Everbody’s Free (To Wear Sunscreen)

By: Baz Luhrmann

Ladies and gentlemen of the class of ’99...Wear sunscreen.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be it. The long term of benefits have been proved by scientists whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth; oh nevermind; you will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they’ve faded. But trust me, in 20 years you’ll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can’t grasp now, how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked. You are not as fat as you imagined.

Don’t worry about the future; or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an algebra equation by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind; the kind that blindside you at 4 pm on some idle Tuesday.

Do one thing everyday that scares you.

Sing.

Don’t be reckless with other people’s hearts, don’t put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Floss.

Don’t waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you’re ahead, sometimes you’re behind. The race is long, and in the end, it’s only with yourself.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. If you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your old bank statements.

Stretch.

Don’t feel guilty if you don’t know what you want to do with your life. The most interesting people I know didn’t know at 22 what they wanted to do with their lives. Some of the most interesting 40 year olds I know still don’t.

Get plenty of calcium.

Be kind to your knees...you’ll miss them when they’re gone.

Maybe you’ll marry. Maybe you won’t. Maybe you’ll have children. Maybe you won’t. Maybe you’ll divorce at 40. Maybe you’ll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, don’t congratulate yourself too much or berate yourself either. Your choices are half chance...so are everybody else’s.

Enjoy your body, use it everyday you can. Don’t be afraid of it or what other people think of it. It’s the greatest instrument you’ll ever own.

Dance...even if you have nowhere to do it but in your own living room.

Read the directions even if you don’t follow them.

Do not read beauty magazines. They will only make you feel ugly.

Get to know your parents. You never know when they’ll be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings...they’re your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future.

Understand that friends come and go, but for the precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and in lifestyle because the older you get, the more you need the people you knew when you were young.

Live in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft.

Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths...prices will rise, politicians will philander, you too will get old, and when you do, you’ll fantasize that when you were young prices were reasonable, politicians were noble and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders.

Don’t expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you have a trust fund, maybe you have a wealthy spouse, but you never know when either one might run out.

Don’t mess too much with your hair, or by the time you’re 40, it will look 85.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia, dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it’s worth.

But trust me on the sunscreen.

16 Senior Candids
As I end my time at Salem High School, I find it very difficult to formulate a message to all of you, my classmates. After all, each and every one of you means so much to me. I feel privileged to have been able to serve you for the past four years. The experiences that we have shared have forged a special bond, one which will keep us linked forever. I believe that a few lines from Rod’s invigorating hit “Forever Young” can best describe the things that I wish for you. Rod croons in his raspy tenor: (singing of this section is optional) “May the good Lord be with you down every road you roam. And may sunshine and happiness surround you when you’re far from home. May good fortune be with you, may your guiding light be strong, up a stairway to heaven with a prince or vagabond. Be courageous and be brave. And in my heart you’ll always stay forever young.” Good luck to everyone and thanks for the memories.

Bo Rottenborn
Senior Class President ’99

The Class of 1999 will soon be leaving Salem High School, thus ending a special part of our lives. For the past 12 years we have grown together, all striving for one goal—a diploma. During this time we have developed many memories. As a new part of our lives begins, we will always remember the friendships we’ve made and the great times we’ve had. Although we will go our separate ways, I hope the memories we have will last a lifetime.

I would like to thank my class for allowing me to serve as vice president. I also want to wish the Class of ‘99 the best of luck in the future. Congratulations, we made it!

Stephanie Helms
Senior Class Vice-President ’99

Serving as your class secretary has been such a rewarding experience for me. I have had the unique opportunity to grow so close to a diverse and special group of individuals. We now have to leave Salem High School as mature, responsible adults prepared for many hardships to come. I wish you all the best of luck and hope that all of your dreams become reality. Never give up, and never let go of all the memories, good or bad, that we have created on our journey together. Party on!

Stephanie Godfrey
Senior Class Secretary ’99

As we step out into the world we carry with us memories of yesterday. The Class of 1999 is such a unique class. Among all of our differences, we share a bond which can not be explained. This is something our class has always held onto. We have each experienced our happiness and our sorrow. We have cried our tears and laughed our laughter but somehow everything has remained the same. We never let go of the bond. Being a part of the Class of 1999 is a memory that I’ll always cherish. This is a group of people like no other, a group of people that will never be replaced. I hope as each of us steps up to the podium on graduation day we will pause for one moment and look at what we see before us, an amazing assortment of people. I am honored to have served as your class treasurer for the past three years. I thank you for that. May God be with each of you in whatever pathway or life you choose. Hold on to the memories—Farewell and Best Wishes to the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine.

Hannah Fritzman
Senior Class Treasurer ’99