

FLETCHER

NEWS

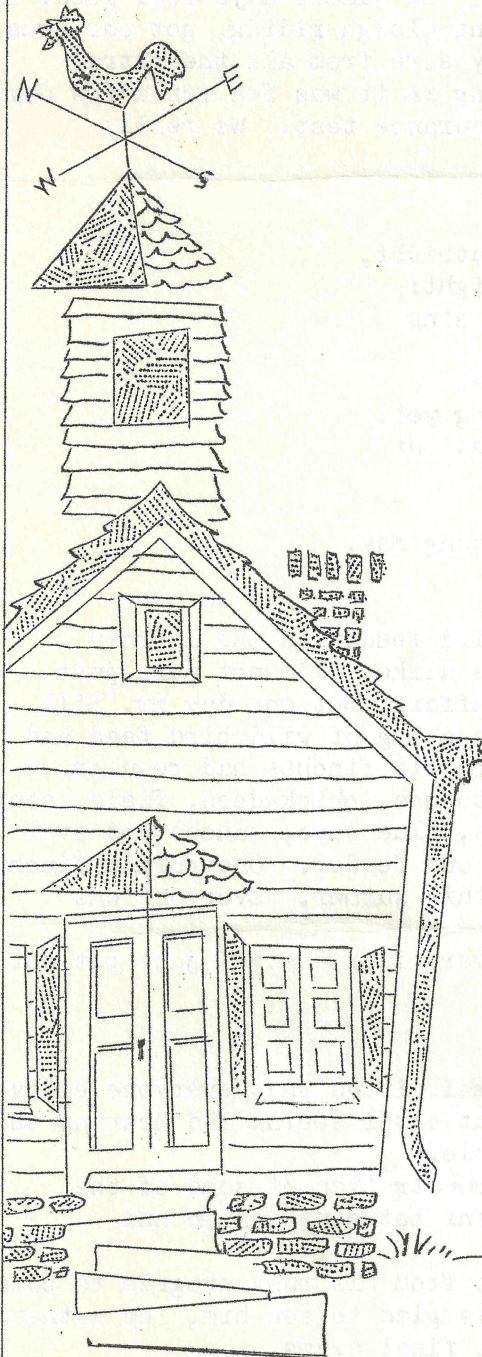
LETTER

Vol. XXVII, No. 1

Spring, 1960

FLETCHER ACADEMY AND MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL

Fletcher, North Carolina



THE SCHOOLROOM OF NATURE

I have closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate;
My school is out for a season of rest.
And now for the schoolroom I love the best!

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and in trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school bell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a schoolgirl's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and the bees,
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful love do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O, Come! O, Come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate
Of all the schoolrooms, in East or West,
The schoolroom of nature I love the best.

--Selected

OUR WINTER

Remember that little poem learned back in grade school that goes something like this?

January brings the snow
Makes our cheeks and fingers glow.

It was even so this year and could have been said of February and March as well. In fact we had snow clear up past the window sills in the chapel and thought it couldn't possibly melt before the fourth of July, but it is gone now. The summer days feel good, and so far no one has wished for our winter weather back. We went sleigh riding, got our arms banged up, and legs hurt--one even broken--and were generally sore from all the extra exercise done in trying to negotiate our snow drifts. Playing in it was fun for a few days, but then it grew old and finally just turned into a plain endurance test. We really welcomed May.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and the butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about;
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

WINTER BIRDS

Our winter weather was really hard on the birds. The bird feeder in the library window became a most popular place for the birds and students alike. I'm not sure just who was watching whom. Our old feeder was just a makeshift affair, but one day Mr. Bill Nestell brought in a lovely new feeder he had made. It holds a bag of wild bird feed and has plenty of room for a whole tribe of birds at once. The purple finches had regular family gatherings and feuds almost every day. The titmice, tohees, chickadees, field, song, English, fox, white-throated and chipping sparrows, cardinals, blue jays, juncos and ever so many more birds came, and many are still coming, to enjoy our feeder. One purple finch that came had just one leg. We wonder how he is making out this summer. Everyone was excited when the evening gross beaks paid us calls.

If you are looking for a fascinating hobby that can be very inexpensive, just put out a bird feeder, some crumbs, and seeds, and watch.

LYCEUM PROGRAMS

Our lyceum programs the second semester included an animal circus that everyone enjoyed. Someone suggested that it was especially for the children, but after seeing and hearing the program said it was especially for all children, big and little.

The Popular Science program made us think. It was a demonstration of some of the potentialities of universal travel, and also showed comparisons between Russian and American maneuvers in outer space.

Our good friend, Bob Brown from Asheville, took time out from his busy program to come and entertain us one night. The chemistry students are always glad to see him. He rather peps up their lagging spirits for that last long grind before final exams.

The thirtieth of April we had a magician with us. The boys are still trying to figure out his tricks. Some he explained to them, but some he didn't; and as much as they hate to admit it, they are just plain curious.

NURSES' CAPPING

We didn't order the proper kind of weather this year for the nurses' capping exercises. We were sorry. Their program was lovely and we enjoyed it and wished that the snow had stayed away for awhile, so that others who had planned to come could have been with us.

Elder D. H. Colburn of Spartanburg gave the address. The following students were accepted into the class: Gary Cobb, president; Ellen Sweeney, vice-president; Faye Conner, secretary;; Nancy Bean, treasurer; Fern Anderson; Mary Jo Blankenship; Angelia Darville; Carol Duska; Susan Keppler; Max Moffitt; Betty Morrell; Grethe Muderspach; Annette Perkins; Nancy Stevens; Dorothy Sutter; Lilburn Underhill; Sara Tyner.

The Kate Lindsay pledge, used on their programs, follows:

"Realizing the serious nature of the duties and the grave character of the responsibilities of the professional nurse, and especially appreciating the solemn obligation of the missionary nurse, I hereby solemnly pledge myself, by the help of God, faithfully to perform the duties of my calling, sacredly to regard its obligations and responsibilities, conscientiously to teach and practice the principles taught me by my instructors, to keep inviolate the professional confidences which may be reposed in me by those under my care, and labor earnestly and truly for the relief of human suffering and the amelioration of human woe, and especially for the fellow-mortals who may be in need of my assistance, wherever duty may call me to labor."

ALUMNI HOME-COMING

April 24, 1960 dawned with the beauty of spring in the air. The flowers, birds, and myriads of other dazzling attractions of nature beckoned all to come apart from the cares of life to enjoy being out of doors. At least one group, the Alumni of Fletcher Academy, accepted the challenge of the day. What other place besides beautiful Mills River could have afforded a more gracious setting.

Beside the river the alumni and the seniors of 1960 gathered on the ball field to determine who could muster up more vim, vigor and vitality for a ballgame. Would the alumni, or the seniors be defeated? Well, maybe the seniors were a little afraid they might not be accepted as part of the alumni association if they outdid their upper-grads. Anyway all had fun.

Vice-President John Gilbert officiated in the business meeting. Several old songs of the South were sung and the class of 1960 were voted into the association and welcomed, subject to their graduation, May 21. Harry Branson, president of the Class of 1960, gave the response. It was decided in this meeting that membership dues of \$1.00 be paid each year instead of \$5.00 for lifetime membership. It was voted that Winifred Fisk-Schneider be in charge of the Sabbath School next year and that Mary Donovan-Pearson act as our annual representative. The officers for the coming year are as follows:

President--Dr. John Oliver
Vice-President--Dr. Forest Port
Secretary-Treasurer--Miss Peggy Powell
Assistant Secretary-Treasurer--Miss Nancy Bean
Alumni Editor--Inez B. Nestell

After all the business transactions and the ball game everyone had worked up an enormous appetite, so the food committee felt that now was the time to get their plug in. Dinner was served beneath the trees by the river. Everyone enjoyed meeting old friends again and the fun of eating together once more. The twenty-nine seniors and the seventy-five alumni members who were present hope that as the other members read this that they too will be inspired to be present at next year's meeting.

--Peggy Powell, Secretary

TOT

The Future Teachers' Club was somewhat hindered in its activities this year because of the snow and ice. However, the club managed to get in a number of meetings and when T. S. Leraty, Elder H. S. Hanson, and Elder George Yost were here for school inspection twenty-three Future Teachers received their pins. We are planning to carry on the activities of our club through the summer months, so perhaps next year we will be able to do even more than we did this one.

JOHN RUST

When Mrs. Helen Rust came to head our music department and brought John and Sandra with her, John was a sophomore. He was always cheerful, happy, and full of fun. Three years passed and he graduated, but not without some difficulties; for in his senior year he had been ill more than he liked to admit. A visit to Duke after graduation brought that dreaded word leukemia out into the open and from that day on John fought a valiant battle that was finally ended April 14, 1960, just eighteen days after his nineteenth birthday.

Someway the following poem by Van Dyke seems to have been written with our John in mind:

O who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's merry way?
 A comrade blithe and full of glee,
 Who dares to laugh out loud and free
 And let his frolic fancy play,
 Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
 That fill the field and fringe the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's weary way?
 A friend whose heart has eyes to see
 The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
 And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,--
 A friend who knows, and dares to say,
 The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
 I fain would walk till journeys end,
 Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
 And then?--Farewell, we shall meet again!

John was such a friend, and we would say "Farewell, we shall meet again!"

S.M.C. BAND

We were happy to have the Southern Missionary College Band with us for a program in January. It is always an inspiration to have this group visit us.

CRUTCHER CHAPEL PROGRAMS

Some of our best chapel programs this year have come from local talent. Mr. A. L. Crutcher has been with us at least two times with his pictures of trips he and his good wife have taken. We were especially interested in his lecture and pictures taken on a trip they made to Alaska last summer.

TYPING CLASS PROGRAM

If you need encouragement to take typing you should attend one of the typing class programs given each year. We enjoyed every minute of the program this year and only wish that shorthand and typing would come as easy as those students make one think it does.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

Some twenty students and teachers drove down to Florida March five. What a contrast in weather they experienced! They had to leave the mountains early in order to get out at all. Snow was falling thick and fast and the last available pair of chains in Henderson county was purchased at the last minute. They had a safe journey both going and coming and reported a lot of work and an enjoyable time at the Music Festival held at Forest Lake Academy.

MADISON COLLEGE CHOIR

The Madison College Choir visited our campus in May and presented a Friday evening program of music and reading. We appreciated every minute of their lovely program.

WEEK OF PRAYER

Elder Otto Christensen from Southern Missionary College was kind enough to come and be with us for our spring Week of Prayer. His practical messages and sincere Christian life encouraged our rededication to service for the Master. We were glad that Mrs. Christensen could join her husband the last few days of the week.

COLLEGE DAYS

Those days brought happy smiles to the seniors. They just could hardly wait to board the bus and be on their way. April 10 did come, and they did get on their way. The juniors sent them off with a mysterious box said to hold some potent medicine or something to ward off the evils of the Tennessee air. Just at the Tennessee line we opened the box and found candy bars. They did the trick I suppose, for Tennessee air seemed to agree with everyone, even Richard. After two wonderful days spent at Southern Missionary College we were on our way to Madison College. There we found something to keep us busy every minute, and finally on Thursday we started out for the hills of home. A short stop at Cumberland Mountain State Park for a picnic lunch and boat rides, and a few minutes spent at Little Creek helped to break the monotony of the long miles. How good our own dormitories looked when we came over Potato Hill and saw the lights of home! We thought the sign, two large wagon wheels with this message attached, "Welcome back, Seniors, we are tired of being big wheels", was lovely. The wreath hung at the side brought sadness, for we knew its message meant that John was resting at last.

It was good to be home and to take up our duties once more. It was good to be a part of Fletcher for a little longer. It was fun to go, but oh, such fun to be home again.

SCHOOL INSPECTION

Why is it that deans are always grading rooms and always saying, hang up this and dust that? Well, we found out. Dr. Geraty inspected every room when he was here for school inspection, and now we know why we should dust and clean. There is a reason!

We were very happy to have Dr. T. S. Geraty and Elders H. S. Hansen and George Yost with us and to have them inspect our school. It does one good to be checked up on occasionally to see if he is doing all the things he is supposed to do, and to be given ideas of how he might improve his work.

GIRLS' RECEPTION

Oh, here it is almost six o'clock and all the girls are supposed to be in the dorm at 6:15! I must make a last minute check and see that everything is in order. Palm trees, streamers, candles in place, the hut seems to be standing up well, if only our fountain could have gotten here, but that seems to be the way things go.

This was only part of the general excitement felt by all the girls on that eventful afternoon of February 29, 1960. At last the date had rolled around for our reception. Now we would be able to see the results of all our hard work (and our low grades). It was worth it all though to walk into a breathtaking scene from Hawaii.

Soft Hawaiian music, color scheme of orchid, yellow, and green, soft candlelight, and a fish net were part of our realistic Hawaiian atmosphere.

After we had eaten our supper, we went over to the chapel to see a film entitled, "The Littlest Outlaw." The girls were then escorted back to Whitford Hall where ended a most outstanding and unforgettable evening.

--Lolita Townsend

PICNIC TIME

"Is that a cloud in the sky? It just can't be for this is May 10 and picnic day. The juniors and seniors are to be on their way to Camp Hope by one o'clock and it just can't rain today!" so reasoned a worried senior as he anxiously looked toward the clouds piling up over Couch Mountain.

He reasoned correctly. It didn't rain and promptly (almost) the bus and a truck loaded with happy young people and sponsors left our campus and were on their way to Camp Hope. The juniors were polite enough to let the seniors win the ball game. That was a nice gesture don't you think? Games of shuffle board and ping pong went on all during the afternoon, but the thing that interested everyone most was the ringing of the supper bell. The food committee had planned well and how the food did disappear. There just was hardly room for pie and ice cream after all the sandwiches we ate. The punch was just right, too. That meal was really the ending of a wonderful afternoon. We cleaned up the tables, counted ball mitts and bats, checked the grounds for sweaters, cameras, shoes, etc. and then piled back into the bus and truck for the ride back to Fletcher. Everyone agreed that the day had been perfect and that sharing the picnic was a good idea.

ANNUALS

Our Annual Campaign ended with the Rebels in the lead so on Wednesday night before school closed the War Hawks treated the winners to a supper in the dining hall. Prizes were given out as follows for those selling the most annuals: First prize--two lovely white bed spreads to Judy Fletcher; maple leaf sterling silver cuff links for second prize to Barbara Cramer and for the grade school prize to Sharon Pearson.

To anyone who might have missed an Annual we still have a few copies for sale. Just fill in the following blank and return to us at once.

.....
Subscriber's name _____

Address _____

Annual \$4.00
Postage .30
Total \$4.30

Enclosed Check ☐
M. O. ☐

Signed _____

PIANO AND ORGAN RECITAL

The students of piano, organ and violin exhibited a growing talent resulting from persistent practice and capable supervision under Mrs. Helen Rust, piano and organ teacher; Mrs. A. R. Martone, assistant piano teacher; and Mrs. Nancy Walterhouse, instructor in violin, in their recital this spring. We enjoyed their program very much and are proud of their good work.

SPEECH CLASS

Twelve students were enrolled in speech class second semester. They furnished entertainment on various occasions during the semester, some of them making an appearance over radio on one occasion. The speech recital, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Keith, included both serious and humorous readings. The following students were presented in recital May 3: Carl Perry, Jo Ann Hill, Judy Fletcher, Anna Nestell, Ava Anderson, Dennis Schwartz, Shirley Bremson, D. H. Rowe, Chick Hodges, Sue Anne Boynton, and Lolita Townsend.

SEWING CLASS

The sewing class gave a style show and program on the night of March 29th. Styles modeled by sewing students included four seniors and four juniors. Seniors were Barbara Cramer who modeled a lovely blue wool suit; Betty Bishop--a pink checked drip dry cotton with inset yoke and full skirt; JoAnn Ricks--a blue wash and wear cotton with puff sleeves and wide skirt; Mary Sue Branch--a Batiste dress, white background, with blue flowers, and full skirt. The juniors were as follows: Nancy Hileman who modeled a blue sheath with net overskirt, material of cupioni; Peggy Ricks--a blue taffeta with cummerbund, gathered skirt, and full sleeves; Sandra Bishop--red taffeta with black lace overskirt, and full sleeves; Rose Neff wore a white Batiste with blue flowers, gathered skirt and full sleeves. Marolyn Carey, a sophomore girl who works in the sewing department and is earning a vocational credit in sewing wore a white Batiste with pink flowers, gathered skirt, and full sleeves.

Sue Ann Marquis played the roll of Little Alice Blue Gown. As she paraded down the aisle the girls sang the song. Rose Neff described the dress worn by the teacher, Mrs. Bessie Powell. She wore a black and white taffeta, with full skirt, pleated neck line, held together by a small band with attached bow. Soft music was played on the organ by Shirley Bremson as the girls dresses were described.

The program emphasized various social graces the students had learned throughout the year. There were ten enrolled in the class this year, and their demonstrated program showed marked progress on their part in the art of sewing.

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION

The eighth grade graduation was held in our chapel May 16. The following program was given:

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Processional: "March of the Kings"..... | Stickles |
| Prayer..... | Doctor John Oliver |
| President's Address..... | Clifford Port |
| Special Music: "Concerto in F Major"..... | Sharon Pearson |
| | with String Ensemble |
| Valedictory..... | Billy Lewis |
| | Norman Anderson |
| Address..... | Mr. W. H. Wilson |
| Special Music..... | Mrs. Don Walterhouse |
| Presentation of Flowers..... | Donna Whitley |
| Presentation of Class Gift..... | Sharon Pearson |
| Presentation of Diplomas..... | Mr. F. P. Wuttke |
| Welcome to Academy..... | Prof. L. E. Nestell |
| Benediction..... | Mr. Earle Hudson |
| Recessional: "Recessional"..... | Stickles |

CLASS ROLL

Clifford Port, president; Donna Whitley, vice-president; Sharon Pearson, secretary-treasurer; Norman Anderson, pastor; Laura Fletcher, Walter Gosnell, Michael Hodges, Myron Holmes, Arthur Hudson, William Lewis, William Taylor, Judy Tooley.

Eighth Grade Graduation Continued

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Class Motto..... | "Ever Ready to Serve" |
| Class Aim..... | "To live carefully, to serve prayerfully" |
| Class Colors..... | Orchid and White |
| Class Flower..... | Orchid |

ACADEMY GRADUATION TIME

A time of happiness and of tears; a time for looking ahead with anticipation; a time for looking back with longing; a time that seemed years in the future; and a time that suddenly bursts upon you; a time to say good by and a time to make new friends; a time to be thankful for past blessings and a time to pray for future guidance. Yes, that is graduation time.

Someway graduation time in the Carolina Mountains seems to be one of the happiest of the year. The hills and valleys are all dressed up in new grandeur just for graduation time. The birds are caroling their sweetest just for graduation time.

Our exercises began on Thursday night, May 19. This year for class night the graduates chose Fletcher's golden anniversary as their theme. We learned many things about our school that we had not known before. We saw pictures of it as it used to be when our lawns were ugly with erosion and our sanitarium was a tiny building. We learned of the disputes and arguments for and against having the sanitarium and school grow together and were glad that the plan to have both on our campus was eventually followed. We heard about how Mrs. E. G. White had visited Mrs. Rumbough in Asheville and had told her that it would be pleasing to the Lord if she would start a medical and education work in the vicinity of Asheville. We watched Prof. Arthur Spalding canvass and inquire about property for sale. And finally we learned that in 1910 the property was purchased and work was started right here in our valley.

There were no showers, no hot water, no electric lights, no main boiler in those days. The girls built their own fires and used kerosene lamps for light at night. The boys had no shower house but took their baths in the half barrels that were used as tubs in the laundry. But through the years improvements came until today we have the property as we know it today.

We found that also today there are 473 academy graduates and 199 graduates from the school of nursing. Seven of these graduates are in mission service overseas today. Genella Lowder-Hunt, (academy class of '42 and nursing class of '46) Uganda, East Africa; Marthine Bliss, (academy class of '42 and nursing class of '48, Malamulo Mission in Nyasaland; Jack Williams, (academy class of '36) and Ada Noble-Williams, (academy class of '42 and nursing class of '45), Assam, India; Josephine Claybourn, (nursing class of '46), Bechuanaland, South Africa; Charles Mattingly, (academy class of '42), Congo Belge, Africa; Ann Morgan-Wheeler, (nursing class of '49), Kenya Colony, East Africa.

The class of 1960 maintained that to work right here in the homeland is important too, and especially here at Fletcher. They told that Miss Lelia V. Patterson came to the institution in 1920 and has been here ever since. The James Lewises and C. G. Marquises came a very few years later and are still serving the institution. These workers were called to the platform and the following tribute and presentation were made:

"To you who have served so faithfully and well in the work of building the Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital and Fletcher Academy into the institution we know today, to you who have sacrificed and labored long and untiringly to make possible a haven of rest for the weary and a school of opportunity for the youth, we would like tonight to say an especial thank you for these years of service. This flower, our class flower, is a token of the love and esteem we hold for you and for the work you have done.

"We could never repay in gift or money the debt that we owe you and those who have labored with you, but tonight it is our prayer that we may go forward in service for the Master and follow the example you have so nobly set for us. Thank you sincerely from the bottom of our hearts."

The class reminded us that as Mrs. Rumbough, over fifty years ago, listened to those words of Mrs. White's "The Lord would be pleased if you would start a medical and educational work in the vicinity of Asheville," it took faith to invest the original \$5,000, and that through the years it has taken faith and sacrifice to increase the value of the original investment into approximately a million dollar plant. But the greater investment, the greater worth has been in medical ministry and in the training of youth.

Fifty years--1910 to 1960--years filled with joys and sorrows, triumphs and disappointments, advances and reverses, fifty years of growth and of walking in the way God led--this is our story. How true the words "We have nothing to fear for the future except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us in the past."

The class sang the traditional "Bless This School". Harry Branson in his president's address welcomed our guests and thanked our parents, friends, and teachers for making this graduation possible.

Sue Anne Boynton in her valedictory address said farewell for the class to their classmates, teachers and friends.

The class gift was presented by Mary Haney and Mr. W. H. Wilson accepted the gift in behalf of the institution. Thanks to our senior class of 1960, we will not have to slish up the hill toward the music studio if it rains. There is a lovely concrete walk from the bridge to the studio steps.

The following awards were presented:

Citizenship awards (\$25 each made possible by Mr. L. C. Youngblood and Fletcher Motor Co.)
Freshman--Violet Morgan, Sophomore--John Zanes, Junior--Lorraine Johnson, Senior--James Tillman.

Scholarship awards: Southern Missionary College--Sue Anne Boynton, James Tillman
Madison College--Walter Hileman

Temperance Award (Southern Union) Third--Dennis Hansen

Pen League Awards (All received Certificates of Excellency in Writing) Jack Carey, Jr.--
Second award \$15, Sue Anne Boynton--Third award \$10, Sharon Ulloth--Third award \$10, Anita Cook--Third award \$10, Ilene Briesmister--Honorable mention.

Typing Awards (Gregg 50 word competent typist pins, gold emblem) Klaus Leukert--55.4,
Karen Brown--55.2, Ava Anderson--54.5, Paul Mitchell--55.7 (No errors), Connie Wheeler--50,
Carol Branch--50 and 60 word Competent Typist Pins--63.8

Shorthand--Order of Gregg Artists pin for smooth, fluent shorthand penmanship. 80wpm.
Linda Robertson, Terry Matson, Ilene Briesmister

No class night program would be complete without the school song. The band played and how we sang

"School of the mountains
School of standards high
Fletcher! Our school."

Mr. Gordon Brown spoke for our Consecration Service. We will not soon forget the Yoke, the Cross, and the Thorns. And as Mr. Carey lead us in our response, our consecration was sincere. We appreciated more the meaning of Mr. Nestell's words, those used by the Master so long ago, "Father, I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Sabbath morning came. We enjoyed the Sabbath school given by the junior class, but it was soon ended, and it was time for our baccalaureate service. We hadn't marched all the way down that long aisle at Pearson Hall for a service before and some way it seemed such a long way, but we made it. The choir number was lovely, "Jesus, Our Lord, We Adore Thee". It made us sad to think that our choir, as such, would not sing for church again. We did not have long for such thoughts, however, for Elder H. V. Reed, our Carolina Conference president, was beginning the sermon. He did not picture an easy road ahead for us but pointed out to us that by choosing the right road we would always have our Saviour by our sides and thus we could easily travel the road to eternal life.

Mr. James Haney of Collegedale sang "Come, Ye Blessed". Dr. P. J. Moore offered the benediction, and we were marching out. Baccalaureate was ended and now for Commencement. But first we had the choir program to look forward to in the afternoon. This would be the last choir program of the year, and everyone, it seemed, came to listen. Every number was beautiful but the last two were especially so. I believe that anyone who listened to "God Leads Us Along" or "The Holy City" will agree with me.

Candlelight time in our chapel is a lovely, quiet time on Sabbath evening just as the sun goes down. Soft organ music, poetry and the evening song of the birds blend to make it a perfect ending for the Sabbath day. It was just that graduation week-end.

Eight-thirty Saturday night! Sue Anne Boynton made the organ talk with her solo "Toccata in D Minor" by Bach, and before we knew it she had finished and the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" were filling the hall! The juniors looked so dignified. I didn't think I could bear to tell them good-by. Every one kept in step and then the seniors were marching in. Did anyone ever try to tell you how it feels to march, march, march, down that long long aisle and up onto the platform, left, right, left, right, left, right, and in between have memories of things that have happened--might have done a bit better; left, right, left, right; wonder if we will ever all make it; left, right, left, right; the line is never ending; left, right, left right; I wonder if my cap is straight; left, right, left, right; I just don't want to graduate at all; there is too much question about tomorrow--left, right, left, right; and on that final cord you all sit down?

We felt fortunate in having Mrs. Dorothy Evans-Ackerman as our soloist for commencement. She sang two numbers "Give Thanks and Sing" and "This Day is Mine". We loved them both. Elder M. Donovan Oswald, Home Missionary Secretary of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference, gave the commencement address. Are you, an I going to be among the giants of our church which he mentioned, who will lead on to victory in the Christian warfare? Elder Oswald really made plain the path before God's people. While all kinds of resolves were going through our minds the speaker finished his discourse, and Prof. Lewis Nestell was presenting diplomas. There were twenty-eight in the class and one by one they stepped forward to receive the token of four years of study and dreaming. And now for those last good byes.

It seemed fitting to pause just a moment before leaving Pearson Hall and to remember the last lines of the valedictory address.

O God of right, before Thy throne of grace
We clearly see our mission to our race.
As living portraits of the Christ of power,
We now accept the challenge of the hour.

--For a Senior

CLASS ROLL

| | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|------------------|
| | Harry Branson, President | |
| | Burnese Lambeth, Vice-President | |
| | Betty Bishop, Secretary | |
| | Mary Haney, Treasurer | |
| | James Tillman, Class Pastor | |
| | Sue Anne Boynton, Valedictorian | |
| Mary Sue Branch | Judy Fletcher | Paul Mitchell |
| Ilene Briesmister | Dennis Hansen | Anna Nestell |
| Scotty Brown | Walter Hilenan | Richard Phillips |
| Sharon Brown | Buster Huggins | John Port |
| Steve Charron | Lloyd Johnston | JoAnn Ricks |
| Anita Cook | Louise Lambeth | Wanda Robertson |
| Barbara Cramer | Klaus Leukert | Martha Young |
| | Terry Matson | |

Class Flower.....Red Rose

Class Colors.....Blue and Gray

Class Motto Life--Not a Vessel to be Emptied but a Measure
to be Filled