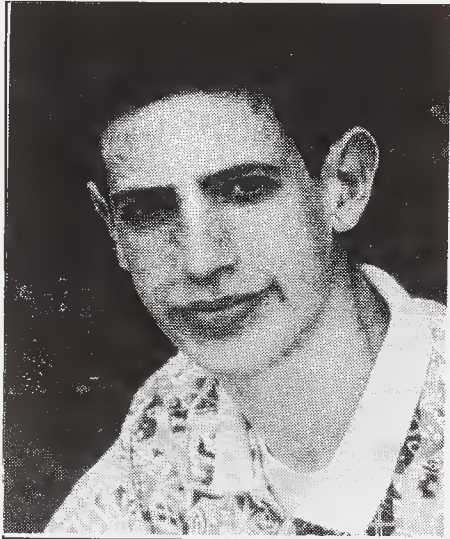


These senior leaders succeed...

Student Body President Will Betton



Whirligig photo

"Who's that dude?" and "Oh, you mean that skinny white guy," are probably the most frequent responses given when the name Will Betton was mentioned during my pre-high school days.

Yep. I used to be a dork. But looking back on it all, I don't regret it, not one bit. For as long as I can remember, I've always been me. I've always been that creative, goofy guy who loves to have fun. It's just that most people don't notice or care.

I still vividly remember the day that

would serve as the volta (turning point) of my scholastic as well as social life. It was one of those normal April days of my sophomore year during lunch beside the vocational building. My buds (all males, of course, because this is when I was still a dork) and I were discussing some random topic, like which part of the banana was the top and which was the bottom.

I was in the process of washing down my peanut butter and brown sugar sandwich with some

cherry Juicy Juice when we had our first and last political discussion of the year.

We started discussing how elections were just a popularity contest. Then, from out of nowhere, someone suggested that it would be funny if one of us were to get on stage and say, "I may not be good-looking, popular, etc., but I sure can dance," and then proceed to bust out a few funky dance moves. We all burst forth with laughter. Just so this interesting topic wouldn't die

so soon, I offered to do it for \$100. There was talk of raising it, but I knew they would never come through.

You're probably wondering how that day was the turning point of my high school career and how I wound up on stage although they never came through. Well folks, you and I can thank Matt Sandbank for getting me to do what I did. The next day in math, he offered me a deal. He said that he would run for Junior Class President if I ran too. Knowing Matt since pre-school, I was 99 percent positive that he would never make a fool of himself in front of the whole school. Well, that remaining one percent jumped up and bit me in the rear. Before I could stop and contemplate what I was getting myself into, we were both signed up, and elections were in less than a month.

Many of you know the story from here. So, to make a long story short, I did go on stage, insulted myself, impressed the crowd with a little disco to "YMCA," and walked off victorious. I felt like the king of the world. I couldn't walk five steps without people stopping and congratulating me, even popular people. It seemed as if my life as a dork had taken a one-way trip from which it would never return.

My junior year rolled around and life was beautiful. My list of ac-

quaintances doubled in size, and I actually ate lunch with girls. Time flew by and before I knew it, it was election time again. I had represented the class well as Jr. Class President, so I figured I might as well give a

There is no word powerful enough to describe the emotion that rushed through our bodies from the moment we scored the first touchdown until our curfews that night.

**-Will Betton,
Student Body
President**

shot at Student Body President.

With the help of some funny posters and a little karaoke to "I Will Survive," you elected me as your President. And I had thought life couldn't get better.

I decided to make the best of my senior year and attend as many Whirlie events as possible. The only thing I

regret about this is not doing it earlier. We have an incredible amount of talent in this school, not just in athletics, but in music, drama, and other departments as well.

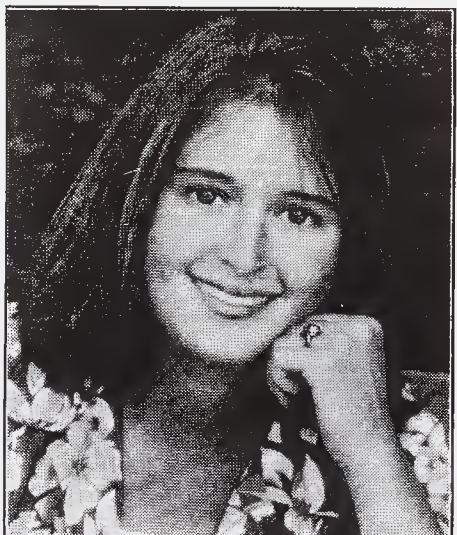
I've had fun at all the athletic events though. Will any of us ever forget the Grimsley-Page football game? Right now, I can't think of a time that I've been crazier and more filled with excitement. When we rushed the field I was dealing out hugs like nobody's business to people I didn't even know. There is no word powerful enough to describe the emotion that rushed through our bodies from the moment we scored the first touchdown until our curfews that night. Ahhh, the memories.

Nor can I forget the wonderful basketball season the girls and the guys displayed. Both demolished competition as they proudly stood as our conference champions. Beating Page at basketball multiple times was also a nice bonus and a heck of a way to end a high school career. Thanks athletes.

So, yes, I guess I am pretty well known around here. And my life has undergone a serious change these last few years, for the better. But deep down inside I'm still that same dork I've always been. I still enjoy board games, sitting around at Ham's, and I'm always up for a family game of kickball. But I love life, and that's me, and I don't plan on changing any time soon.

... "with a little help from their friends"

Senior Class President Lauren Yelton



Whirligig photo

Do you remember what your first thought was when you walked into the Main Building four years ago? For some it wasn't a big deal. They had older brothers or sisters to show them the way, but for others all they had was a map and that elevator pass they had gotten a "great deal" on.

For me, it was a huge change! I had never gone to a school like Grimsley. I wandered through the halls trying not to bump into those upperclassmen. Everyone seemed to know where to go, who to talk to and what to do. I finally managed to

make it to homeroom, and that's where Grimsley became a home. I met a great teacher, Doc Frost, saw familiar faces, and became accustomed to third floor main's heat wave.

As freshmen, we tried so hard to act cool and older. We tried not to let anyone know that we were only freshmen. We lost two great teachers that year, Mr. B. and Doc Frost. We all developed our groups of friends but came together at football games and pep rallies—we became WHIRLIES!

As the year moved on, we saw those we thought of as the great ones graduate. We were no longer FRESHMEN!

Sophomore year came and went without many changes—a few new teachers, a few new friends and licenses. We stood in the rain for the Page vs. Grimsley game. Even while it poured we never stopped yelling. We soon realized that the first two years of Grimsley were gone—only two more to go.

Juniors. No longer were we yelled at during pep rallies or football games. We were able to yell and

scream at the people we used to be. We knew all the cheers and what and when to scream. There was no more confusion about where to stand at the games, or where we stood as individuals. As a class and a school we remained at a mature level through a difficult time for the whole country—Columbine. Other schools received bomb threats and were closed due to those and other violent threats. We kept our cool. Lunch on the Lawn was canceled

Whether we like it or not, we are in this for life. We will always be Whirlies, and we are a class that will always be remembered.

**-Lauren Yelton,
Senior Class
President**

due to rain, but we still grew closer as a class and closer to our SENIOR YEAR! Senior awards and prom time came. We all piled into the auditorium for a three-hour assembly. We knew what was to come—the yelling at the freshmen, the crying because so many of our friends were leaving, and the smiles as we rushed to our new seats. As the class of 1999 walked

past, we knew that our time was closer than ever. There were tears and smiles, clapping, and yelling as we watched some of our best friends walk out the door. It started with Mrs. Teague on the microphone and the clamor of 400 pairs of shoes running towards the senior seats. There were screams of joy; we were now SENIORS!

The year moved from August through September and into October. We started to fill out college applications and take the SAT for the last time. As October came closer to an end, the week came when school spirit skyrockets—Grimsley/Page week! This week was the last time we would paint our cars and drive down Battleground and Cone just to yell, honk the horn, or maybe throw an egg or two. The game took a different turn this year! The weather was nice, and for the first time in many years there wasn't a lot of vandalism before the game. We were up at half time and no one knew what to think. By the fourth quarter, we were lined up at the fence.

All I could think about was that it had been 28 years since Grimsley had beaten Page and now, in my senior year, we did it! The buzzer sounded and everybody ran. The level of energy out there was incredible! On the field I looked over my shoulder and saw guys who had graduated four years ago. They were just as excited as we

were—that's when I knew what being a Whirlie really meant. Whether we like or not, we are in this for life. We will always be Whirlies, and we are a class that will always be remembered.

After Senior Skip Day, we had another two weeks off. The biggest snow in the last five years fell and kept us out of school. I believe that senioritis really hit after that. We didn't want to work or even come to school. The closer it got to Spring Break, the worse it got. We could hardly wait until that week at the beach, not to mention that break from school and homework. Lunch on the Lawn was canceled for the second year in a row, and after Spring Break there really isn't much left for us. There will be prom and then GRADUATION!

As the year winds down, I look back over these four years and I can't help but smile. All the fun, all the parties, all the football and basketball games and all the friends. I know that we became Whirlies when we entered the main building, confused in 1996, and that as we walk across the stage on June 11, 2000, we will remain Whirlies. Grimsley is a melting pot for all kinds of people and because we could all come together, we have taught each other something. We will always be Whirlies and a class to be remembered.