

FLETCHER NEWS LETTER

CROSSING THE BAR

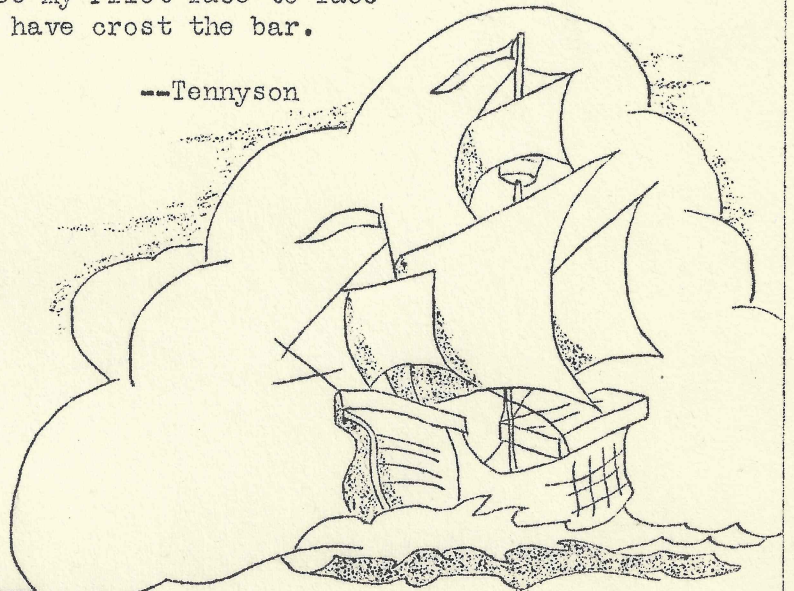
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

--Tennyson



To the memory of
D A V I D J A S P E R S O N
President of the High School Alumni Association who passed away December 27, 1948
this number of the News Letter is affectionately dedicated.

It was a day in September--a lovely day, and life seemed good. A whispered word caught my ear, and I trembled as its meaning stopped my heart with fear. Back through the years my thoughts sped, back to October seventh just twenty-five years ago, when a baby boy was born on our campus bringing gladness to his parents and to hearts of friends.

I could see a little fellow of six or seven climbing the hill by the old school building in answer to his mother's call; a little boy and an aged grandmother each with hair about as white as the other. Then there was a little school boy, blue-eyed, golden-haired, mischievous, teasing, sober, and serious--all boy--independent and needing no one, loving and needing loving. There crowd so many memories.

He walks the path to home again, older now, growing fast. I hear his voice, "Hello Teacher." A chuckle. "Teacher, honest I was just a-fixin' to leave." "Hello Teacher; how's tricks?" All grown up, but still so young. A man mighty proud of the girl he calls his own.

March 13, 1943. War drums have throbbed over the nation turning boys into men. We saw a trim young soldier march away, hating with his whole being war and what it stands for, but serving bravely with the 75th Infantry Division in the European Theatre, participating in the Battle of the Bulge and other engagements. Serving his country gallantly and well.

Three war years behind, he is a civilian again and a student in Washington Missionary College. Then a father clasping fondly the hand of a baby daughter. An accountant in Birmingham. Elder Bender so beautifully said, "Now, the last entry has been made, and the account is closed." The books balance, and the Master Accountant has smiled his "Well done."

September 1948, a week-end visit home to Fletcher, and polio has struck again, this time so near. Long weary weeks in the respirator follow but cannot dim the faith and courage of a brave young heart. It shines forth to lighten the tension in a hospital ward and bring hope, yes, even life to fellow sufferers. A faith and courage that goes beyond those walls and finds its way to the hearts of his loved ones and friends. I only pray that we learned by his example to be as brave as he. God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to spare him to us until December 27. It seemed danger had passed; then quietly in his sleep taps sounded.

And so David Lee left us. In our chapel stood a flag-draped casket surrounded by flowers from loved ones and friends. "Our President" marked the alumni wreath--so humble a tribute for one we loved so deeply and so well. It was thus we bade him good-by.

The words of Elder Herbert Thurber and the prayer by Elder H. J. Doolittle brought our heavenly Father near in spite of the darkness of the hours. The assurance that "God's way is best, Thou art in His keeping. Sweet by thy rest." was sung into our hearts by Miss Ida Crawford, a nurse from the Orthopedic Hospital in Asheville where David made his brave fight for life. Vernon Lewis, Robert Marquis, Paul Witt, Irvin Winn--playmates from earliest childhood; John Black and John Gilbert old school friends, tenderly bore him from our chapel and silently we watched him

driven away on his last journey to Birmingham where the final services were held and where he rests. It seemed that I must wake and find it all a terrible dream. Twenty-five short years. Life only just begun. His parents; his wife, Betty Ann; little Vickey Ann, just half past one; and his brother Bob--all left with so much gone.

As the weeks have come and gone adjustments have not been easy. The temptation to ask "Why?", to question, to doubt a loving Father. Memories crowd. Nights can be long and truth hard to accept. But through it all there is the memory of a brave and fighting spirit that would not admit defeat. So we look ahead and endeavor to match his courage with our own. I'm sure he would have had it so. After all, very soon a bugle will call reveille and a happy, blue eyed, laughing lad will clasp his little daughter's hand and walk as of yesterday through the years with his family and friends.

He would have smiled his old smile, dim a bit with a tear, could he have read this message from a friend. Our eyes are more than dimmed with tears but a smile is there also for "we are glad--not that our friend is gone, but that the earth he laughed and lived upon was our earth too; that we had closely known and loved him and that our love we'd shown." Through our bitter tears we smile, remembering that it was ours to walk with him on earth a little while.

--Inez Beck

MY PLAYMATE

Some of the most pleasant memories of my childhood center around a tow-headed youngster we called "Scooter." I really cannot remember when I didn't know David. He filled the portion of my heart that the brother I never had would have filled. I think Genella, Marthine, and the rest of those who grew up with him would say the same. We all had such a wonderful time together--unending days of childhood joys--climbing the old hemlock tree, playing hide and seek all over the countryside, till we knew every bush and tree big enough to conceal a boy or girl, sliding down haystacks, eating watermelons, picnics, birthday parties--even the times we got paddled for not coming home promptly after school. We shared it all, from the first grade on up to high school graduation. David is the first of my childhood playmates to go, and it hurts more than I thought it could.

I like to think of David as the plucky youngster I grew up with--happy, care-free, always unselfish and thoughtful, generous and amiable, a leader in school activities and athletics--a shining example of clean American boyhood. He loved to laugh and he made others laugh with him. I never knew anyone who did not like David. If he ever disliked anyone, he never showed it. The world would be a better place to live in if there were more like him.

It seems hard to believe that he who was so vitally alive is no longer with us. As I look over the kaleidoscope of scenes, memories from childhood, I can see that even then David was building the character and developing the indomitable courage which became overwhelmingly evident during the last months of his life. It was his spirit and the prayers of his loved ones and friends that kept him alive so long against such dreadful obstacles. David never gave up. He died without fear and without knowing that he was going to die. And best of all, he was ready to go. That one fact is more comfort than any other. That means it is up to us if we ever see David again. The heartaches are not for the one who is gone, but for those who remain and loved him and must carry on without him, for Betty and little Vickey, his parents, his brother, and the host of friends who also miss him terribly. His gallant fight to live against the most hopeless odds is--will ever be an inspiration to us all.

--Barbara Brownsberger-Casteen

ALUMNI NEWS

CLASS OF 1948

The latest additions to our High School Alumni was the class of 1948, who are giving good account of themselves. Carleton Wallace is enrolled at Pacific Union College; Charles Cecil and Martha Cary are at Madison College; Mary Jane Fricks, Jack Price, Mary Frances Pennington, Gerald Kenyon, Patricia Westbrook are at Southern Missionary College. Lois Boggs is enrolled at Emanuel Missionary College, Berrien Springs, Michigan. Marshall Johnston is working with his father at Hickory, North Carolina. Hope Hardy and Wilma Parker are attending schools of business in Florida. Edwin Everett and Charles Bishop are at their homes in Mississippi where both are working. Elizabeth Reese is at her home at Greenville, South Carolina.

We are proud of this class of whom we are reminded every evening when we turn on the lights in the tall beautiful lamp they left on our campus.

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Nine members of our Fletcher alumni are at the present time numbered with our staff of campus workers. Ella Pendarvis (Class of 1930) does secretarial work for the Director of the School of Nursing, and teaches typewriting in the high school. Clayton Hodges (Class of 1937) is farm manager with Vernon Lewis (Class of 1936) assistant. Inez Beck (Class of 1932) is dean of girls and registrar. Gladys Lowder (Class of 1935) is Director of the School of Nursing. Dr. Forest Port (Class of 1932) has his dental office on our campus. Robert Marquis (Class of 1942) is assistant manager of the mechanical service department. Dorothy Boggs (Class of 1947) is instructor of music in the high school. Hazel Hensley (Class of 1945) is office nurse in the medical department.

It is more than an ordinary satisfaction to have so large a number of our graduates helping to hold the line on the home front.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Muckley, Jr., have announced the birth of their little son, Michael, on November 10, at White River Junction, Vermont. Mrs. Muckley was formerly Gladys Ryan, or you may remember her better as "Topsy" or "Tootsie."

Marthine Bliss (Class of 1942) has enrolled at Washington Missionary College this semester. Also enrolled in the school are Eloise Wynn, Sanford Graves, and Robert Jasperson.

Betty Hardy, (Class of 1945) is secretary to the President of Southern Missionary College.

Ralph Walters (Class of 1939) is chef at Takoma Hospital, Greeneville, Tennessee.

Earl McGhee (Class of 1941) is a student in the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California.

Kent Griffen (Class of 1941) and his little son, Byron, were visitors at Fletcher this winter. Kent is credit manager at the Glendale Sanitarium, Glendale, California.

Mabel Jensen (Class of 1942) is enrolled at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska this semester. Mable, who spent the first part of the winter at her Nebraska home, should be somewhat of an authority on the subject of snow.

Sara Alice Johnston (Class of 1944) is a senior in the Florida Sanitarium School of Nursing at Orlando. Phyllis Jean Boggs is also in the school in the freshman class.

Grace Maxwell is doing secretarial work in the offices of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference at Atlanta, Georgia.

Dr. and Mrs. Alvin Bales of Mansfield, Ohio have announced the birth of their son, Robin Steven on February 9. Mrs. Bales before her marriage was Lola Mae Butler (Class of 1943).

The marriage of Lucille Reed to Mr. Marion Barrera took place in our chapel in November. The young people are living at Collegedale, Tennessee, where Mr. Barrera is attending college.

We were pleased when Dr. and Mrs. Oliver S. McElmurry entered the dining room at noon time a few weeks past, down from their home in Ohio for a visit with family and old friends. Mrs. McElmurry was known on our campus as Jeannette Trivett, a graduate in the class of 1937.

Glen Nestell, first man on our campus to be drafted for military service, is now at home at Riverdale, Maryland, carrying a responsible position in Leland Memorial Hospital as X-ray technician. Glen and his wife, who was Ruth Hilda Brown, are very proud of their little daughter Judy.

Dorothy Jean Graves of the Class of 1946 is teaching in a church school at Meridian, Mississippi.

Martha Cary, a freshman of Madison College, visited her mother on the campus recently.

We notice that Fred Veltman, class of 1945, is a member of the Student Senate at Southern Missionary College.

Joyce Linderman, (Class of 1946), Lois Lowder (Class of 1947), Marie Veltman (Class of 1946), Frances Sturgis (Class of 1947), and Rose Hines (Class of 1945) are enrolled in the home School of Nursing. Rose, who is in her senior year is now affiliating at Watts Hospital in Durham, North Carolina.

Clayton Hodges, our own farm manager, was elected this year as Vice-president of the State Association of Breeders of Jersey Cattle.

A recent number of Southern Tidings featured two Fletcher graduates: Otis Graves (Class of 1943) has finished his ministerial internship in Mississippi and has been assigned a district in that conference; Louise Dalton-Young (Class of 1942) is now living at Salisbury, North Carolina, where her husband is a ministerial interne.

Lt. Jack Powell (Class of 1939) recently sailed with his wife and two children to the American Occupation Zone in Germany where he will be stationed until his term of army service is concluded. Dr. Powell was graduated from the College of Medical Evangelists in 1946.

Two alumni members who were graduated from the School of Nursing here this past summer won honors in State Board examinations. They were Marthine Bliss and Hazel Hensley.

Esther Grant, who was graduated here in the Class of 1940, was graduated this past year from the School of Nursing at the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda, California. She is now at her home in Birmingham, Alabama

We have counted on our School Alumni list the names of fifty graduate nurses. There are others still in training. In our own School of Nursing are Rose Hines, a senior; Marie Veltman, Joyce Linderman, and Lois Lowder, juniors; and one freshman, Frances Sturgis.

Friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. John Mann gathered at their new home at Swannanoa Sunday night, April 10, for a house-warming. Mrs. Mann, before her marriage was Anne Hutchinson, a graduate in the class of 1942.

ON FOREIGN SHORES

To visit all of Fletcher's academy graduates one would need to take a sweep around the world. In Iran we would find Ruth Beck-Boynton (Class of 1926) with her husband, Paul Boynton and two children, Sue Anne and Paul Junior, where they have been for two years in this far-flung outpost, teaching

Doc Schmehl we have learned is in Africa. Elder H. F. Brown, who visited us recently, told us that Doc is an inspector of schools.

Clarice Dunaway-Buller is with her husband, Dr. Wilmer Buller, who is Medical Superintendent in Chulumani Hospital, Bolivia, South America.

North Pole! Up in Alaska we would find Cecil Shrock (Class of 1938) working in a self-supporting way. His sister, Delores, graduate of our high school in 1940 and of the School of Nursing in 1943 is also in Alaska.

The latest recruits to a mission field were Jack and Ada Williams who went out to India this past summer and located at Spicer Missionary College in Poona District. Both of these young people took their academy work at Fletcher, Jack graduating in 1936 and Ada in 1942. Ada was also a graduate of our School of Nursing in 1945.

Marie Baart who took her junior year here has recently been evacuated from China after two years of service.

CAMPUS NEWS

Miss Beatrice Keith returned to the school in January to teach our French classes and assist with English. We are glad to have her back again.

Mrs. T. C. Lowder recently attended a meeting of the Nurses' State Advisory Council at Durham. She also visited our senior nurses who are affiliating at Watts Hospital.

Friends of Mr. L. M. Whitford of Orlando, Florida, were pained to hear of his recent death. Mr. Whitford was a loyal and helpful friend of our sanitarium and school.

Our annual board meeting was an occasion that brought to us a number of distinguished guests. From the General Conference at Washington came Elder H. T. Elliott, and Elder H. F. Brown. Prof. W. H. Teasdale came from the Home Study Institute. These three men gave addresses much appreciated by our campus family. Elder V. G. Anderson and Prof. H. F. Hansen were here from the Union Office. Elder C. H. Lauda, R. G. Niles, and L. W. Pettis represented the local conference. Miss Florence Fellemeide came from Madison.

LYCEUM FROM MEXICO

When Elder H. J. Westphal, president of the Mexican Union Mission, and Mr. H. A. Habenicht, with their wives and a party of senors and señoritas arrived on the campus from Montemorelos, Mexico, we felt that the tropics had really come to us.

In rich, colorful costume the eight young people gave us a most interesting program--readings by Mrs. Westphal--Yes, she was the "Bride on the Amazon"--selections by the four men of the marimba group, a few numbers by blind Raul Torres with accordion and guitar, and vocal numbers by the three girls, with guitar accompaniment. The beautiful marimba, ten feet long, was made of mahogany and cedar richly inlaid.

There were films depicting mission life in Mexico, which we found most interesting. There was a dramatization of a Mexican courtship on a porch of the Senorita's home with a serenade by the men.

We liked very much the animated speech by Professor Hernandez. We liked brave cheerful Raul, the life of the party we were told; and--well, we liked the whole party. As they drove away next morning, they left us with a better appreciation of our neighbors to the South. We could have joined them wholeheartedly in their song "Viva Mexico."

WEEK OF PRAYER

March 18 to 26 brought us the spring Week of Prayer with many attendant blessings. Elder Frank Ashlock, teacher of Bible at Southern Missionary College, spoke to the students both morning and evening and gave generously of his time to the nurses and patients in worship periods.

With Elder and Mrs. Ashlock were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sager. Mr. Sager is a ministerial student preparing to return to Japan where he was stationed immediately following the war and where he met the diminutive Mrs. Sager. Both these young people gave us much help with our music and made many friends on our campus.

It was a pleasure to become better acquainted with Elder and Mrs. Ashlock. Their coming was a real blessing to all and faculty and students alike hope the time will come when they can return for another visit with us.

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To the High School Alumni Association Members:

Activities here at school indicate that another school year is almost complete. Graduation will be May 29 and of course our Alumni Association meets that day also for a business meeting and our annual picnic. We are very anxious to know just how many of you plan to be with us this year. If you have not already responded to your secretary's recent letter won't you please do so at once! The days are quickly slipping by and there is much to be done.

Thank you for your cooperation.

--Forest C. Port
Secretary and Treasurer