

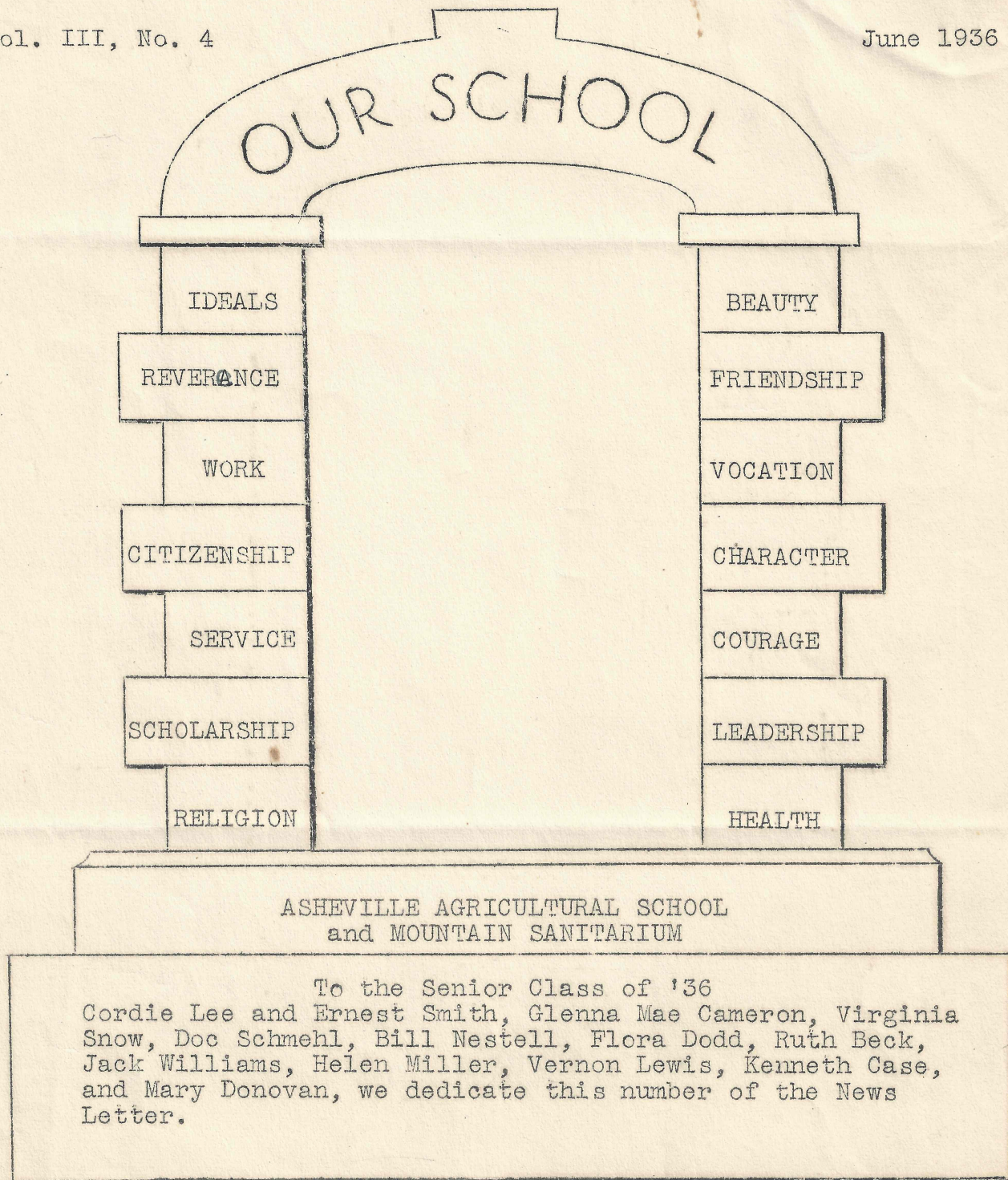
12 copies

# FLETCHER NEWS LETTER

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

Vol. III, No. 4

June 1936





The commencement program began on Friday evening, May 22, with the Consecration service conducted by our pastor, E. L. Sheldon. The Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Mitchell is mentioned elsewhere. The Commencement address on Sunday evening by Dr. H. S. Randolph was full of inspiration, as is Dr. Randolph himself. Not mere existence, but purposeful living was the keynote of Dr. Randolph's message. With the burdens of the school year over, teachers, students, and guests enjoyed these days of pleasant association. The picnic dinner at White Oak Park brought in many of our neighbors as well. Monday saw our guests departing, and the graduating class scattered on their various ways. Some go on to college; some enter training schools; it is the plan of others to work for a time. We bade these young people good-bye with Dr. Randolph's closing words, "God bless us all", ringing in our hearts.

--M. M. J.

- FRONT PAGE ILLUSTRATION -

The illustration on the front page of the News Letter pictures a full-sized doorway built on the platform by the young people as a part of the class night program. They built into it the things that our school stands for. As each student spoke on one of these principles that are the very life of our school, he put his block into place.

- ON MEMORY'S WALLS -

Come with me for a trip through Memory's Gallery. I promise it will be interesting to all who have known Fletcher. There are many beautiful pictures hanging there, and not only pictures--there are those scenes carved on the walls of Memory so deep that they will stand forever.

First, let us pause beside a long ago scene. The years have come and gone, and other pictures have been brought in from time to time, yet this one is not faded nor torn. It is the first little graduating class--just five girls. They have no lovely chapel building, but are holding their exercises in the old school house. They have decorated it with laurel and evergreens, until it looks like a beautiful garden inside. And as they march up in their little white voile dresses the very atmosphere is filled with a supreme happiness, a happiness which comes only with the accomplishment of some long-dreamed-of ambition. And Memory paints some tears as they leave the little school house, and the gardens of peas and carrots and onions and beets, where the weeds grow so fast, and other dear familiar scenes. They will miss it all.

But we must leave this picture, and see others. There are so many, and they are all so dear. There are other graduating classes, and each one seems more beautiful than the one before. And there are banquet scenes, and picnics, and receptions, and entertainments. Life is full at Fletcher.

Here we believe that living is giving--hence this picture: It is a group of girls seated in a circle around a room, and no one is idle. Their crochet needles fairly fly as they talk in low tones about a surprise, and sometimes they even threaten each other if the secret gets out. A bedspread is in the making, and each girl works on a block. There are just a hundred and thirty blocks, and they have found out



that it is real work, especially since most of them had to learn how to crochet. It looks like an impossible endless task, but they have pledged themselves to stick by until it is done. It must be finished by the time school is out, because then some of them will be leaving, and it is to be presented as a token of their love and respect to their beloved principal. The last week to work rolls around, and the spread is only half finished. The moments are tense as some are tempted to give up. It looks impossible. But there is one hope--only one. This is to set a given goal for each night, and work until this goal is accomplished. But no one is sleepy anyway, and there will be plenty of nights to sleep when there isn't a bedspread to crochet. And so they worked--really worked! The last night came--or should I say the last morning, for the clock said two. The last blocks were being finished, and the spread was fast being assembled. I think the last block was put on with a few tears, tears of real joy, and the thing was done. How pretty it looked on her bed, after we had slipped it in. Even we had not dreamed it would look like that. And then--she found it, and truly we received our reward. We believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive, for the giver gets more joy out of it all.

There is one more picture we shall see today. There have been many like it, and they are the only pictures that we would rather not have in our Gallery. This is the picture of parting, and each year as we receive a new painting of this, it seems to hurt more than the one before, and each leaves its lasting effect. There will be new students coming in, but why look forward to that? The day will come so soon when they too will be leaving, and there will be more tears. However, it takes all this to make up our life at Fletcher. And amid the tears and the heartaches, life is full, and life is sweet.

--Ella Pendarvis

Editor's Note: That first little graduating class! How proud we were and are of it. There were only five girls, but they were the vanguard of a long line that would follow. Two of the five are working. One graduated from a nurses' training school this spring. One is a senior in our own training school. The other is our own stenographer, who also mothers our girls between and after times, and gets the News Letter to you.

- DR. MITCHELL VISITS FLETCHER -

For a long time we have anticipated a visit from Dr. J. R. Mitchell of Atlanta. The occasion that finally brought him was the Baccalaureate Sermon at Commencement time. Dr. Mitchell's message was earnest and deeply spiritual. It put a stamp upon the whole week-end program which we all appreciated. With Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell, were Mrs. Waters, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. George Waters, and George Waters, Jr.

- A NEW DICTIONARY -

The graduating class of this year made a gift to the school of a new Merriam-Webster International Unabridged Dictionary, much needed, and much appreciated.



- BUILDING A SCHOOL -

From the class history by Ernest Smith, we learned some interesting things about the growth of the school, as well as about the class of thirteen young people, who do not believe that thirteen is an unlucky number.

For the first time, the school has graduated a student who has never attended any other school than our own. Vernon Lewis has been here for all the grades and high school. The historian described the growth of the school since the first member of the class entered the high school in 1931 in these words: "Imagine, if you can, the place without the new school and chapel building, the new sanitarium cottage, Mrs. Wager's home, Miss Knowles's cottage, the Smith, Witt, and Wright cottages, and one of the barns, the Nestell cottage, the two boys' cottages, and bath house, and you will have a picture of our campus as it looked in 1931." Ernest also recalled with pleasure the part this class had in building the school building. He recounted to us the night when the boys worked until into the wee small hours, blasting, and grading, to have the site ready for the masons in the morning. The boys were building a school, and they are proud of the history they made that night.

- WE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES -

What can be more fun than being a senior in high school? There are always so many interesting things to do, new places to go, and new ideas to be worked out. But not all the fun comes from the new ideas, for who could feel "really graduated" without having the joy of the historical Sunrise Breakfast and the splendor of the Junior-Senior Banquet!

Shortly after our Senior Class was organized we met in Rumbough Hall at four o'clock one frosty morning. Soon we were on our way to White Oak Park for a Sunrise Breakfast. The cheery fire soon had our cocoa steaming and cooking done. Under the big trees, in the first rays of the morning sun we ate our breakfast, and turned our steps homeward.

The next big event was a genuine surprise--an invitation to visit Collegedale! What busy days we had pressing and mending; packing suitcases at odd moments. The morning of April sixteenth found a happy crowd ready to start to Southern Junior College. Three days at Collegedale brought something of interest every hour. The outstanding event was the trip up the incline to Lookout Mountain, a trip to Chicamauga Park, and a visit to the historical old locomotive engine, The General, where we recalled bits of its history.

Formal invitations bade us come to the dining room at seven o'clock on the evening of May third. Could it be that the crowd of dignified, capable young people who received us so cordially and served us such a delicious dinner were our own dear jolly Juniors? And was the paradise of red and white streamers, balloons and flowers really our old Big House dining room? According to the Seniors, the banquet was a complete success.

Final examinations were practically over by Thursday morning, the twenty-first of May. Then came the last event of the year. Mrs. Jasperson invited the class to her home before work hours one morning. Could you think of anything more appetizing to thirteen hungry child-



ren with the trials all over than waffles and honey? We couldn't.

The year is over and done, and as we are about to leave the scenes which have become so dear to us in the past year, or years, there are only a few of the happy memories we cherish.

--Ruth Beck

- THEY WON THEIR DECORATIONS -

They sat on the platform, seven sweet girl graduates and six stalwart young men. Against each white dress and each dark coat nestled a long-stemmed red rose, the class flower. The last words of the address died away; the diplomas were presented. Then each mother of a graduate was escorted to the platform, where she was met by her own son or daughter, who pinned his own red rose on her dress. The benediction found the class unadorned, their radiant mothers decorated, not with Congressional Medals, but surely the memory of a red rose will always be fragrant.

- NORTH CAROLINA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA -

The institution was highly honored on Monday evening, April 27, when the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra presented a delightful and inspirational program in our school auditorium. The orchestra is directed by the well-known conductor, Mr. Joseph DeNardo of Asheville. The auditorium was packed to capacity with a large and appreciative audience. About thirty-five members of the orchestra were entertained at dinner in the school dining room before the program. We feel deeply grateful for this unusual privilege that was ours, and we are anticipating a return of the orchestra at some future time.

This was the first of a series of musical programs to be given in our school auditorium for the benefit of the music department of the institution. For some time our students have been conducting a campaign to raise funds for the building of a music studio to house our music department. The proceeds derived from the sale of tickets to this concert helped materially in swelling this fund, and we believe our dream of a little music studio on the hillside will soon be fully realized.

--E. B.

- NEWS ITEMS -

Commencement guests not mentioned elsewhere in the News Letter include the following: Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Case and Gordon, Mrs. W. W. Dodd, Professor and Mrs. J. W. Osborne and Bobbie, Miss Alma Ambs, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Beck and Inez, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Draper and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Green and sons, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Witt, Mr. W. T. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Krohn, and daughter, Mr. W. D. Walters and son, Mr. Dodd, Miss Munn, Miss Sarah Williams, Forrest Port, Miss Mildred Rogula, and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McKee and children.

April twenty-fifth brought the Collegedale Women's Chorus to us for an evening's program, of thirty-two in number. We enjoyed the splendid program these young people gave us, and we enjoyed the young people themselves.

Elder and Mrs. Walter P. Elliott of Washington, D. C., spent a few hours with us on May seventh.



This year, National Hospital day on May twelve was celebrated quietly with open house, and we were happy to welcome many old friends and former patients. Guests were met by groups of teachers, and graduate and student nurses, and were tagged and conducted through the various departments of the sanitarium. One interesting feature of the afternoon program was the presentation of birth certificates, signed by the superintendent and the attending physician, to those babies who had been born in the hospital during the past few years. Babies and small children were weighed and checked over in the out-patient department.

Mrs. Forrest E. Bliss is spending a few weeks with her parents, Elder and Mrs. J. W. Hofstar, at Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Jasperson left on May fifteenth for San Francisco, California, as a delegate to the General Conference.

Dr. Sydney Brownsberger, chief resident physician in Ophthalmology at the Los Angeles General Hospital, recently paid a visit to his brother, Dr. John Brownsberger. Dr. Sydney noted many changes on the place since his boyhood here, and enjoyed the renewal of old acquaintance with some of our workers.

The Service Building grows every day, under the capable construction ability of Mr. Robert McPherson. This fireproof, concrete block structure will meet large needs in our industrial work. It will contain sterilizing room for the dairy, cannery, print-shop, bakery, cold storage, and store rooms.

The close of school found our teachers scattered in many directions. Miss Wava Rogers, our piano teacher, is spending her vacation at Orlando, Florida. Miss Ambs has gone with her parents to California for the summer. Miss Helen Campbell, who teaches the first six grades, is in summer school at Southern Junior College, Collegedale, Tennessee. Mr. Nestoll will be in school at Michigan State Teachers' College, at Lansing, Michigan. Miss Knowles, at Madison, Tennessee, and Mrs. Jasperson at George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tennessee.

---

As we send out this News Letter new students are arriving to take the places of those who have gone. The Juniors have taken their places as Seniors, and the others are filling in the gap. Those who have arrived are:

Blakely Collins, Ralph Davis, Cannie Ellis, Joan Fisk, Louie Gilbert, LaVern Grounds, Morris Hamby, Pauline Horton, Cora Hudson, Kate Hutchinson, Rachel Larson, Alice Miller, Catherine Miller, Wallace Miller, Ovid McPherson, William Nix, Jr., Virginia Perry, Marvin Pickens, William Philpott, Bertha Rupard, Ileta Vance, Maude Earle Vance, Robert Weagle, and Doris Wineland.