

## The Diary of Daisy Daystudent

If you're wondering about that pitiful spastic you see lumbering up the front walk every morning just as the 8:30 bell is jangling—now you know. The flustered one with the shades dangling from one ear and the celery from her lunch bag trailing in her wake—well, that's just me, Daisy Daystudent, back again, "and late again, as usual," you're about to add. But how would you feel if you had to fight your way through a grumpy mob of morning know-it-alls who inform you not too tactfully that you really can't drive after all, so what on earth are you doing behind the wheel in the first place—a complaint that is obviously unfounded, as any courageous boarding student who has ridden with me will surely agree. Hmmm—well, anyway, I usually arrive safely at school in spite of all narrow squeaks, except that when I finally reach the classroom new difficulties arise. Invariably I discover the strange disappearance of my French book (which is lying where it was carefully kicked—under my bed three miles away), and what's more I left my special glasses at home (you know, the ones that make Dr. Browne look like Rock Hudson). Probably worst of all, I left my cold pills and Kleenex at home, and since I always have a cold (I haven't yet discovered the hole in my car that causes the wind to hit the back of my neck while I'm hauling down Hillsboro) these I can't do without.

After much discomfort the class is over, and I make my way to a rather odd hovel with greenish walls and a damp no-color floor, sometimes referred to as the Day Student's Room. No sooner have I grabbed up the deck of cards and the bottle (coke, you know), I am suddenly informed by a formidable personage that my limousine is parked in quite the wrong place. When this misdemeanor is adjusted I feel sure that my troubles are over, but what's this? Is that my father coming up the walk, wearing that horribly garnish red shirt and one of those silly mashed-in caps? Horrors, yes, he's hauling toward this door like he's going to a fire or something. Rushing out to head him off, I discover that I have unwittingly delayed the most important event of the week—the Thursday afternoon golf game—by swiping his golf clubs. Somehow I was expected to know that they were in the trunk of my car. Oh, well, realizing that absent-minded fathers **must** be absent-minded, I willingly accept the blame for this major catastrophe, and, by now a little rattled, I head for my next class.

Strange to say, the rest of the day goes pretty smoothly with only a few minor knocks; such as, my inability to tell who came over on the Mayflower and my 59th consecutive failure to bring a note from home for that absence months ago. For some unknown reason I was a little too addled to remember that it wasn't Cortez who came on that boat after all, and as for the note from home—

well, my mother is out of stationery right now.

But at last classes are over and, after making the rounds of the halls to visit some of my favorite inmates, I amble out of the building to go home. As I leave I see on the board that there is an urgent meeting tonight at 6:30, which means that I will gulp down rather haphazardly a thrown-together supper in order to get back in time. But, you guessed it, the meeting has been suddenly postponed to a later date and I meet myself coming back. In spite of all this utter confusion I arrive safely home—a bit punchy, maybe, but still glad to be a part of that three-ring circus over there in the grove of stately oak trees.

## Many Countries Represented at St. Mary's

Girls have come to St. Mary's from all over the United States. The states represented are Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, New Jersey, New York, South Carolina, Virginia. The District of Columbia is also represented.

Several foreign countries are represented in the student body. One of the freshmen, Tim Sirimonkol, is from Bangkok, Thailand. A new member of the junior class, Gertrude McGinty, hails from Buenos Aires, Argentina. Margaret Lou Gardner, a sophomore, is from Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic. Another junior, Susan Morrison, comes to St. Mary's from Havana, Cuba.

## Seniors Choose Miss Jones As Their Advisor

Miss Sara Esther Jones has been chosen as the senior class advisor and has accepted the position. This will be the third year that she has assisted the senior class at St. Mary's. Her previous experience in this type of work includes serving four years as advisor of senior classes and three years as advisor of Student Government at Georgia Teacher's College.

In an interview, the capable advisor gave many tips for success by which seniors, as well as underclassmen, could profit if they would heed them.

**Question:** Miss Jones, what is your opinion of the success or failure of the graduating class of 1960?

**Answer:** The outlook, in my opinion, for St. Mary's seniors this year is bright. They seem to have gotten off to a good start.

**Question:** What characteristics of the class as a whole lead you to believe this?

**Answer:** Their judgement so far would indicate that they look

## Amelia Yancey Goes To The Birds

"Gosh, it's a nice day. A perfect day for school to start!

Watch out! Don't miss that check point. Where's that map? Ah, here it is, and I'm right on course.

Thank goodness, I'm flying to school. Mother left far enough in advance to reach the Raleigh Municipal Airport about the same time that I'll land.

Look at those little cars down there. Don't you know it's almost intolerable to have to "eat up" that road and dust and bear that heat. It must be at least ninety down there. Let's see, what's my temperature—55° at about 5,000 ft. altitude.

The advantage of cars, though, is that if anything happens they can just roll off to the side of the road. No matter. If anything happens up here, I've got plenty of altitude and can glide almost anywhere. At any rate, it's good to keep in mind the possibility of an accident in order to keep alert.

Mmm! My instructor pulled a cool one that time. And after being away from flying for a few weeks while at the beach. Let's see when was that. Oh, yes, July 27, 1957, at 10:00 A.M. to be exact. After doing three touch and go landings, and those landings, and then he said—"Well, I believe I'll let you do your first solo today."

I can't remember what my reaction was, except that everything seemed to stop. I woke up pretty fast though when we pulled over to the side of the runway and he got out. There I was with the stick in my hands and my feet on the rudder pedals.

All of a sudden I was in the air. It was terrific. And people ask if I was scared! Scared! Heavens, at a time like that you're just too ex-

cited to even think of being scared. I came in for my first solo landing and did my first and last perfect three-point landing.

Just a minute! What's the matter with this engine? It shouldn't be coughing like that. I've got plenty of gas. The oil pressure and temperature gauges check out all right.

Oh! What an imbecile. It's time to change over from the left to the right gas tank. Now, that sounds much better. Yes, it pays to be alert.

Better start my let down in another fifteen or twenty minutes. I don't want to come into Raleigh too high.

Somebody really told on me that time. Just because I did a few loops and wingovers. However, it's really strange at the top of a loop, upside down and hitting no G's and having to reach out and grab the floating microphone, glasses, and pencils. Personally, I think it's a good thing to know, but the folks back at Hickory Airport don't seem to agree with me.

How did I ever get interested in flying anyway? I guess my enthusiasm really started when my brother began to fly, and then he got me interested.

Raleigh is just ahead. I wonder if I could find that water tower and the zig-zagged buildings of the Cameron Court apartments. There they are, and there's "the grove of stately oak trees". Well, this is certainly Raleigh. I'll circle for a minute, and then fly to the airport.

Careful, you want this to be a good landing. Don't level off too high. That's just about right; now put her down gently. Well, we're on the ground anyway.

I can park the plane over there. And there's Mother waiting for me. Surely was a nice flight.

### Indifference

To be indifferent  
That was my desire  
To act as though I had no thoughts  
Of you or of others.  
And why should you care  
You were not to notice  
To question  
To wonder  
Why  
You do not understand  
Well, I am sorry  
But you see  
I became dependent  
For you were one of the few  
Who understood  
And did not instruct or scold  
But merely listened  
With open mind and heart  
Thus I saw in you  
All that I admire  
And respect  
You were perfect in so many ways  
And beyond doing wrong  
But I must not think this  
For I have been deceived  
Once too often  
I must see you  
Only as I see the vast multitude  
I must not depend on you  
For understanding or advice.  
I must become less dependent  
This is my problem  
And if it is to be solved  
I must do it ALONE  
So turn your head to my indifference  
And care not for my attitudes  
For you must know  
That they are only lies  
Striving to conceal  
My true feelings. M. N. B.