



Meredith's Amelia Earhart Takes Off Up, Up and Away

By Brooks McGirt

Many Meredith girls would consider it a Heaven-sent boon if they could just have transportation to local shopping centers, a downright miracle if they could have their very own motorbike, and something almost beyond comprehension when they finally receive, in their senior year, the keys to a real live automobile!

But there's one girl on campus who has everyone beat — for she just happens to own her very own airplane!

This girl, senior Marianne Johnson of Raeford, is the proud co-owner (along with her brother Julian and her "fella" Eddie Baker) of a J-3 — a Piper Cub, she explains. As far as her co-ownership title, she admits, "Eddie was the

only one who really gave his own money" toward the purchase of the plane from a Clinton resident. "I had to borrow mine," she continues, "and Julian had to borrow his." But, she adds, she plans to pay back the money after she graduates in January.

Of course, Marianne would have a hard time finding a space for her unusual transportation in Poteat's crowded parking lot, so the plane is kept at her home in Raeford. In fact, she can boast of living in a two-plane family, for her father has "always had a plane." The family even has its own landing strip, which she describes as "a stretched-out driveway."

But it isn't as if Marianne just suddenly decided to learn to fly and ran right out to pick up the neces-

(Continued on page 4)

High School Friends Chat

Reporter Calls Governor's Mansion

By Marilyn Childress

"O"
"Information."
"Operator, I'd like to make a long distance call to the governor's mansion in Annapolis, Maryland."

"Do you want to speak to Governor Agnew, personally?"

"No, I'd like to make a person-to-person call to his daughter, Sue Agnew."

"Just a minute, I'll check. The number is 267-8 . . . 6 . . ."

It seemed as if everyone on third Poteat had crowded into a five-square foot area surrounding our private phone in 307 Poteat. It still seemed like an absolute lark . . . Sure I had known Sue in high school. I'd even had a gym locker next to hers, but that was four years ago. . . . Would she remember? Oh well, if not, little would be . . .

"Hello, the governor's mansion."
"I have a long distance call for Miss Sue Agnew from Miss Marilyn Childress."

"Would you please repeat the last name again," the secret service man asked.

"Is this Sue Agnew?" I think the operator was more startled than I.

"Sue," I plunged in naively, "this is Marilyn Childress. I don't know if you recall who I am."

"Sure, I remember. How are you doing?"

"Fine," I said rather mechanically. Naturally, of course she knew me . . . we trooped out together to Mrs. Wunderlick's hockey class for at least two years and passed notes in ninth grade civics class, the year her father was running for Baltimore County Executive.

I explained to Sue my interest in doing a feature for our newspaper on her personal reactions to the upcoming Presidential race in which her father is now campaigning. The conversation sailed on.

"When were you informed of Nixon's selection of your father as a vice-presidential running mate? Not until ten minutes before the actual broadcast!"

I was actually getting chills as she told of those ten minutes in Miami. Sue explained that the family had tried to call all their close relatives to cushion the shock of the announcement before the television announcement was made. In this brief interim, all relatives could not be contacted and Sue exclaimed, "my grandmother first heard of Nixon's selection of Daddy on television and almost went hysterical."

"How did you feel standing in front of the Democratic (opps . . . had I really said Democratic Convention) er . . . The Republican National Convention?"

Sue went on excitedly, "Well you know we were all so stunned that I wasn't even nervous. . . . It all happened so quickly."

At this point I couldn't resist questioning her about Nixon. "Was Nixon what you had expected?" I ventured.

"Well, he was a bit shorter man than I had imagined. I have a lot of respect for him. He was very warm toward all of us, yet I did not have an opportunity to chat with him personally," Sue continued.

Sue, a petite brunette with a lot of sparkle, although she had never been an extrovert in high school, seemed a package of enthusiasm on the phone. Evidently being in the public eye had not left Sue awed, for when confronted by newsmen (by the way, some thirty newsmen and secret police fly with the Agnews on their own private Boeing 727 jet, "Michelle-Ann"), she never declines giving her personal opinion. Public life is anything but routine, and Sue's experiences prove this. She explained, "You just never know what will come up next. My mother was to appear on a women's program before a live television audience, and I merely went along to accompany her. About five minutes before the program began, I discovered they had saved a seat for me. I was so nervous, but I guess I would

have been more nervous had I known for quite a while ahead."

Since campaigning for her father and traveling is a full-time job, Sue has taken a leave of absence from her regular activities where she is currently employed as a secretary for Westinghouse Corporation. Having flown from Miami, Florida to San Antonio, Texas with Nixon's daughters, Sue found them to be most amiable and enthusiastic girls, although Julie had been sick on the trip.

Western Maryland was the most western point Sue had been until the first week in August. She had now visited at least 18 states, including Alaska, and has met no lesser personages than Everett Dirksen and Governors Romney, Rhodes and Hathaway, to mention a few. Her voice raised a pitch higher as she recalled meeting singing-star Jack Jones, and excitedly explained that Richard Boone (star of Palidan) had kissed her sister as he placed a lei around her neck while in Hawaii.

This was too tempting . . . we were off on personal reminiscences. No, she is not dating anyone in particular now, but Sue did meet a boy this summer who was working on the Maryland state boat. He had what . . . invited you to Homecoming at North Carolina State University . . . why that's right across the street from Meredith. "I'm not sure I can come," Sue sighed, "Daddy's schedule is so demanding."

Speaking of Daddy, Oh, yes he is the candidate, isn't he?

Spiro Agnew is obviously a humane father, for when I asked whether he tightened up on the family budget like he had on the Maryland State budget, Sue said nonchalantly, "Daddy seems to know when we need clothes and he just gives us the extra money we need."

9:30 p.m. . . . We had chatted for at least a half an hour; during



Marianne, at the controls, prepares to take Eddie Baker for a spin in their Piper Cub.

which time I know that everyone in Room 307 Poteat had touched the receiver at least twice, and all had strained necks to hear a few words spoken in "Yankee."

With this luck, who knows, I might even call Nixon himself tomorrow!

Hudson Belk

a little
buys a
lot!

Giant Poster from any photo

2 ft. x 3 ft. only \$1.95*

(\$4.95 value)

*Send any black & white or color photo (no negatives) and the name "Swingline" cut out from any Swingline package (or reasonable facsimile) to: POSTER-MART, P.O. Box 165, Woodside, N.Y. 11377. Enclose \$1.95 cash, check, or money order (no C.O.D.'s). Add sales tax where applicable.

Poster rolled and mailed (post-paid) in sturdy tube. Original material returned undamaged. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Get a
Swingline Tot Stapler



98¢
(including 1000 staples)
Larger size CUB Desk Stapler only \$1.69

Unconditionally guaranteed. At any stationery, variety, or book store.

Swingline INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

Welcome Meredith!!

HDQ. N.C.S.U., MEREDITH - ST. MARY'S
STUDENTS BOWLING CLASSES

★ 24 LANES

★ BILLIARDS ROOM (NEW)
LADIES WELCOMED

★ STUDENT RATES before 6 P.M.
OPEN SUN. 1 P.M.

WESTERN LANES

2512 HILLSBOROUGH



18 FINE SHOPS AND SERVICES
YOUR BACK-DOOR NEIGHBORS ON WADE AVE.