

Last Wills and Testaments

THE STENTORIAN—MAY 26, 1987, PAGE FOUR

Being of clear mind and heart, I, **DAVID R. TUCKER**, do hereby bequeath the following: to NCSSM, good luck; to the Class of 1988, my hopes for a great senior year; to my fellow seniors, good wishes for college life; to my teachers, esp. Dr. Manring, my thanks for opening my eyes to so much; and to all my friends, may love, peace, and fulfillment be yours forever.

I, **JENNI DANIEL**, of mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Leigh, my David Bowie pictures; to Gigi Jr., my valentino ad and silly songs and stupid sayings; to Janey, a *gorgeous* pink sweater with a tiny hole in it; to Katherine, my little sister, love and strawberries because she deserves them; to Myriam, someone to carry on the tradition of fine popcorn and leather and sawdust forever; to ten lucky girls, First E; and to the rest of you, my absence.

I, **DARYL CHEN**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Ron Hasson, a mop, a broom, a bottle of Pine-sol, a can of Lysol, a big clothes basket, a big shelf, a paper-filer, and a home cleaning guide; to Erika Roddy, the Penn tennis ball on top of the MPC; to Bill Smith, the Calculus book; to Wes Ruffin, the Organic Chemistry book; to Wes Schooler, a refrigerator full of hotdogs; to Combeez Askary, a lifetime supply of propylene product; to Lewis Broadnax, a Maxell tape and 16 rats.

I, **HELEN WILLIAMS**, do hereby bequeath the following: to Victor L., another love goddess; to Frankie, a new headband; to Mona, my blanket overnight to "Home"; to The Twins, a nine month supply of food for next year; to Eddie, some taste; to Erica L. and Tanyu M., my racing car techniques (remember!); to the rest of my jr. female friends, hope for some decent guys in the junior class. Good luck next year. I'll miss you all!

I, **MYSTIE A. BECTON**, do hereby bequeath: to Melissa, my Second Year Latin book; to Casie, the sundeck adjacent to her apartment that she wished for; to Blair and Melissa, the grandeur of living in mine and Ann Marie's room; to Julia, a new laminator; to the seniors, love and congratulations; and to the class of 1988, the best of luck for a great senior year.

I, **ANN DICKSON**, being of questionable mind, leave David Steinmiller at least 879 hugs since I owe him that many—just hope mine help him as much as his have helped me—and the sanity to make it through another year. If that is impossible, an open invitation to all Carolina parties with the promise that one visit to UNC will include Rocky Horror.

I, **HOLLY JOEL FOSTER**, being of sound mind and short body, do hereby bequeath: to Kirk, my tape collection (all 80); to Gene, my gi, big black bruises, and a good solid hug; to Lisa, Gina's gift to me and patience; to Ben, you SSFB, you get "the" title and my cal notes; to Sheridan, my favorite junior, a beach ride in my truck, my address, a teddy bear, a spare hat, and a lot of love, big-little brother.

I, **LARS FUCHS**, leave: Joey to explain Hiawasse Dam; to Joey, John, Harvey, Buddy, any wrestling skills I've acquired and tight singlets; to E-beth, smelly kneepads; to Tobin, Josh, Charles, Mike, Killian, Anthony, Carey, the spirit of anarchy; to Dave, Redsox pride; to Edge, Salvation Army; to Lisa, the dog that can't be seen because of its fur; to Nicole, that mixed-up boxed-in feeling; to Ruby, deep tans and lots of memories. Future bands at S&M: "We salute you!" (Quest)

I, **RACHEL MURKOFSKY**, of exhausted mind and burned-out body, do hereby leave my chemistry lab partner to whomever is lucky enough to get her in physics; Chinese to Muo and Zhong; my room and housekeeping to lucky juniors; the French club, my work service, next year's play and our Tuesday cheese and crackers dates to Christy; my paper airplane to Nathan; and my best wishes to David and Mykeko.

I, **APRIL MOON**, of NCSSM-tortured mind and freedom-desiring body, do hereby leave this prison to next year's students. I leave: to Wedad, loads of laughs; to George, the name "Amy"; to Chris Symons, my deepest friendship; to Anita, nothing!! (she goes to NCSU with me!); and to Richard Kim, I leave red roses, teddy bears, and a memory of watching a beach sunrise together. I leave you all my love, but I *don't* leave you.



I, **TONIA POTEAT**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: To Hoppy I leave the room we never shared at sectionals and my seat in Coach's apartment. To Lori G. and Sherri S. I leave all the bones they can jump. To Frankie I leave my cross country shoes and a year's supply of excuses. To Audra D. I leave the ability to keep Tara quiet next year. To Dionne I leave best wishes and an understanding ear whenever she needs it. And to M.A.A.A.A. I leave lots of love and good memories.

I, **CINNAMON HASBERRY**, leave the following: Lynn, good luck with Howard; Tina, a pair of non-flapping shoes; Erica and Alicia, a pair of dark, fine twin men; Dionne, a chastity belt; Shannon L., the ability to think before speaking; Renee, one man and only one; Terri, permanent crimps!; Jaz, \$10,000,000 (personal joke); Tara, color; Sherri, height; Victor, a doll with which to fulfill his fantasies; and to my friends not mentioned, I leave my love.

I, **RODNEY FREEMAN**, do hereby leave a gallon of orange juice to Mike Carter, the saxophone section to Asit Sharma, my van driving ability to Terry Baggett and Frank Wrenn, and my class schedule to whomever worked hard their junior year.

I, **SUSAN R. WALLACE**, bequeath the following: to Harvey, my height; to Krissy, her mommy and daddy; to Bert Klein, a little HC1; to Aaron Milleson, a Bunsen burner; to Beth Ruggiero, my religious habits; to Rachel Ragsdale, my strawberry earrings; to Jennifer Tripp, my dedication to math and all my college junk mail; to Anne George, my journalistic skills; to Wendy Kuo, all my chopsticks; to Nik and Meesh, the keys to the BMW; to Michelle Williams, my social skills; to Erika, a sink to put her dishes in; to Geetha, my memory; to Griff, a probe—use it safely; to Kathy, smut books; to Steve and Kathy, I leave modesty; to the Class of '88, I give many big balloons; and to everyone else, many thanks for a great Senior Year!

I, **CHRISTY GARRISON**, leave to Christy Cannon exciting secrets, twinkling eyes, and lots of love; to Krissy Simeonsson weekend lock-ins, yackety-yacks, and hugs; and to all the girls of 1st Beall the wish that they will outnumber their juniors twenty-four to seven.

I, **ROBBIE LOCKLEAR**, being of almost no mind and exactly enough body, do bequeath the following: To all the 1st E juniors, I leave my spaziness and "Dana stories"; to John O'Tuel, I leave the hope that he will find a "liberated woman"; to Robert and Sharon, the Watts conference room; and to Dana Letchworth, I leave myself, my love, and my thanks for making these past months the best of my life.

I, **KATE TROELSTRA**, upon graduating leave the following: to Colin, many thanks for listening, understanding, and letting me cry, and one last hug from your big sister; to Kirk, a trusting and trusted friend; to Christy, a hope for finding a junior who will be as good a friend to you as you have been to me; to Trevor, a very special friendship; to Quentin, a smile, a hug, and many thanks; to Marty, a promise to come back and visit.

I, **CHRIS BRÉTZ**, being of annihilated mind and skinny bod, do hereby will this stuff away: to Sehoya—earth; to Dave, Killian, & Tobin—the world of disco; to Elizabeth—a tube of cadmium red light paint; to Mabry—a set of World Books; to Penelope—a Paul Young's butt (the best buns in the business) and a heffalump; to Hoffman—Survive! Survive! and the Many Faces; to Dawn—the Top 40 industry; to Josh—Elvis' sideburns and my spades skills; to Cary—an eternity of "Joshua Tree" tapings.

I, **LEON LIVINGSTON**, leave to "bayo, bayo" a giant-size tube of Chapstick. To O.B.S. III, I leave a do-it-yourself kit for a new industry. To all those people I couldn't stand, Good-bye and Good Riddance (I won't name you all because I only have space for 75 words). "Mr. Telephone Man, there's something wrong with my line . . ."

