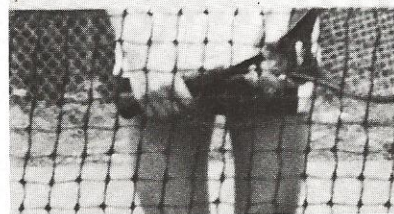
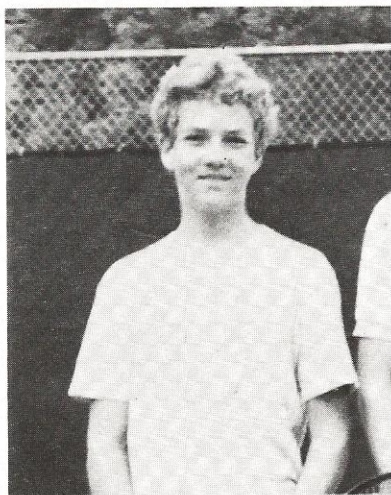


That Was Then . . .

That was then — our faces were a little bit different, our daily lives a little more simple. The styles changed with the rest of the world, and so did we. Some of our needs became different and our became are more in focus. We have lived a little and learned a lot through our classes, our experiences, and each other. But inside we remained the same curious children we were then, full of a thirst for knowledge and dreams for the future. Our added years of high school have left us more mature and responsible, without taking away our youth.

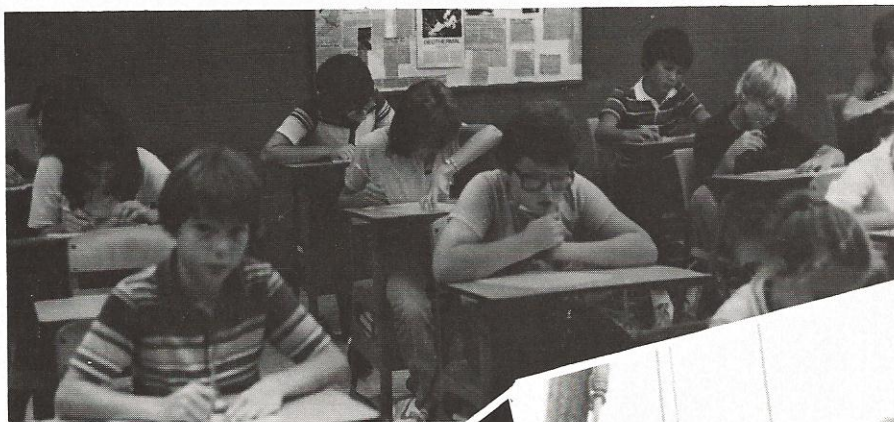
Remembering times past — that momentous first day of school, orientation every year and seeing how your

friends have changed, football seasons, crazy pep rallies, and memorable Jr-Sr dances with an even more unforgettable weekend at the beach. Some memories are “so close and yet so far” — almost tangible they’re so real, but never to be captured again unless in the fleeting second you smell fire and once again are raising spirit at a bonfire, or any other sense that reminds you of times gone by. These memories, these friends may be left behind that Graduation Day, but instead of being gone, they are treasured forever as memories to last an eternity — the greatest years of our lives.



As a freshman, Thomas Rowe is an important part of the boys' tennis team.

Brian Strickland spends his spring afternoons on the baseball field.



These studious sixth graders attack their science problems, eager to be out on the playground.

