



# FLETCHER NEWS LETTER

"LEST WE FORGET"

About 167 years ago our forefathers were straining under the yoke of the British Empire. They were forced to pay heavy taxes, and there was a high tariff on commodities brought into the country. In 1776 they declared themselves independent.

Thus began the Revolutionary War. Humanly speaking it would have been impossible to win that war, but we are not the only force in this world. There is a God in heaven who watches over the affairs of this world. There is a God who lets whom He will have rule. And it was only through His providence that we, only thirteen small colonies who had had no military training, were able to win our independence from the mightiest nation then ruling on earth. He watched over the struggles of an infant nation. He preserved us through a civil war, a world war, and several other struggles which have brought us to the place in which we now stand, the leading country in a troubled world, holding the keys to its fate.

Doubtless we realize this, and it is human nature to want all the credit and honor we can possibly get. Never was "an humble and a contrite heart" more appropriate than at the present.

We have seen the fate of some nations in our day who have forgotten God. The Bible and profane history are filled with accounts of such nations. History tells us that it was because of a demoralized people that Rome, the mightiest empire this world has ever seen or ever will see, fell apart never again to be rebuilt.

In these times, when the world is ringing with the praises of the United States of America let us look to God with humble, contrite hearts, lest we too forget.

--Lloyd Woolsey  
-A Junior



WE WENT AND SAW

The long looked-for morning arrived. For six weeks the Junior nurses in our class on Problems of The Rural South had studied how Mrs. John C. Campbell started the folks out near Brasstown to whittling out something real instead of just making common shavings on the floor of the country store, where they leisurely whittled and settled the fate of the nation. When we were shown a piece of hand-made pottery, we decided that we would have to see for ourselves before we could believe that such a beautiful article could be produced by just the touch of a hand. We studied how the students of Berea weave and knit their way through school, and that right in our own back door were made the beautiful silver pins we saw on display in the expensive gift shops in town. We would go for ourselves and see things done.

To greet us on this morning of all mornings was a flat tire. This is a problem not only of the rural South but of the entire country. However, it failed to discourage us, and we are soon on our way.

Our first stop was to see some pewter work that the Morgans had made at Arden. We enjoyed the beautiful designs and regret that due to the war this work will have to be discontinued as they are unable to secure materials.

We then stopped to see Mr. Heilig, who was making silver pins. He learned this work through the occupational therapy department of a sanatorium in which he was a patient. It has proved to be a joy as well as a financial help. How we longed, as all loyal Americans do, to wear one of the beautiful Victory pins. I'm sure no one would count it amiss, in peace or war, to wear a silver dogwood pin. We can say we wore one on the lapel of our coat even if only for a few minutes.

Our next stop took us to the Pisgah pottery. We are still amazed at the sight we saw there. How one could take a shapeless lump of clay and turn out the lovely vases that were on display, was quite a mystery. Even when we saw it done we were sure that one must have a magic touch to do it. But the young man told us he had been learning for only three years, and he looked to be quite a professional potter. When the vases are put in the furnace to bake they are painted with a colorless liquid. The chemical action of the fire and liquid gives the color. This also makes a finish resembling glass. It was very interesting indeed.

No trip would be complete without food so we stopped at Bent Creek where we have had so many good times, to eat our lunch. Becky learned that to be a loyal citizen one must eat the crust of the bread even if one didn't think it had enough spread on it.

We then went to the Allanstand in Asheville. It is a sales center for all the handicrafts of the mountains. If you want to buy a really lovely gift, the Allanstand has it. Here we found beautiful woven pieces, wood carving, lovely pewter and copper pieces, and almost anything along the handicraft line.

From there we went to the Biltmore Industries, which is the largest hand-weaving establishment in the world. Here we saw the wool from the time it is taken from the sheep until it is made into the lovely coat our gracious young guide wore. All through the buildings there are printed proverbs on the walls. One which was very outstanding was, "Doing a common thing uncommonly well often brings success."

From there we visited the Asheville Farm School for boys. We learned that where there is a will there is a way. These are boys with real determination to



accomplish something. We only wish there were more schools for our rural young people.

When the day was over, we felt that we had had not only a glimpse of the rural South, but a very pleasing glimpse. We had a new appreciation of our mountain handicrafts the sale of which brings a great deal of money to the mountains each year. When we see something which says, "Made by Hand", we know that no one else would be able to copy it exactly. We know someone put his heart into it and that he received pleasure in doing it. It puts something into people to see the accomplishments of their own hands more than all the "book learnin'" we can give them.

Do not confuse this with the so-called "tourist trade". We might be able to buy several trinkets. We could buy only one piece of handicrafts, but we know that into this one piece of wood has gone the satisfaction and joy of knowing that it was an individual piece of work and a part of the designer himself was in it.

One writer has said in speaking of handicrafts, "Its fate rests in our hands. It is a tradition which the world respects, and a hunger which it does not outgrow is in our keeping."

Gladys Rupard

#### GIRLS' RECEPTION

I might say as a few words of introduction that the matter of when the girls' reception was going to be had been the concern of many sessions in which the young men sometimes indulge. Finally the day of March ninth arrived when a poem was read in chapel asking all the young men to be present in the chapel the following night. This was received with some hesitancy because the intelligence service had brought us the report that the fairer sex had not raised any money for a reception. Nevertheless the following evening found all of us living up to our reputation of being good suckers, waiting for the reception. The real reception was announced for the next Sunday night.

I will have to give someone else the privilege of telling how the evening was started. It has almost become a custom to start late, but this year the girls started on time. It caught most of the brothers by surprise and so we were a few minutes late.

The stage was very beautifully decorated with flowers and greens. The idea was of imitating a Southern country garden. It certainly did this very beautifully and effectively.

The program was made up of scenes and music as they might have been in a Southern home before the war. To top it all off, the girls' little puppy strayed into the scene and refused to leave.

It certainly would be a mistake to leave out one of the most important things of the reception, and that was the refreshments. They were really good.

It was a beautiful arrangement the girls had from the announcement to the end. Thanks a lot, ladies.

David Jasperson



## WITH OUR BOYS

A letter from Glenn Nestell who went into military service last June would be interesting to his many school friends. Glenn has been stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma where he has been given training in technician's work. At present he is at Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver for three months of X-ray work.

"The last three weeks I've studied so hard that I can see X-ray machines and diagrams in my sleep. I never have studied so hard in all my life. They don't make us study hard. It's up to us. . . . I took an exam today and passed with a B. I'm going to try to make an A next time." Good work, Glenn, we're proud of you.

## THE SPRING WEEK OF PRAYER

Speaking of Jesus as the central theme of every Christian life, Professor R. H. Libby, Educational and Young People's Missionary Volunteer Secretary for the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, opened our Spring Week of Prayer.

To be like Jesus, we should first have the desire to see Him. This is followed by a reaching out for Jesus through the prayer channel. Perhaps we do not know how to pray, and if so we must learn the prayer life. When a young person really grasps the hand of his Saviour, he finds out how cheap and useless are the amusements of this world and whole heartedly dedicates and consecrates his energies and talents to the service of the King.

Thus step by step Professor Libby led us closer to the Ideal for us all. Especially enjoyable were the series of choruses we learned to sing preceding each meeting. Not only was it a preaching, story-telling Week of Prayer, but it was a singing Week of Prayer as well, and we liked it.

Professor Libby made many warm friends while on our campus and to him we extend our sincere thanks for his splendid service and say, "Come again!"

Dorothy Boggs

## THOUGHTS ON PERMITS

(Permits to re-enter class are required  
of students who have been absent. )

Permits are foul things to have around. It's rougher though, not to have them around when you need one.

I don't know how many I've bought. I wouldn't even want to venture a guess, but the first one was long, long ago.

Every day before school, it seems that the one thing that leads the conversation is permits. "I have to get a permit."

"Do you?"

"What about so and so?"

Usually the person making the inquiry already knows, but it makes good talking. On the door of the dining room there is a small sign every day. It tells who has need of one of the objects under discussion, and as everyone enters he pauses and anxiously scans the sheet. If his name is there, he immediately sets up a howl that it shouldn't be, and if it isn't he tells how he pulled one over.



There are tricks to all trades including permits, but I am not in a position to reveal them.

I remember one day that no one could be tricked into buying a permit. It surely was a great day. I think the war must have stopped for one hour.

I think we could win the war by July if we didn't have to buy permits. It would surely stop a big waste of ink, that could be used by the army, and paper that could be used for world peace treaties. I have an idea to propose. Why not buy defense stamps instead of permits? Everyone would be better off.

S.L.G.

#### JUNIORS ORGANIZE

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried a Junior as she came into the English literature room Monday, "My name's on the list!"

"What list?" chorused the group of girls who were taking a last look at their lesson.

"The Junior list," she replied, only to be hastily pushed into a chair as the girls ran out of the room to see if they were Juniors too. After chapel we organized. Otis Graves, our president, is finishing his second year here at Fletcher. Barbara Brownberger, vice-president, has lived on the campus most of her life. Our treasurer, Charles Casteen, has been here only this year, also Gertrude Philpott, who is our secretary. We are proud of our Junior class and plan to come back next year to graduate.

Lyle Marie Wallace

#### MEDICAL CADET CORPS

Beginning Monday evening, May 25th, and lasting over until the evening of June 8th, a Medical Cadet Corps training course will be offered at the Asheville Agricultural School. This time will provide for the full two weeks of intensive training outlined and approved by the Medical Cadet Corps Council of the General Conference. This course will be open to all Christian young men of good character who earnestly wish to prepare themselves for the service they may be called upon to render their country. Especially is the course for the young man who has reached, or is approaching, the selective service age. The minimum age is sixteen years. In fact, any young man sixteen or more years of age who has not had the benefit of Medical Cadet Corps training should consider the opportunity seriously.

Arrangements are already under way to provide proper leadership and equipment to make this a real training camp. The cost will be \$25.00. This will include board, served on the American plan, barracks room, books, uniform, and laundry. So that preparations for the camp may be full and complete it will be necessary for those in charge to have a complete list of those planning to attend not later than May 15.

Those interested or desiring further information, application blanks, etc., may obtain the same by writing to L. E. Nestell, Fletcher, North Carolina.



## BIOLOGY CLASS AT CHAPEL

Of interest, pleasure, and profit to us was the program given by the biology class in chapel Monday of this week. It centered about the thorough study of birds the class has made. The program opened with a phonograph record of their songs. Economic importance of birds, bird habits, identification of birds, migratory habits, nests and eggs of birds, our state birds, were all presented. Poems on birds were read to us. Throughout the program "Bobby", the pet canary of Mrs. Wheeler, the teacher of the class, sang as frequently and as lustily as he willed. The biology class has been making a great deal of noise in the science room the past week. Their good collection of bird houses and feeding trays explained the din. Each student has identified the forty birds necessary for a vocational honor in the progressive class work. Their bird scrap books were interesting and beautiful. To conclude the program Mrs. Wheeler went through her evening ceremony of putting Bobby to bed, Believe it or not, he kissed her good night.

## FIELD TRIP

Monday morning, April 8th, the physics class had one of the most interesting laboratory periods we have ever had. In two cars we started toward Asheville. The first stop was at the Brown Pottery Company at Skyland, North Carolina. They told us the company turned out six hundred pieces of pottery a day. The average time to mold a piece of pottery is about two minutes. The glazing and baking process takes about two days.

When we arrived in Asheville, we went to the Coca Cola Bottling Company. They showed us all through the plant and told us how they got their syrup in fifty gallon stainless steel drums right on down to the finished "coke". They didn't serve any samples to us because of the sugar shortage.

At exactly fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock we stopped inside the S and W Cafeteria to listen to Curbstone College radio broadcast. The "Professor" asked us what zoo we represented and then gave yours truly a word to spell. He happened to miss it. Then Anne took a word out of the little black bag. It was the big word- worth \$14.00 cold cash, but shucks, - she missed it! The next word was given to Barbara. She spelled it right and got a free meal at the cafeteria. After all, it was the easiest word!

From there we went to the Citizen-Times Building. This was an exceptionally interesting place. After we had seen the linotype and printing presses at work we went to the radio station which is on the third floor. This was probably the most interesting part of the building, especially the teletype machine from which a constant stream of war news was issuing. We couldn't visit the Telephone Company or the Weather Bureau, probably because of military secrets, so at 2:30 in the afternoon we came home after a very interesting and educational journey.

Kenneth Dunaway

## FIRE IN PISGAH FOREST

War in the morning headlines was displaced by the words "Flames Sweep Through Pisgah Forest". An hour later a State Forestry truck brought home a ewary, smoke-begrimed load of boys who had spent the night fighting to save the nation's forests. The presidents of the Senior and Junior classes looked as if it would take them from now until Commencement time to get ready to appear. How fortunate that Sanford got such a spiffy hair cut yesterday just in time for the fire! Mac, believe it or not, was almost too tired to talk. The boys fell to on Mrs. Smith's good breakfast, all



the more welcome because they were not required to clean up first. The boys, we know, were glad to do their part, and the ranger commended their valor. Pisgah Forest will mean something more to them forever after. They have a good story and we'll let Mac tell it.

On Tuesday evening a call for fire fighters came from the fire warden of Pisgah National Forest where fires were burning over an area of 12,000 acres of scenic beauty and game preserve. Immediately twenty-three able bodied boys and two men responded to the call. Hurriedly, we ate supper and as we finished, the truck sent by the warden to take us to the fire arrived. At 6:30 we were on our way amid the cheers of the young ladies who had gathered to see us off. We rode for about forty-five miles, made a few stops to get equipment. We rode past some small fires but did not stop; we were on our way to the largest fire and at approximately 9:30 p.m. the "Fletcher Fire Fighters" went into action. When I say action, I really mean action. Amid the smoke and falling, burning timber we worked desperately for several hours. Coughing and choking we managed to get one mountain of fire under control. But that was not all; before the night was over we conquered the flames on three mountains. The tears ran from our eyes for about three hours and then stopped, because there were no more tears. Some time in the night the bag of muffins that we took was eaten. We had about one muffin a piece. They tasted like cake to us. You can ask anyone that. On one mountain there was a ten mile wall of fire. It was our job to get this under control; this we finally did. Hanging on by roots and small branches, we slowly worked our way around the steep rocks and cliffs to the fire. Some slipped on the dangerous places but managed to get a hold before they fell off into the shadows where lurked death. Fortunately, no one was injured during the whole night's experience. Each person was armed with a rake and around the fire a path was raked about eight feet wide. In spite of this wide path the flames leaped over, and fire would spread. As daybreak came, we finished our job of getting three mountains of raging flames under control. The night was cold, very cold, but we managed to survive.

At approximately 10:00 a.m. we arrived on our campus after sixteen hours of hard work without food. My, but our campus looked good, and as we wandered into the dining room for breakfast, three and a half hours late, the best meal we've eaten since we've been here was served. Those six cups of hot chocolate, scrambled eggs, and plenty of potatoes and gravy made a fellow feel mighty good. We're proud of our food department. We didn't go to school this afternoon; they let us sleep. Tonight the fellows are resting quietly after last night's episode. I might mention here that the dean didn't have any trouble getting the fellows to bed tonight.

McKinley Cheshire, Jr.

#### CAMPUS NEWS

Dr. A. A. Pearson recently enjoyed a two-week vacation at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The doctor brought home a healthy coat of tan.

The week-end of April 3-5, Miss Florence Strickland, Marvis Adkins, Shirley Preston, and Charles Schleifer accompanied Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Blackburn and Roland to Atlanta, where they all report a very pleasant time.

Miss Audrey Anderson who has been teaching in the School of Nursing returned to the New England Sanitarium.

Mrs. H. E. Beck, mother of our dean, Miss Inez Beck, is ill in the Sanitarium. We hope she will soon be well again.

Charles Arnold and David Orr spent the week-end of the 10th and 11th at David's home in Pickens, South Carolina.



Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Smith had recently as their week-end guests their son, Chauncey Lew Smith, from Madison College, and Mr. Smith's nephew, Professor George Smith, from Pisgah Institute.

Ruth and Evelyn Peterson were very happy to have their mother, Mrs. R. G. Peterson, and their little sister, Elsie, visit them a few days.

Mrs. Harland G. Lewis visited her sister, Marvis Adkins, last week. She came up from Atlanta with Mrs. Lester Harris, who is doing special duty at the Sanitarium.

We were happy to have with us for two days this week Corporal Jack Williams of Shaw Field, Sumter, South Carolina. Jack was graduated from our high school in 1936. We are always glad to have our soldier boys come home.

Mrs. J. Van Campen and her two daughters Urill and Mary, of Candler, spent a week-end with us recently.

Mrs. J. P. Caldwell recently came from Worthington, Ohio, to join her husband, who has been here since January first. Mrs. Caldwell is a welcome addition to the sanitarium kitchen staff.

Invitations were received by a number on our campus to the marriage of Ralph Walters, (High School, class of '39) and Laverne Akers, (School of Nursing, Class of '41) at Melrose, Massachusetts, on the evening of April 8th. We are sorry that Ralph must so soon report for military service, April 24th, but our very best wishes go to these young people.

We were glad for a short visit from Private Amos Crowder and his wife, Kate Hutchinson-Crowder recently. Amos returned to Camp Lee, Virginia. Kate, who remained with her parents in the community, is now nursing a case at the sanitarium.

Our senior class surprised us when they made their first appearance in chapel by the Victory emblems that they wore. Their class colors are red, white, and blue formed into a V.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Woolgar of Takoma Park, D.C., were guests the first week in April at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lewis. Dr. Woolgar is Mrs. Lewis' brother.

Easter Sunday we enjoyed the traditional egg hunt at White Oak Park. The beautiful spring day was just right for hunting eggs among the leaves at the Park. From there we went to the ball field where teams of boys and girls played two good games of baseball.

Professor L. E. Nestell, Mrs. Brownsberger, Mrs. Sego, Miss Patterson and Mr. Hensley are taking an instructor's course in Red Cross First Aid this week in Hendersonville. A class of thirty boys is receiving the standard Red Cross Course here on our campus. A class for the girls will start next week.

Mr. Harold Bogar, who was recently injured when a tractor he was driving at Glen Alpine Rural School turned over, is a patient at the sanitarium. Mrs. Bogar, who is with him, is the sister of Miss Bessie West.

Lyle Marie Wallace accompanied her parents to visit her grandparents at Morganton April 19th. Jean Ulloth was also in the party.