

on your life, a killer senior year and lots of love. Suck it up, baby!

Next year's Commencement Chairwoman - my notebook, lots of patience and a great speaker. Good Luck!

The new Resident's of Sisters - lots of Patsy sightings, fun with the peek-a-boo showers and a year as wonderful as the one I had. Angie Shotts - someone to show your food at every meal. Allyson - a database for solving systems of inequalities with matrices, prompt return of all tests and papers and lots of toilet paper. Stephanie - Zorba, who needs more? Laura Beth - a bottle of Aqua Velva and some tweezers for Tuesdays and Thursdays

Jillimae - Some peace and quiet, lots of happiness and no more close encounters at Mr. Barbeque

Tarabelle - some coordination, a really nice ditch to live in, occasional sugar fixes, a promise that I'll never park your car on a cliff, talks by the fountain, and many thanks for procrastinating with me for four years.

The Original Gramley Girls - You are the best of the best! I leave you memories of nights in the hall, LA law, the cookie of the month, the wheat Thin treatment, Pictionary and every disaster possible! Thanks for always being there, for making me laugh hysterically, for keeping me sane and for letting me go insane when I needed it. Your parents only had to pay me for the first year, after that being your friend was a labor love.

I, Katherine Garner, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

Tonia Wheeler - endless cups of coffee at the IHOP, an attack dog to take to class and the weirdest rhythms known to man.

Alecia Bailey and Susan Cochran - fond memories of spread sheets and databases. Heather Carlin - beautiful men with long hair

I, Melissa Murray, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following:

To Jennifer Aber, my knowledge of how to ride a bucking horse and my luck to be able to stay in the saddle. I leave many sunny weekends for "western" trail rides. I also leave the Equestrian team hopes of another successful season,

To Tara Newton and Amy Williamson, the key to my apartment so you won't have to live in a ditch next year,

To Valerie Wickersham, an extra big bag of double stuffed Oreos and a personal speech/paper writer for your next honors papers or public appearance,

To Allison Burkette, afternoon classes for the rest of your educational career and a video tape of "When Harry met Sally,"

To the future residence of #2 Sisters, one big can of Bug Spray and peacefulness during your first Patsy sighting. (She

really is nice.). To Meredith Snellings, all my chemistry knowledge and my ability to stay relatively healthy while here at Salem. To Charla Vlaservich and Lori Petree, my waking knowledge (what there is of it) of Physical Chemistry, calmness when faced with your own Senior Seminars and an open invitation to come and do an internship with me next year

To Hanan, all my hard work and dedication to you for your studies at the University of Illinois. I know you will be the best they have ever seen! To Danielle Fahey, my love for cats and my enjoyment and amusement of your Bert's Bath poster.

To Sasha, my confidence that your hard work will pay off and that things will work out for the best. To Kendra Jones, many safe trips and many quiet hours of study at the Bowman Gray library. Your hard work and dedication will pay off.

I, Melanie B. McRae, being of Freudian mind and SOIB body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Gwenster: sexy lingerie for all her country boys to admire, an easy time with the yearbook (is that possible?), and a big hug for being my adopted little sister (you're beautiful baby!)

To Stacy D. : the ability to drive to Georgia on a 3-stop limit, a reminder that the refectory does not allow cereal throwing, and lots of luck with your psych classes next year (if you need a History and Systems paper...) To Heather N. : good luck as a House President (sucker!), the ability to not drink and bounce, and a thank you for saying it was "O.K." (you know what for) To Anita B. : the ability to date only one boy at a time, to shower regularly, and to not puke on people!

To Chyrs M. : the ability to keep Heather and Anita in line (it's a tough job) and a plane ticket to Vegas. To my History and Systems classmates: a whole lot of coffee and a reminder that D is for diploma!

To Interdorm: Ahhhhh! To the Sisters: clank, clank, clank; a wild electric jello party; LA law (its real, I tell you); an alumnae party, minus the alumnae; Braves fever; and a thank you for the memories! To Amesola : a spacious shower complete with intercom and peach towel, a life-size poster of Axl Rose (including the nipple ring), a ditch of her own (I'll dig one in my backyard) and a plane ticket to find your kidnapped prince in Uganda! To Christiane: doughnuts to munch on while studying for biology (oh, wait, we are done with that hellish subject), a map of Latin America, and much happiness with Lee.

To Jillie Mae: beer drinking games, a beach trip with sun, a copy of "Mobsters", an identical life to mine (oh, you already have one) and a promise to wear pink in June of 1993. To Karen "U": nuclear protests, butt cancer, a

fateful trip to the Darryl's in Raleigh, a boob to pinch (but not mine!), and thanks for being my wonderful roomie for the past two years (I'll have to call you at night to continue our late night gossip sessions.)

To Laura Beth: thanks for helping me pick out Leo's gifts, some edible undies (don't buy chocolate mint), and where's my Axl impersonation?

To Lizbo: a quiet alarm clock, the complete Jane Fonda workout, a copy of "9 1/2 Weeks", thanks for your advice concerning that Athens boy, a housewife resume, and a bar in Caribbean (with me as your head waitress) To Melissa: my vast automobile expertise (NOT!), an endless supply of goldfish, a boy named Mike (or is it Hank?), and thanks for all your help with House Council (ya know, I could have used that car maintenance program!)

To Sasha: baseball lessons, no stinky men, and a promise to give you one of my Atlanta boys to marry

To Signe: a biscuit, a certain closet in D.C., a stress-free life (you won't learn it from me), a Colorado bunny nose to kiss, and much thanks for listening to my many tales of woe (maybe we need attitude adjustments?)

to Stephanie: Jell-O shooters, Zorro (who is this man?), and my admiration for not taking anyone's bull (remember that the next time you need to move your car) To Tarabelle: memories of Fido Odif, no more yucky psych. papers, a broomstick, a cup of double black coffee, and where's my ten dollars?

To Val: the ability to vacillate between law schools (I hear the South is pretty nice), perfect fruit rinds and lots of Oreos for next fall and finally to the Original Gramley family: deep throating late nights, my incredible lung power, an apology for the Sophomore Scare, a hope for more liberals like us, a future bagel update, a promise to name all of your sons, and an invite to Atlanta to come and visit. I love you guys very much! Thanks for making my Salem years as special as they were!

I, Valerie Wickersham, being of sound (?) mind and body do hereby leave:

To Laura Lail: a date with Harvey, to be like Mike for a day, and everything else since the world is "hers, hers, hers!"

To Allison Burkette: my half of the brain we hare (I'll get my own for law school), chicken sandwiches and 'April' in my Star Trek calendar

To Tara Newton: a lifetime supply of double stuff Oreos and everything else she wants

To Melissa Murray: a Buckey ball and horse like Lucy

To Jeni Thomas: a date with Bruce Gosard

To Kate Hargett: a room in Sisters and a lifetime supply of D.A.T.M.s

To Shan Woolard: two more fabulous years at Salem. To Amy Williamson: her new middle names. To Angie Shotts: a ticket for the cruise of Deception. To Tara,

Palmer and Elizabeth: my thanks for a job well done. To Steffan Hambright: luck, patience and a fun senior year. To everyone in Sisters: the memories of a great year. To the Class of 1992: all my best! To Salem College: my thanks for four great years.

I, Brook Robertson, being of druggie mind and schizophrenic mind, do hereby bequeath my meager possessions to all my beloved friends.

To Banana: I leave Darryl. Maybe he can help you, like he has helped me

To Ms. Harrell: I leave a case of Diet Pepsi and a road map

To the Lush-Queen, Hosehead, and the Anthropology goddess: I leave a cordless blender, and a harem of long-haired men

To Buff: I leave the graveyard; the place of creative inspiration

To Patty: I leave Gramley's TV. Make good use of it, dude!

To the rest of my friends: I leave a shrine dedicated to my memory in Room 200 Gramley. Pay homage to it regularly. Finally, to my roommate, Tina, I leave the only thing I have worth giving her: my love.

Note from the Editors:

Due to limited space, we would like to apologize for the omission of the twenty year predictions.

Susie Salem Revealed

When I was asked to be Susie Salem I had a very hard time deciding exactly what my position was going to be as the column writer. I figured that I should be the liason between the students and the administration...that I should be the majority voice that would be easily heard.

Well, that's hopefully what I became over the course of the last nine months with an opinion, of course. You read, criticized, and complimented...and I was there for most of the comments. Anonymous nymity was great, I tell you.

I was even referred to as having a poison pen once. It doesn't quite fit my character...but I'll take the reaction as the same.

So here I go out into the big world of bartending and graduate school and bills and no social life and bills and average and bills....can you tell what I was worried about the most?...knowing that while I wrote my quality and sometimes not-so-quality columns, I made you think and react and realize that sometimes action and defending your position is the most reaffirming thing possible.

I will never regret anything that I wrote because....well, this is America and I don't have to. Nancy Lloyd