

FLETCHER NEWS LETTER

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LET US GIVE THANKS

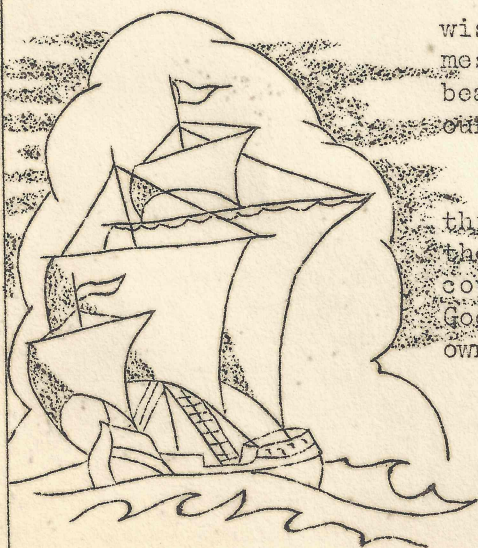
A picture of the Mayflower that came to me a few days ago made me feel the way I do this morning. The Pilgrim Fathers, landing on Plymouth Rock, faced hardships that no American today is called upon to face. With winter before them, inadequately clothed, no food stored in cellars, these hardy pilgrims built their homes in dark forests inhabited by unfriendly savages.

The hardships of that first winter are beyond our imagination. After more than half had died, the others set to work with crude implements to grow food to sustain their lives. The harvest was not just what could be called abundant, but with one accord this little company set aside a day to give thanks.

A lot of history has been made since then. The old oaken bucket is now a song. The tallow candle has given way in turn to the oil lamp and incandescent bulb. The magic voice of the world is brought into our homes by the radio. A heated car has taken the place of the ox cart. Gas ovens will bake our pumpkin pies that the Colonial women baked in Dutch ovens. America's barns and cellars are filled with food for man and beast.

But still things are not all that we could wish. Our boys are in training camps, and the message the radio brings is ugly, more often than beautiful. A shadow hangs over us, and too often our hearts are heavy.

But at that we have many blessings to count on this Thanksgiving Day. Let us compare our lot with the sturdy founders of our land that from their courage we may renew ours. Let us remember that God is still in His heaven keeping watch above His own, and for all our blessings, let us give thanks.



ASHEVILLE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL and
MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM
FLETCHER, NORTH CAROLINA

IN TRIBUTE

Yesterday a message came to us from Asheville telling us of the death of Mrs. Martha E. Rumbough after an acute illness of a few days. Mrs. Rumbough's death was of deep significance to our school family and brought sorrow to our hearts as we realized our great indebtedness to her.

Thirty-one years ago, Mrs. Rumbough, a well-known and influential Asheville woman purchased the school farm, turning it over to a board to be operated as a medical and educational institution. Since its beginning she has maintained her interest in the school and sanitarium that came into existence as a result of her gift. Failing health the past few years prevented active participation, but she was a charter member of the Board of Incorporators and served on that board as well as the Board of Directors to the end of her life.

At the chapel hour this afternoon our attention was directed to Mrs. Rumbough's life and work. Mrs. Brownsberger read a telegram which authorized the purchase of the place. It was a gift that would be greatly multiplied. Through the years there has gone a widening stream of young people from the school and of sick restored from the sanitarium.

Our hearts were full of gratitude for our beautiful school home and all it means to us as we stood in the chapel this afternoon in silent tribute to Mrs. Rumbough's memory.

THE RAMBLING REPORTER

Her classes were over for the day. The out-of-doors was most alluring. It was time for another News Letter and there was news to be gleaned. There was, moreover, a certain drawing toward Boys' Row, and the reporter started out in the direction from whence came not the voices of those that sing, nor that weep for being overcome, but of those who would dodge study period to strive for the mastery. Surely enough, there they were. The reporter appropriated the football and sent Kenneth, Gordon and Greer scurrying to the library to study period.

The mountains were a richer color than usual, deep russet and old gold, as the haze of late afternoon settled over them. Yellow chrysanthemums were still blooming in the yard where Mrs. Franklin planned the flowers and tiny vegetable garden she will have next spring.

A truck-load of corn passed coming up from the field. By the time the reporter reached the barn, Herndon was husking corn, and the fodder was being cut. Corncribs are already well-filled, and there is a barrel full of golden ears piled up over at the mill to be ground into corn meal. Then John will make delicious corn bread for dinner. Make plenty of it, John!

The cows had just been milked, and turned out in the lot they were contentedly chewing their cuds. Mr. Wheeler told with pride of the sixteen young heifers that will gradually expand our dairy herd. The best record at present is 430 pounds of butter fat since February. The herd sire is an animal of Biltmore Farms stock, with a distinguished pedigree.

Leaving the barns the news-gatherer went back up past the cabins to a fresh batch of miscreants who are of the opinion that it pays to try. Then she had two footballs! As she rambled along over to the boiler house, Ed Watkins was firing. Ed went to school here twenty years ago. Now he has a daughter who is a junior in the high school. They were installing a new stoker at the boiler house.

Delectable odors beckoned to the sanitarium kitchen where Mrs. Patterson and the girls were getting supper while Charles painted diligently in the dining room.

Out on the sanitarium campus Brother Mocker was raking dead leaves. She'd stop and see what was on his mind--Hitler, Mussolini, and strikers.

One more place looked interesting. Men were working on the old laundry building that once again is being remodelled, this time to provide a commodious room for the sewing department and a new, private washroom for those who care to do their own laundry work. That building has seen a lot of our institutional life. First it was the business office and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray and "Deedio." The newly-arrived Marquis family lived there a number of years until they moved to their new home. For them the first addition, a sleeping porch, was built. Downstairs there was the dairy room, where the separator used to stand, and the small room originally used by the laundry before that department spread out and took the whole building, and called for the second addition. The laundry, in our pioneer days, served a double purpose. When the washing was all done and the day's work finished, then would the boys repair to it for their baths. Eschewing the old tin tub, of which poets have sung, they filled to the brim the large wooden barrel provided for heating water, turned on the steam to heat it to their liking, and plunged in to their necks. The arrangements were convenient and thoroughly satisfactory to the boys. Yes, that building has seen a lot.

By that time the supper bell had rung. A peek into the dining room rewarded one by the sight of the happiest crowd of young people to be seen anywhere. They enjoy the supper the best of any meal. Is it that the toil of the day is done? Or may it be the limited number of oldsters to restrain excessive merriment?

This was Tuesday night, the high night of the week as any ex-student would know, and the reporter well understood the contented murmur that reached her ear. Now to the reader who lives above the line "grits and gravy" may mean nothing. But the southern born will probably hang his harp upon the willows and weep from nostalgia as he calls to mind this Southern dish, served each Tuesday night for supper in the school of his youth.

Leaving the younglings to their "second orders" of grits and gravy, the reporter weary from her ramble, climbed the hill to home, triumphantly bearing two confiscated footballs. We'll see about those boys!

A HIKE

I was up under the Big House! You may wonder what I, a boy, would be doing under the girls' home at three thirty in the afternoon. Well, I was working, packing a leaky steam valve. I was wondering what would be the best way to do this without burning my fingers when my thoughts were interrupted by my brother. He was excitedly trying to tell me that everyone was going on a hike. I was working, but it didn't take me long to be doing something else, for I'm not going to be left out of anything that has a good time in it!

We started off up the mountains without any idea whatever as to where we were going, but we cheerfully followed, not caring too much. It soon became evident to all that we were, in a round-about way, headed for Couch Mountain. Couch Mountain has seen many such happy occasions. It has become a part of our school. Whenever I think of Fletcher I instantly think of Couch Mountain. No wonder, it has been the first thing to greet my sight for the last three years.

After much toiling, and puffing by some, we reached the top, tired and hungry. The few scattered apples and persimmons only whetted our appetites. But it was well worth the work, (no, not work--fun) that was put forth. We could see in all directions, Hendersonville, Balfour, Fletcher, valleys, etc. It was indeed beautiful.

But we couldn't stay on top always. For one thing, it was a little chilly, and then, we had to get back, so again we took our places in the long line of students straggling home.

We got here just as dusk was falling, and the stars were beginning to twinkle. The supper we had that night topped everything off. It was nothing special, but it was so good and we were so tired.

Sanford Graves

AN EVENING OF MUSIC

Our school and its friends were given a real musical treat Saturday evening, November 22nd, when Mrs. Goodge of Madison College, Tennessee, and Mr. and Mrs. Leland Straw of Knoxville, Tennessee, were presented in a joint voice and two-piano concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Straw opened the program by playing Grieg's arrangement of a Mozart sonata. In the second number we were introduced to Mr. Straw's First Concerto in C minor. Assisted by his wife, he played the first movement, which he confessed was as far as he had gotten. Their second group of piano numbers included Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu in C \sharp Minor", the "Gondoleir Song", by Nevin and the beautiful McDowell composition "To a Wild Rose".

Mrs. Goodge sang as her first number, "Knowest Thou Yonder Land?" from Mignon. From the first notes of her second group, Mrs. Goodge won her audience wholeheartedly by her rendition "Rain at Night", "Jane's Big Umbrella", and the sad little song about the lickin's we get for the things we never do. These numbers especially charmed the group of small boys who attentively listened from the front seats. "Dawn" closed this group.

Mr. and Mrs. Straw returned to the two pianos playing this time "Sweet Rosemary" by Kreisler, an original Straw arrangement of "Old Black Joe", "Waves at Play", and the ever-popular "Donkey Serenade".

In her third group of songs we heard Mrs. Goodge sing "American Lullaby", (the modern mother's version) "The Little French Clock", the highly colorful "Courtin' Liza Jane" and the fable of the "Two Magicians". As an encore Mrs. Goodge sang "Grandma" which deplored the fact that grandmothers are going modern too, these days. With Mrs. Straw at the piano, Mrs. Goodge and Mr. Straw sang two pleasing duets.

As a finale to the evening Mr. and Mrs. Straw played Strauss's over popular "Blue Danube Waltz" arranged by Abram Chausins. Every minute was enjoyable and we hope they'll play and sing for us again soon.

THE JUNIOR NEWS LETTER

This week a new-comer appeared on our campus, bearing the name of the Junior News Letter, a publication of the seventh and eighth grades. The little sheet is attractive; moreover, it is good reading.

Looking through its pages we learn a number of things about the interesting activities of these children and their wide-awake young teacher, Miss Minnie Belle Sype; of their study of Indian life in early America, the Indian village they have made, their field trip to the Cherokee reservation a hundred miles away. They also visited the government Fish Hatchery on the trip.

The children have organized a Book Club, the objective of which is to stimulate an interest in reading. At the club meeting book reports are given.

The News Letter welcomes this new little publication, the more, perhaps, because it seems to have been named for us, and we extend our congratulations to the editorial staff made up as follows:

Editor-	Alfred Jorgenson	Reporters:	Edna Watkins
Assistant Editor-	Phyllis Boggs		Velma Prusia
Art Editor-	Elizabeth Acker		Buddy Watkins
Business Manager-	Wallace Carey		Albert Maxwell

THE NURSES ENTERTAIN

On Sunday night, November 16, the nurses delightfully entertained us. The two and one half hours were packed with fun for all those seeking an evening of wholesome entertainment. At eight o'clock we assembled at the nurses' new dormitory and were welcomed by a very attractive reception committee who pinned a welcome tag on each person. After being served punch and cookies, we were taken on a tour of the building. The beautiful rooms with their natural hardwood trim were very attractive. The neatness of the rooms and the orderly appearance of everything proved that the girls are worthy of such a nice home.

Leaving the nurses' dormitory at nine o'clock, we went to the chapel where the girls portrayed a day in the life of a student nurse. The program was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We thank you, nurses, for such a swell evening's entertainment. We liked it.

McKinley Cheshire, Jr.

FUTURE TEACHERS ORGANIZE

The Lida Funk Scott Club of Future Teachers of America has re-organized with ten members for the third year of its history. Paul Pusey was elected president; Genella Lowder, vice president, Lola Mae Butler, Secretary, and Sanford Graves, parliamentarian.

At the first meeting we discussed the value to students of the guidance offered by the club, and made plans for some activities for the year.

We are very happy to read in the Southland Scroll that Maizie Franz, Elouise Wynn, and Pat Murphy are president, vice president, and pianist of the college club of F.T.A. All three were members of our high school club two years ago.

One of our members of the present year, Genella Lowder, has already had some experience, substituting for Miss Sype for two days.

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

On November third we had a special treat. Elder Albert Nelson, a returned missionary from India, gave us some splendid thoughts on the requirements of a good missionary. Dr. Hare Eklund sang three beautiful numbers for us.

November fourth, missionaries from South America spoke. We are especially interested in South America at this time.

November fifth Mr. Lewis told us of his interesting trip. I'm sure we would like to try a corn-husking race. But on this day, too, we had another treat. The Boys' Glee Club sang for us. They really did well too. I'm sure they have been working hard.

November twelfth Miss Spicer gave us some needed advice on our manners. If we follow her suggestions I believe we will know how to conduct ourselves on any occasion.

November seventeenth was quite an unusual program. Ten of the American government students talked on the ten points outlined in the American Observer for Education Week.

Genella Lowder

NEWS ITEMS

John Hines spent last week-end at his home in Wilmington.

Little Gary Pearson got his foot caught in the fence of his play pen. Did he cry and fret? No, he only went to sleep. Maybe some of our difficulties are sent to give us a little resting spell.

We are always glad to know our old students like to return home again. John Black recently spent a few hours with us. Also Kate Hutchinson-Crowder was with us a few days before and after State Board.

Mr. A. A. Jasperson, Mr. Fred Sego, Mrs. C. G. Marquis, Mrs. R. J. Smith, and Misses Addie Mavie, Allen and Minita Belle Sype recently attended the Southern Rural Workers' Convention at Madison College, Madison, Tennessee.

"The Adventures of Chico" were shown to us in the chapel November eighth. We surely are proud of our projector and sound equipment.

Mrs. A. M. Graham, wife of the Business Manager of the South Carolina State College for Women, at Rock Hill, visited her niece, Mrs. Odille Livingston, and brought Mrs. Livingston's daughter, Iris.

Mrs. Edward F. Jensen of Merriman, Nebraska, has been a guest on our campus for the past two weeks. Mrs. Jensen is a sister of Mr. Jasperson. Her daughter, Mable, is a senior in our high school.

Mrs. Jasperson left the campus this morning to attend the National Council of Teachers of English in Atlanta.

A party of friends from Madison College visited us the past week, Dr. E. A. Sutherland, Mrs. Lida F. Scott, Dr. Frances Dittes, Mrs. Banta and Mrs. Sears.

Word has been received from our first draftee, Glen Nestell, stationed at Fort Sill, Texas, that he is getting on well in the army.

Professor Nestell attended the Southern Conference on Audio-Visual Education in Atlanta the 13th and 14th of the month.

Dr. Brownsberger and his family had as their guest the first of the month, the doctor's brother, Dr. Sidney Brownsberger, from the College of Medical Evangelists in California. He came and went by plane, from our own airport here at Fletcher.

Mrs. A. E. Witt is spending the winter nursing at Winter Park, Florida.

Mr. T. C. Lowder is attending a meeting of the Tennessee Horticultural Society at Jackson.

Miss Maude Morrow is in the hospital recovering from surgery.

Mr. Maurice Witt, son of Mrs. A. E. Witt, has recently had an operation in our sanitarium.