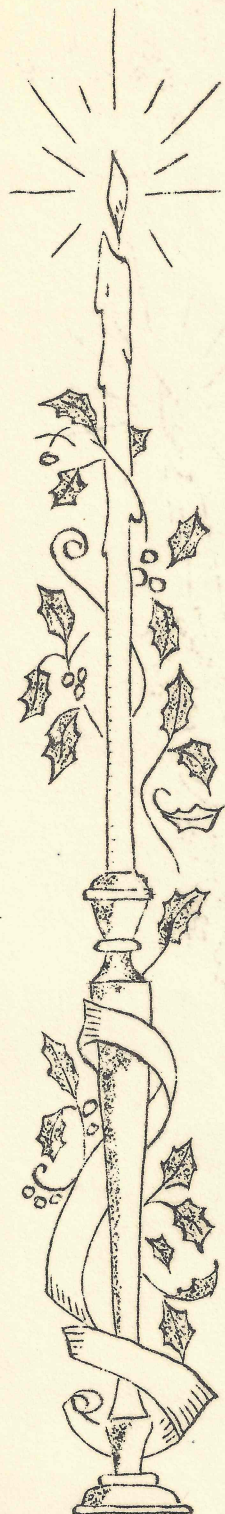
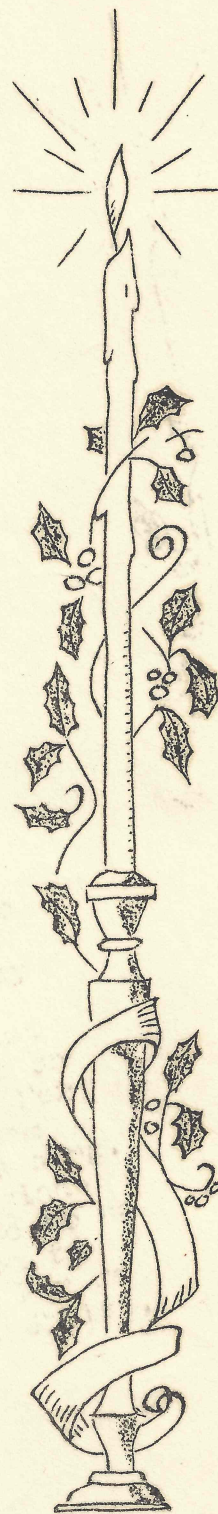


FLETCHER NEWS LETTER



Our Father, we thank Thee for the return of the season when angels are near and when kindness and worship beat warm in our hearts. We are filled with tender memories, lovely dreams, deep satisfactions, and wistful longings. We thank Thee for the love, the music, the message, the fellowship, and the radiancy of these days. Grant us to know afresh the presence of the blessed Master and may His life flow into our hearts, His kindness be in our tongues, His beauty shine from our characters and the glory of His works be manifest in our deeds. And, Holy Father, grant that those out in life shelterless and friendless may find the way, if not into the dwellings of the great, into the lowly places where Thy people may find Thee. Bless all mothers, and little children, and homeless wanderers, and hungry wayfarers on the long, long trail of life. For us all may the Star of Bethlehem shine again and may the angels sing. Grant to little children the gladness of the Christmas joy, and to us all, dear Father, the old, sweet, wonderful Christmas spirit. For we seek it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



THANKSGIVING DAY

The dawn of another Thanksgiving day greeted a happy family of students, and workers, protected and blessed by the outstretched hand of an Almighty God and Father. The day was a perfectly lovely one which added to the happiness and thankfulness of every person within the realm of our institution.

The forenoon passed rapidly because every member of this family was busy. At noon the faithful old bell rang out its call to a most delicious and attractive dinner. The old spinning wheel at the dining room door where little Miss Lois, in somber, floor-length dress with white cap, kerchief and apron handed us menus, the decorations within, the Puritan matron who was the hostess, the waiters in colonial costume, all served to carry us back into the far-away and long ago.

Recreation for the afternoon was a delightful hike over the hills and valleys surrounding our school and sanitarium. After several hours of hard climbing, the two groups met and stopped on their homeward journey at White Oak Park for a marshmallow roast and good time around the bonfire, glowing steadily into the sky above.

After supper a busy group met for last minute instructions and prepared themselves for the evening program. The scene throughout the program was the gathering of several "olderly" people of an Old Folks Home. These old people were entertained this Thanksgiving Day by members of a little country school under the direction of their teacher, Mr. McKinley Cheshire. There were poems, songs and readings. Old "Grandpa Graves", who Miss Beck found it hard to keep in order, seemed to enjoy the pieces rendered immensely, as did also "Uncle Charlie" and the old ladies. To close the program Miss Rottmiller gave an interesting and touching reading on a Thanksgiving Party.

I am sure that every member of our school family retired with a song of praise in his heart and a prayer of thanksgiving to God for a free and peaceful country, a home, and all the blessings another Thanksgiving brought.

Helen Self

STATE BOARD HONORS

It is with gratitude we report that two of the members of the 1941 graduating class won first and second places in the State Board examinations held in Raleigh in October. The Sunday of December 15th, papers throughout the state carried the report of Miss Bessie M. Chapman, Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Nurse Examiners. From this newspaper notice we were delighted to learn that Miss Carol Adole Rottmiller of Chattanooga, Tennessee, carried the highest honors in the state, ranking first. Then followed the name of Miss Florence V. Hansen, of Washington, D.C., who won second place. Three hundred and forty-six of the four hundred and one who wrote the examination were successful in passing. Others of our graduating class who passed the examinations and thereby became licensed to practice as registered nurses are: Misses LaVorne Akers, Katherine Miller, Lillian Pratt, Cathoring Scroggins, Mary Scruggs, and Mrs. Vivian Karolyi.

TWO FINE DEMONSTRATIONS

Many good things come our way and December 16th and 17th brought us two treats in succession.

Tuesday evening, Mrs. L. E. Jarrett of the Knoll o' Oaks Gardens was our guest. Before an appreciative audience she demonstrated several ways of using our native evergreens in decorating for Christmas. Her rough bark candle holders were one suggestion and the table decorations built on a foundation of moss placed in a dish or bowl was another simple but effective suggestion.

The day following, Miss Dicks, County Home Demonstration Agent for Henderson County, gave a helpful demonstration of Christmas candy making in the Sanitarium kitchen. The Santa Claus made of a big red apple and large marshmallows for arms, legs, head, hat, and whiskers, was colorful and pleasing. She showed also many simply-made gift suggestions which were inexpensive but useful and attractive. We were glad to have this visit from Miss Dicks and hope she will come again.

D.V.B.

WEEK OF PRAYER

We feel that we were greatly privileged in having Elder R. G. Strickland, General Conference Home Missionary Secretary, with us during the Week of Prayer. Beginning with the vesper service December 5th, Elder Strickland brought many strong and colorful lessons to the students and workers. Elder Strickland led us step by step, closer to the life of surrender and service which is the Christ life, using as our theme song the much-loved refrain, "Into my heart, Into my heart, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus, Come in today, Come in to stay, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus."

Each evening, at the close of the service, student prayer bands met where many victories were won. Truly it was a season of refreshing to which we ever look forward.

D.V.B.

A DAY IN THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

Sometimes one wonders just how we keep busy in the sewing department. To experience a day of such work will explain the whole story.

When the bell rings at seven o'clock in the morning, it means that another day of mending, cutting out dresses, fitting uniforms, and various other things is awaiting us.

A little bit of housecleaning goes along with the sewing. The floor has to be swept, for there are just plenty of pins to be picked up--no waste, you know--the tables dusted, the sewing machines dusted and oiled; thus we begin our day's work.

From the laundry has been brought two large baskets stocked with sheets, surgical gowns, doctors' coats, and serving aprons to be mended. The surgical supplies are often needed before we have time to finish them, so as quickly as possible they are mended and sent back to the laundry to be delivered to the hospital from there.

There is Miss Knowlos's dress to finish this morning, as she is leaving for a vacation and would like very much to have it. She says that the girls can wear their dresses eighteen inches from the floor, but she must still have hers eleven inches, and eleven we make it.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

We students at Fletcher are very fortunate indeed. We have a large, well-educated faculty, as a whole the best possible anywhere. Let's look at them from a student's point of view.

Our principal is a typical Southern lady who came from the North years ago. She has become more Southern than most Southerners, and her love for the North Carolina hills knows no bounds. She is turning gray, probably from worry, but she is still young in her ideas. I'm sure she could never be happy without some of us young-uns to whom she could teach "a mite of larnin'". It's the joy of her life, and really she does a good job of it.

You all know that gentleman who can make figures talk. More than once you would hear, if you chanced to be around our campus, "If Professor Nestell can't teach you geometry, you'll never learn it." The same might be said of some other subjects. To me he has been an inspiration. Go to him with a problem and somehow he will help you with it, if only to have a friendly chat with you.

"Now boys, we must be quiet," is a familiar remark in study period in the evening. Mr. Franklin, our new dean, has had his troubles getting a gang of rough boys under control. But we're doing better and hope he will succeed in his hard job of keeping us in order.

Parlez-vous francais? Well, let's stop in and visit French class. Our teacher is fresh from college, but you would think she was a veteran the way she makes us boys behave. She is not so big in stature, but she is large in determination. We are going to call the subject, "French made plain", for that's the way Miss Spicer teaches it.

Let's step into the science room and meet that short, quiet, but oh, so learned man, Professor Jorgenson. What he doesn't know about science! He is quiet and reserved and in class he wants you to be the same way.

Another who works, for it is work, in the science room, is Mrs. Wheeler, our biology teacher. She informs us that her subject is about insects, not bugs. She too, is quiet and reserved, but she knows all about birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects. Incidentally, if you ever get sick she'll prove her worth by making you very comfortable, or, at least, as comfortable as a sick person can be.

If you go up around the music studio certain times of the day, you'll hear strange music. It will be that rapid peck, peck, clatter, bang. Don't think someone has wrecked the piano, for it's just the typing class learning how to do more than hunt and peck. The dean of women has her typing class room there. Miss Beck, beside classes, has to be a mother to the girls although she looks more like one of them instead of really their dean.

On Music Assembly day, boys' and girls' Glee Clubs, and all the musical programs, we meet the music teacher. She is so well versed in music that it comes out in beautiful singing and, still better, if possible, piano playing. Mrs. Boggs is a friend to all, especially if you are arranging a program. She'll do all she can to help make it a success. We found that out last year when we were Juniors and had to put on the Junior-Senior banquet.

Last, but not least, we come to the English teacher, Miss Strickland. She too, is fresh from college. She already has those classes of hers hard at study. Although she is a New-Englander, she seems already to feel at home in Dixie.

Charles Mattingly

"Miss Beck said we have to have our dresses below our knees and these three of mine are too short," comes a voice from the door. "Will you please let the hems out for me? Make this one as long as the hem will allow, because I don't want any more fines."

Here comes an order for six doctors' coats from the medical office; they would like them as quickly as possible. Wondering why they have waited until they were in desperate need of them, we hurriedly send for a pattern and fill the order.

All at once it dawns upon us that it is the last of the month and the charges have to be made out and sent to the business office. Hoping that we aren't too often disturbed, we fill out the charge sheets so they will be ready when called for.

A rumble and clatter of voices, and five husky boys come dashing through the door. "I got here first! Will you fix mine first?" "I need mine before he does!" "These pants need new pockets." "This pair needs to be taken up an inch in length." "I tore these at recreation; could you mend them so they wouldn't be noticed?" And soon they are gone on their way again.

The girls will be needing these coats before very long, and the number seems to be increasing every day. The coats have to come up in length as the dresses come down. Which one was brought first? Well, they all have to be done, and there's no time to waste debating over this matter.

And so we work until another busy morning has passed. The bell tells us it is time for dinner. Thus we end one more morning of the work that we love in the sewing department.

Anne Hutchinson

THE REPORTER GOES TO A PARTY

"Come down at eight o'clock and spend the evening with the boys at our home." The reporter's ears were quick to hear, and eight o'clock found her tagging along after the boys who, just released from Glee Club, were running madly as if fearful that the door might be closed on them.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin was a pleasant place for a group of boys to spend an evening, kind of an oasis in the desert of school life. The Christmas tree in the corner and other decorations provided a note of cheer. Mrs. Franklin's punch and cookies were so good. Floyd and Billy Pichler, on their way home from Berrien Springs to Savannah, breezed in to greet us all. We played games, listened to a radio program, and then to a program of our own by Otis with his guitar, Wallace with the harmonica, and Charles with his spoons. The boys played several numbers, McKinley Cheshire played a Christmas Carol on his cornet, and Ralph finished with his electric guitar. We all said "good night" to one another and went home from a very pleasant evening.

GRADE SCHOOL INSPECTED

Last Monday brought Professor A. D. Kaolin from Charlotte to inspect our grade school. Buildings and grounds, playground, heat, light, ventilation, water supply, seating, blackboard, teaching equipment, library, program, and teacher training were among the many items checked. We were indeed happy to have both rooms check up as Model Schools.

Both rooms were attractively decorated for Christmas. The children's art work was good. There was a page on the bulletin board of prints by the masters. We were pleased with the shield and flags in Miss Vance's room which the children earned by selling flag pins. The Book Club seems to be flourishing. Eugene Jorgenson and Tommy Twombly have each read eleven books, a fine record for the boys.

THE NURSES' HOME

It is always a pleasure for members of a family to fix up a home- and this month it was a new rug for the Nurses' Parlor - a lovely one, blue with a loaf design, a rug which harmonizes with the gold drapes and other simple but attractive furnishings.

The rug was largely the result of a brief but successful campaign to raise money for the rug on the part of student nurses. Friends contributed generously and we wish here to express our appreciation to those who gave as well as those who were active in solicitation - and we thank you --Come and see us!!

E.B.

CAMPUS NEWS

A number of items of new equipment have been added to the industrial departments during the past few weeks. Over at the Big House Mrs. Smith is happy over the new Majestic Range which makes it much easier to prepare food for our large school family. There is also a new electric whip. The bakery has added what looks like an enormous electric bread mixer. The sanitarium has a new vegetable peeler.

The school library has added a number of very fine new books. A 1942 edition of The World Book Encyclopedia has the place of honor. The Junior and Senior Reading Course books for this year have been added. From our good friends Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Davis, of Edneyville, came a gift that made us very happy, the beautiful new edition of Audubon's "Birds of America", and two handsome volumes on wild flowers.

We regret very much the destruction by fire last Friday of the little cottage on the Ray property adjoining the school place, in which Mr. and Mrs. Twombly and Tommy lived. As the fire occurred while they were away, nothing was saved.

We are happy to see Robert Marquis on the campus again, home for the holidays from Knoxville, Tennessee.

Elder and Mrs. C. F. Graves spent Sunday night with us, visiting their sons Sanford and Otis.

Mrs. Boggs and Mrs. Jaspersen attended the Secondary Teachers' Institute at Collogedale the first of the month.

We are always glad to see Mr. Harold May who dropped in again on Sabbath for a week-end visit. Mr. May is employed by the General Electric X-Ray Corporation with headquarters at Charlotte, N.C.

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To all our readers, widely-scattered friends, our students and their friends, our sanitarium guests, our campus family, the News Letter wishes a pleasant holiday season with every blessing for the New Year