

Montreal's Christmas List

Dear Santa:

These are a few things that the students from Montreal would like to have:

- Dale Grethen—one peaceful Biology Lab and Nylon stockings.
 Rebecca Morse—a glass case.
 Beth Rose—Time for Mrs. Corbett's class.
 "Marty" Walton—Ken.
 J. R.—a new car starter.
 Ronnie—a doll 5 feet tall.
 Paula Betters—Stan.
 Judi Follis—a car.
 Beth Hall—someone to manage my brother.
 Margaret Crawford—a brain.
 Jaynie Newcombe—to go to Disneyland.
 Carolyn Law—a T Bird.
 "Munch"—to go home.
 Sherry Boomhower—Capezio's.
 Cindy Terry—a man.
 Georginia Swann—warm clothes.
 Ann Moore—one big, soft teddy bear.
 Elayne Schroyer—Jim and Florida.
 Ruthie White—a clean room and money.
 Brenda Overman—cover back.
 Ann Harbour—"Preacher."
 Pat Hoff—a trip to California.
 Jane Howard—Winston cigs.
 Frosty Moore—to go home.
 Ann Jolly—breakfast in bed.
 Judy Atkinson—a boy friend.
 Jean Hadley—to make a certain person happy.
 Arlene Glass—a great, big, stuffed panda.
 Virginia Beale—better study habits.
 Janielle Fries—Nothing you could print.
 Sherry Glasgow—a white blouse.
 "Sam"—transportation when I cannot walk.
 Bobbie Dennison—Dickie.
 "Shoes"—a longer vacation.
 Toni Baxter—articles in on time and payment for subscriptions for the *Dialette*.

Bobbie Hembree—a can of beer to wash my hair in.

Darr—a trip to Boyds, Maryland.

Margaret Cooper—a banana boat headed toward home.

Bill Rhodes—just sweet teachers like Miss Hoyt, Miss Wilson, and Mrs. Corbett.

Jim Knupp—a jet and my baby.

Haskell Davis—a blond(?)

Lynn—a baby.

Margo—Maurice and ads for the *Dialette*.

Ted—two front, gold teeth.

Where Is Everybody?

A mysterious creature made his way around the Montreal campus recently. His chief delight was to strike innocent sleepers. After he had infested each floor in both dormitories, there was a silence, then the slamming of doors and the patter of feet. All during the night Mr. X continued to leave his mark. It is thought that he had a kinfolk along with him too.

At the crack of dawn, telephones began to ring at College Hall. "I don't know but there are some pretty sick people here." Or "I'm coming over with another car load, have Miss Lucy get the shots ready." Students were moved from one dorm to the other. College Hall was filled. At one time there were thirty students there. As soon as some got better, out they went and in came the others.

There was a bright side of the story though. Some Montreaters finally can say I've had one of Miss Lucy's shots. Some girls got to see what the inside of College Hall (see boys dorm) looks like, and every one had a look at the newest fad. Co-educational dormitories.

Hats off to all the able bodied students who fought off Mr. X and his friend, but we must never forget the ones who really killed this dreaded pair, "Miss Lucy" and "MOM." They were our mothers away from home, never stopping except to grab a bit of food here and there. They were like guardian angels keeping faithful watch throughout the abhorrent epidemic.

Fortunately, the sickness didn't last very long and wasn't too serious, but ask those who were hit, and they will tell you it wasn't to be taken lightly either.

Incidentally, if you are still guessing who Mr. X and his friend were they were the intestinal flu and virus.

From Three to Nine

One fatal night as a group of girls walked through the lobby, there stood Miss Smith recruiting swimmers. In order to take the swimming lessons, you had to be able to float. There were three girls who wanted to learn to swim so bad that they went to Asheville early every single Friday night for three weeks just to learn to float so they could take beginning swimming.

There were quite a few very interesting and exciting happenings that took place: Lynn Gouner came out with a few minor scratches the first time (3 to be exact), Gouner also received a lovely citation from the nicest policeman, and she almost got her license renewed that night along side of the road.

There were the swimming classes, too, where we learned to kick, float, breath (of all things), and finally the dreadful deed of diving.

It seems as if there was a different driver every Friday night. "Shoes," how much gas is there in a car when the tank registers "E"? Push, Carswell, the gas station isn't but another mile.

Two nights before our test, two brave souls, Toni and Ella Mae, took the swimming test and passed with flying colors and tired legs. Just because the instructor wouldn't let Betty "dog-paddle" across the pool is no reason she should fail! Carswell has a new life saving technique used on her—out by the hair of the head.

It may have started at three feet in a pool in Asheville, but nine feet deep was the goal accomplished by Toni, Ella Mae, "Shoes," Mary, and Betty. Who knows? Intermediate swimming starts soon.

Mortals Become Angels

What makes Christmas at Montreal? To many who are observant, one very obvious part is the rustle of angel wings hurrying to do a secret deed and the squeals of pleasant surprise from happy mortals. Yes, the Christmas spirit of Montreal is the annual mortals and angel participation from each student. As each potential angel draws her mortal's name, the intrigue begins. That is part of the fun to try and guess who that dear soul is who supplies you with all those extra calories daily, but thumbs down on the one who is successful. Regardless of the extra pounds and the panic at the discovery of missing shoes (they're being angelicy polished) the thought of unselfishly giving is the spirit of Christmas at Montreal.