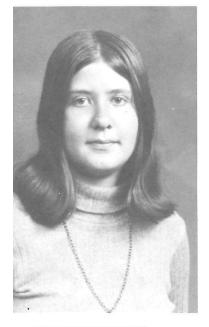


BETH AUBREY

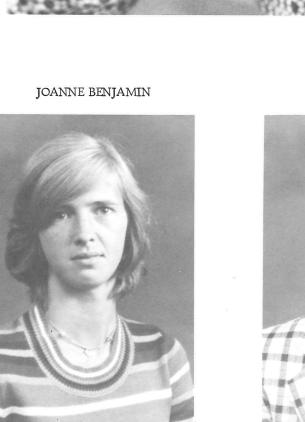


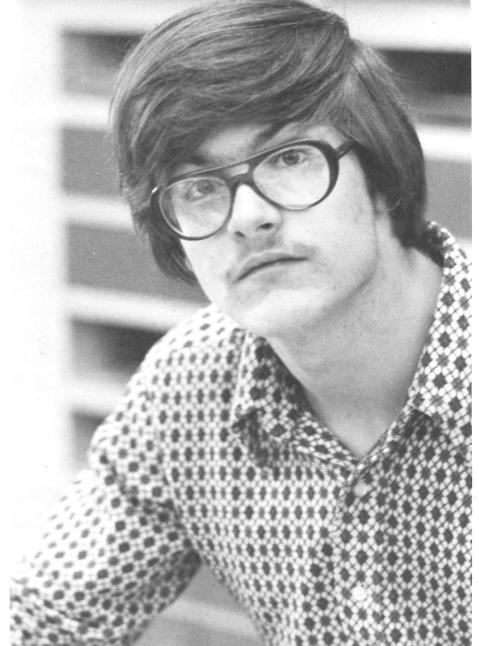
PEGGY BECKWITH



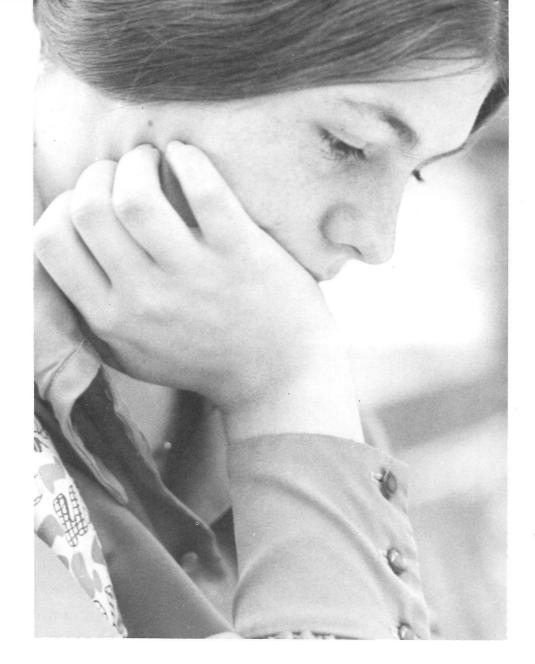
CARLA BELDEN







HARRY BOLEK





DONNA BROWNELL

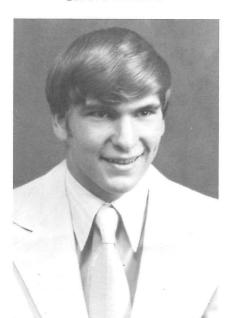


DEBRA BROWNELL

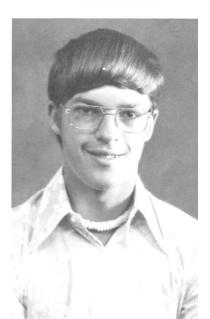
KIM CHRISTIAN



BRENT DANIELS



RICKY DAVIS

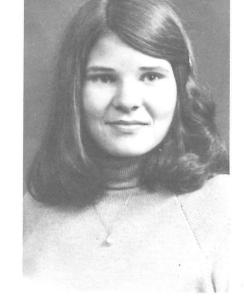




JAMES DeFOREST



DAVID ECKERT

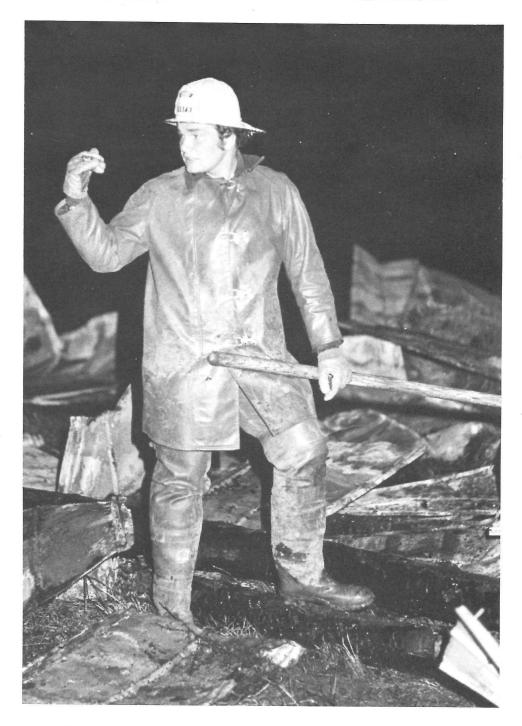


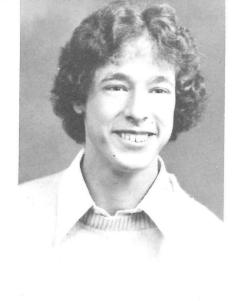
KIM ELDRIDGE



NANCY Di LORENZO





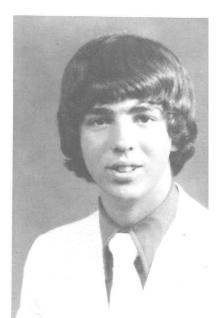


ANDREW EVERTS

JAMES FAIRCHILD

JAMES FITZGERALD





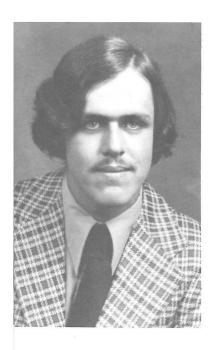
JOHN GALLAGHER

CYNTHIA GRAVESEN





FAYE HANSEN



RICHARD HARRIS



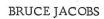
Life is like a stream, It comes to an end sometime, somewhere, no one knows when or where It just flows until its end.

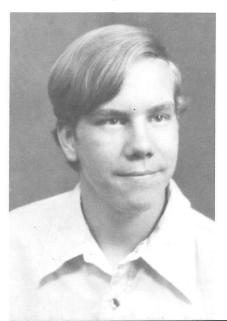


TERRY HILL



JOHN JACKSON







SUSAN JACOBSEN





JUDY JAQUAY

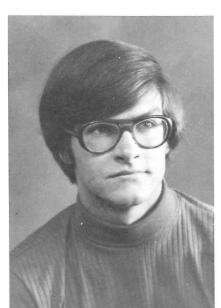
Until you find out who and what you are, you get pushed around into lumpy crowds. And if you resist, you get sent alone down long dark hallways with red lit signs marked EXIT.
All pointing in different directions.



KATHY KUKULECH

DONALD LAWRENCE

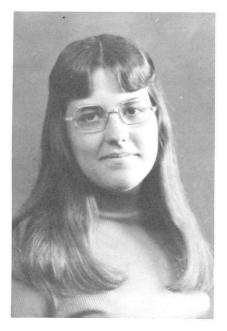






BRAD LILLEY

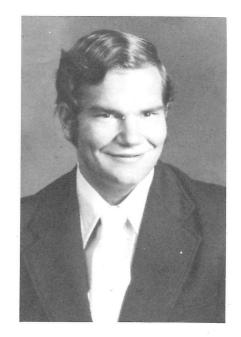




DONNA MACDONALD



VICKI MATTHEWS



TERRY MEYERS



KARI FAIRCHILD

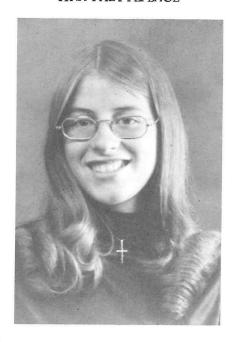
KATHY MULLER



SUSAN PARKER

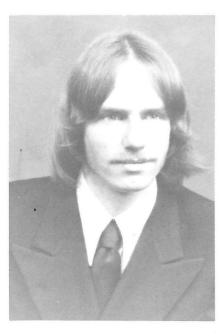


TINA PHETTEPLACE

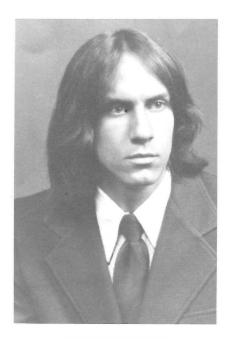




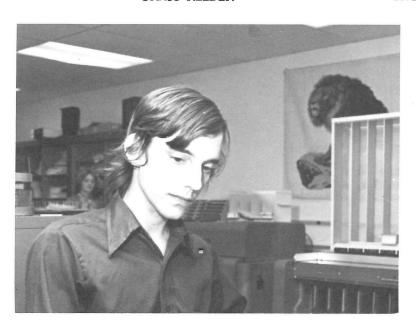
JOANNA POLICHAK



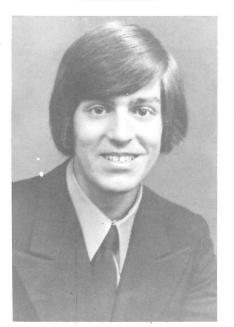
CRAIG REEDER



ROBERT REEDER



DENNIS RIZZO



ROBERT ROWE



PAMELA SCHRIBER





KEVIN SHILLABEER



RICHARD SMITH

ROBIN STRAITE

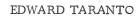




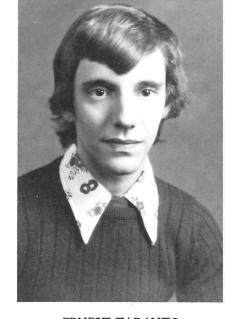
KATHY SUTTON



TERRY SWERTFAGER





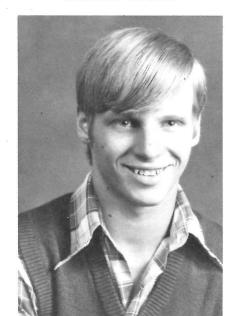


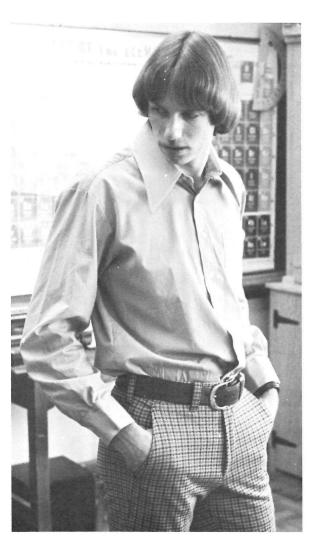
ERNEST TARANTO



MICHAEL TODD







LYNDON VANWAGNER



BARBARA WESLEY





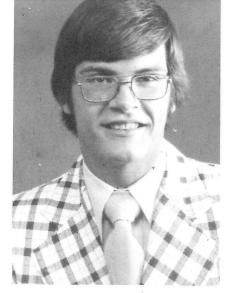


Friendship
Friendship is a gay, bright
royal blue,
it smells of fresh spring
breeze.
Sounds like birds singing
happily in a tree.
Taste like fresh water from
a spring, on a cool spring
day.
It feels like someone near.
Kathy Wilcox.



DAVID YORK



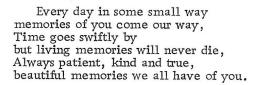


Harry S. Bolek 1957-1976

"WE ALL LOVED YOU"



Allen M. Lindsay 1958-1976



The little road of yesterday winds forever through our hearts, It's memory dear and precious of our lives apart, and the fondest of these memories more lasting and more true, are memories of the happy days we've all spent together with you.

Nothing can erase the memory of ones so true and kind, They're living in our hearts today and always in our mind.



Donald P. Lawrence 1958-1976