

Saikat Chatterjee:

I, Saikat Chatterjee, in a completely normal, healthy and natural behavior give my will as follows:

My wonderful self to God, the tapes I have to the Freshmen to learn different languages and cultures, my old stereo to the homeless, the funny photographs to Jennifer Hands, my acting ability to Todd Rodriguez, the old magazines and Sage books to the Sophomores, my personal talents and generosity to Ashwani Nagpal, my friendly ability to John Cohen, my regards, blessing and thanks to my parents, my unique couch-cum-bed to Missy McGill, my karate experience to Tony Chen, my talking ability to Dan Albert, my memories to myself, my kindness to the world, and my thanks to St. Andrews, its staff, faculty and students to enlighten me to the real world of today.

Krys Wood:

Being of perverted mind and too much body, I hereby bequeath the following items to my friends. To Quincy I leave a clean room occupied by a gagged and bound Geraldo as well as a muzzle for Kimi's rendition of "Everybody, Everybody." To Jenny, sleep and a partner in it as well as paper to do Neal's CP'S at midnight. To Lukie, I leave a pair of hairstylist's scissors. To Kimi, a personal love slave to be found nearby in N.C. To Craig, who may not read this, a hug, a teddy bear, and Kim. To Stacey, half of a wine cooler. To Marina, a watercolor tree with birdies and Charlie Monn. To Sean, my directorial abilities for better productions and a phone call at 3:30 a.m. To Candy, "Everybody, Everybody" and directions. To Mary Cay, coffee and doughnuts, a kiss, and a cork for that squeak. To B.B. I leave friendship, thankfulness, and a threat of returning to haunt theatre classes forever. To the theatre, I leave new curtains, a real sound system and a play in which we can use that si-

lent lift. To Carl M., a book of puns and a hug. To Bill Throop, gratitude for knowledge that I'll probably never use again and a stick to shut up Morgan and Brad. To Charlie, a bronze statue and a shower bombarded with water balloons.

Hope Michael:

I, Hope Michael, do make this my last will and Testament at St. Andrews and leave:

Candy and Lorrie: 200 J. Crew magazines, and "Invitation;"

Tanya: #164, NOT my golf clubs, quicker-pick-uppers, my refrigerator;

Heather: 3 at the beach; Cup: Mary Daly's collection, 300lb. weights;

Tina Marie: 1 gallon Tequila/ 1 small orange, a bathing suit, our bar tabs, my spandex mini-skirt;

Amy and Pam: Married men, my conscience, beaners.

Oliver Wilson:

I Oliver Wilson, being of sound mind and body leave Shawn Colquett my mega bass stereo, Joe Bell and Chris Graham my car keys, Dave Boiswert my typewriter, and the rest of the stankies in my dorm my fond memory (wait a minute!) To next year's Basketball team I leave my defense and hustle, good luck guys and use them well.

Don Smith:

I J. Donald Smith, being of superior mind and virile, well-toned body, do hereby bequeath the following:

Todd: a less slovenly roomie, troll buzzard, a piece of rawhide, many scholarships, our fresher suitemates as patients one day; Jay: a backstage pass for R.E.M., pissant glory, a shot of tequila, the continued ability to refrain from choking the living shit out of someone who desperately deserves it; Kyle: a Trojan 200 pack

(hope it lasts a month), a job, a cleared chamber; Margaret R: "I said RADA was great, and I still mean it!" a backrub, enough \$ to fulfill her campaign promises, a dream date with Marius; Margaret C: Fiesta for Francis, the morning song; Edie: Edie of the Ozone, skiing lessons; Brian: enough gas to get home, a \$4.00 blow job from the candy store babes, keg of espresso, a security cart, a chance to become dungeon master; Jerry: 5 liters of Burgundy, Erin's hand in holy matrimony, a fraternity charter, a whistle to twirl, a dump on Vanilla's car; Karsten: my carpet, a swim, stout, yodeling tour of the Alps. Reidster: a war wagon/lovemobile, barf bag, 2 more years of craziness; Humpty: a much-needed beer bong, a CO card, cash register for the commissary; Ward: a more reasonable surname, glossy 8x10's for Sis, a lung. PC Warriors: a victory (or at least sustained volley) and another shower (this time with rubber duckies); Bill: a fifth, a visit from DePinna, a scholarship to the John Ward vocal academy; Mary Cay: Tony for set design, Amandy-free future, all things bright and beautiful; Diane: a new car, a Hotlanta roomie, soup, a patriarchy dismantled; Beth: a publishing contract for the book, an eternal buzz, funds for the revolution; Cindy M: edible fishnets, Master's, a world record belch; Cindy C: Hannah's diaper pail, Doy Doy, a congregation; Pat: Seis Brellmans's 800 #, a real dorm; Tonva: "Party at Bernadette Grice's!," a clean room when its time to leave, hairspray; Moo: Sex on the beach; Amy: Bok, faith, another Spring Break; Coach: a winning team, a perfect SDF record; Anna: long islands, olympic volleyball recruiters; Shelly: a job with Van and Hog; Kerry Nudity: new shot record, SA presidency; Jen: a Deiter surprise (complete with butter flavored Crisco); Hitch: purple heather; Gumby: aquatic chicken fight victory; Coffman:

matrimony through keg stands; Micah: a drunken respite and good marriage; Gato: bladder wort; Suite 5 Meck: sexual activity, hook-ups all around Haernn! patent, the Holt tric Table; Ingrid: triplets and Tonies; Marian: a duck to chase; Dave Law: Baaaaaah!, Eurotrash, 10 points, protection, American beer; Trippers: clay; Chris: ponytail, keg, socialist indoctrination; Abe: to one day win a debate against Moi; Politics Dept: a third professor and my gratitude; Winston: unity and leadership; Tiagra and Bunny: the boom; S.A.: a capital campaign via the sale of "Get out of this honor code violation free" cards; the world: peace.

Abe VanWingerden:

I, Abraham Van Wingerden, being of tired mind and body but vibrant hope and optimism, do hereby leave everything but the memories and experiences which have shaped my life over the last four years here at St. Andrews. Mecklenburg room 328 I bequeath to Tripp Whitener and whoever is forced to live with the most dedicated athlete I have ever met. My calculus skills I also leave to Tripp in hopes that he will be able to survive the class after three tries.

My basketball skills I leave to President Reuschling in hopes that he will develop a consistent jump shot, and I leave my lack of rugby skills to other former athletes who are trying to relive those glory years as I have been. The "Milwaukee's Best" intramural football team I leave to Aaron Barker in hopes that he can continue the tradition, and I leave our basketball team to Beth Kerley since she was our only consistent player this year.

My duties at The Lance I leave to Matt McElwee in hopes that he can improve on my lack of writing skills. My business major I bequeath to Kevin Gullette because he needs help, and my politics major I be-

queath to David Cauthorn in hopes that he does not stress out during his senior year. To the rest of the campus, I leave Pete Prosser, Neal Bushoven, Dick Prust, and all of the other professors here at St. Andrews who are dedicated to giving a large part of their lives to others not for any monetary benefit, but rather out of their love for learning. They were there to celebrate when I have succeeded, and catch me when I have fallen, and for that I owe a great deal that I will never be able to repay. Another person I will not be able to repay is Cynthia Howard since I could never see how anyone could put up with me for sooo long without attempting to kill me.

In conclusion, I leave my post in Student Government not only to the elected leaders, but to every student who attends St. Andrews. To the Senior Class of 1992, I leave the challenges of preserving the facets of St. Andrews that make it so special, and I also leave you the challenge of giving back to St. Andrews once you are gone. This place has changed my life, and I hope the growing pains we are experiencing do not change the special aspects of this college. St. Andrews, I will miss you, but I will never forget you. Thanks!!

Jennifer Hands:

I, Jennifer Hands, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave the following items to persons named.

To Lisa Naczki, rising sophomore, I leave my Sage books as well as my job at the cafeteria. I hope it brings you as much joy as it did me. To Lisa's roommate, Melanie Long, I leave my class notebooks for the year and my study lamp...Happy Studying! To Gwenda Peters I leave my job as suite phone answering service. It's always for you anyway! To my suitemates of Orange Suite 2 I leave all of my unpaid bills, just some-