

SAYING GOODBYE TO A THIRTEEN YEAR CAREER

Years Enjoyed Come To A Welcome End

It was 8:30 a.m., the year 1981, as thirty-two students approached the kindergarten room with wide eyes. A silence hung in the room; kids stared at each other. Despite their innocent faces these kids were hellions. "Mrs. Shelton, Warren F. stole my red crayon!" pouted Jenny Powelson. Causing trouble was our middle name. All through elementary special rules were made for us. From being put in the corner to being sent out in the hall, which usually led to being kept after school, we were the worst.

We made it through elementary, even after playing kickball behind the portables and being

yelled at by Mr. McCrimmon.

Little did we know that when we entered junior high it was like being kindergarteners again. We were once again picked on and pushed into lockers.

We also couldn't have predicted that innocent Jamey Bearden would become the school locksmith.

Through it all we made it . . . all of us. We struggled through a close call with a four wheeler accident that Terry Densmore miraculously recovered from, but we held to-

gether and on May 20, 1994, together we walked away from the small kindergarten room . . . a school.

Twenty years from now, if you listen closely in the hallways the words, "Mrs. Shelton, Warren stole my red crayon," will echo the air.

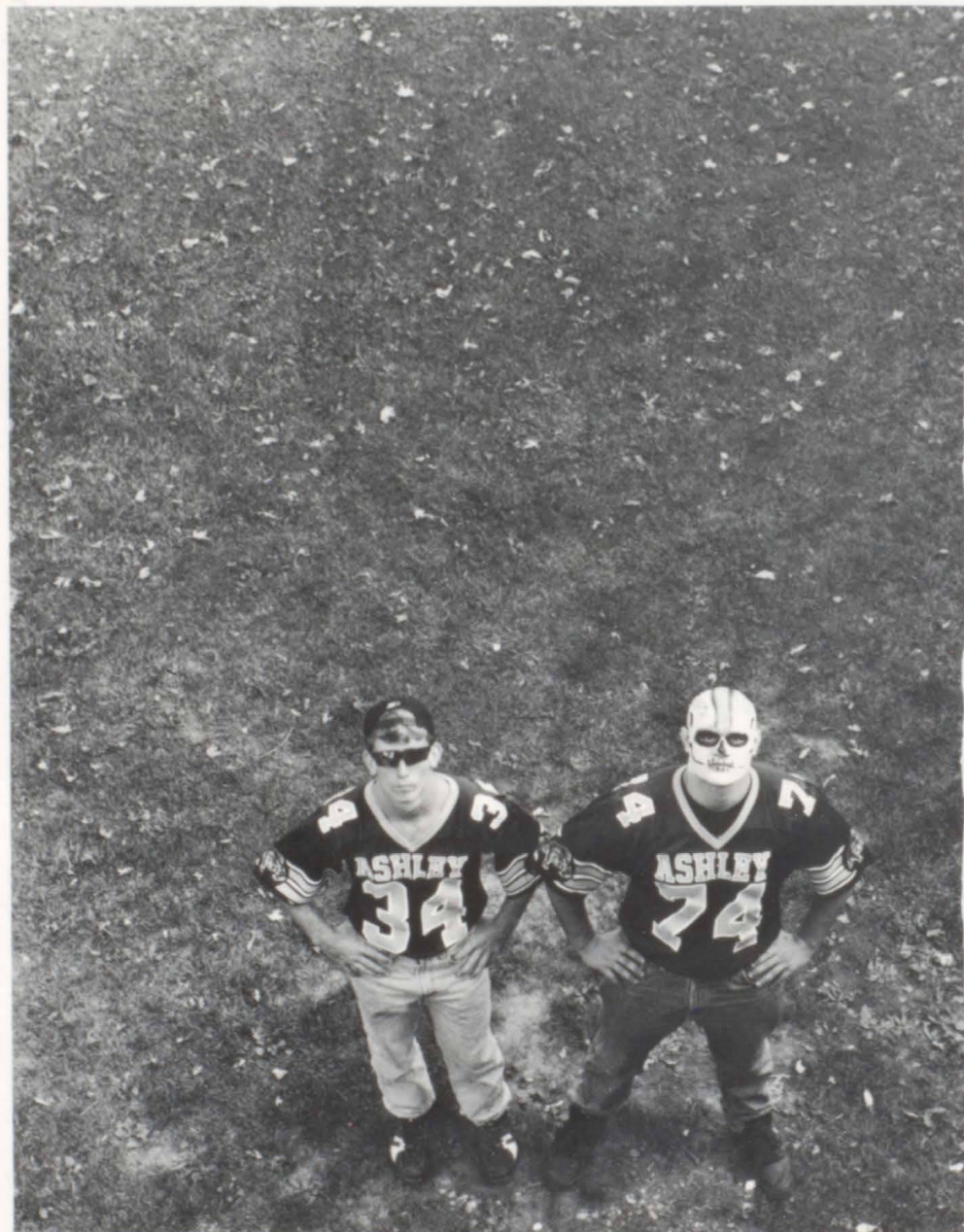
Stephanie Murdo



S. Thiel

IT'S HEALTHY, REALLY! Senior Terry Densmore enjoys his potato chip and pop lunch. The old gym stage is a popular place at lunch time.

YOU SAID *WHAT ABOUT US?* Seniors Bill Wallen and Bob Mason demonstrate Ashley homecoming spirit. Teachers and students stood in line to have their faces painted blue and gold.



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