

# The Salemite

Volume LXXII NO.6

The Uncensored Voice of the Salem Community

May 14, 1992

## \*\*\*\*Senior Last Wills and Testaments\*\*\*\*

I, Karen Lewis, being of frazzled mind and weary body, do hereby bequeath the following...

To Melanie: Spaghettios on bread, a lifetime supply of bagels, and Axl Rose...what more could you possibly want?

To Liz: Nuclear potatoes, designer drugs, a bar to tend in the Caribbean, and a salute to the babysitter-type-who-looks-sweet-but-really-raises-h\*\*\*...I can't believe you still pull it off! To Amy: A box of Wheat Thins for every occasion, and endless supply of bones for your nose, no more face-lickings, and my children to raise—do a good job or else!

To Tara: A leisurely walk (for a change!), no more copy-editing, as many activities as you can possibly manage, and the honorable title of Second Official Scorp/Tarantula Hybrid...

To Melissa: A bright and happy future with the "Hankster," my old stomping grounds in Durham, and all the Bunky Balls in RTP to play with...

To Christiane: Inspiration to be "too sexy for your shirt," the world famous "Delilah look," and much happiness with Lee...

To Jill: No more bummed smokes, pigeons always looking in your window, that Communications degree, and that gangster boy forever!

To Signe: A great Dane to "take it from the top" with, a different Biscuit for every season, and no more 160 mile road trips to Greenville...

To Sasha: A watch that actually tells you the time, no more "stomach," a kitty that will always "want to play," and a Green Card so you can come live with me in Chapel Hill...

To Valerie: Mr. J's favorite character "Regina," an end to hassles about senior pictures, and NO MORE HONORS INDEPENDENT STUDIES!

To L.B.: Guilt-free tanning sessions, no more English classes, and the legacy of a truly great feline's nickname...

To Stephanie: Spiders, Jell-O Shooters, and all the TV you can watch...

To Nell: An official handbook on Standards of English Punctuation and Grammar, a "Liz-Finder" because I never knew where she was, and big brothers who are nice to little girls...

To Cathi: Weird salad dressings, a break from tendonitis, and beaucoup de bonheur...

To Katherine: My undying respect for and jealousy of your strength of character and beautiful voice...

To Allyson: No more loud conversations in the bathroom and a tradition for every day of the week...

To the 1989-1990 Freshman from second floor Gramley: A year without getting into trouble with any campus authorities. To Alice, Shan, and Sarah, respectively: Public Safety Officers to tease, Phallic symbols everywhere, Jolly ranchers for you-know-what...and to all of you, the best of luck next year. Keep up the good work!

To Gwenster: The courage to carry on in the face of terrible copy and tight deadlines, a cute but grown-up look, a man to take away your obsession, the Scorps' coveted yearbook photo and my love as your Big Sister—forever.

I, Terri Ann Smith, being of overworked mind and clutzy body, do hereby leave: To Jennifer Aber, my little sister: All of my love and my wishes for good luck next year. I also leave to you my ability to fall down and not get hurt—maybe that will help you while riding Spot.

To PJ Smith: My memories of Steven Tyler. I hope they bring you as much fun and laughter as they have brought and will continue to bring me.

To Alice Peschl: One sentence, "I'm just going to dye my hair blond."

To all of the underclassmen Psychology majors: The rat labs, the biofeedback labs, the two-hour classes with Dr. Faye and the wish of GOOD LUCK with history and systems.

To Dr. Partin: My thanks for all of the dumb jokes and for all of the smiles that you have given me. You could always tell when I needed to hear the one about the asparagus and for that I will always remember you.

Finally, to all of the underclassmen I leave one last thought: Enjoy the years while you can! They are wonderful years and don't last long enough!

**Ingrid Banner Gregory:**

To my little sister, Beth Andrews: Continued happiness and all the excitement and anxieties of two more years at Salem. Remember: "Drain her (Salem) for all she is worth!"

To Julie Smith: Laura and Eric—they are wonderful!

To Ashley and Elizabeth: I gladly pass on the stress, aggravation, and thrills of Big 3+3.

To the class of 1992: I give my best wishes for the future.

I, Juliet McCall Dyal, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Allison Bruce, my lil' sis: Many trips to Davidson and Wake Forest with cooler people than me.

To Sherry Mendenhall, Cherie Norton, et al. . . : May you always wear your backpack on both shoulders.

To Margaret Pike: A grand entrance and a funny face of your choice!

To the Archways: The best of luck and all my thanks for a great year!

To Lisa Findlay: A trip to Wheaton College- NOT!

To Laura Dossinger: New York!

I, Catherine Elizabeth McKay, being of sound body and eager mind, do hereby bequeath...

To some lucky high-school graduate: My Salemite legacy...

To Cherie Norton: My car keys—I can't give you the key chain 'cause it's buried underneath the tree that the Senior class planted in the Maydell! The actual auto passed away and is now in Salvage Heaven.

To Deana Bass: A solid year's worth of bulk mailings to prospective students along with a year's supply of French notes for whatever class you may take next.

To Laura Pez and Betsy Sheehy: The 1200 least utilized verb conjugations in the entire French language (African, Canadian, and Parisian slang included), and two Diet Cokes which you can come pick up anytime during exams.

To Dr. Borwick: A lifetime supply of Tootsie Pops in memory of all those three-hour night courses you taught and lots of luck as Associate Dean!

To all underclassmen: A lifetime of happy memories of your four years at Salem! God Bless!

I, Anne Loman Tucker, being of questionable mind and slightly overweight body do hereby bequeath the following things to the following people:

To Janet Welte and Anne Redding: All the unsavory Sigma Pi brothers and enough of their free beer to take to all the other parties at Wake.

To Lisa Findlay and English Hopkins: Enough Alpha Sigs to provide you with weekend hook-up pleasure until you graduate. To Angela Aaron and Rebecca Grubbs: Hours of humorous refectory

conversation. To Steffan Hambright: Enough daytime fantasies to keep you awake during English. To all the smokers: All the cigarettes I've bummed. To Nina Byrne and Kristen Epting: My Keymonica and the music of our Alma Mater. To Mr. Jordan: A huge stack of messy handwritten papers and several "Please don't call on me" looks. And last, to Dr. Meehan: A large pan of turkey tetrazinni and some new chalk.

I, Tara Elizabeth Newton, being of sound (ly crazy!) mind and hyperactive body, do hereby bequeath:

To Christiane: One day at a time - the willingness to call my bluff and to continue to work things out, happiness always, no matter how things turn out between the two of us.

To Sasha: Car maintenance workshop, a bikini to match your own standard measurements, no more chemistry courses in the near future! Many more beach trips to relax you in today's world, a man to love minus the handlicking phenomenon (unless of course you initiate it!), and a secure future with the added benefit of friends being only a phone call away.

To Psych majors and cohorts (Debbie, Debbie, Cain, Jean, Melanie, Terri, and Tracy) : Stats, rats, and the dreaded predecessors of the field, the end to largest classes at Salem, no matter how interesting, and an award of standard deviation in the psych which we can all understand!

To Liz: A volunteer for any future seminar projects, a chance to redo our first year together!? Someone else willing to attempt the balancing act of climbing a loft and dodging kicking feet in the attempt to wake you up; another go-around in Spain.

To Gwen: A mental notebook of creative ideas to change, lengthen, and shorten all those copy blocks, a punching bag for those late nights in front of the computer, the freedom to do whatever you like, whenever you like with those expressive hands of yours!

To Laura: The end to four years of heaven and hell, another celebration dinner, memories of a mysterious rendezvous, a fight with the holly bush, and lots of laughs. Another year with our friend Emma, your own personal spell-checker, the continuation of an always improving friendship; a toast to both of our futures and to many more great times!