

# Tucker's corner : Old times new times

by Anne Tucker

Salem College has given me many things to be thankful for; deluxe accommodations, my fill of chow three times a day, teachers to remind me that they do have an attendance policy, and hundreds of little handbook rules to keep rebels like me virtuous. But you know what? The amenities which I treasure the most are those all-weather, loyal as a bird-dog, wise as your old granny gals, that have become my true friends here.

I can honestly say that until I came to Salem I did not know the meaning of the word 'friendship.' These aren't just people you swap nail polish with. I'm talking about a person who you start introducing as your sister, because it's the only word that fits.

My best friends always have a car (with gas), food, cigarettes, money, Kleenex, typing paper, and enough good advice to make me feel like a real ignoramus, but I love it.

Let me tell you a story about this one chic, named Pam. When I first got to Salem as a wet-nosed, fourth-class snob, I used to see her in the hall doing interior design. She always looked good. I'm talking perfect lip-gloss 24 hours a day. Who would've thought such a glamour girl could become part of

my life.

Well, one night, real late, when everyone but nocturnal goddesses like myself are asleep, Princess Grace comes running out of her room in tears, hysterical. Her beau had just given her the boot. I next thing I know, we're both in Coliseum Kitchen, bawling over biscuits and gravy. That was when I knew it would be the first of a series of evenings at our local hangout.

Many road trips to the Citadel later, my buddy and I ended up falling for the same dude, Chip, the brainless buck. Weeks pass and Pam finds herself long-distance dating studly. Of course I am more than encouraging about the whole deal. "No, I didn't want him anyway. He's not my type," and "Go for it," were my words to be exact. So, this Chip guy comes up with a pack of other muscle heads for the weekend. Witless takes this opportunity to pin me in the corner and lay one on me. The angel on my shoulder said, "Slap that dork," but the devil said: "Get it girl!"

The moral of the episode is, inevitably the beans got spilled. And, Pam didn't shave my head, bald like I thought she would. On the contrary, she ever so gracefully called the scam king, dumped him, and ensured me that I was her

priority. My first lesson in friendship 101.

Then, there was that day when we had one those, 'Why bother you only have 24 hours' 20 page typed term papers, to do. We were in the mildew-ridden Clewell basement trying to rationalize with utter doom. Then, I realized I had a five-dollar bill (to my name). It was just enough to get us the packs of cigs, cokes, and a two-pound bag of generic cheese balls, to get us through the ordeal. It was one of those bonding things, just like the time we were desperate, so we roasted mini-marshmallows on a fork over a lighter, or when we pulled up just in time to see the sunrise on the square.

All too soon the summer put an end to our adventures. It was time to go home. For her to Florida, for me to Virginia; in other words, my parent's AT&T nightmare. I am proud to say she was the first person I ever actually wrote to over a break.

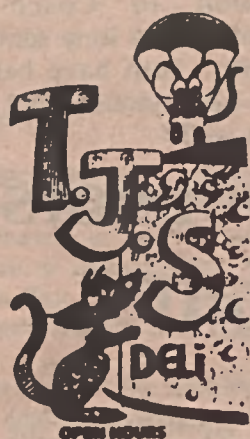
Anyway, we made it through three months of not laughing, and gossiping, and hanging out together! During the first night back in the raging inferno, I got a phone call. Pam was not coming back to Salem. I wouldn't believe the dynamic duo was going to be split. Suddenly, I realized that

everything would be A-OK. If Salem had taught me anything, it was that the friendships we gain here stretch far beyond the boundaries of this campus. In this case it was hundreds of miles away. But, we hung in there, and luckily my right-hand woman came back to Winston. Still, while she was gone, I was able to discover the countless other best friends I had surrounding me at this college.

Don't panic, I know this is an interesting plot twist for my normally obnoxious writings. I simply wanted to demonstrate in a column all the feelings of elation and sorrow we think of when we reflect on our four years at Salem.

I would like to dedicate this article to the Senior Class, a class which holds many best friends to myself and to others.

I've thoroughly enjoyed you enjoying my humor, and I wish you the best of luck (and lots of money!). Please feel free to subscribe to *The Salemite*, so you can read Tucker's Corner wherever you are. And, if you need help, if you're in jail, if you're being stalked by loan sharks, or if your soufflé falls... always remember a Salem friend is a best friend that you can count on no matter what. Now don't you have the warm fuzzies?



## Menu Specialties

- Reuben
  - Smoked Turkey
  - Hot Roast Beef
  - Cham
  - French Dip
  - Gourmet Burgers
  - Potato Skins
  - Fried Mushrooms
  - Fried Onion Rings
  - Homemade Soups
  - Salad Bar
  - Beverages
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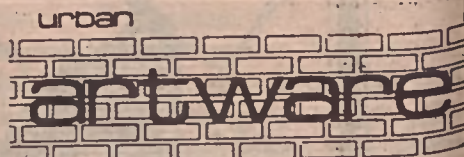
Dine In  
Carry Out  
Party Trays

OPEN HOURS:  
11 AM til 10 PM  
11 AM til 11 PM

SUN-THURS  
FRI-SAT

### LOCATIONS:

Clubhaven Shopping Center	760-0488
Market 150 Center(1-40 & 150)	993-6644
North Battleground, Food Lion Center	545-1162
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Parkway Shopping Center	748-0155
Sherwood Plaza	760-3714
Downtown Winston-Salem	721-1750
1540 S. Stratford Road	760-2100



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