

Dial-a-Deez

Montreat College

January 31, 1958

SO THIS IS EDUCATION 412

Amid apples and aptitudes, blue sheets and books, lunch reports and lockers, the Montreat student teachers were initiated into "Our Profession Glorious". Who would have thought it would have been so much fun, and so different from anything we'd ever done before? I don't think any of the fourteen would deny that it was hard work, too!

Some of the experiences we had were absolutely unforgettable, and will provide pleasant and amusing memories for many a long day. Elementary teachers agree with Art Linkletter that "Kids say the darndest things!" Ask Murphy about her little first grade boy and his love for cornbread. Then there's the fourth grader who asked Mr. Burchfiel if he were going to marry one of us.

High school kids think it's great sport to have a hand in the constant friendly feud between two roommates. One day Sharpe looked into her purse and found a very fine hairless frog skin-soups of Slay and assistant. Another time it was a rare delicacy, the inner parts of a fish. I'm sure Sharpe's retort must have been, "No one cares!"

Most of us felt pretty jolly once we had made it through the most difficult part of the morning--getting up before dawn and feeling our way to breakfast.

At least those who drove us thought we were in too much of a rare mood to teach school. It was tragic if bus number 29 didn't toot its horn at us every morning on Assembly Drive. Then we sang to keep from freezing because ole Ha-Deez was slow about warming up. There was the quest for chewing gum every a. m., which of course had to be disposed of before we set a bad example for our "little students".

Barbara Priest declared she could write a book on all the things we told her, and it seems that's the only way the world will ever know all the times we had. That is, unless you've heard the gang tell of their adventures.

There were more serious moments, too. One day my fifth graders laughed at a boy who was slow in working his arithmetic problem. His feelings were hurt; he cried and the children became very repentant because of their unkindness to him. At the end of the period a little girl asked me, with tears in her eyes, "Miss Blackwell, will you pray to God tonight and ask Him to forgive our class for laughing at Grover?"

Another fifth grader closed a letter to her student teacher with "God bless you and keep you safe forever more".

-by Lucille Blackwell

It is a luxury to learn but the luxury of learning is not to be compared with the luxury of teaching.