



Sue Austin



Bill Bancroft

Girls? Heck No, I'm goin' running



Peter Alden



I'm a goin' fishin'
My baby's goin' fishin'
An' you can come flshin' too.

Henry Thomas





Charlie Bathke

The journey of a thousand miles
begins with one step.
Lao-Tsze



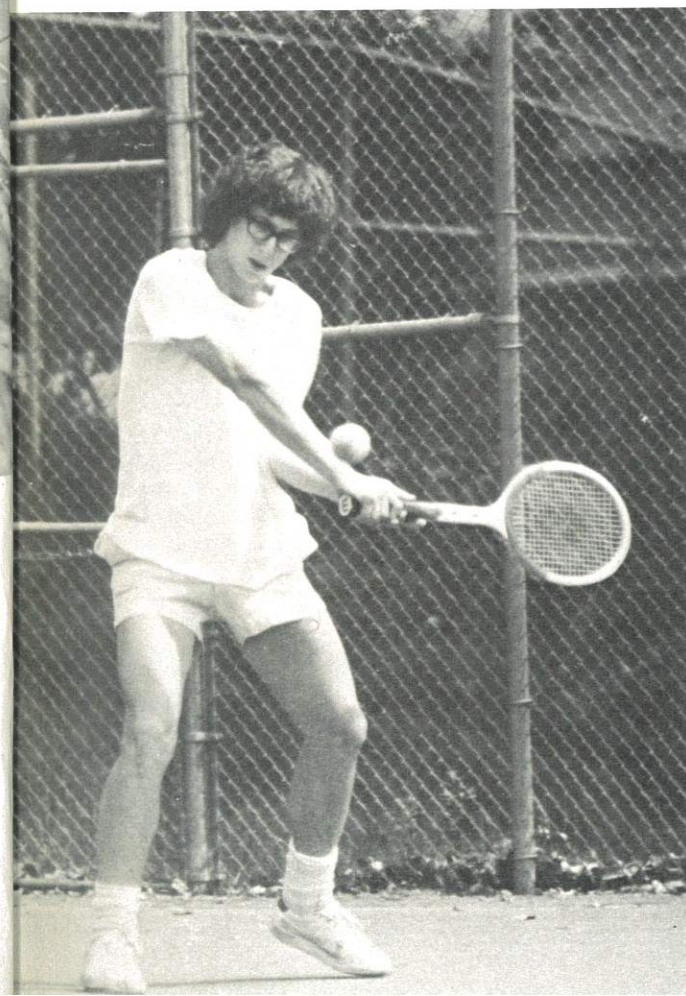
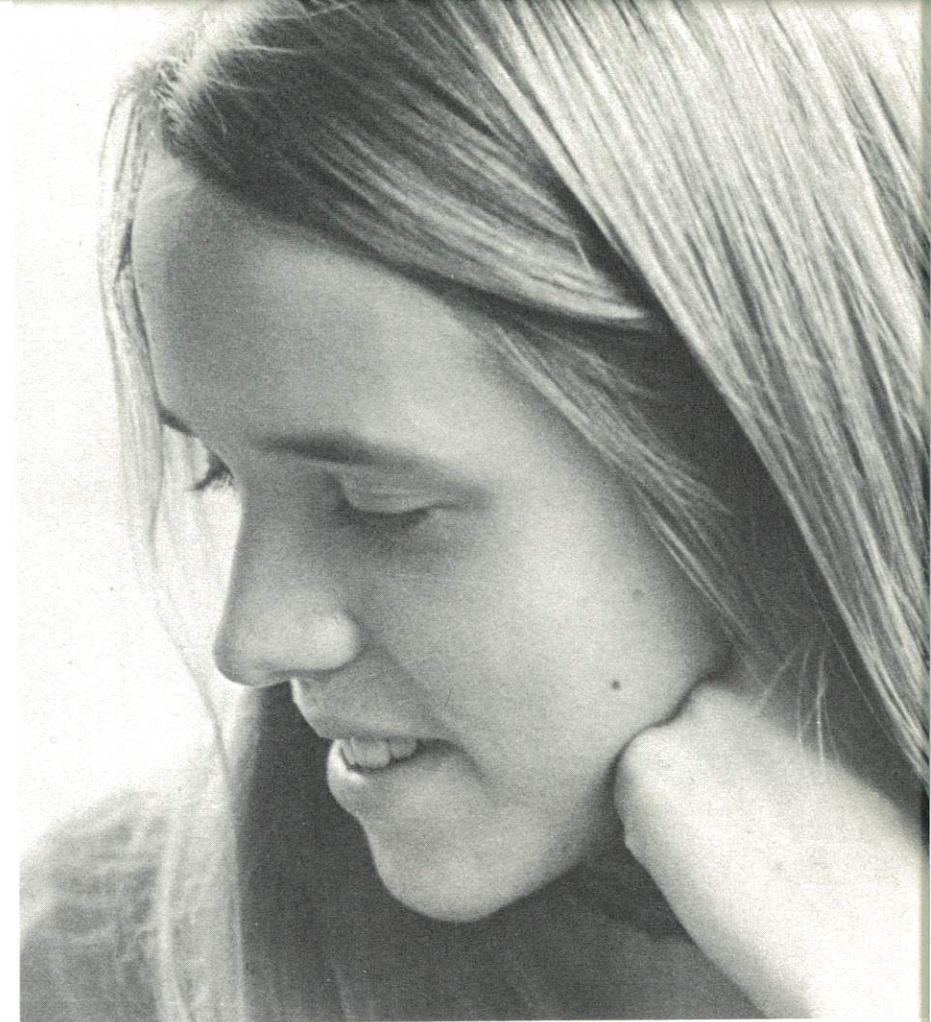
Lyndal Blodgett



Kate
Boardman



"The memories don't die,
but in time become hazy..."



Mike Braman



Richard
Brynteson

“Brynie”

It seems a crime that we should age,
These fragile times should never slip us by.
A time you never can or shall erase
As together watch their childhood fly.



Ernest C. Caldwell

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past taught us;
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet,
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?

We have come over a way that with tears has been watered;
We have come, treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last,
Where the white gleam of a bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.

Lest our feet stray from the places, our God where we met thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand
True to our God, True to our native land.



Norris Carnes

Leslie Butterfield

“Let all that you love be a part of your
life and live for today as much as you can.”

C.R.L.



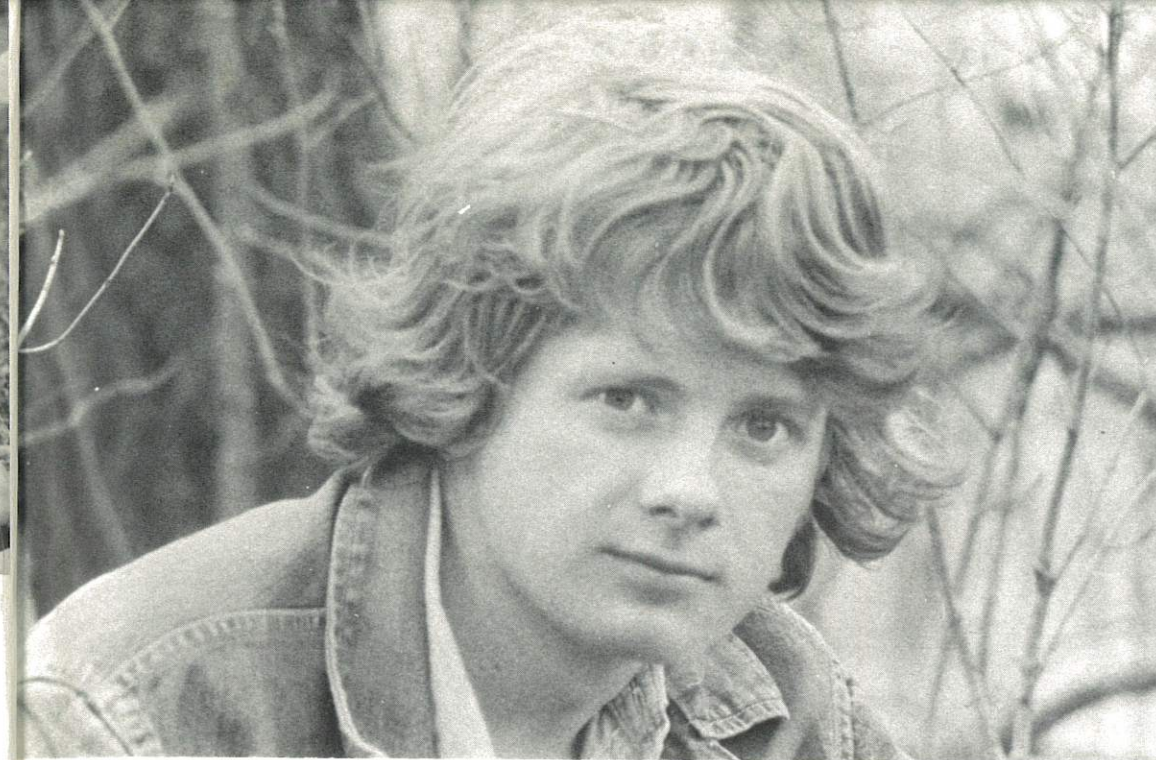
Anne
Carroll



I pause at the
beginning of the
immortal forest,
feeling
the earth
turn silently
beneath me,
and the music
of the trees
slowly turns to
a whisper,
returning to the
forest growing,



Ginny Clapp



Jamie Cowie



Val Crawford

To every thing, there is a season
And a time for every purpose under heaven.



Christer Dagman



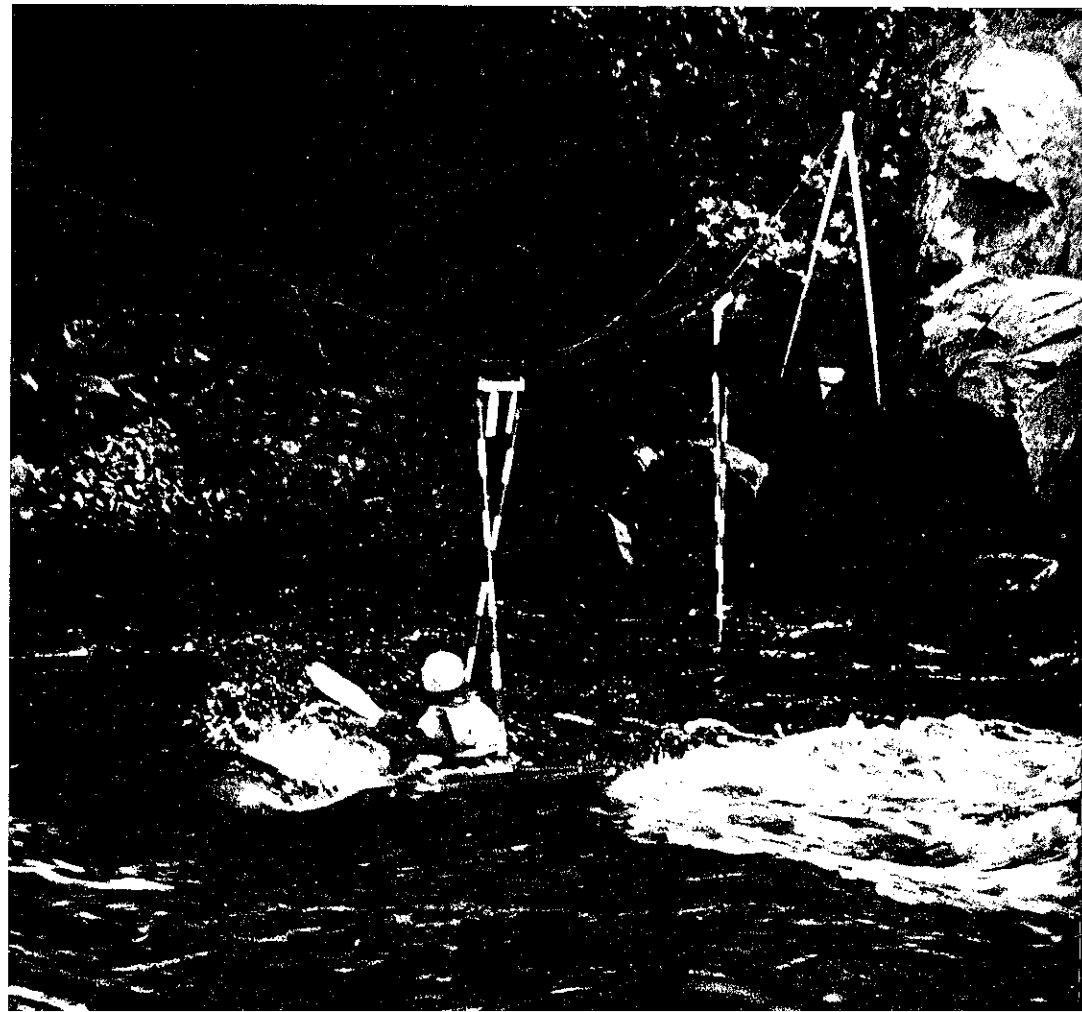
Sarah Donnelly



Mike Dosdall

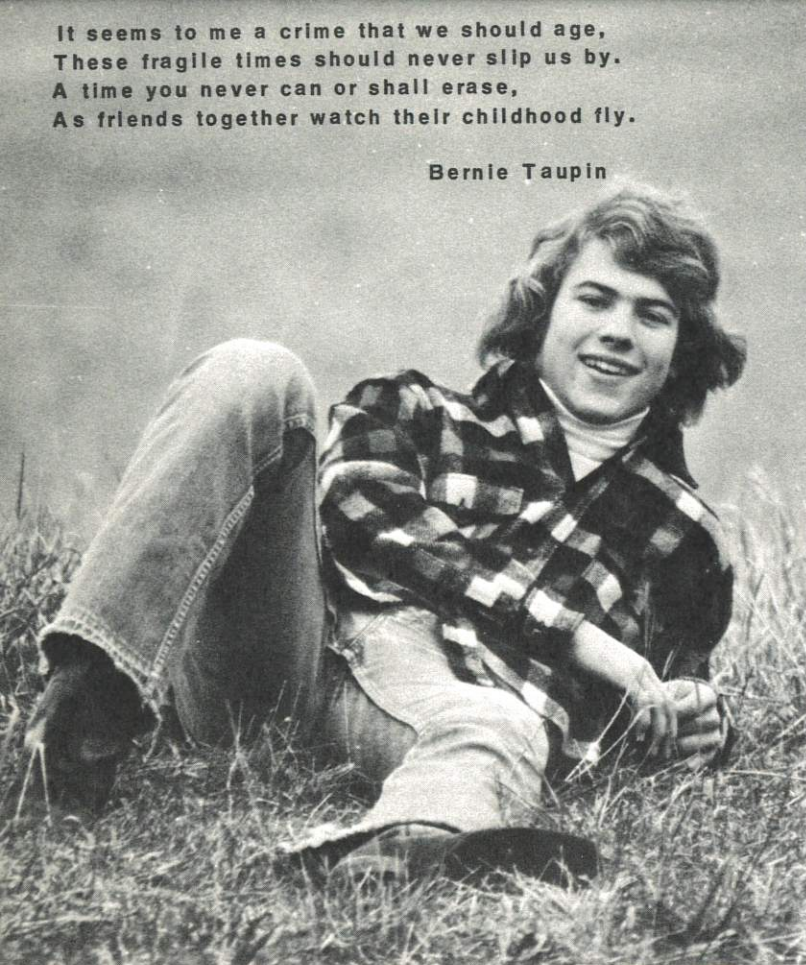


Bruce Derauf

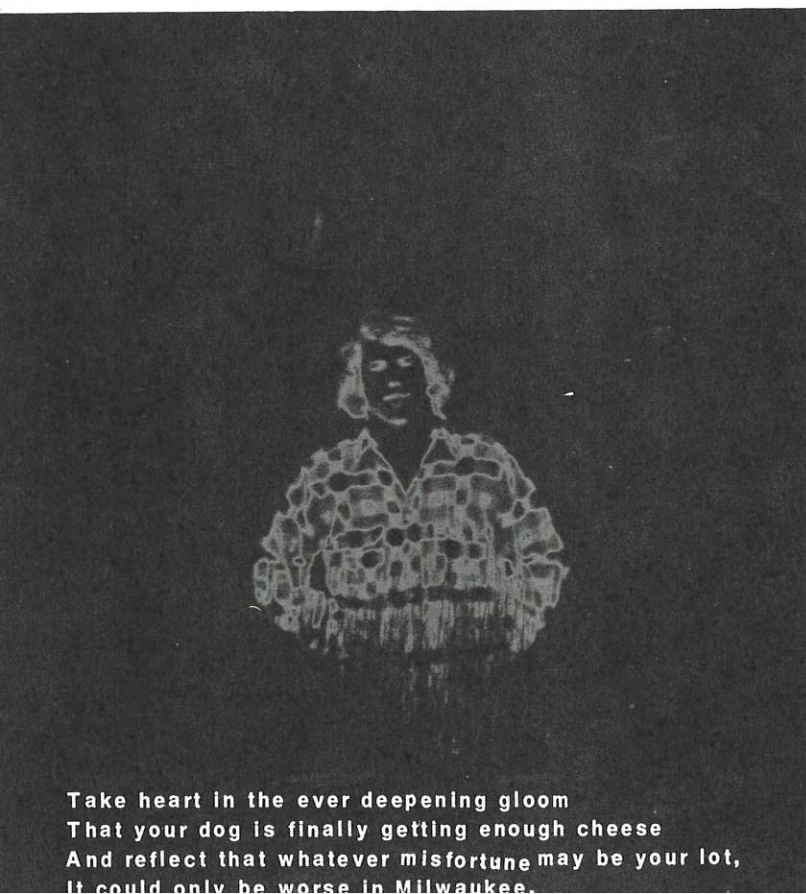


It seems to me a crime that we should age,
 These fragile times should never slip us by.
 A time you never can or shall erase,
 As friends together watch their childhood fly.

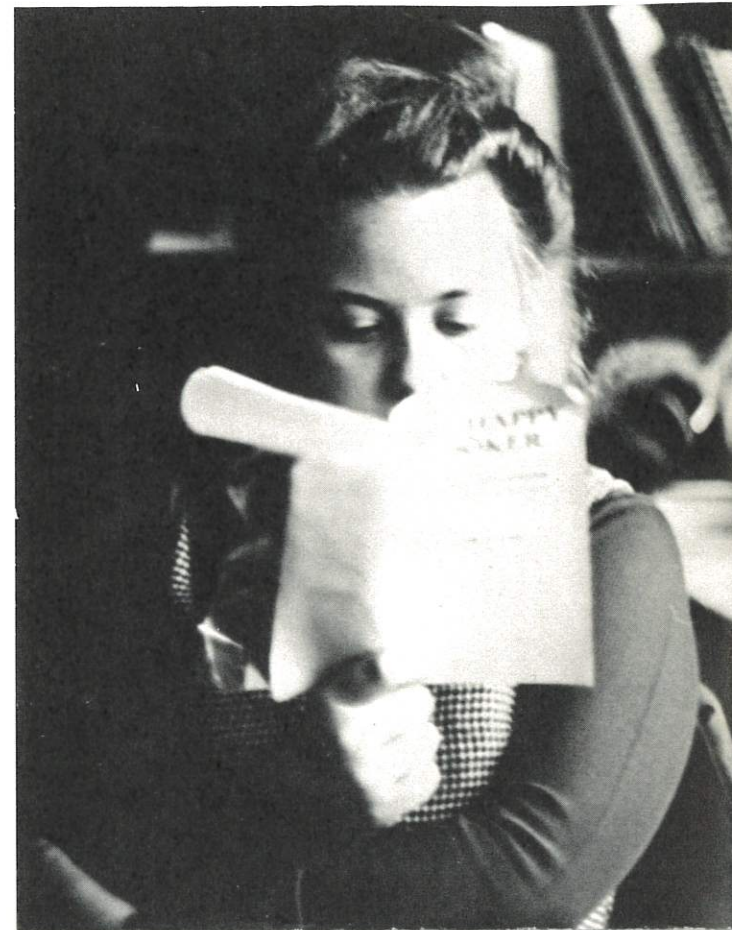
Bernie Taupin



Jeff Gilbertson



Take heart in the ever deepening gloom
 That your dog is finally getting enough cheese
 And reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot,
 It could only be worse in Milwaukee.



DeeDee Goldie



A generation comes and a generation goes
 but the earth remains forever
 The sun also rises and the sun goes down
 and returns to the place where it rose
 The wind goes toward the south
 and turns into the north;
 it whirls about continually,
 and returns again according to its circuits
 All rivers flow to the sea;
 yet the sea is not full;
 from whence the rivers come,
 thither they return again.

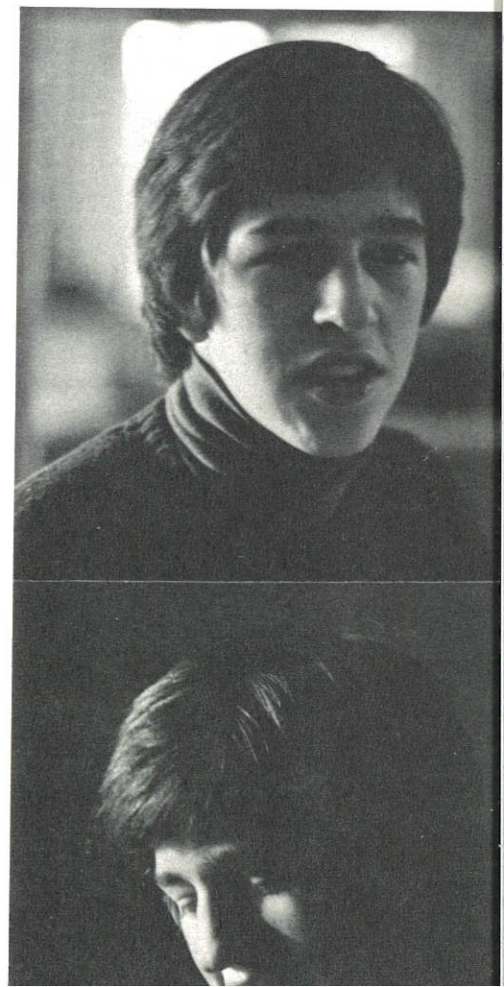
Ecclesiastes



Leta Glenn



David
 Griggs



Peter Haan



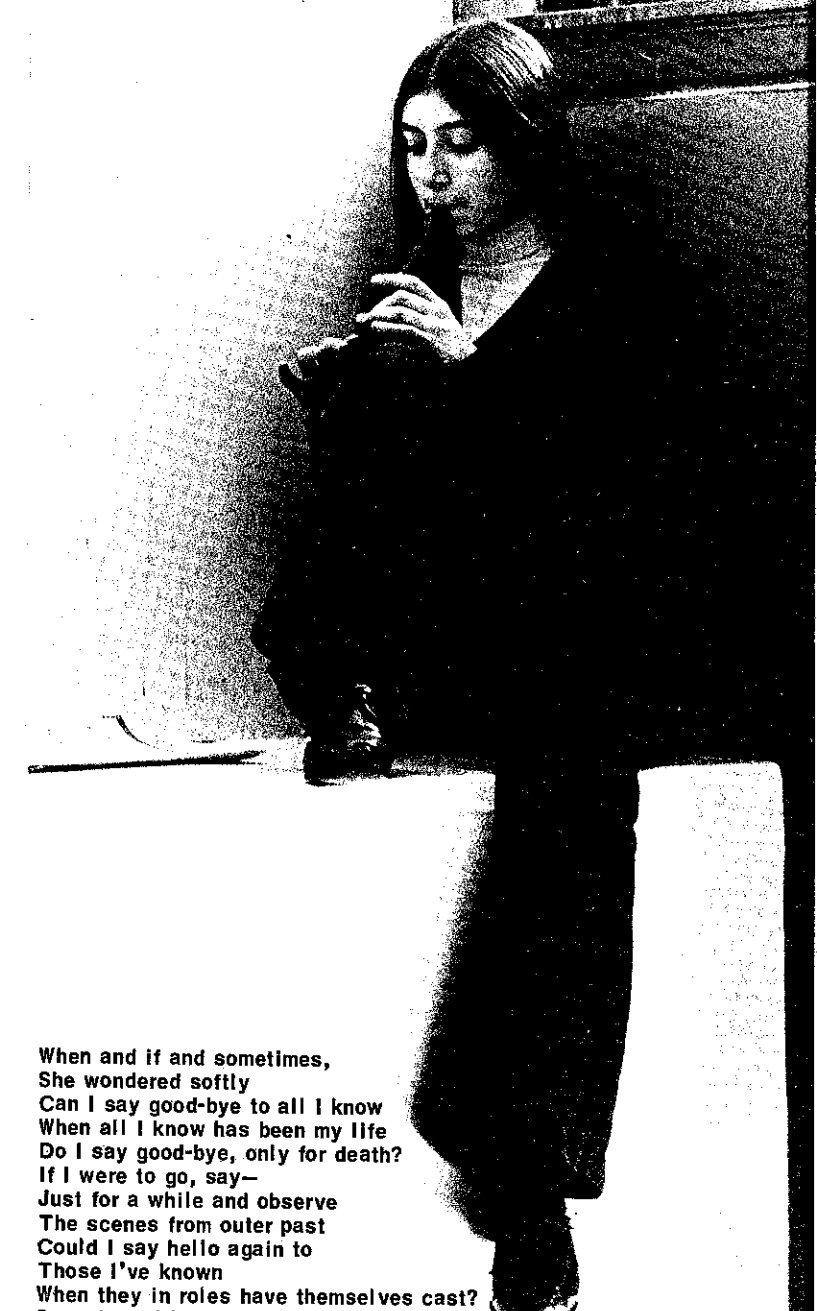
Patti Hart



Barney Harris



Ruth Helfeld



When and if and sometimes,
She wondered softly
Can I say good-bye to all I know
When all I know has been my life
Do I say good-bye, only for death?
If I were to go, say—
Just for a while and observe
The scenes from outer past
Could I say hello again to
Those I've known
When they in roles have themselves cast?
Sometimes I bid myself fare-well
And scan the world
Through foreign eyes
But what I learn is not my own—
No, I must always say hello
And hello again lest I forget
When time has donated all herself—
If minds were cornucopias, locked
Inside themselves to leave the world
A barren place for me then—
I would stand without a thought

Robert Heneman

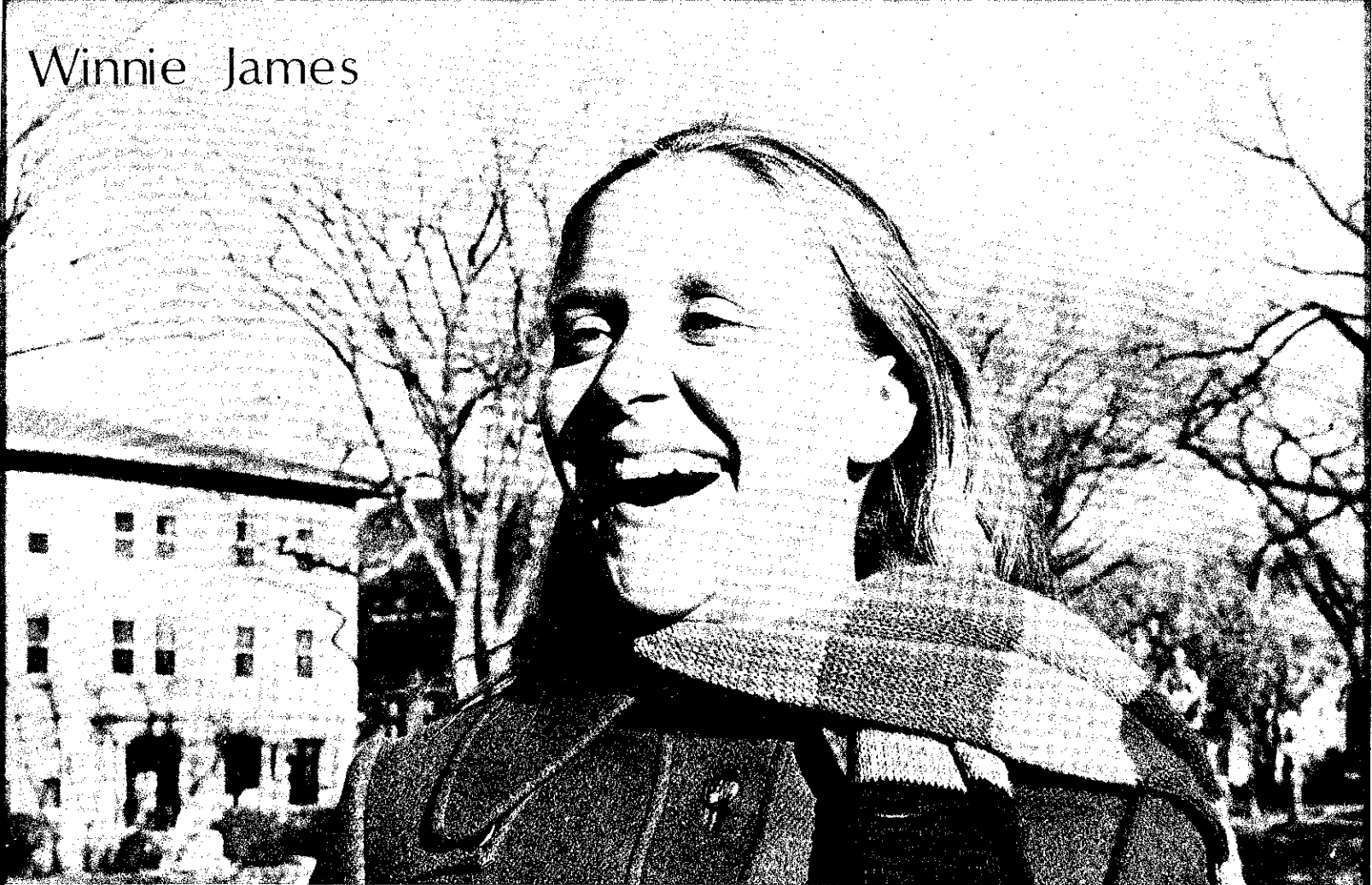


Forget about the past, Baby
Things ain't what they used to be.
Keep on Straight Ahead.

Jimi Hendrix
August, 1970



Winnie James



Omar Johnson



Philip Hewett



Mary Elizabeth Kenna

Much study is a weariness
of the flesh.

Ecclesiastes xii,12



Rob Kroeger



Jim Leonard



Jeff Kuller



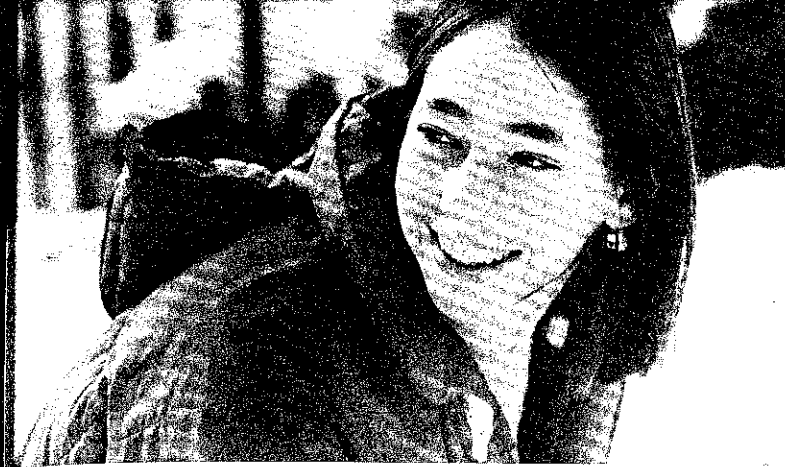
Kevin Leskela



Susanne Lilly

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, ...

William Shakespeare
Antony and Cleopatra (I,v,73-74)



Jo
Ljungkull

You know how to be silly
That's why I like you

Boy are you ever silly

I never met anybody sillier than me
till I met you

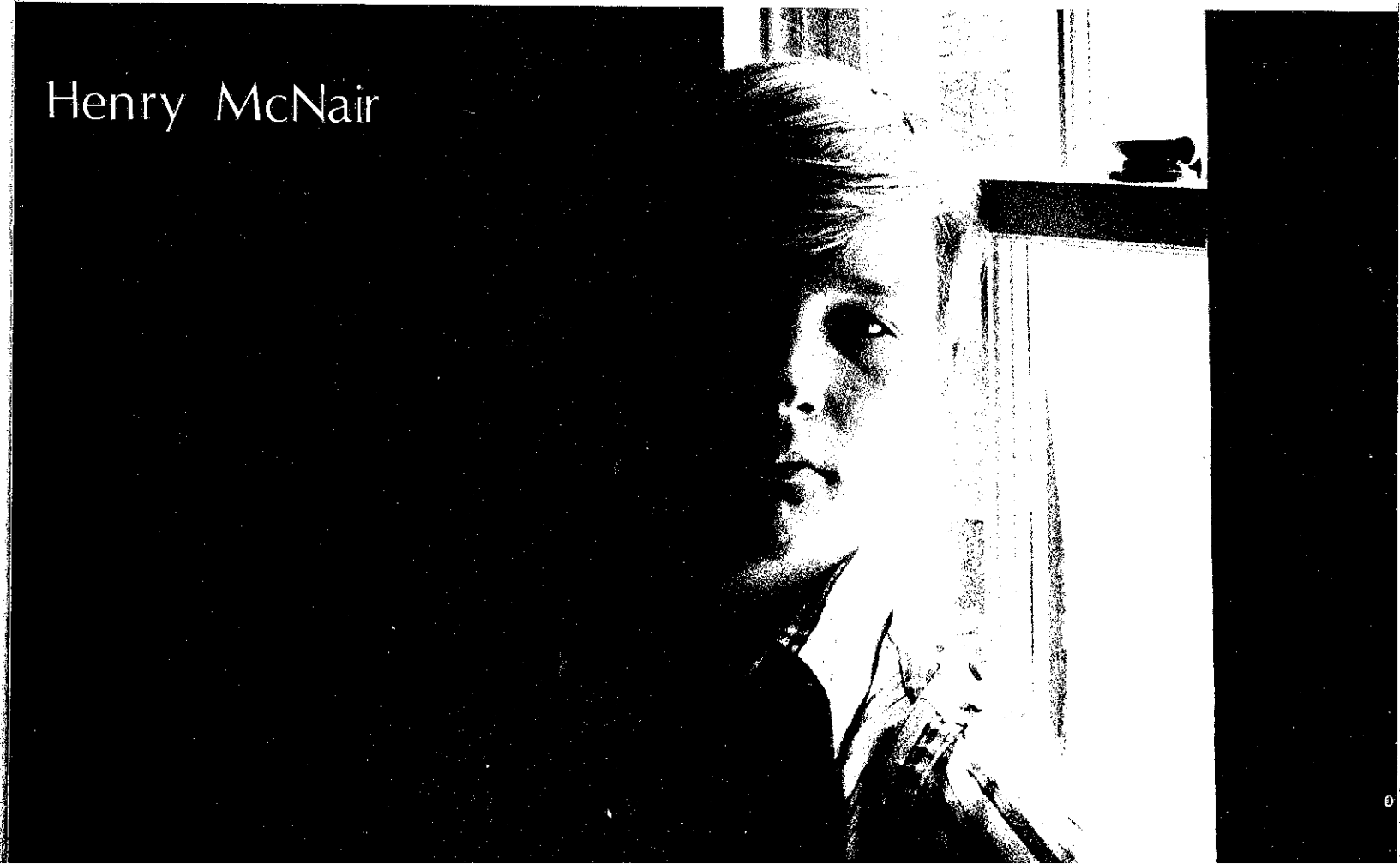
I like you because
You know when it's time to stop being silly

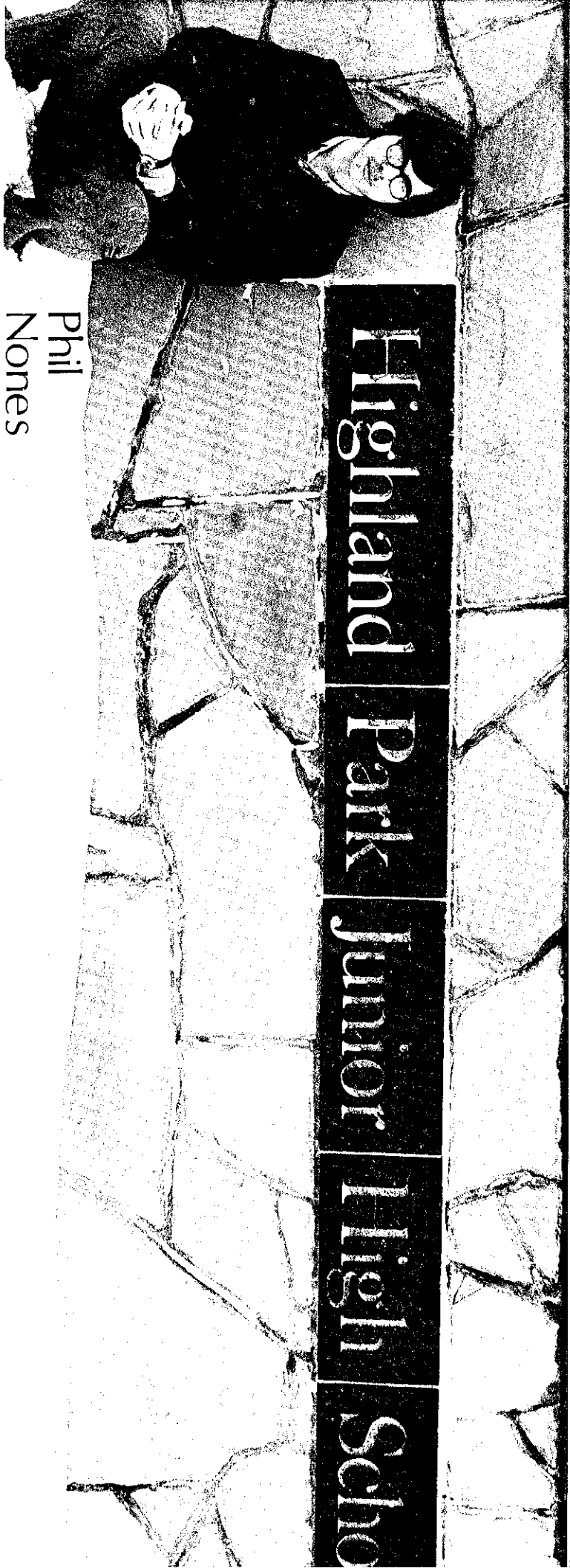
Maybe day after tomorrow
Maybe never

Oops too late
It's quarter past silly S.S. Warburg



Henry McNair





Phil
Nones

Highland Park Junior High School



Mary Mundahl

We shall never cease from exploration,
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

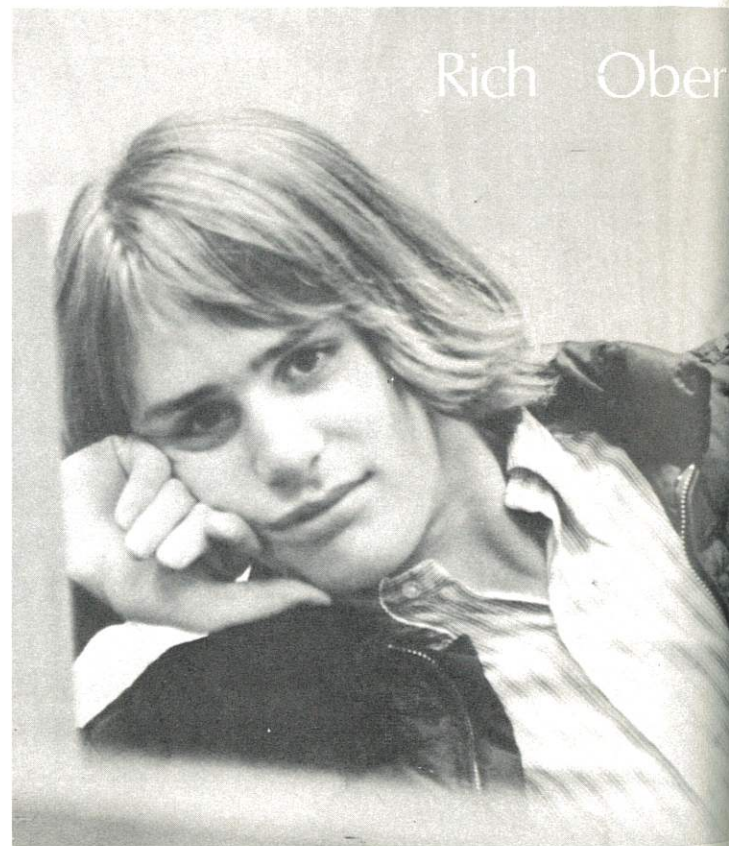
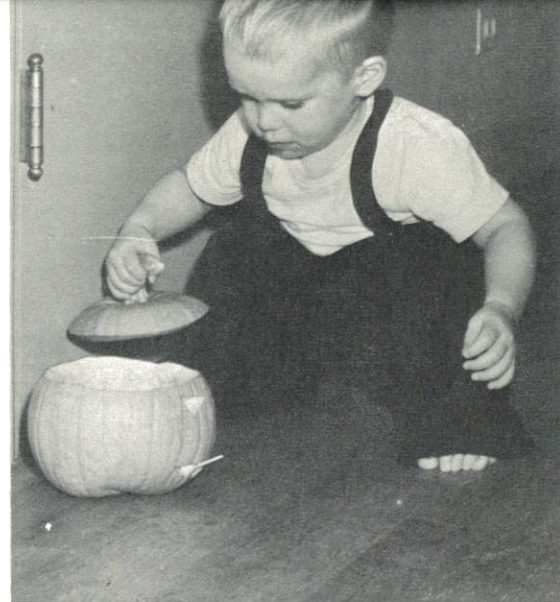


Bob Mairs

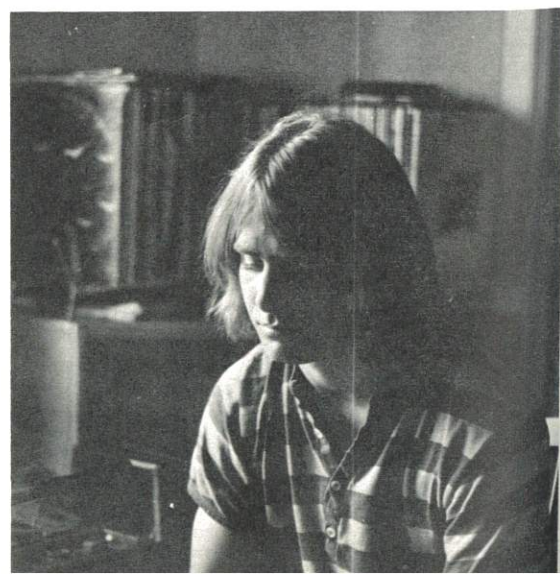




Cindy Norton



Rich Ober



Julie O'Brien



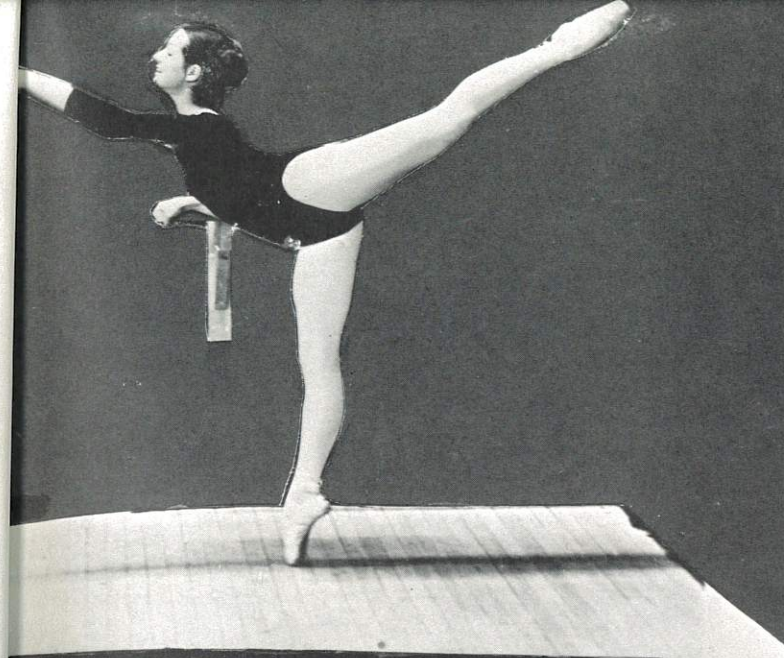
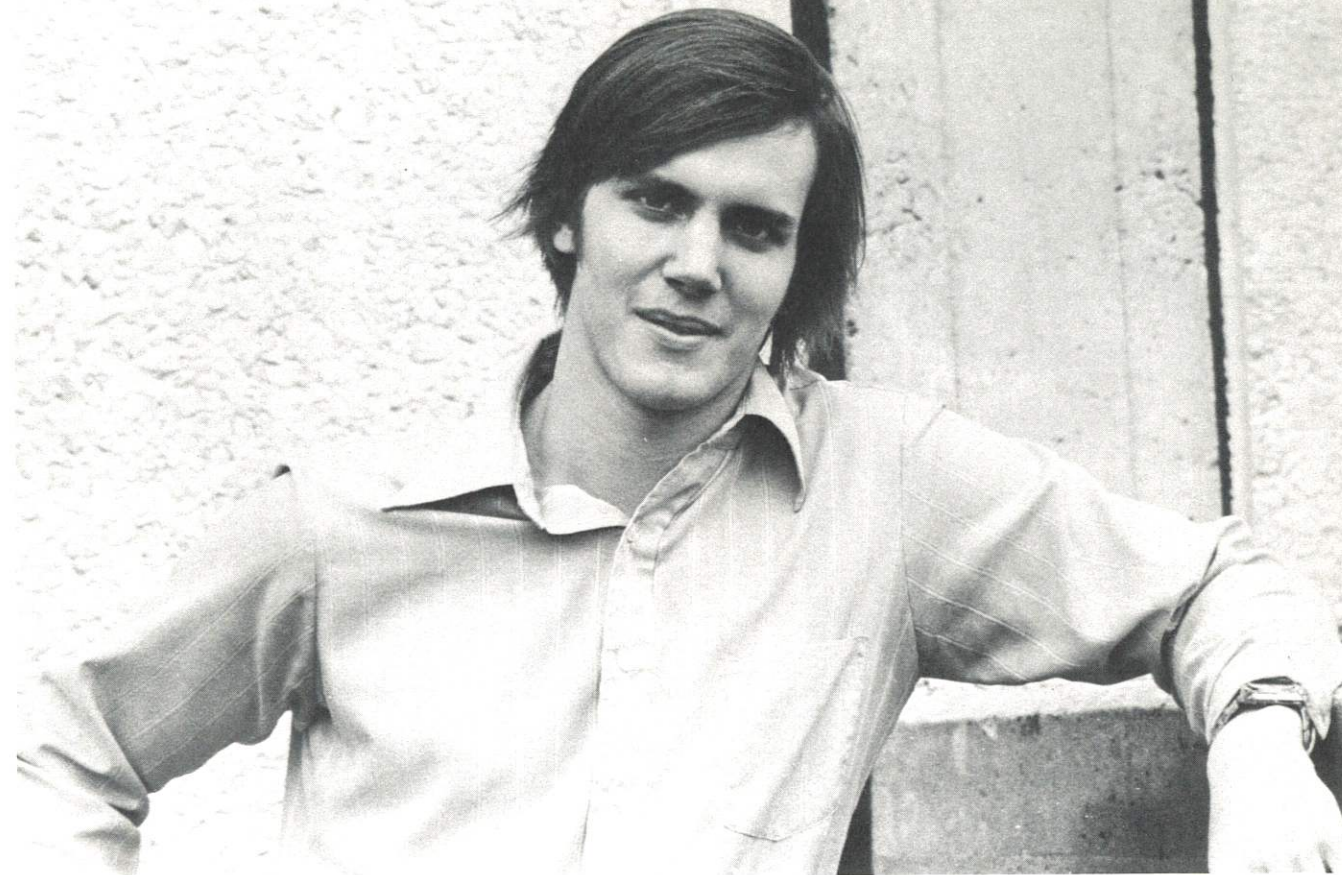
Lisa
O'Brien

Live today, forget the cares of the past.

Epicurus



Kevin O'Brien

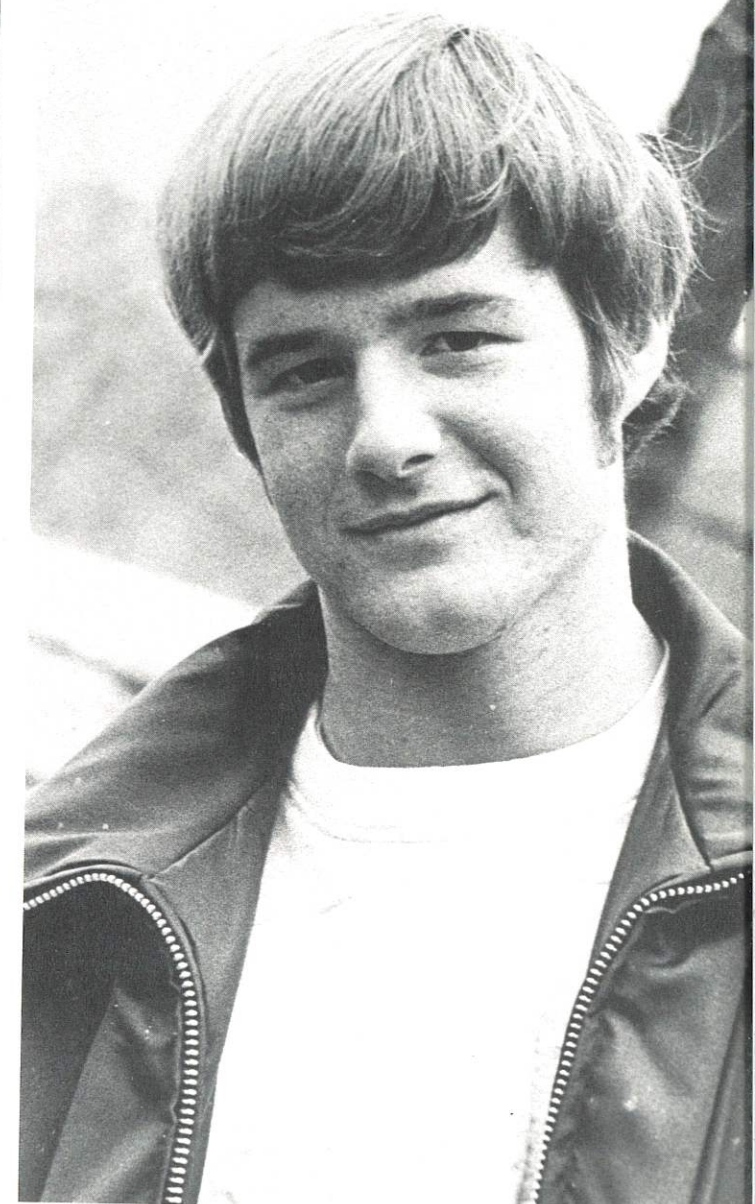


Wonder of wonders...
Miracle of miracles

Lois Rosenberg



Joseph J. Russell

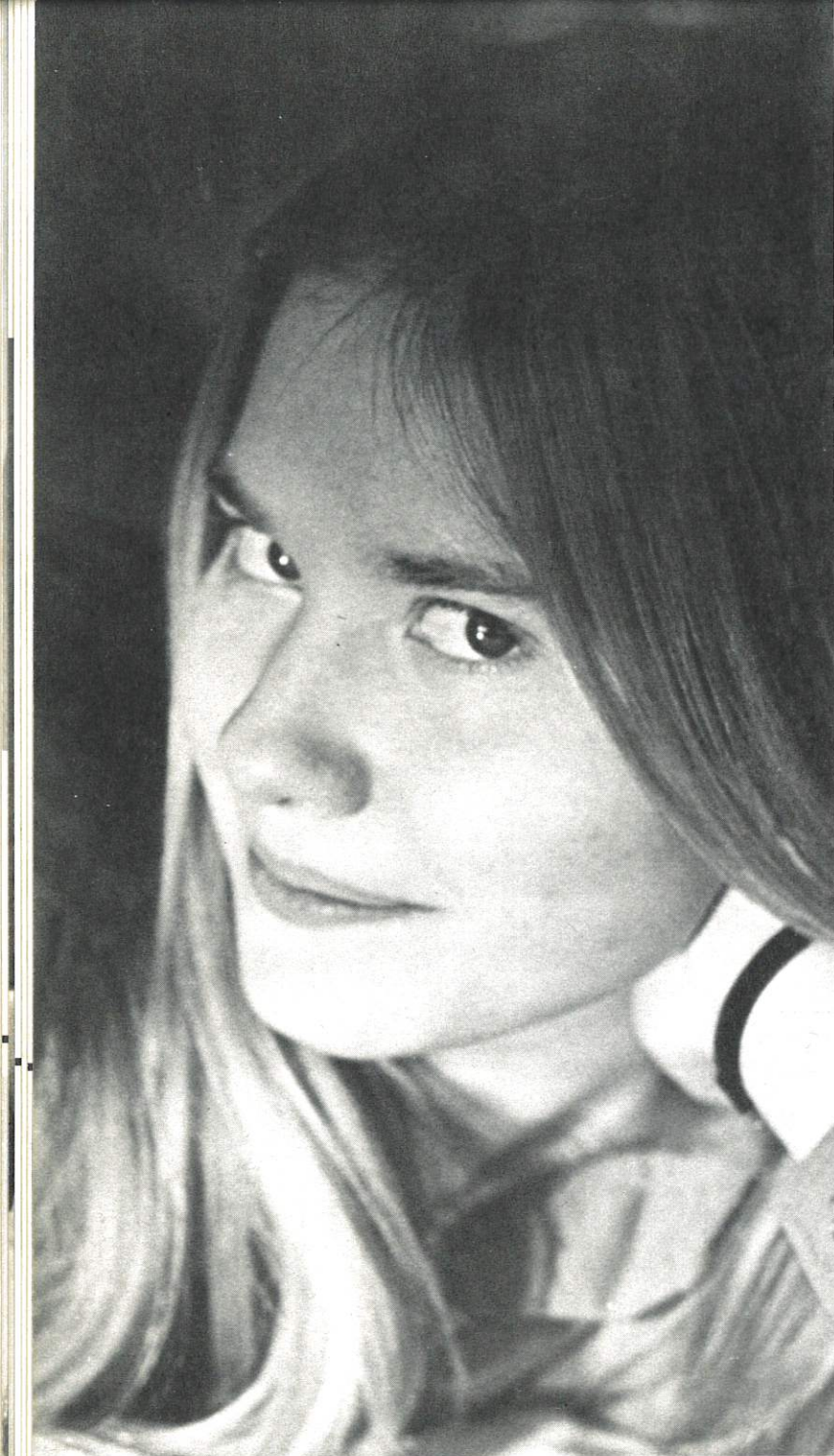


... the wise man looks into space,
and does not regard the small as too
little,
Nor the great as too big, for he
knows that there is no limit
to dimensions.

- unknown

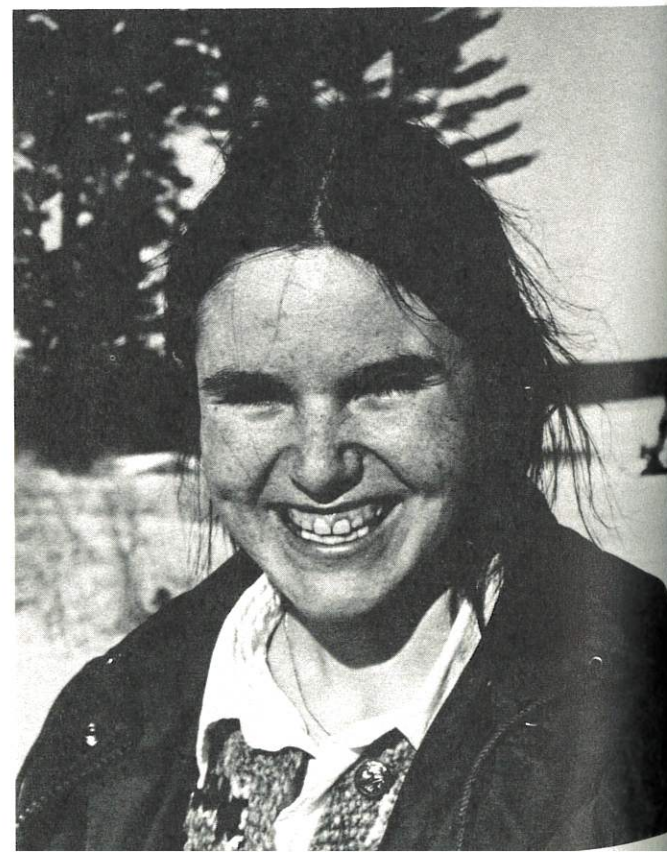


June Reuben



Lisa Schilling

"I AM !!
ME!
I am !!
And I may not know why
But I know that I like it.
THREE CHEERS! I AM !!"



Katie Simonton



Today is my moment and now is my story
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

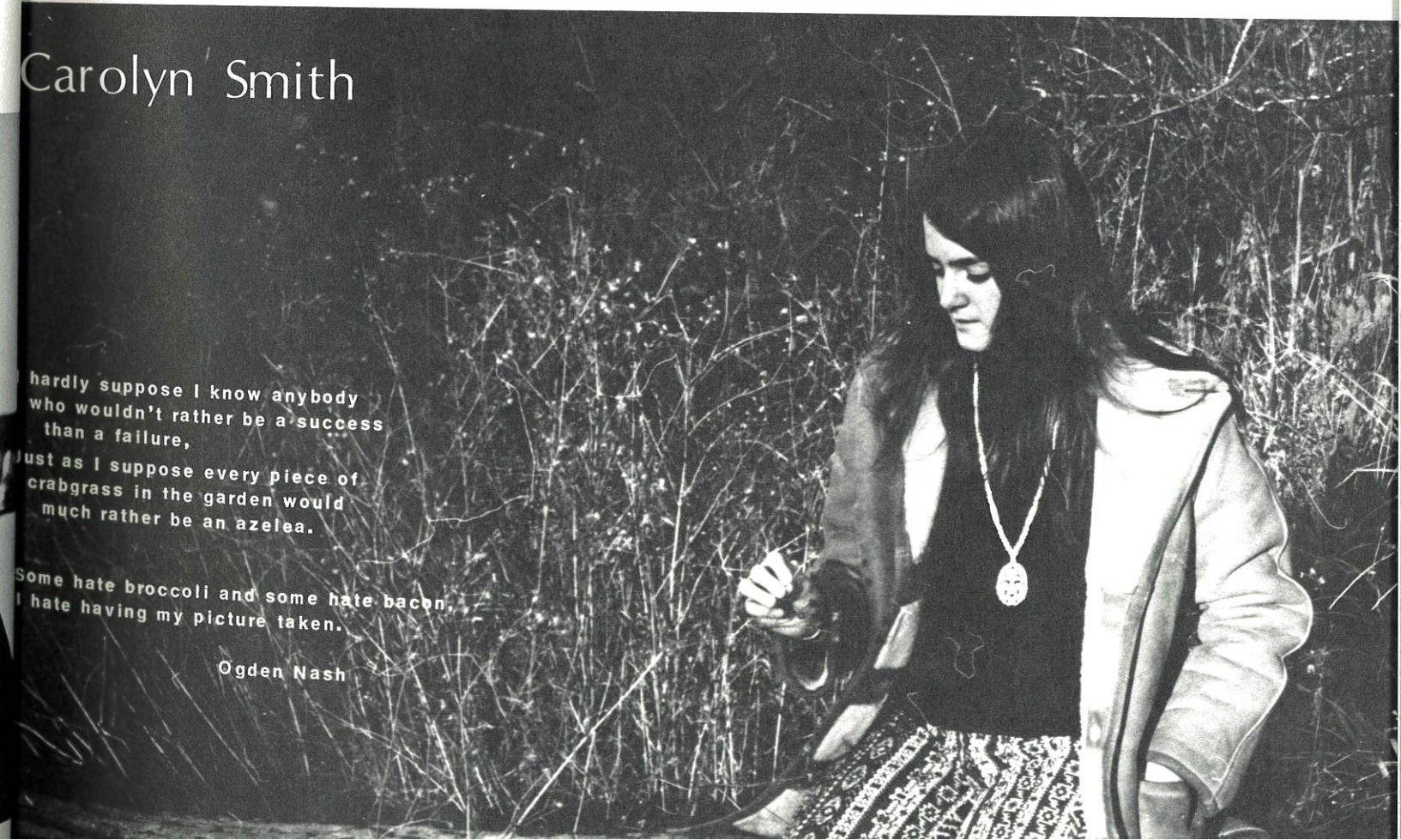


Carolyn Smith

hardly suppose I know anybody
who wouldn't rather be a success
than a failure,
just as I suppose every piece of
crabgrass in the garden would
much rather be an azelea.

Some hate broccoli and some hate bacon,
I hate having my picture taken.

Ogden Nash





Cindy Sprafka

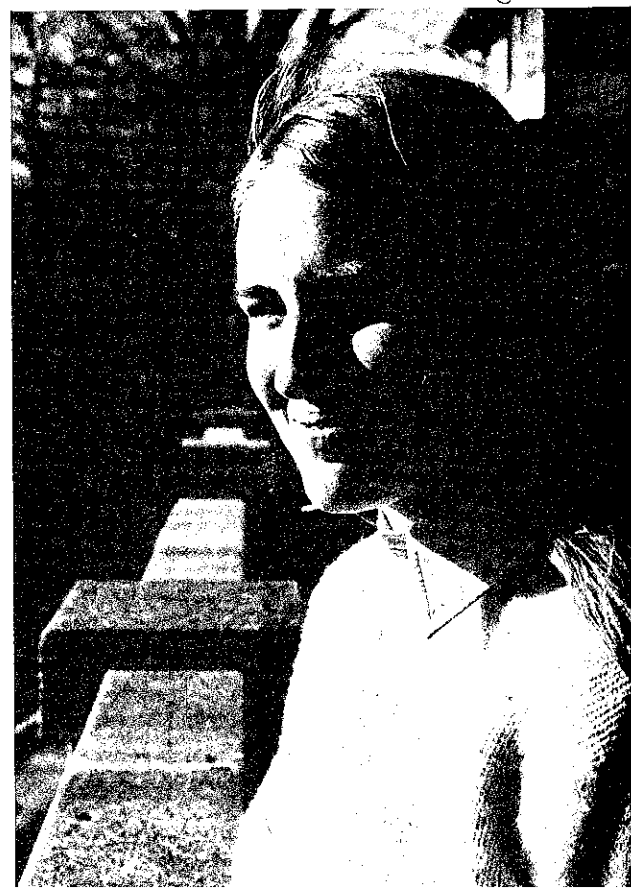


Living is striving and searching for ideals and truth in thought, people, motion, and love. These truths can be sensed. They become truly real if completely understood. I want to live to experience, understand, and share; to attempt to find the ideal. To be alive is to trust and believe that the ideal exists. Otherwise, life is mere existence.



Sally
Stockwell

Sparkling jets of water
send new worlds beyond.



Gretchen Thiele



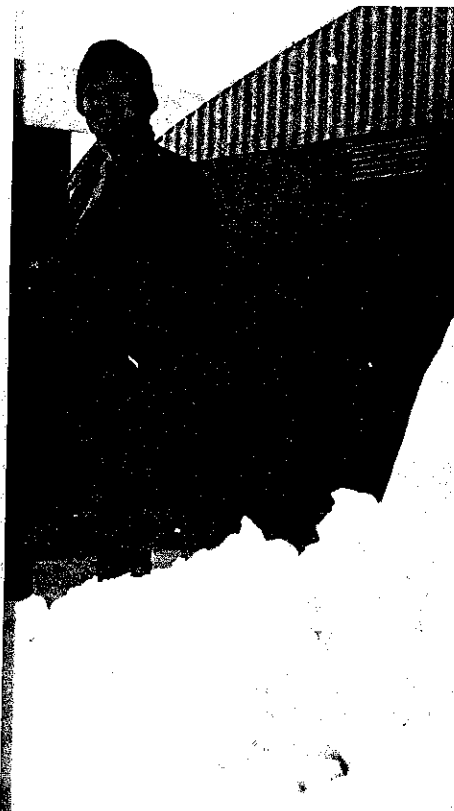


Mike Thomas



Yasuko Tomizawa

veni



Tom Vannelli

vedi



vici

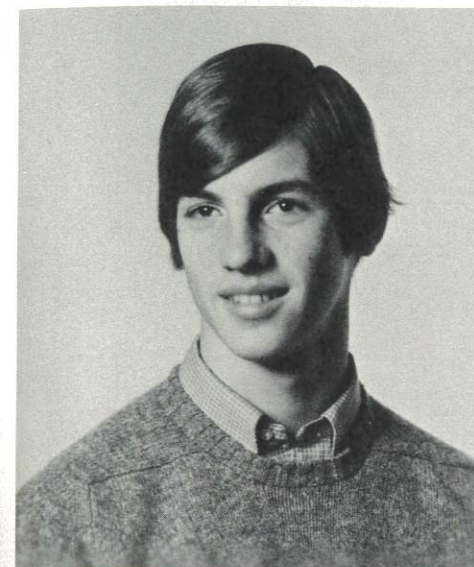


Richard Waterfield

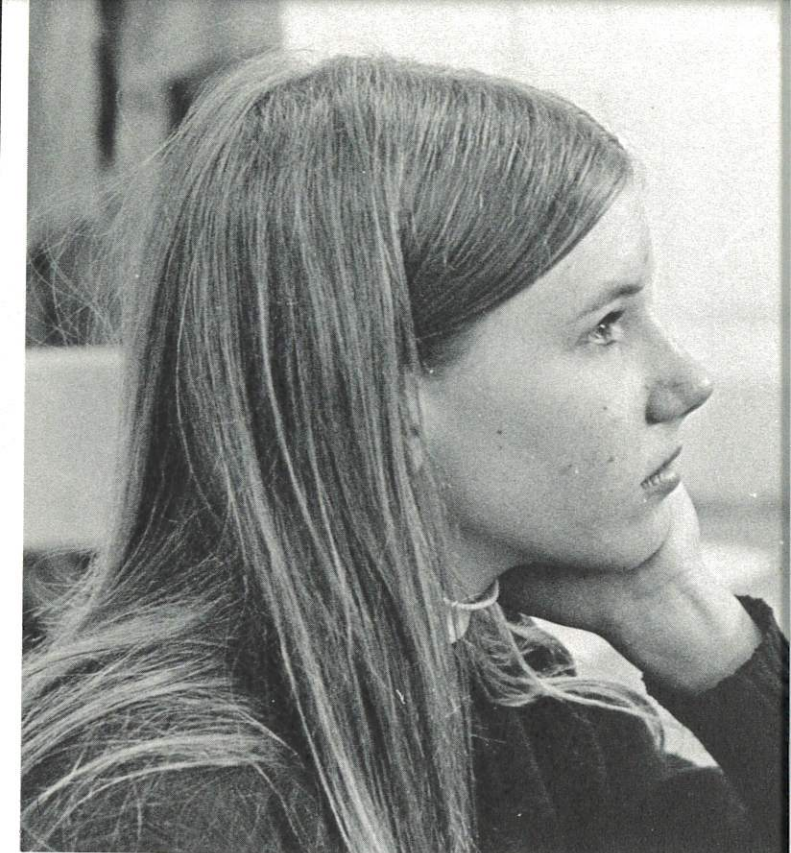


George Weed

"So much to do, so little done."
Cecil Rhodes



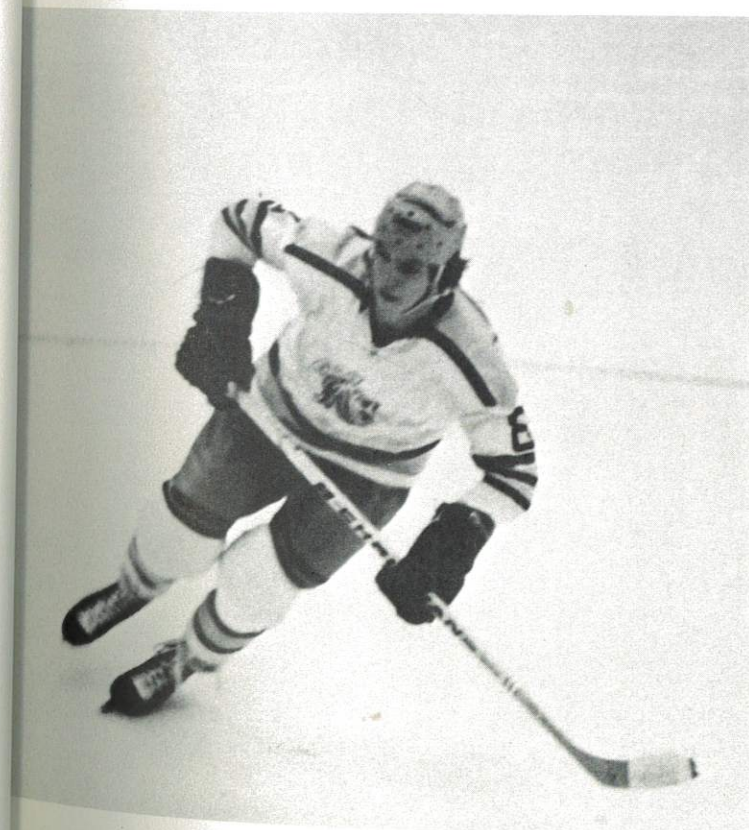
Rick Weyerhaeuser



Gaye Wood

I will never miss you.
I know your people,
The way they laugh together and the way
they cry,
I know your places,
The quiet corners I have found and the
noisy hallways.
All is ingrained upon my soul
And I will never lose you,
For my love is strong.

Cindy Werner





Andy Wright



Charles Zelle



Charles Zelle