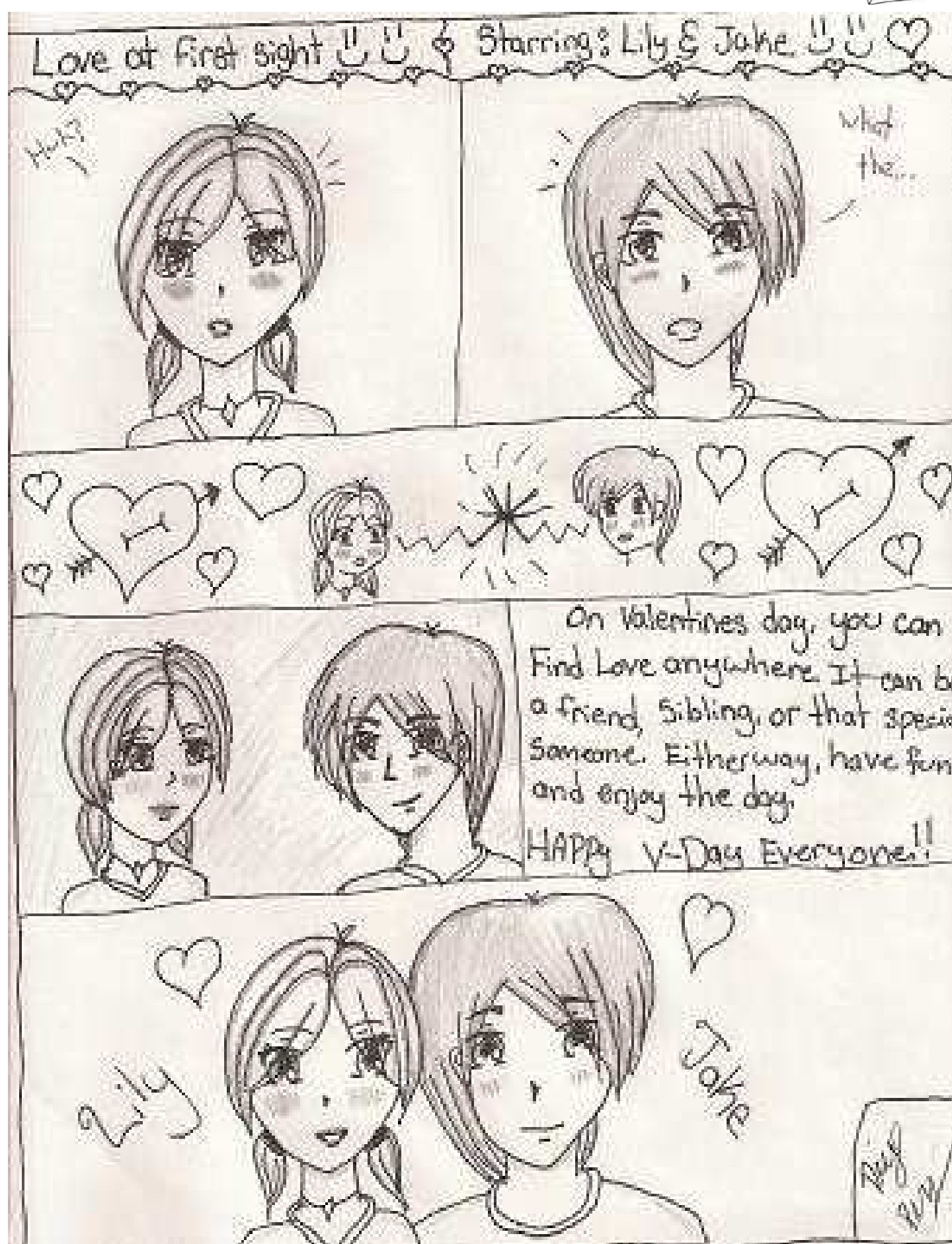
Mini-Thon takes place in the Hanover High School gyms and commons, where students dance and do various activities for twelve hours straight, with food and drinks provided. There is also a DJ who leads music for the night. Some students even bring their own music and instruments to play.

The Mini-Thon starts on February 18 at 7:30 P.M. and lasts until February 19 at 7:30 A.M. So start raising money and come out and support. FTK - For The Kids!

(Pictures taken at assembly on Feb. 4, 2011)









An excerpt of  
**Blood**  
By Candace Menges



“You see that guy over there?” I asked. I glanced back over at where he was sitting and then back again. Connor followed the direction of my glance and saw the guy right away.

“What about him?” he asked.

“I want you to find out everything you can about him by the end of the day. Where he came from. What his name is. All that stuff.”

His eyes went wide from the intensity in my voice. “Any reason you’re taking such an interest in our new student?” Connor knew me far too well. I did my best to not take interest in anyone. I did everything possible to stay away from people as much as I could, which is why I wasn’t a fan of school. Trapped in a building with hundreds of people for hours on end... not my idea of fun. I just don’t like to be around people. I don’t know why; I just don’t.

“Look, this is important,” I said in a serious tone.

“Don’t worry, Sissy.” Caleb had gotten up and was now crouching beside me. He slung his arm around my shoulders in a way that avoided any skin contact. I was grateful that he knew me so well. I wasn’t sure why, but skin on skin contact with someone made me freak out. My head would become cluttered and everything would go fuzzy. Have I mentioned that I’m a little... weird? Dess is convinced that I’m physic or something. I think I just have an overactive imagination. Like now, this whole mysterious guy thing, for instance. I usually ignored it, but sometimes I just had to humor myself.

Caleb went on, “I’ll check him out for you.” He stood up straight and Connor stood up then too. They both started to walk away together. That’s when I realized what they were doing.

“Oh, my god. I didn’t mean now!” I hissed after them.

They turned and looked back at me, both of them smiling identical smiles.

“We’re the welcoming committee,” Caleb joked.

“We have to say hi,” Connor added.

I watched them walk over to where the guy was sitting and, just as they had with me moments ago, take the seats on either side of him.

The guy looked from one to the other then back down at his tray. He pretended to be wrapped up in eating his food, but I could tell he was listening to everything they were saying.

I wonder what they’re saying to him... focus, read their lips.

That’s when he glanced up at me; catching me looking at him again. He raised his eyebrows then looked back down.

“I can’t believe them,” I muttered.

He must have assumed that I sent them over there. I could just tell from the way he had looked at me that he knew that.

“You wanna tell me what’s going on?” Desiray asked. I had almost completely forgotten all about her. When she spoke I nearly jumped out of my skin.

I finally broke eye contact from the scene at his table and looked at Dess.

“That guy,” I said simply. “Don’t look!” I hissed when she started to turn around to look at him.

“Okay...” she said in a tone that sounded more like she was saying, you’re crazy. “What guy? What’s going on?” she asked.

“There’s some new guy over there that’s giving me some strange vibes,” I explained.

“Oh, really? Well, since I’m not allowed to look... and I’m itching to turn around by the way, is said boy cute?”

I looked back at the scene again to find the boys still chattering away and the guy still looking down at his tray of food. I could tell from here that the tray was empty but the boys didn’t seem to notice.

“I suppose so,” I answered, not looking back at her. It was the biggest understatement of the century. “But that has nothing to do with the current situation.”

“Oh, that has everything to do with anything.”

“Dess, just shut up for a second. Okay?” I was trying to focus on the boys so I could see what they were saying. If I focused I could read their lips, but Desiray’s questions were making it hard for me to really concentrate. If I just had some silence it was almost as if I could hear them.

“Okay,” she answered sounding a little hurt.

“Sorry,” I muttered. I went back to watching them.

The boy was standing up now. He grabbed his tray, turned and said something to Connor, then turned and said something to Caleb, then he walked away.

Caleb and Connor glanced at each other, smirked, then stood up too. I looked to see where the guy had taken off to.

He was coming this way! Calm down. The door is this way. He has to come this way to leave. I was trying the best I could to convince myself that this was why he was coming towards me. It wasn’t that farfetched. He would have to come this way if he was leaving, or even if he was just taking his tray up.

He was really close now; only one table away.

I could hear my heart pounding in my ears as he slowly got closer and closer.

During his entire approach he had been looking straight ahead, but now he glanced at me. It was only for a second, as if he were acknowledging that he knew I was looking at him. It happened so quickly that I couldn’t be sure that he had looked at me at all.

He walked right by me towards the door.

As he had passed me I had felt what I had felt the first time I had seen him. It was just this certain... intensity that he was giving off.

I swallowed hard and looked back at the boys again. They were coming towards me now too, taking the same path that the guy had taken. They slowed as they passed our table.

“This one’s gonna be a challenge,” Caleb stated.

“We love a challenge,” Connor said in a mischievous tone.

They both smiled those smiles and followed the direction that the guy had gone in.

“See what you’ve started?” Dess asked.
















I looked right into her beautiful lapis lazuli blue eyes and said simply, “There’s just something not... normal about that guy,” and I got up and walked away.

“Don’t do anything stupid!” she called after me, but I barely heard her. I was going to figure out what was up with this guy, no matter what it took.



# A Timeline For Black History Month

By Casey Louthian

			
1619 Slavery in America	1793 Cotton is king	1831 Nat Turner's Revolt	1831 Undergrond Railroad
			
1857 Dred Scott	1859 John Brown's raid	1861 Civil War	1865 Post-slavery South
			
1865 Post-slavery South	1896 Separate but equal	1900 Washington Dubois, Carver	1909 NAACP founded
			
1916 Marcus Garvey	1920 Harlem Renaissance	1941 African Americans in WWII	



			
1947 Jackie Robinson	1954 Brown v. Board of Ed.	1955 Emmett Till	1955 Bus Boycott

			
1957 Central High School	1960 SNCC and Sit-Ins	1961 CORE and Freedom Rides	1962 Ole Miss

			
1963 Birmingham church bombed	1963 March on Washington	1964 Civil Rights Act	1964 Freedom Summer

			
1965 March from Selma to Montgomery	1965 Malcom X assassinated	1965 Voting Rights Act	1966 Rise of Black Power



 <p>1967 Loving v. Virginia</p>	 <p>1968 Fair Housing Act</p>	 <p>1968 Dr. King assassinated</p>	 <p>1972 Chisholm runs for president</p>
 <p>1978 Affirmative Action</p>	 <p>1984 Jesse Jackson</p>	 <p>1986 Oprah on air</p>	 <p>1992 Rodney King</p>
 <p>1992 Rodney King</p>	 <p>1995 Million Man March</p>	 <p>2001 Colin Powell</p>	 <p>2002 Oscars</p>
	 <p>2009 Obama becomes president</p>		



# A Day Through The Eyes of The Rival

By Lexi Herrick

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Catholic School vs. Public School. Gold and Black vs. Orange and Black. Students from all over vs. Students from Hanover. Delone Catholic High School and Hanover High School are about 2.6 miles away from each other, yet each are viewed by each other as being “another world.” I wasn’t so sure of this myself, so I decided to go on my own special trip into “another world.”



Though I was not necessarily required to do so, I wore a school uniform. For this day only I would be a student of Delone Catholic in every way I could. I followed Brianna Troyer, a senior at Delone Catholic; she could not have been more supportive and helpful to me on my journey through the day. She picked out a uniform for me and in no time I was pulling up my knee-high socks; making my way to my school’s rival on the day we were to play them in basketball.

I must admit that I entered Delone with some preconceived notions about the way I would be treated. I pictured myself getting dirty looks and having the student body throw comments about the upcoming game my way. However, as I walked through the doors of the school, I was greeted by looks of confusion. The majority of these looks came from the students I know

who knew I went to Hanover. They approached me in a friendly way making silly remarks about the upcoming game, but not near as much as I had expected. I looked around and saw a familiar scene: teenagers being themselves- some running late, some sneaking a quick kiss before class, some whispering, some laughing loudly, and everyone falling into place for the day.

A typical day began with the students filing into their home-rooms and waiting for announcements as we do. There is a prayer to begin the day, and a message for inspiration. Immediately everyone seems to see this as the biggest difference between the schools, but does it not serve the same purpose as the “Words of Wisdom” each day? Some teachers chose to pray before each class, it didn’t feel forceful or very religious, just a comforting way to begin class. Though there were not many differences in the teaching due to it being a Catholic school, there were a few.

I’ll begin with the lack of diversity. Obviously the diversity in religion is limited due to the fact that it is a Catholic school, but also because the opinions expressed and discussed by both teachers and students were quite conservative. This varies from what I am used to because there is such a wide range of opinions politically at Hanover, and at Delone almost all that I heard seemed to fall into the conservative category. During the criminal justice class taught by Sister Maria, she asked the class, “What is it that we, as Catholics, do not believe in?” “The death penalty,” the class answered in unison.

I decided to read the Delone Handbook in the agenda, and it clearly states if any young girl chooses to get

an abortion, which is legal in the state of Pennsylvania, she is expelled from the school.

Racial diversity is also quite scarce. When asked about diversity at the school a senior boy replied, “We have maybe one Hispanic kid here and a handful of African American kids, there really isn’t much diversity at all.”

After this statement was made, many of the other students joined in to say that everyone is, for the most part, very financially similar to one another. I couldn’t imagine not being surrounded by differences. I thought of the political debates I have in class, the lessons I have learned finding tolerance and appreciation for all the different races, religions, and circumstances of my peers, and I felt thankful for the diversity in my public school.

Delone is extremely focused academically and I found the teachers and students to be hardworking and dedicated. The rules are strict and enforced at all times. As for the uniforms, some rules include wearing socks that cover the ankles of students and not being able to roll one’s sleeve past their elbow. There is no such thing as “Senior Privileges,” they have unsupervised study halls in the cafeteria or lobby called “Open Campus,” which is similar to hanging out in the commons for Hanover students. Due to having a rotating schedule, internships or “school-to-work” programs do not exist. Also, the punishments for being caught with your phone are much more severe and can result in having your phone taken for a very long time.

Delone does not use technology nearly as much in the classroom as Hanover does, and I thought about how much I would miss not having that. There are times when using technology becomes stressful and we students complain, but if each student were to spend a day with little or no technol-

ogy, they would certainly be more appreciative of the teachers working with technology, as I find I am.

Which brings me to my last point, concerning school spirit and unity, and the ways this trip made me appreciate my school for what I have. I suppose, due to the occasional comments of other schools being “smarter” than Hanover, or

“better” than Hanover, I expected to feel inferior going into Delone, but this was not at all the case. The students did not make me feel inferior at all, they were extremely cooperative and honest with me, which helped me to understand and to appreciate our differences. When asked about the unity of their school, almost every student had something to say implying that it did not exist.

Every class I had during the day was solely with the senior class, I did not see an underclassman anywhere around me in any class. I asked the others about this and they told me that was the way it was in every grade. I thought about my circle of friends, how it ranges from freshmen to seniors, and how that has a lot to do with the fact that I have classes with them all. When I asked the students about the upcoming game, there was far less enthusiasm than what I get walking down the hallway at Hanover. When I asked about pep rallies, the Delone students said they were rare due to the fact that no one makes an attempt to participate. I began to tell them about ours, the dancing and everyone decked out in orange and black. Their eyes widened, and they said they wished it

were like that at their school. One boy in my English class said, “We’re different than you because we do so well that we’re spoiled. We almost expect to win and have

successful sports teams. So we’re quicker to turn on the bad teams and not as excited about the good teams. You guys don’t always have success so when you do it means something more to you.”

I came to realize something about our school. It wasn’t always the way it is now at Hanover. The first pep rally I attended, no one stood, no one yelled. It was the fall of my freshman year. Within a few months, our basketball team was a big deal. Everyone bought “6<sup>th</sup> man” shirts, everyone came to the games, everyone yelled and got excited at pep rallies, and everyone seemed to care. From there on something changed in Hanover, because the upcoming freshmen joined in to the spirit, and continued it. Now the boys dress up for volleyball games, there’s tailgating parties at the field hockey games, we travel to football games, we speak at board meetings for a nicer stadium, we care. I didn’t appreciate that as much until I saw that it wasn’t exactly like that at other

schools.

The students said they had a lot of peers they did not feel comfortable around, and that factors such as only coming together in 9<sup>th</sup> grade, or not living around each other like we do, makes them a lot more distant from their peers. At Hanover, often times

we say we cannot stand how close we all are because we are so involved in each other’s business. But after spending a day somewhere else, I appreciate the closeness I have to my peers. On either sides of my locker are the two boys who surrounded me with their desks in the first grade. My reading partner in English is also my next door neighbor. I feel comfortable enough in my school to be exactly who I am, 100 percent of the time.

My experience, if anything, has taught me to appreciate my school for all that it is, and appreciate Delone for all that it is. The students at Delone may have difference rules or circumstances than some of those at Hanover, but in the end we are all in the same place in our lives. Life is about appreciating and learning from what you have, and being in high school is about using all that you have to be the best you can be. I’ll end with something read over the announcements at Delone through prayer but to teach its students their place, which is, even though we are rivals, the same place as students at Hanover High School and all people in their equality. “God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.”

