

# FLETCHER LETTER

- FEBRUARY -

Will the winter never be over?  
Will the dark days never go?  
Must the buttercup and the clover  
Be always hid under the snow?

Ah! lend me your little ear, love!  
Hark! 'Tis a wonderful thing!  
The weariest month of the year, love,  
Is shortest and nearest the spring.

- THOUGHTS ON THE OLD AND NEW YEAR -

Hail 1947! A new year lies before us with new hopes, new plans, new opportunities! The old year lies behind us on the musty pages of time. When we think of the new year we usually feel that we should make resolutions. I shall not do this. Instead I shall pause for a bit to look back over the past year. In the new year, I will try to profit by its mistakes.

"I remember! I remember" the night four girls decided to go to Naples! All on our own. I won't do that again! I remember the final examinations that we all struggled through. I'll start sooner this year. And I remember the time I thought I was going for a ride in a brand new car. Oh, the mortification I suffered when it proved to be a Model A Ford.

I can never forget going to Junior Camp as a counsellor and being called "Miss McGee". I felt so grown up. And I developed a new sympathy for people who carry responsibility.



There were the first days of working in a clinical laboratory, days when I learned to run tests, helped clean up, and saw some of the drama of life that goes on behind the closed doors of the hospital. The joys and sorrows of mankind came nearer to me.

There was the thrill of having a sixteenth birthday and being a year older. And then I fell ill, and what a wonderful feeling it was when after weeks of discouragement to get up and walk out on the campus again.

Starting a new school year was an adventure, seeing the old crowd come back, and making new friends. There was the annual thrill of Christmas vacation, and warmth of the Christmas spirit.

There are more thoughts that come to me as I look back on the old year, but I shall not write them all. The old mistakes lie forgotten, I hope, by others. Their lessons lie deep in my heart, and as I turn my face toward the future, I breathe a prayer that I will do better this year than I have done in the past. And so I ring out the old and eagerly ring in the new.

---Martha Ann McGee

#### CONFERENCE SESSION IN ASHEVILLE

The Quadrennial Session of the Southern Union Conference that was held in Asheville the past week, brought to our campus many friends. It was possible for all of us to attend some of the sessions. Practically the entire institutional family spent part of last Sabbath there.

The large crowd that came in from many churches throughout this section of the state made imperative the transfer from the Central Methodist Church, which had been graciously opened to us for the regular sessions, to the City Auditorium, where it was estimated fifteen hundred gathered Sabbath morning. The well-planned program for the day was a credit to the officers of the Southern Union. From the Sabbath School hour on through the whole day was a rich experience. We all enjoyed the music given by the Collegedale A Capella Choir and the group from our colored college in Alabama. Along with good speakers, and excellent music, there was the pleasure of meeting many old friends among the workers gathered from the seven Southeastern states.

Out here on the edges we were able to enjoy some of the nice things the conference brought to our section. On Friday evening the Vesper Service was conducted by five young men from Collegedale. Otis Graves, our own graduate in 1943, now in the senior year of the ministerial course, was introduced by Prof. Nestell. He presided over the service, introducing his three friends, Paul Haynes, Garland Peterson, and Wendell Coble all members of the Sylvanaires Quartet. The boys each gave short talks and together sang for us six numbers. We all enjoyed the service greatly.

Another evening Elder F. B. Jensen, teacher of Bible and homiletics at Collegedale, and Professor H. A. Miller of the Department of Music were with us for the Chapel hour, and we all enjoyed that occasion too.

Among other students who dropped in during the week were Dorothy Jean Graves of Collegedale, and Mr. and Mrs. Alva Karolyi. Mrs. Karolyi was graduated from



our School of Nursing in 1941. Mr. Karolyi while his wife was in training attended our high school. He has since been graduated from Walla Walla College and is serving his ministerial internship at Somerset, Kentucky. It was nice to see them again.

### ALL IN A NIGHT

11:00 P.M. A cold night. A hospital with thirty patients in clean white beds. How peaceful it is and what a wonderfully calm atmosphere the long halls wear at night in the semi-darkness. If you peeked into some of the rooms, they might relate a different story. I've often wondered if walls, especially hospital walls, could suddenly become alive and talk, what tales they could tell of suffering, of heartbreak, or joy over a brand new baby. Many mixed emotions, long sleepless nights, long anxious hours of suffering. Oh! how many tales they could tell.

Come with me in your imagination for a night's duty, but don't get too sleepy now. About four o'clock you might begin to nod, but not if we have a night like most nights.

Who is that calling out into the still night? Mrs. Abbott, our centenarian patient, and I might add, a prize one too. A wonderful and brilliant woman she is. Listen! What is that she is reciting now. "The day is cold and dark and dreary." "Listen, my children, and you shall hear." "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day". Her eyes are just shining, and we know she is living again those days when she taught at Rollins or Harvard, or in other great schools. Yes, she lives in the past, a long, long past. And we all love her dearly.

It looks as if we might have an addition to our hospital population. Yes, I'm sure of it; there is the father practically wearing holes in the linoleum of the halls, "just sweating it out" he says. Finally a lusty wail is heard, and the Doctor comes out, no longer looking very sleepy and tired, and tells the very proud and excited papa (trying to look calm) that he now has an eight pound boy to add to the family. But sometimes it is very pathetic. Of course, they are always happy, both father and mother, but such a large family already, and many times the father out of work. For example, one father had a severe case of heart trouble and could not work any at all. The mother had to make hooked rugs to buy food for the children at home. But there seems always to be a fond place in a mother's or a father's heart for each new baby.

Alas, as we look Life in the face, so must we also look cold Death in the face. How much more pleasing it is to tell of new life and hope, "but all in a night" we have to meet the cruel curse.

A man having had too much alcohol, stepped right out in front of a moving car. The driver used every power of his senses to keep from running into him, but he had to bring a man in a dying condition to the hospital. Oxygen, glucose, corimine, the doctor quietly giving orders and using all his professional skill to keep him alive, alive to go back home to his three small waiting children and anxious wife. But efforts proved useless; the condition was too severe, and Death again had taken its toll.



A fight! Two boys each with deep, wide wounds, one just below the heart and the other just missing the stomach. But with a doctor's skillful fingers and plenty of silk, they were soon feeling like new. How glad it makes us to feel that these boys were not killed right in their youth, and how we hope they had learned something.

Again in this night, we might have a hemorrhage from a tonsilectomy come in, or we could have a few more lusty cries from a certain direction. We could possibly have major surgery or another accident, to send us all scurrying around, or well--anything can happen here.

But some often say, "It's the little things that count". A cheery word or smile, a simple, sincere prayer said at the bedside, a reassuring verse from the Bible, a rub to a tired back, a sheet smoothed, an alcohol sponge to a fevered body, a drink of cold water, making the patient feel that it's a pleasure just to wait upon him. And then, of course, there is the routine work to be done, drawing midnight lines, cleaning to do, temperatures to be recorded, certain patients to be checked, such as cardiac or pneumonia cases. Then there is the most pleasant and also sometimes the most exasperating experience of all, feeding time in the nursery. Each baby has his own distinct personality even at an hour old. Even triplets all have their own. Sometimes in the course of a night we have been known to walk the halls with a restless tot until we saw its little eyelids droop again. Good experience anyway.

No, it can't be, but it is 5:00 A.M. Where has the night wandered to? We thought it was going to be a quiet night, but we're so glad it wasn't and that in our own small, humble way we could help those who needed us so much. That is the greatest reward that nursing offers.

---Hazel Hensley

#### HODGES ELECTED PRESIDENT

On February 11, at Biltmore there was organized a Parish Division of the North Carolina Jersey Cattle Club for the purpose of stimulating good dairying in this section and promoting the breeding of Jersey cattle. The parish includes thirteen counties of Western North Carolina. The objectives of the organization include membership in the state club, placement of more Jersey animals among the 4-H boys, more testing and classification of herds, and promotion of such activities as cattle shows, farm tours, picnics, and field days.

Names of the charter members include outstanding Jersey breeders of the section. Mr. Clayton W. Hodges, our agriculture teacher and farm manager, was elected president of the new organization.

#### SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

##### A Average

Joan Everett  
Carleton Wallace

##### B Average

Betty Jo Abbott	Lois Boggs
Mary Jane Fricks	Hope Hardy
Eugene Jorgenson	Lois Lowder
Maxine Phillips	Edwin Hanson
Charles Cecil	Clyde Hensley



### ENTERTAINED BY STUDENT TALENT

Anyone who thinks we have not talent enough of our own for a pleasant evening should have been here on January 18th.

Mary Jane Fricks and Irma O'Kain gave piano solos. Miss Ada Crawford gave a solo to banjo accompaniment. Marjorie Priehs, our artist, showed a charcoal drawing. Lois Boggs gave a vocal solo, and the "Kenyon Kids" played the harmonica for us. Four girls, Ann Lloyd, Lois Boggs, Irma O'Kain and Mary Frances Pennington performed with combs. The "Banjo King", John Oliver, sang two solos, also with banjo accompaniment. Billy Cannon sang, "An Irish Lullaby". Two readings were given, "The Kick Under the Table" by Hope Hardy, and "Redhead" by Martha Ann McGee. Glen Cranford gave a violin number. How shall we describe the living car driven by Carleton Wallace? At least he drove it part of the time when he wasn't pumping up the VanGinhoven tires or otherwise working on a perverse Carrier or Chastain part. The closing number was a piano duet by Mrs. Boggs and Miss Hensley.

### GI's IN COLLEGE

Our veterans are taking advantage of the educational opportunities provided for them by the government. Washington Missionary College has the highest number. There are enrolled John Black, Glen Nestell, Jack Williams, Vernon Lewis, Robert and David Jaspersen, Silas Fox, Adrian Wright, and Douglas Brown.

At Southern Missionary College we are represented by Sanford Graves, Charles Casteen, Paul Witt, Edward Franklin, Lloyd and Carter Woolsey. Arthur Hibben is at Southwestern Junior College. Charles Arnold is at Berrien Springs. Floyd Pichler is at Loma Linda in Medical School. Earl McGee is enrolled at Union College.

### A LONG WAYS FROM HOME

The close of the war brought Fletcher students home from the ends of the earth. Two girls remain at their posts far away.

Mary Sue Mullinax, now Mrs. Herman Davis, is in mission work with her husband in Ethiopia. Mrs. Davis was graduated from our School of Nursing in 1943. Fortunately, she is a good letter writer and frequently interesting letters come to tell us of their life and work in a country of most interesting history. One kodak picture showed Emperor Haile Selassie receiving the missionaries.

From ancient Teheran we hear through her parents from Ruth Beck-Boynton who with her husband and two children, Sue Ann and Paul Junior, is in educational work in Iran. Kodak pictures show a group of thirty-five students who must be taught in five languages. (Ruth says she scolds them in Russian). Mrs. Boynton was a graduate of our academy in 1936.

To both of these "girls" of ours we send our greetings and good wishes. For each we offer our prayers.



## THE GIRLS' RECEPTION

On Thursday evening, the thirteenth of February, the girls of our academy, invited us to the annual Girls' Reception. This along with the Boys' Reception is one of the events most looked forward to by our students. Last year the girls gave us a wonderful evening, but they outdid themselves this year.

Valentines were used for decorations. Little hearts were hung in the arch over the platform and under the balcony. The curtains on the stage were white with a generous sprinkle of red hearts. This added just the gay touch needed.

Polly Stevens made us all feel at home as she heartily welcomed us. Next Mrs. Boggs, in an out-dated garb came from the rear, wandered down the aisle talking like an old aunt from the hill country. At first many did not recognize her in this guise but we discovered that she had come to announce various participants on the program. She kept us all laughing, and we were off to a good start.

For the next few minutes we were entertained by some girls who were dressed like packages or boxes. They gave us what you might call "radio reproductions", advertising soaps such as Super Suds and Camay, crackers and potato chips.

The dialogue on the program was really very good. It was called "Hiring a Mother" with Professor Hodges as the father of three motherless children and numerous cooks and house-keepers coming and going in too rapid succession until Hope took matters into her hands and solved the family problems.

Then, came the best part! We'll have to hand it to the girls for the fine supper. The servers wore black dresses with large paper lace red hearts for caps and aprons. There were sandwiches that looked like rolls, potato chips, banana punch, ice cream cones and cookies.

The girls worked hard to present this excellent program and Gerald Kenyon, speaking for the boys, thanked them for another swell reception.

---Carleton Wallace

## HOBBIES

Most of us have one or two hobbies or maybe even more. None of us has as many as Prof. Harry M. Lodge, our Educational Superintendent of the Carolina Conference, whose Master Comrade scarf bears the insignia of eighty vocational honors. On Saturday evening, January 25, Prof. and Mrs. Lodge gave us a very fine hobby show as a lyceum number. The platform was a beautiful sight with the many collections attractively displayed. The shells were perhaps the most beautiful; the large and valuable stamp collection probably the most interesting. But then there were so many other things, china painting, leaf collections, bird studies, needlework, Indian relics, story collections, baseball bats, scrap books, coins, woodwork, on and on down to street car tokens. Over all, cocoanut-head Joe watched and nodded at strategic points in Prof. Lodge's running comments.

The Lodges left us hunting for our tatting shuttles, going through our neglected boxes of unassorted stamps, mounting leaves, our old interests revived and new ones added.



### UNPREDICTABLE

Two weeks ago we worried about our pleasant weather. December and January had slipped by with very mild weather. We had not, in fact had any winter. Yellow jessamine was blooming, green shoots were appearing in the tulip beds, and pussy willows were out. We enjoyed it all, but swelling buds on the fruit trees worried us; they looked too ambitious for their good or ours. That was the way matters stood until the day when Bre'r Groundhog saw his shadow. Now we are having what we in the mountains call "a spell of weather". We are slowly checking off, one by one, the six weeks of winter that are proverbially supposed to follow that occurrence. To our thin Southern blood, unused to lowered temperatures, ice and snow, winter is a hardship. Icy mountain roads are hazardous.

The snowfall of last Thursday morning was a compensation. To our boys and girls snow affords just the excuse they need to close school and "go coasting down Potato Hill". That is what we did Thursday afternoon. To some students snow and coasting alike are a new experience. All students seem to consider winter sports something the school song promises at least once in a winter.

### TEACHERS OF TOMORROW

When our Club met for the January meeting, we were most happy to find that our membership had doubled.

For that occasion which was held in the Chapel, a number of workers on the place had joined the students for a short program. A few of the children from the grade school were present to lend a bit of school atmosphere. We saw Lou Ann start off to school for the first day. The young teacher was properly started when Sherman Garrison Walker, Jr. had presented her with a big red apple. Martha Ann McGee related the heroic story of Annie Kellar, for whose devotion to duty the State of Illinois has erected a monument. Lois Boggs gave the "Unknown Teacher" by VanDyke. After remarks by our guests, Prof. Klement and Prof. Lodge, the pins were presented to the girls.

Members of the Club are:

Irma O'Kain  
Lois Lowder  
Lois Boggs  
Mary Jane Fricks  
Martha Carey  
Martha Ann McGee

Mary Frances Pennington  
Ann Lloyd  
Frances Sturgis  
Nina Spurgeon  
Polly Stevens  
Hope Hardy

### CAMPUS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. David Geisinger, returned to their home in Vineland, New Jersey, early in February to arrange for the sale of their property. The Geisingers have now bought the house formerly owned by Elder Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have as their guest, Mrs. Bamlet Kent of Detroit, Michigan, who is a sister of Mrs. Lewis.



Mrs. R. J. Smith had her sister, Mrs. Ed Plank, of Bristol, Tennessee, with her for a few days the past month.

Miss Jessie Hawman, of Monte Vista, Colorado, visited here as the guest of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Lorenz. Miss Hawman is under appointment by the Mission Board to Africa. Located at Tanganyika, Miss Hawman will be girls' worker.

Mrs. Louise O'Kain of Nashville, Tennessee, spent last week visiting her daughter, Irma, a senior student.

We are enjoying very much a new Sandwick-Bowen dual speed reproducer.

A number from here attended the funeral of Mr. R. F. Gilman, in Ashoville. For twenty-five years, Mr. Gilman was connected with Pisgah Institute. His son, Floyd Gilman, and his wife, who live in the community, have at different times been workers in our institution.

A number of films have been shown in the past month. Alexander Graham Bell's life and work were given one evening. Little Lord Fauntleroy delighted the young folks. The story of Willow Run was enthusiastically received, the Firestone film scarcely less so.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Sutherland of the General Conference have been guests for a few days recently. Dr. Sutherland spoke to us at one church service, a very inspiring address.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Evers announce the birth of a son, Stuart Lee, at Washington, D. C. on January 16. Mr. and Mrs. Evers who are in mission work in Haiti are in the states for their mid-term furlough.

It gave us a real thrill of pleasure to learn that one of our graduates has been accepted for the American College Who's Who. Ruth E. Peterson, a graduate of our high school in 1939 and of our School of Nursing in 1943, now completing her bachelor's work at Collegedale, has brought her school that honor.

John Black and Robert Marquis of Washington, D. C., were on the campus for a day or so the past week while John arranged for the care of his father at the sanitarium.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kraner of Nashville, Tennessee, were the guests last week of Mrs. Kraner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hibben.

Mary Frances Pennington, Peggy Woodall, and Nina Spurgeon were happy to see their parents for short visits last week.

Last Thursday night, Mrs. Boggs presented her piano students in a mid-year recital. The affair was well attended despite severe weather.

Mr. J. E. Lewis and Mr. A. A. Jasperson attended the annual meeting of the Madison College Board last week.

Two of our young men recently dismissed from the service are Ray Russell and Logan Sturgis, both of whom were here in the past few weeks.