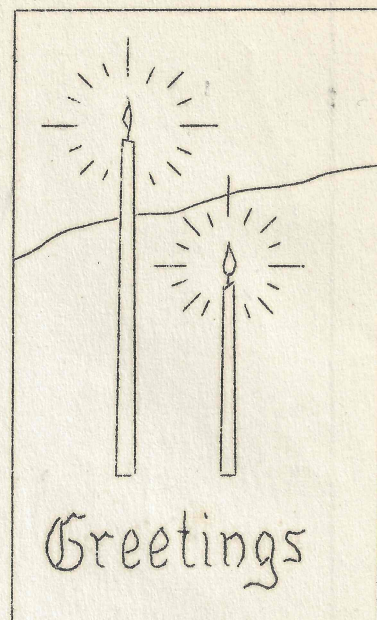
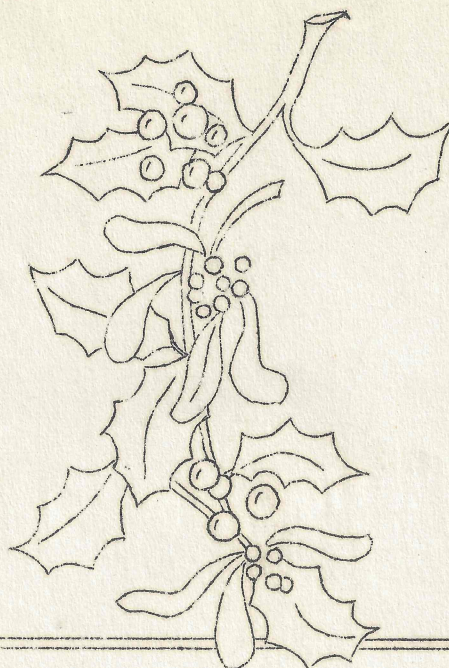
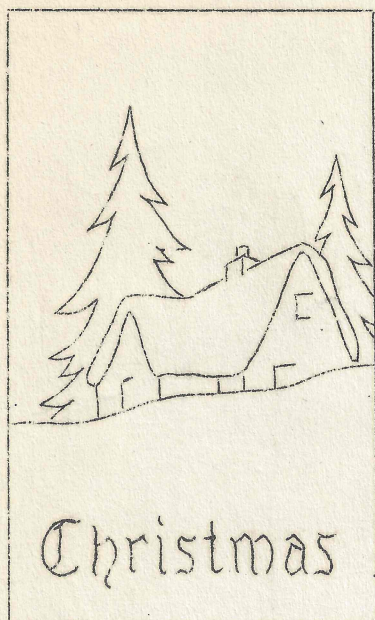


FLETCHER NEWSLETTER



ASHEVILLE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL
and
MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM

Vol. II, No. 7

December 1935

- GREETINGS -

Dear Friends:

As this number of our little sheet goes out, the holiday season is drawing near. To many of your homes will come a boy or girl who ties you to us with a strong yet tender cord. They will have much to tell you of the school, its life and activities.

Another year is drawing to its close. It has been such a good old year that we are almost sorry to see it go. It has brought us, it seems, more than our share of good. We hope that for you too it has brought success, abundant opportunity, and satisfaction. We have appreciated the occasional messages we have had from you, your interest in our work, the encouragement, and the friendship you so generously offered.

Our News Letter will find you at this holiday season in many places of the United States; one even goes to a foreign land. Wherever it may find you, in cold New England or in the sunshine of California or Florida, it carries from our Southern hillsides, bright with holly, and other Christmas greens, our warmest greetings and sincere good wishes for the New Year.

OUR STUDENTS

To hear from students who have been with us in days gone by is one of our great pleasures. We think they must gather inspiration from the medical atmosphere of our place, for many are now in training, while a number have already graduated from schools of nursing. From Charleston, South Carolina, we hear from Julia Pendarvis, one of our very earliest students, who is now nursing in the city. It has been many years since Irma Johnson was our student. She graduated a year ago. She still remembers once in a while to send a greeting from Los Angeles, California. Forrest Port was graduated last year from Takoma Hospital, Greeneville, Tennessee, where he is now employed. In the senior class of the present year at Greeneville are two of our girls, Sarah Williams, and Cordie Brizendine. Eva Bliss will graduate at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, this year. Edna Rentfro finished her training at Madison this year. In our own senior nurses' class we have Novella Orenduff; while two of our girls, Nina Trivett and Ruth Ray, have entered this year.

Florence Hudson writes from Washington, D. C., that she is enjoying her year of pre-nursing work in college. Dorothy Case is teaching at Albemarle, N. C. Yvonne Rumley, Harland Lewis, and Kenneth Case are in college at Madison, Tennessee.

We have one student, James C. Trivett, taking second year work in Atlanta Dental College. The splendid reports we hear of him do not surprise us in the least. We "knew it all the time."

Our News Letter comes to you from the capable hands of our stenographer, Ella Pendarvis, of our own group of workers. Others of our young people, we are sure, are doing worth while things, and we would like to hear from them. Perhaps they will write us a line.

From Plainfield, New Jersey, comes a characteristic message from Thelma Jean Witt, "When I have nothing more to look forward to, I shall always have something to look back upon--Fletcher."

THANKSGIVING DAY

The first sounds of Thanksgiving morning were rain pattering on the tin roof of Rumbough Hall, dismal pouring rain. And this was the day we were supposed to be thankful! We hurried to the kitchen to get breakfast, only to find that the electricity was off. Then the breakfast cooks did feel like Puritan maidens, as they hunted up a kerosene lantern, and cooked breakfast by its light. They almost dreaded to see the disappointed crowd that would come for breakfast. But strange to say, everyone seemed happy, and even thankful in spite of the rain.

Over at the chapel we were led in a Thanksgiving service by Dr. Bliss, and then how we did work preparing our Thanksgiving feast. Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Brownsberger and Mrs. Jasperson proved that too many cooks do not spoil the broth if they are good cooks. Mr. Gilman brought into the dining room painted reminders of the May Flower days, and we were a very happy family that gathered for dinner.

Nor were the poor forgotten. During the morning a number of students were busy collecting food and preparing baskets to be taken

to needy neighbors.

And can you believe it? By the time the dishes were washed, the sun was shining, and here came Mr. Youngblood with his big truck to take us all up to Pisgah Forest. First we hiked around the lake, and then played games until almost dark. Riding home through the chilly Thanksgiving air, we forgot all about our good dinner, and developed a real appetite for the hot supper which Mrs. Smith had prepared. Very welcome it was to a group of tired, hungry boys and girls.

The day would not have been complete without an evening in the chapel, where Miss Ambs, Miss Rogers, and Miss Hansen had prepared a splendid program. Yes, they were all there, Governor Bradford, John and Pricilla Alden, Miles Standish, and Massasoit. It was a happy Thanksgiving.

--Mary Donovan

THANK YOU

Last month we told our readers about our library, and gave a list of books we needed. We appreciated the beautiful copy of Little America that Mr. Bert Boyd sent us. Our thanks also go to Miss Mary Moore for Pilgrim's Progress and The Blue Flower, and to Mrs. Hon for a gift of money. From our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lance, at Fletcher, came an unusually interesting copy of Pilgrim's Progress, an English edition. We appreciate deeply the gift of a dictionary of musical terms, which comes to us through Mrs. Snow from the library of her sister, our dear old friend, Miss Ida V. Owen, now deceased. To you all we send our thanks. Our list of needed books at present is as follows:

Rand McNally Bible Atlas	2.78
Cabins in the Laurel	3.00
Desire of Ages	2.25
Patriarchs and Prophets	2.25
The Butterfly Book - Holland	5.00
Problems of Citizenship.	2.00
The Hilltop on the Marne	1.60
With Grenfell on the Labrador	1.50
Modern Wonder Workers.	1.00
Tennyson's Poems	2.50
History of Nursing, 4 Vols.. . . .	7.50

We were a little disappointed not to hear from the parents of any of our students. We note that in some cities the librarians suggest that their friends send the library a book for Christmas. We pass the suggestion along.

PROFESSOR NELSON VISITS US

Last month the school enjoyed its first visit from Professor and Mrs. W. E. Nelson from the Educational Department of the General Conference. Professor Nelson was assisted in his work of inspecting the school by Professor John E. Weaver of the Union Educational Department. Both men spoke to the students while here. We appreciated this visit from these two educational leaders.

A FARM BOY SPEAKS

The agricultural department of our school is divided into three main divisions--the farm, the garden and the fruit. These departments furnish work for several of the boys to earn their way in school, while growing a large part of the food for the sanitarium and school.

Vegetables grown in the garden are seen on the table almost every day of the year. Even as late as the present date we have one or two fresh vegetables served each day. In the summer months the garden nearly furnishes our living; besides, there are large quantities of beans, greens, and tomatoes canned for the winter's use. Some vegetables are even now being stored away for the coming cold months, turnips, sweet potatoes, celery, cabbage, and carrots. We usually make two or three barrels of sauer kraut.

The dairy produces sufficient milk and cream for both the school and sanitarium. On the farm, feed is grown for the dairy herd and three teams. Besides the food produced by the farm for the animals, we grew this summer about three hundred bushels of potatoes and a large amount of corn. We furnished two hundred ears of corn to the school kitchen each day, and a few thousand ears that were dried.

The fruit department furnishes a good supply of fruit. We have more than an acre of strawberries and some raspberries, as well as apples, grapes, and pears.

--Silas Fox

AN EVENING AT WHITE OAK PARK

Every student is very happy when the announcement is made that we are all invited to spend the evening at White Oak Park. This is a beautiful spot on our own place, fenced in and set aside as a playground.

All the students go, unless there is some sickness or definite work that needs to be done. Although many of them are very tired after a long day's work, they all take part and have a very good time. Under the trees we play old-fashioned games, and have a jolly time. Then we gather around the camp fire that has given us light for our play. Sometimes we sing our school song and other songs; sometimes we toast marshmallows; one thing that seems to interest us most is for someone to read us a good story.

--Guthrie Gray

WEEK OF PRAYER

The Week of Prayer just past was a time of spiritual enjoyment and growth in our school family. Aside from a visit from Elder Whepley from Pisgah, whose talk on "The heavens declare the glory of God" was much appreciated, we had no outside help. But we did enjoy having our own Elder Sholdon at home for a whole week. Many expressions of students and workers indicate that it has been a blessed season.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

There really is music in the air with Miss Rogers' thirty students practicing. At present, it seems, they are working extra hard. Recitals must be coming.

COAL ON TRACK

"Carload of coal on the track!" Nothing they hear ever brings greater pleasure to our boys than this announcement. It is always a challenge to see how soon they can unload it. Let once the word be given, and before we know what is happening, trucks and teams are on the road, and the boys are black and happy. And the matron and kitchen girls had better be busy.

MORE THAN A NURSE

Buzz--buzz-z-z-z-z breaks the silence of the night. A weary nurse, aroused by the ring, turns in her bed--perhaps she was only dreaming. But just as she settles for another winter's nap she hears the ring, distinctly dialed this time, and in no uncertain tones--yes, it is her call to service. Enthusiastically she bounds out of bed, even though she has been there only a few short hours, and even though the day had been hard with much to perplex and try her. She knows she is needed and so she is willing.

"Miss Blank, come on duty as soon as possible, please." A cheerful voice answers that she "will be there".

Hurriedly she gets into her student uniform of stripes and spotless white apron. As she pins the bit of stiff white to her auburn brown hair, she wonders what the emergency is. Giving a last look at her sleeping room mate, she almost envies her. But as she steps into the night and is stimulated by the briskness of the winter air, her soul thrills. Yes, she is glad she is able to serve, and she reflects as she makes her way toward the Sanitarium how much more effective is willing and loving service.

The doctor is there ready to go when she arrives. They exchange a few words while two bags stuffed with needed supplies are hastily put into the waiting car. Without further delay they are gone. As they ride along the muddy winding mountain road leading to some mountaineer's humble home, our nurse has time to meditate.

The past two and one half years of "training" experience has taught her some of the ways of life. They have even changed her. She contrasts in her mind that enthusiastic overly curious and equally eager girl who presented herself just two and one half years ago with the woman which she now is.

A storm of questions besiege her mind. Why had she chosen her work? How had she become so changed? The change had been gradual. With each day's program crowded so full of work and study, it had come unaware. She found the real answer after a hasty review of some of the experiences through which she had passed and had shared with others. There had been the times when she had placed the pink and rosy newborn babe in its mother's arms for the first time; times when after putting forth every effort, she had had to stand helplessly by and see death claim her patient; there had been those who trusted her and leaned on her for strength; emergencies had come when life hung as it were by a mere thread--it was the seconds that counted; and sometimes in the absence of a doctor she must act quickly and intelligently--oh, yes, and those hours in which she anxiously watched her patient through some acute illness. Then the joy of seeing full recovery.

These things had certainly influenced her life. A new thought occurred to her; her life must have had some influence, too. There were those whom she had helped to live, but had she given them anything to live by? After all, life does consist of more than being in good health, and helping the patient live is more than nursing him successfully through illness. This came to her with a new force. So this too was her task.

The car came to a stand still. She heard the doctor say that this was the place. Another place where she would contact a human soul. With this contact there would come not only nursing, but the responsibility of giving to this soul something better.

As they started up to the doorway, she recalled the verse of a poem she had in her scrap book--a picture of the nurse in heaven where

"Only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the love of the working,
And each in her separate star
Will see the desire in our patients,
And love them for just what they are.

And so in spite of work that's hard,
In spite of tired feet,
There's something in that busy life,
Something that's oh, so sweet.
And if I had my choice again,
I still would be a nurse;
I'd take my cap and apron--
For better or for worse."

--Novella Orenduff

THE AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS

Our American History class appreciates the fact that we live in a historical section of the South. We were one of the thirteen original states. There are battle fields of Revolutionary and Civil War fame in our state. We believe that interesting local history will be lost if we do not search it out and preserve it. With this in mind we are each working on a local report.

A ninety-year old Civil War veteran was interviewed by Ernest Smith, who wrote a vivid report of the old soldier's recollections of the war.

The history of our school farm is being gathered. As students, we are rather proud of the fact that old deeds to our school farm have been preserved, dating back to Washington's administration. It is interesting to know that our dear old "Big House" will celebrate its fiftieth birthday this coming Christmas Eve. Now I have gone and told! Maybe a surprise party was intended.

Students have visited Old Calvary, where they were interested to find the grave of Bill Nye. One student has a complete history of the old church. These reports are to be collected and preserved by our teacher in a homespun covered scrap book for our future museum.

--Ruth Beck