

The Dialectte

The DIALETTE is the official newspaper of Montreat College, and is published monthly by the Dialectte Staff. Its purpose is to give the student a fair and unprejudiced view of campus life.

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CASKIE, THEY CALL IT— From Page 1

itations, selecting senior play cast, chorus tour . . . ooooh my . . . ”

Doctor: (Gently placing patient in car) “Thank you, and I’ll see you on Tuesday. Where is Miss Grier?”

Nurse: (Rushing toward car at a fast pace) “Yes, I think those X-ray machines are the greatest machines ever invented . . . (nurse and patient depart from hospital and begin their journey back to Montreat. Miss Lucy mumbles under her breath) . . . besides, of course, cars.”
I am that patient.

Little did I know that the procedures in wearing a cast would be so complicated, as well as rare an experience.

Returning to the hospital on the following Tuesday was the beginning of this uncommon adventure. To begin with, this was the day Montreat was clad in six inches of snow; and the jeep was the only available vehicle that could easily maneuver in the snow. Going in the jeep really meant that three of the workmen on the grounds had to carry me from the back door of the infirmary to the road while I sat upright in a chair. One man who looked as though he was carrying the heaviest load breathed a few words of encouragement. He said that I wasn’t heavy ‘cause he was accustomed to collecting and carrying junk in and around Montreat.

Living in the infirmary for a week surpasses any description.

My first week of practice teaching will always be pleasantly welcomed to my memory. After I met my critic-teacher and was introduced to “my children” as Miss Seagle, one angel on the back row remarked “Hey, Miss Sea Gull, I’ll bet a real sea gull couldn’t walk around with one of those

things on its leg.” “No, I doubt it,” was the feeble reply.

As I made slow progress to the back of the room to take my seat, all fifty-eight eyes were plastered on my cast, and I felt like it had grown to malformed proportions.

The following day I thought the cast would be less conspicuous since the children had already been exposed to it. I ventured into the room and overheard one of “my pupils” acosting his crony in an argumentative tone of voice. “My pupil” contended: “Goodie, goodie, I’ll bet my teacher’s got something yours doesn’t have. It’s a great ole big, white caskie they call it.”

The reply was, “Yes, but mine has teeth.” I crept over to the pencil sharpener as though nothing had been said. I still don’t quite understand whether or not the little fellow knew that I had teeth.

One would instinctively think the cast would be detrimental, but it has become quite an asset in teaching. “My children” are kneely desirous to do anything I say, due to my “condition.” Too, if they ask me an abstract question, and one not pertinent to the lesson, I tactfully groan, “Ooooooh, my leg”. It really works. Questions cease and I resume the lesson.

The cast has brought many odd and laughable experiences, but I will definitely welcome the day I can bid it farewell.

DON'T BITE THE HAND— From Page 1

When you go into Black Mountain, what drug store do you immediately dash into? Do you find their ad in the Dialectte? Stop and think next time. **Knight's Drug Store** is recommended by the Staff. Who does your hair or fixes your watch? **Bea's Beauty Salon** and **Pellom's Time Shop** buy our ads.

Buy your necessities and frivolities at **Giftcrafts, Rug and Jug, Lormay's The Factory Outlet**, and **H. & W. 5 & 10**. Keep things clean with **Quality Dry Cleaners**, and **Key City Laundry**.

Get your cabs from **Reed's** or **Friendly Cab Company**. If you decided to buy your own, see **McMurray Chevrolet Company**. For ukeleles go to **Black Mountain Hardware**; and that apple a day go to the **Black Mountain Grocery**.

These people are interested in us. They prove it with every ad they buy. How can we ever thank them? It's very simple, and very logical too, I think.

Buy what you buy from the businesses that buy what we sell. Mention to them that you read their ads. Do patronize our advertising friends.

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