There is a time for everything:

- A time to be born; a time to die;
- A time to plant and harvest;
- A time to win;
- A time to study;
- A time to laugh;
- A time to pray;
- A time to dance;
- A time to give;
- A time for gathering stones;
- A time to hug;
- A time to find;
- A time to lose;
- A time to be friendly;
- A time to tear (rip-off)
- A time to repair;
- A time to be quiet;
- A time for goofing off;
- A time to speak up;
- A time for loving;
- A time for decision;
- A time for peace.

(modified) Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
"SPECIAL PEOPLE"

It is impossible to include a picture of everyone; these are just a few of the special people at GHC. Cherished memories of college life will be ours because of all the special people at the college.
THERE IS A RIGHT TIME FOR EVERYTHING
A TIME TO BE BORN; A TIME TO DIE

LIFE

Eyes open
A crying sound
A first step is taken
Falling
Trying again
School bells
Learning
A pony tail is pulled
Stealing a kiss
Reading, Writing,
Arithmetic
The school dance
Graduation day
A diploma
The draft
War
Blood and horror
Fighting
Peace comes
Honorable discharge
Returning
Searching
Walking hand in hand
Lovers kiss
A solemn oath is taken
Working together
Making a home
Pain
Happiness
A life is born
A new era begins
One is taught while one teaches
A departure comes
Time passes
Streaks of grey
Sadness
Eyes close

—Allan Creviston—
Poor Pete, I guess he never flunked a final before!
We the students of Grays Harbor College proudly acknowledge the many fine opportunities provided to us through the courtesy of our local junior college...the progressive institution of Washington.
A TIME TO PLANT AND HARVEST
PERFORMANCE APPRAISAL

Far Exceeds Job Requirements (Top Level Performance — Top 10%)

Leaps tall buildings with a single bound;
Is faster than a speeding bullet;
Can fly higher than a mighty rocket;
More powerful than a locomotive;
Gives policy guidance to God.

Exceeds Job Requirements (High Level Performers — Next 10%)

Must take running start to leap over tall buildings;
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet;
When flying, cannot penetrate atmosphere;
As powerful as a locomotive;
Talks with God.

Meets Expected Job Requirements (Can reach 75% of ceiling)

Can only leap over short buildings;
Not quite as fast as a speeding bullet;
Only flies as high as transports;
Loses tug-of-war with a locomotive;
Listens to God.

Meets Minimum Job Requirements (Cannot reach 75%)

Crashes into buildings when attempting to jump over them;
Can shoot bullets;
Has trouble flying;
Gets run over by locomotive;
Talks with the animals.

Fails to Meet Minimum Job Requirements (Should be counseled into Education Major)

Cannot recognize buildings;
Wounds self with bullets when attempting to shoot gun;
Talks to walls.
A TIME TO WIN
A TIME TO STUDY
Knees
Knees.
No one
talks of knees,
I wonder why?
Knees you say.
How boring.
Everyone has two.
Knobby, pudgy,
thick, thin,
flabby, bony,
wrinkled or smooth.
Don't laugh
at the sight
of a knee.
Think of how funny
you would look
without any.
Stoop over,
Walk,
Climb a hill
or a tree.
Go upstairs
or down.
Stiff legged
you're out of
your mind.
So don't forget
you have
two knees.
Be thankful
for what they
are.
—Allan Creviston
A TIME TO LAUGH
A TIME TO PRAY
A TIME TO DANCE

LET'S

LEAVE
A TIME TO GIVE
In my mind
There is a puddle of blood
It's the blood
Of butchered dreams and sacrificed ideals
It's the blood
Of philosophies and fantasies
All blood of murdered thoughts
They were all lined up and
Shot down by the firing squad of reason
Shot down in the name of common sense
Cut down by the blade of superior thought
This slaughter
Has left the walls of my mind
Splattered with the blood
Of all these childhood whims
And now they merely bleed
Into this polluted stream
Of my mind
How do they think they can annihilate
Any more of my aspirations
Without making my stream
Spill
Over?
— J.B. & D.K.
A TIME FOR GATHERING STONES
NUMBER ONE

There is a man who is never wrong;
Here at Grays Harbor he has worked long.
Frowning he does most of the while,
But when he is teased he really smiles.
For some boys at the college he has no wit,
As so often he has to yell so they will not sit.
His voice can be harsh and oh so loud,
But of his workers he is very proud.
He is always seen walking around,
And new freshmen are afraid to make a sound.
Students come to him from far and near,
For his advise and humor they long to hear.
To cute little girls he is very gallant;
And getting things done is his talent.
In the hearts of many he is Number One:
Little Scotty is so much fun!

Sue Schwarz
A TIME TO HUG
A TIME TO FIND
A Dedication

I come to you burdened with sin,
You didn't hesitate but take me in.
When I spoke you lent me your ears,
Upon your shoulders I shed my tears,
My tears were bitter and full of hate,
But you showed me it wasn't too late.

Again I came in time of need.
Of my problems you took heed.
You listened and were ready to give,
But with my burdens I couldn't live.
You were patient and showed me the way,
I decided to do right from that day.

I worked day after day, Oh how I tried!
It was hard and rough, Often I cried,
Tears of grief, hate, and sorrow,
Now I hopefully await each tomorrow.
I can't sincerely and honestly say,
True happiness is forever mine.

—Lori Foust
A TIME TO LOSE
Carving of my Mind

Lonesome, so lonesome
Now that you're no more,
Lonely, so lonely
As I slowly close the door.

Yearning, yes. Yearning
For the things that can't be,
Wanting, still wanting
You here with me.

Grieving, yes grieving
For all the wasted time,
Sorrow—only sorrow
With no one to know my mind.

Foolish, so foolish
To hope without cause,
Foolish—what a fool
Now to bear the loss.

Sighing, just sighing
Knowing you're with she
Accepting, finally accepting
You love her, not me.

—Lori Foust
A TIME TO BE FRIENDLY
A Gathering Place

The room is sizeable, space for many, and all about are petite square tables with brown imitation mahogany tops, held upright by a short stubby pipe with four protruding feet, giving it support. Positioned alongside the tables are black and orange colored plastic bucket seats, designed to fit each person who sits.

The ceiling is elevated, upheld by massive beams, higher than thrice that of a man. Centered between the beams, protruding down, are extensive narrow rods burning on their ends, each one, an oversized white glass ball, emitting the radiance of light. Two interminable walls from ceiling overhalfway down are of solid plaster, beneath which are crystalline windows in the middle, dividing the windows, are two transparent doors opening to the outside. To the top and aside of the central door frame, protruding at an angle, displayed for all to observe, the National Emblem, the flag of our country displaying its dignity and honor to all. Another wall is like unto the first, but with an enormous accordion folding door, which when opened reveals another enormous room.

Sitting, looking, and listening. I see seated in many chairs people from many walks of life, all sitting together speaking in an unbroken conversation. Listening. I hear, soft and secretive, quiet and pleasant, loud and rowdy, noisy and boisterous voice, mixed together with bursts of surprise and laughter, engulfing the room in a pandemonium of sound.

Allan N. Crevistan
Tribute to Lake Swano

Spongy needle beds
Made for lovers
And quiet sneakers
Who come
To enjoy.
Maidenhair ferns
Towering hemlock
cotton soft moss,
Joining forces
To unbend
The minds
Of
Students
And professors
By secreting
An ounce
Of Loveliness.

—Barbara Meske
A TIME TO RIP-OFF
STUDENT COUNCIL REALLY HAD A BRIGHT IDEA
WHEN THEY LET US MAKE THIS YEARBOOK
NO STUDENT PARKING AT ANY TIME
VISITORS ONLY
Upon This Mountain

Up this mountain I shall climb,
Stopping only of need to rest
Till I reach its highest peak
And sit down where the eagles nest.

Upon this mountain I'll see
The awe of God's great creation
And all these things that he made
Will be for my meditation.

I'll ponder the heavens and
Oceans, and all the things that grow,
Then I'll throw my empty beer
Cans at all the people below.

Steve Jordan
A TIME TO REPAIR
A TIME TO BE QUIET
Some of you may not understand the meanings behind our little masterpiece.

If this is the case, the joke is probably on you!
OK, Kids! Let's see how much we can goof-off this week.
Dear Mr. Phipps,

My boyfriend and I are having an affair. Will you please help us direct it?

Respectfully yours,

Zelda Histlebagger

Out to Golf

My boyfriend and I are having an affair. Will you please help us direct it?

Respectfully yours,

Zelda Histlebagger
A Girl

Her eyes are the color of Beauty.
Her cheeks are the color of Dawn's first light.

Her lips are the color of Happiness.
Her face is the color of Radiance.

Her hair is long and Curling
colored by the Night.

She is tall and Slim,
Her features are proudly Shown.

She walks and moves
with poise and Grace.

Her voice is soft and Musical.
Her laughter is Warming
Her smile is Charming.

She is a Girl.

—Allan Creviston
“Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery
Think a little more of others
And a little less of me.”
The man who invented the T-square really must have racked his brain for a name. Today was Monday and there was plenty of it. Even if I disguise my handwriting, it's still me. Disappointment can be expressed in many ways. I can't understand it very well over the radio.

A truth can never be reached because people cannot understand each other. Nor can they stand each other because a truth hasn't been reached. Poor man.

—Danette Garrison
A TIME FOR PEACE
The Great Escape

Dig-dig,
Dig-dig-dig.
Dig-dig, Dig-dig-dig.
Dig-dig,
Dig-dig-dig,
Dig-dig
Dig-dig-dig-dig.
Dig-dig-dig.
Dig-dig-dig.
Dig-dig.
Dig.
Sneak-Sneak,
Sneak-sneak-sneak.
Run.
Run-run-run.
Run-run.
Run-run-run.
HeHeHe-HaHaHaaaaa.
Free at last.
Run-Run-Run.

—Allan Creviston
Dear Students

We know that some of you will dislike this book. Hopefully enough of you will enjoy it to make it worthwhile.

G.H.C. has published a pictorial review. We have tried to make it a reflection of the students, the school, and good times.

Zigzigs:
From Us To You