

U-Haul, U-Lose It

by Tara Newton and Amy Williamson

U-Haul it, we sell it! Now we all know that this isn't the present slogan of the U-Haul chain of storage units, but after our experience last summer we are recommending it to their PR people.

Our experience started simply enough. We signed a rental contract and PAID IN FULL, June through all of August. The agreement was that if there were any problems or changes we would be contacted immediately.

There were six of us, with six tons of "stuff". This "stuff" included two antique trunks, an antique diamond ring, a microwave, a VCR, a loft, winter clothing, books, shelves, posters, camping gear, three refrigerators, a bike, an endless array of supplies, personal items and irreplaceable, sentimental belongings -- just to tip the iceberg. All of these possessions were crammed into a 5'x7' storage unit at Twin City U-Haul on Marshall and Second streets. We left to enjoy our blissful three-month break from school. (Well, ok, so it wasn't as fantastic as that.)

On August 20, two of us arrived back, ready to unpack and begin a new year. With our parents in tow we headed straight to U-Haul to pick up our lives. After checking at the desk, we headed back to the unit. Down the hall, last right before the stairs, second unit on top.

The lock was nowhere to be found. No problem. Back at the desk we inquired to see if for some bizarre reason our lock was cut off and replaced. We were given the number of the unit they had us listed under and went off in search of it. It turned out to be upstairs -- definitely not ours. One of the employees literally scaled the wall and peered down into the unit where our things had been placed. As we described things that had been in there, he stopped us. He remembered us and our treasures -- but he also remembered that two weeks before the entire unit had been auctioned off for \$93! Shocked and furious we strode back to the desk and demanded to see

the manager. He refused to come until we notified him that the police were on their way. Five minutes later, Dick Tracey (not as smart as his cartoon namesake) was there.

During the next several hours we discovered that they were lousy bookkeepers!! They had spent the summer repainting numbers on all of the storage units, unfortunately, they didn't happen to change the numbers on the contracts to match these newly acquired numbers. Now, are you beginning to see the start of a major problem here?

Well, apparently someone at U-Haul did not notice a problem with their records. Attached to the original contract was a note saying that someone else always rented that particular unit, and that there must be some mistake. So what is the logical thing for these blithering idiots to do? Of course, call a third party and inform them that their things are in our locker. This third party was as clueless as to what was going on as we were. They knew they didn't have anything in that locker, so U-Haul took it upon themselves to make sure that there wasn't anything in there. Believing our belongings were gifts from the gods, they decided they would turn it into a profit and called the auctioneer.

After learning all of this, we managed to regain our composure and return to an empty dorm room with nothing to unpack.

By the time the rest of the victims had arrived, U-Haul had managed to retrieve very few things. We sat down to commiserate and began to form out a battle plan.

Now, almost a year later, four out of six of us have settled our claims, the other two are soon to follow we hope. The moral of our ranting and raving is to never store your belongings in a storage company run by a cartoon character. If you have no other choice, then be sure to make a list of everything you place in their less than capable hands.

Take it from those who know -- it is much easier to do this before than after. One last note: Boycott Twin City U-Haul!

Tucker's Corner

by Anne Tucker

Lately, I've been having a self-identity crisis. Am I Salem College SGA Treasurer? Am I your friendly switchboard operator? Am I Wiley Coyote super-genius? Am I the luscious Co-ed hook-up queen? Or, am I just another run-of-the-mill average gal? I can't figure it out.

Let me take you back a few years to Lindley Elementary School, located in the heart of suburban Greensboro. I was a fourth-grade prodigy then; the class long division champ, the only girl who could trace a particle of food through each stage of the digestive process, and the founding organizer of the Friday afternoon disco dance-off.

Everything was cool then. I had my first boyfriend, Matt, who always picked me for his soccer team, even though I was nothing short of lethargic. (What's new.) You know why he did it though? Because he liked me for the real me; the brainy me, the silly me, and the me who wore Cheenos and Izods with Nike tennis shoes.

So what happened? Let me tell you. It's that thing which puts an end to every blissful, happy-go-lucky youth's dream: PUBERTY. Yep, it was all downhill from there. Suddenly, we didn't go to the mall to look in K&K Toys, we went to the lingerie department of Belk's to shop for bras. My sister and I didn't take baths together anymore. And, when my Mom asked if I needed anything special from the grocery store, she didn't mean a pack of Chicklets. Yes, Little Annie Tucker, the four-eyed, pot-bellied Brownie, was becoming a woman.

I never thought *Are You There God It's Me Margaret?* would happen. I wasn't ready to give up rolling around in our front yard in my nightgown. Things soon changed, though. Instead of going outside to smash lightning bugs on

the sidewalk, I stayed in and watched *The Love Boat*. I bought assorted flavors of Maybelline roller-ball liplickers, which I modeled in my Hello Kitty vanity set. I even tried using my Mom's miracle repair cream. It also occurred to me, that I needed a telephone so I could call my buddies to find out who was going to Skateland on Friday night.

Meanwhile, my mother was busy giving away my "Hungry Hippos" and "Mouse Trap", and my autograph dog. She replaced these things with add-a-beads, purses, and pantyhose. I guess that meant I couldn't go around with greasy hair and a chocolate mustache anymore. There were boys around, and they didn't just want you to play soccer with them.

No one cared that I had an "A" in Social Studies, or that I was Homeroom Representative. All that mattered was "going with" a football player, or getting a carnation on Valentine's, or having your parents take you and your dude to see *Endless Love*.

Things have been going about the same ever since. A girl can't just whip out a couple of lines of Homer's *Odyssey* and expect to pick up some Sig Ep at the O'Pit. On the other hand, you can't hang with the fellas without some chic secretly branding you as an airhead. Or can you?

If anyone has mastered the art of pleasing everyone, I wish you would let me know. I've looked through *Cosmopolitan*, and I can't find a thing. So, if you see me one day wearing a Laura Ashley smock and glasses, and then you see me the next day in my ratty denim shorts, walking into the Refectory like I was hit by a Mack truck; don't worry! It's all part of the package. The complex, the witty, the dorky, the sentimental, and the confused Anne Tucker.

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Kathryn Swing is now head of the Chamber of Commerce in Santa Fe.

Tammy Taylor married Jay Alley and lives at the beach.

Karen Timmons runs her own museum and sells slides to Ms. Griffin.

Andra Unser still wears her pin.

Windy Weiler teamed up with Sarah Edwards of Motley Crue.

Lynn White now runs the Biltmore house and on Tuesday's during the Sacred Hour, watches Seame Street.

Siri Wilkins still has a habit of passing out by 9:30.

Mary Beth Wilson is now president of the Trekie Association of America: live long and prosper.

Mindy Worrell is trying to have visitation revoked.

