

FLETCHER NEWSLETTER

MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL AND FLETCHER ACADEMY
Fletcher, North Carolina

April-May, 1966

Congratulations
to the

CLASS OF 1966



Time to close
another chapter
Filled with study,
work and fun
Time to have
a "sad-glad" feeling
Now your high school days
are done
Time to think
about the future
And to plan
the things you'll do
Time for folks to say—
"Best wishes,
May your favorite dreams
come true!"

FLETCHER ACADEMY GRADUATES

CLASS ROLL

Paula Wilkerson	President
Jay Gallimore	Vice-President
Elva Rouse	Secretary
Candy Hardy (Valedictorian)	Treasurer
William Waters	Class Pastor
Danny Henson	Sergeant-At-Arms

Sharron Anderson	Barni Malkiewicz
Sharon Bates	Larry Martin
Nena Black	Lina Martone
Carlene Bremson	Roger Milligan
David Brown	Carol Newgard
Joe Byrd	Richard O'Brien
Carol Chandler	Sandra Pate
Lynda Davis	Stanley Pervis
Myron Dobbs	Linda Ray
Marsha Drake	John Reese, Jr.
Frances Falls	Victor Silva
Linda Feagin	Judy Stinchcomb
Thomas Glover	Theron Taylor
Marion Hales, Jr.	L. T. Tyson
David Johnson	Raymond Wagner
Charles Jones (Chuck)	Diane Watkins
Lionel Jones, Jr., (Rusty)	Heinz Wiegand
Brenda Lewis	

CLASS NIGHT

Devotional	William Waters
Introduction of Class	Prof. Lewis E. Nestell
"Bless This School"	Adapted
Class	
President's Address	Paula Wilkerson
Granting of Awards	Mr. Gordon L. Brown
Presentation of Class Gifts	Elva Rouse
Valedictory	Candy Hardy
"School Days"	Class

Consecration Service

Prelude	
Invocation	Mr. Nelson Chandler
Hymn: "I Would be True"	425
Instrumental Duet	"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"
	Brenda Lewis and Myron Dobbs
Consecration Message	Prof. Lewis E. Nestell
Response	Mr. Bernard DeVasher and Class
Consecration Prayer	Elder Don Kenyon
Vocal Duet	Mr. and Mrs. Gordon L. Brown
Benediction	Mr. Vernon Lewis
Postlude	

Baccalaureate Service

Prelude	
Processional: "Marche Romaine"	Gounod
Hymn: "Holy, Holy, Holy"	73
Prayer	Mr. John Black
Choral Response	Choir
"O Lord, How Excellent is Thy Name"	York
	Choir with pianist, Carol Chandler
Baccalaureate	Elder James Wyckoff
Duet	Mr. and Mrs. James Peel,
Benediction	Mr. Myron Brown
Recessional: "March From Athalia"	Mendelssohn

Commencement

Processional: "Pomp and Circumstance"	No. 1 & No. 4, Elgar
Invocation	Mr. A. C. Larson
Solo	Mr. Wendall Lacy
Address	Dr. J. W. Cassell
Presentation of Diplomas	Prof. and Mrs. Lewis E. Nestell
Welcome by Alumni President	Mr. Don Lowe
Flower Presentation	Class
Solo	Mr. Wendall Lacy
Benediction	Dr. Winfield Hardy
Recessional: "Grand March"	Martin
Organist:	Sharon Pendleton and Mrs. James Peel, Jr.
Music Director:	Mrs. Helen Rust

Guest Speakers

Elder James Wyckoff	Carolina Conference Evangelist
Dr. J. W. Cassell	Academic Dean
Southern Missionary College	

PARENTS, TEACHERS, DEPARTMENT HEADS, FRIENDS, RELATIVES, AND FELLOW CLASSMATES

Tonight it is my happy privilege to bid you a warm welcome, not only to a class night but to all our graduation exercises.

To us as a class, this is a great moment, but yet we realize that this occasion is a milestone in our experience. Perhaps only those who are older or who have had this experience can appreciate just what this does mean to us. Twelve years of school--beginning with that first wonderful day when mother or dad, or perhaps an older brother or sister, took us to school and introduced us to the teacher and the classroom for the first time. Talk about Columbus discovering the New World! The thrill that filled his noble soul, was equalled by the thrill of wonder in our little heads and hearts as we as 6 and 7 year olds stood on the verge of our new world that great day. The novelty of the new in time wears off and in time we settled down to the routine of school life. Twelve years have passed since then and looking back now the time does not seem so long. But there were times when we thought they would never pass. All of us have spent from 1 to 12 years at Fletcher Academy. Forty-eight hours from now we expect to receive our diplomas. This honor we have been looking forward to for a long time. As we think in terms of this accomplishment and as we look back over the years and the events that makes this possible, we can see so clearly the credit is not due to ourselves alone. There is a debt of gratitude we owe to others. Likewise we know that whatever has been achieved has been the result of teamwork of parents, teachers, and friends. It is not what "I did" but rather what "WE did".

Parents--You have been part of that team. Somehow we hope that this occasion will help you to feel that all you sacrificed is worth while. This sacrifice on your part has taken many forms while we were in school. Here are just a few that come to mind. A package so thoughtfully made up at home. Balancing off that statement to the school at the end of each month with money that was hard earned. The ticket for Christmas or vacation that you really could not afford. Tonight we are glad you are here and see in part the fulfillment of your hopes for us.

Teachers--You too have been part of the team. Just as regular as the rising and setting of the sun you have been with us to help us win the game. We think of our teachers--not just you who are here tonight, but the many others who have guided us along the way. How often we have complained, have failed to do our best, yet you didn't give up. How glad we are tonight that you did not. We know that without your help we would never have made it. It might be said too, that not all the lessons you have taught us came from the class room. Your patience, helpfulness, example of scholarship and hard work will not soon be forgotten. Tonight we would like to express our gratitude for all that you have done for us.

Then there is another great team. The department Heads, the one with nerves of steel. Frankly I wonder how you have put up with us so long. You certainly must have had a vision larger than just the present. Under your supervision we have learned how to work efficiently. You have been patient with us in our mistakes and in our mischievous pranks. We thank you for some of the little special things you have done for us; we remember these with warm gratitude. We hope to use the skill and the habits we have learned in adding to this noble building we call character and help toward the winning goal--the game of life.

Friends and Classmates-- Yes, we will miss you and school life. During the last twelve years we have worked, studied, and worshiped together. We have also enjoyed some very entertaining social activities-- reception, picnics, and of course "good old Saturday night Detention Hall. It is hard to believe that in just three days all of these things that go to make up school life will come to an end for us. And also that we must leave those whose friendships it took many years to build. You too have been a most important part of the team. As in baseball no one ever gets to third base by his own efforts alone.

Continued on the next page

CLASS NIGHT Continued

Futhermore what fun would there be in getting to any base at all if there were not others to play and share it with you? You have played the game with us. In doing so you became part of our lives. Our memories of you will be cherished forever.

Sorrow frequently must be borne alone but joy and happiness must be shared, and we are glad you can share it with us. Without you we could not have reached this goal in life--without you to share it with us we could not fully enjoy it. In fact it really would not be much fun. So to each and all of you--we bid you welcome.

These last few months have been full of serious moments for many of us. These have been the moments when we have tried to answer to our own satisfaction, questions that all serious minded youth throughout the generation of time have had to face.

What about the future?

What is most worthwhile?

What shall I do with my life?

Shall I go on to college?

After further training and education, then what?

These are a few questions that when answered will hold a great challenge for us. The challenge of the game of life. Not just that of living but winning the goal in life. We must all be skilled sportsmen and play with great sportsmanship if we plan to make the final and glorious touchdown. But first there must be the Countdown for Christ.

In this year's school annual Prof. threw out a challenge that seems to be especially aimed at the youth who are aiming for eternity. Enclosed in this challenge was the Sportsman's Prayer. Some of us have been thinking about it and perhaps this would be the best time to let him know.

DEAR GOD, HELP ME TO BE A GOOD SPORT AND A GOOD LOSER IN THIS GAME OF LIFE. I DON'T ASK TO BE THE PITCHER OR FOR A PROMINENT PLACE IN THE LINE-UP. PLAY ME ANYWHERE YOU NEED ME. I ONLY ASK THAT YOU GIVE ME THE PATIENCE, COURAGE, AND STAMINA TO GIVE YOU THE BEST I'VE GOT IN EVERY GAME. IF ALL THE HARD DRIVES SEEM TO COME MY WAY, LORD, I THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT. HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE GAME OF LIFE IS FULL OF HARD KNOCKS, BAD HOPS, AND FOUL TIPS, AND MAKE ME THANKFUL FOR THEM. HELP ME TO GET SO THAT THE HARDER THEY COME, THE BETTER I WILL LIKE IT, AND GRANT THAT I SHALL NEVER SIDESTEP ONE THAT IS TOO HOT TO HANDLE, NOR ALIBI, WHIMPER, OR COMPLAIN THAT I HAVE HAD A RAW DEAL OR THAT THE GAME WAS A FRAME-UP. USE ME WHEREVER YOU WILL TO PLAY THE GAME IN SUCH A WAY THAT YOU WILL HAVE NO REGRETS FOR GIVING ME THE CHANCE; AND FINALLY WHEN WE REACH THAT LAST INNING AND THE EVENING SHADOWS ARE GATHERING, GRANT THAT I MAY WIN THY DECISION AND BE COUNTED SAFE AT HOME. AMEN.

Speech given by PAULA WILKERSON, President Class of 1966, Thursday May 19, 1966

CLASS FLOWER
Class Colors
Mission
Target

White Rose
Blue and White
"Countdown for Christ"
"Aiming for Eternity"

AN UNENDING QUEST

With hope and anticipation the members of the class of 1966 of Fletcher Academy have approached this hour. Having reached it has left us with mixed emotions-- the joy of arrival--the regrets of parting.

Some of us may have overlooked the major purpose of this occasion. I think, if we will take stock of our present progress regarding the remaining distance of the educational road which we are following, we will realize that a great stretch through toil and difficulty lies yet ahead of us. We may say this with regard to organized education. As for education in general, it is obvious that we have but made a beginning in our quest for knowledge.

Beginning is hardly the right word. Rather have we joined in the task which has been carried on through past ages. Much has been done by those before us. More remains for us and for future generations to accomplish. The end is not in sight. To all appearances it never will be in sight. We may properly call this activity of thirsting and seeking for knowledge, "The Unending Quest".

In a sense we are at the end of an era. What have we achieved up to this point? Presumably, we have mastered the fundamental processes of education--the tools which we employ to delve ever deeper into the retreating mysteries of the unknown. The store of facts which our forerunners have been collecting for untold generations has been our workshop. We, with the invaluable aid of our teachers, have culled the best of these facts to feed our growing minds. It is with them that we have worked while mastering this education. They have become a part of us. Our very thoughts are built upon the great truths which have been handed down to us from the past. All advancement which the future may bring must have its origin in them.

While pushing onward in our quest, we have come in contact with those who have taken a sympathetic interest in our mutual struggle. They have helped to soften the harsh reality of our labor. These classmates, teachers, and friends will not be forgotten, through our respective pathways through life may lead us into haunts far removed from the pleasant associations and friendships we have known here. Even the very walls of this cradle of our learning will linger forever in our memory. Recollections of the happy moments which have here been woven into the thread of our existence will ever revive our flagging spirits and stimulate us to renewed activity. Our parents and our God have made these years the best in our lives.

Now, let us speak of the future. We cannot forever remain content with the knowledge which has been accumulated for us. We must strike out in an endeavor to aid civilization in its onward march against the passive forces of ignorance. It is for us, if we understand our task, to add new truths, new harmonies, to that ever-growing store of useful information. And so, we must see that our chief aim here tonight is to gird ourselves and make ready for the trying years which lie ahead and finally for that great examination day when all shall stand before his God.

The quest for knowledge is an unending one. Let us become familiar with the important facts already gathered; let us search for the true and the beautiful in life; and lastly, let us open up new vistas of mountain heights of hidden knowledge yet to be scaled. All of this may be summed up in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

To all of you who have helped us thus far in our quest for knowledge the "Class of 1966", says thank you, and now we bid you farewell.

--Candy Hardy, Valedictorian

Senior Class Consecration Service--Summary and excerpts

It has been my privilege to have had the first Friday night service of each school year (also the first one in each calendar month). Can you recall the three promises made to you on these occasions?

1. Regardless of how tired, long or taxing the week has been you will leave the meeting refreshed. (Jay Gallimore remembered and repeated this for the class).
2. If you came to the meeting with the spirit and attitude of worship you will not go away disappointed. (Remembered and quoted by Paula Wilkerson)
3. In the years to come the vesper hour of your school days will become one of the most cherished and hallowed memories.

You have seen the first two promises fulfilled. You now stand on the threshold of seeing the last one fulfilled. Before the summer is over you will be reminded of the truthfulness of these words.

Your service tonight is called a consecration service. Actually this has been the thought and motive back of all the vesper services in the past. This word consecration means to separate from a common to a sacred use. The motive prompting this is a dedication out of a sense of duty or gratitude.

During the course of your school days you have accumulated a large store of knowledge, more probably than any generation before you. This knowledge has included a daily study of the Bible--the one place where you can find your origin, meaning of the present and your future destiny. This knowledge should have provided you with some conviction about the use of your life. This knowledge should also make you aware of some debts that you owe in reaching your present place and achievement.

1. A debt to your parents. (estimated cost from childhood to present \$20,000.00)
2. Debt to society which has provided you with the opportunity to develop yourself and to reach your present achievement.
3. The larger debt owed by all to Christ who "was treated as we deserve that we might be treated as He deserved. . . . He suffered the death that was ours that we might receive the life that was His."

The class in New Testament History was finishing the work of another school year. Examinations had been written and in time would be graded and grades issued. This morning they were meeting for the last time. The teacher always opened each class with prayer. This was done as usual and the teacher faced his class with a serious smile. "Suppose Jesus himself were here in the room in person. Suppose further that he would invite each of you to make one request with the understanding that He would grant it. What would you ask of him?" There was stillness--you could almost hear the brain cells at work. For a time no one spoke--none dared to speak. Then Jim, good natured Jim, hardworking Jim, blundering Jim, like Peter of old was the first to speak, "Sir, I would ask him just what he wanted me to do, then I would give my whole life to doing it."

In the Old Testament a check will show that the sacrifices that the Lord required were to be willingly given. Further these sacrifices were to be young and without blemish. Should he who in the far off ages required the best, the youngest and the first of the flocks, the finest of the meal, the purest of the oil require any less today? Romans 12:1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. which is your reasonable service.

With your youth and your talents and your health you have an offering that when willingly given can be the most acceptable to Him. Moody said, "Give Him your life. He can do more with it than you can". Dr. Grenfell as a boy heard Moody make this statement, accepted the challenge and the results are known throughout the world.

If Jesus were in this room, what would your request be? Would it be the one that Jim made? "Lord what would you have me to do?"

--Lewis E. Nestell

Alumni News

Dear Alumni

On April 22 and 23 of this year a new tradition was born at Fletcher. The first Homecoming Week-end in the history of this institution was conducted.

The response was very encouraging. By this I mean the willingness by which the Alumni contributed in helping plan and execute the various programs and activities of the week-end. And more important was the good group that was present to represent the various classes.

At our business meeting on Saturday night some 75 Alumni answered the roll call. We were very happy to honor the class of 1941 on their 25th Anniversary. Dr. Floyd Pichler, President of that Class spoke a few words of encouragement and greetings to the group.

May I take a few moments to tell you of what took place through-out the week-end. This is for those who were unable to attend for various reasons, and may I add that I hope it will make you try especially hard to be present for our next Homecoming.

On Friday evening, April 22 at 7:30 P. M. in the new church on our campus Elder Charles Arnold brought us a most inspiring talk. When Elder Arnold speaks about Fletcher, it always makes my devotion and love increase. Mr. Varn Dorne Camp was in charge of the Friday evening meeting. The song service was conducted by Mr. J. B. Lane. Miss Laura Fletcher gave the special music. Elder Don Kenyon offered the opening prayer and Mr. Bill Nestell had the closing prayer.

The Sabbath School program was started by a very rousing song service conducted by Miss Gloria Roe with Miss Glenda Ham at the piano and Mr. Phil Draper at the organ. The Scripture reading and prayer was given by Dr. Floyd Pichler. Our Alumni secretary, Mrs. Bertie Marchant-Williams, gave us our report of last years Alumni Sabbath School. Mrs. Genella Lowder-Hunt gave the mission appeal of the needs of East Africa. Mrs. Patricia Collins-Easton favored us with a message in song. Mr. James Shepherd taught a most interesting Sabbath School lesson to the whole group. For the closing song we were privileged to have a duet by Miss Sharon and Miss Shirley Underwood. Dr. Earl McGee offered the benediction. The program was conducted by your Alumni President.

Mr. Floyd Hodges prepared a most impressive 11 o'clock service. Elder Delmer Anderson gave a most timely sermon on the state and condition of our world and society. Dr. Forrest Port called for the offering. Our opening prayer was offered by Dr. Harold Schutte. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tate gave us our message in song. The benediction was pronounced by Mr. Bill Cook and Mr. John Neff closed the church service with a vocal solo.

In the afternoon the Fletcher Academy Choir and Band gave a program of sacred music. This was well received and enjoyed by the large group in attendance. As a finale, Mrs. Rust, Director of the Choir called all of the former Choir Members up to sing the closing number and the Seven-fold Amen. It was nice to be a member of the Fletcher Choir this once more.

On Saturday evening we met at Whitford Hall Cafeteria for our business meeting. After a short business meeting we had a supper. Mrs. Karen Hodges-Hyder and her staff of able assistants, Mrs. Cathy Rowe-Wilkie, Miss Peggy Powell, Mrs. Bessie Powell, Mr. Vernon Lewis, Mr. R. E. Marquis, Miss Gloria Roe and Miss Beth Drake prepared a most delicious spaghetti supper with garlic bread, tossed salad, ice cream and punch. The dessert and punch was provided by Miss Covey. The supper was delicious and the fellowship was wonderful.

Organ music was provided by Mrs. Rust for the evening. Also several musical numbers were performed by students from the Academy, Nursing School and Academy Faculty. We certainly did enjoy and appreciate the contributions of the music Dept.

--continued on the next page

Professor Nestell talked to the group about "Our School," what it has accomplished and what we are faced with in the future to maintain our good standing in our own denomination and in the state. At the completion of "Prof's" talk the group honored him with a standing ovation.

On Sunday morning at approximately 9:30 A. M. the week-end program was climaxed by GROUND-BREAKING for the NEW BOYS' DORMITORY. A large group gathered to witness this scene and mark this memorable occasion. Many Alumni members stayed over and classes at the Academy were let out and many community folks were present.

May I say thank you for your wonderful response. Make your plans now to attend the next Homecoming at Fletcher. We'll be looking for many of you next Spring.

Sincerely

Donald E. Lowe
Alumni President

April 1966

Mr. Don Lowe
Alumni President
Fletcher Academy
Fletcher, North Carolina
Dear Mr. Lowe

Your letter came across the miles telling me of Homecoming Day at Fletcher, my school. How I would like to steal one day from my life's busy program and spend it again in the Hills of Carolina. I wish I could come back April 23. Since this is impossible

I shall dream that day of:

A little brick chapel tucked in the curve of a mountain glen,
Couch Mountain mantled in the soft greens of spring,
Jersey cows peacefully feeding on Strawberry Hill,
Woodland paths that bring new surprises with each turn,
Tulips in the circle at the Sanitarium and a jack-in-the-pulpit
that holds his services there,
The flash of a cardinal's wing against the white of dogwood blossoms,
A saucy squirrel sitting on the peek of the chapel roof,
The belltower on the lawn by the cafeteria,
Fiery sunrises over Couch Mountain and sunset glows filtering back across
Panarama.

I shall dream of:

Classes in literature--"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul."
In math, history, science and French,
Bible classes bringing lessons of courage and faith.

I shall dream of:

Work that kept me out of mischief,
Roommates and classmates and teachers and friends,
Breakfasts I slept through and long dragging hours till the dinner bell rang.

I shall dream of a flag against a blue, blue sky.

All these things and more I shall dream of as I think of Fletcher, my school.

--A Graduate of 1932

Eighth Grade Graduation

Mr. Wuttke, teachers, Elder Wycoff, fellow classmates, parents, and friends. We, the 8th grade Class of 1966, want to welcome you here tonight, as we mark the first big milestone in our lives.

We owe many, many thanks to our teachers who have gone beyond the "call of duty", to give us extra help when we needed it. We also want to thank our parents, who were willing to sacrifice so we could have a Christian Education. Some of us have even required a little extra attention--with the board of education.

We have had a lot of fun these past few years. The library campaigns, field trips, school picnics, and ball games have taught us that there is more to school than just books. But from the books we have studied during these past eight years, we have learned many things that will help us better to fit ourselves for the work of Christ. We are told that "higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for his children.

In these uncertain times in our world's history, we leave the grade school, remembering our motto, "Life is what you make it!" We go to face the future with determination. Determination to help spread the gospel of our soon coming Saviour-- Determination to be true to our God regardless of the consequences, for we are told that we have nothing to fear for the future except that we forget the way that the Lord has led us in the past. Determination to be true and honest in all of our dealings. We are determined that ours shall be a life of service, not fame.

Who does his task from day to day
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found real greatness here below.

Who guards his post, no matter where,
Believing God must need him there,
Although but lowly toil it be,
Has risen to nobility.

For great and low there's but one test:
'Tis that each man shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can
Shall never die in debt to man.

With this determination to do our best, we go to meet the future gladly--carrying in our hearts only kind thoughts of our school, it's teachers, and students.

Again welcome and thank you!

GRADUATES

Judy Marquis (Valedictorian)President
Thomas Bischoff Vice President
Darrell Cantrell..... Secretary-Treasurer
Sharon Beard Salutatorian

Clarence Anderson
Douglas Barber
Ronald Brummett

Hanna Coffey
Malcom Cox

Class Motto "Life is what you make it"
Class Aim "Service, not fame"
Class Colors Pink and White
Class Flower Pink Rose

Seventh and Eighth Grade Tour

Thursday, May 12, the Seventh and Eighth grades toured the General Electric Outdoor Lighting Department in Hendersonville, North Carolina. Here, all General Electric out-door lighting systems for domestic and inter-national markets and an infinite variety of lighting applications are designed and manufactured.

First they were taken into "Lampighter's Hall", where there were models of the different lights made at the factory. Then guides took them in two different groups on a tour of the factory. Right before their eyes, flat pieces of metal were bent by machines into the correct shape for use in lighting.

Besides over 1,000 employees, machines also work. One computer used at General Electric can take a report from cards with holes in them and type it out on a long piece of paper at the rate of 900 lines per minute.

After a 45 minute tour the students unwillingly returned to school.

--Sue Marquis

Camp Hope Picnic

On May 9, grades 5-8 had their school picnic. We left at 8:45 with about 10 cars and 50 people. We went to Camp Hope on the edge of Pisgah Forest. Some of the other parents came later. In the morning, some went wading in the creek, while others played soft ball, tennis, basketball, horseshoes, shuffleboard. For dinner there were vege-links, carrots, celery, potato salad, potato chips, cookies, cake and lemonade. After dinner we chose sides and had a good ball game. We left the park at about 3:30 P. M.

--Bob Moore

Grade School Open House

The open house for the grade school library was on May 15 from 7 to 9 P. M.

Work was started over a year ago. Mr. Pendleton, Chairman of the School Board, designed the building. Then the Home and School Association went to work and started a fund raising campaign for the students. Mr. Clayton Hodges did the excavation work and we were ready to start building. Gilbert Block Company donated half of the blocks needed. Dr. Pearson was one of the many people who donated his time to help us, and the help certainly was appreciated. Mr. Pendleton was the main builder. L. & H. Construction helped do a lot of work. Mr. Leslie Smith built the librarian's desk. It has two display windows, paneling and a formica top. Mr. Smith and Mr. R. F. Gilman built the book shelves valued at \$1,500.00. Mr. Ray Hudson did the electrical work. Mr. Chandler, Head of the Maintenance Department, did the plumbing. Moland Drysdale donated almost all of the bricks. Mr. Gilman built three library tables with formica tops. Chairs were bought from Army Surplus, which Mr. Lee and Mr. Gilman refinished. Mr. Collins and his crew cut down some oak trees that were in the way. Then Mr. N. B. Cantrell and his campus crew did the landscaping and grass sowing.

The size of the building is 28 ft. X 32 ft. with a full basement. The basement will be used for a woodworking class-room and to show films, etc.

We want to thank all of you who donated time, books and money.

--Judy Marquis

SENIOR TRIP

If you have never been on a Senior trip you have missed excitement, new expectations, and a lot of riding.

Most all of the Fletcher Academy Seniors were up and ready before dawn, their suitcases all assembled in front of the chapel. After awhile I began to wonder if there were that many pieces of luggage in the world. If you wonder how we got them all packed, see Danny Henson.

We left the school about 7 A. M. and arrived on the S. M. C. campus at about 1 P. M. We were escorted in by une grande parade.

We were there until Tuesday morning trying to get the feel of the college and hoping to find out exactly what it was all about.

Southern Missionary College had an excellent program planned for us which encompassed recreation, student consultation, lectures and an invitation to attend S. M. C.

Tuesday morning we pulled out and headed for Madison Academy. On the way we toured different parks such as Chicamagua Battleground. This was of special interest to Professor Nestell's American History class. After getting settled at Madison we took a night tour of Nashville Tennessee where we saw the exact reproduction of the Greek Parthenon, a most impressive building.

After a restful night at Madison, we headed out for Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. There we visited the under-ground wonders, including Fat Man's misery.

Lunch was served in the park after which we started out on our long journey home. All went well until about 11:30 P. M. when the brakes on the Greyhound Bus locked causing a hot two hour delay. However, we finally managed to get back home at 6 A. M. Thursday morning, all safe and sound and a little on the sleepy side.

---Jay Gallimore

BOX SOCIAL

On April 28, 1966, an event took place that had not been done at Fletcher for many years. It was an old-fashioned box social. The girls came carrying their decorated boxes while the boys brought the money. The social was held at Pearson Hall.

Mr. Earl Lee was our auctioneer and a very good one too. As he was actioning off the first box, a very large one, two girls jumped out of it. They were, as you would probably guess, Paula Wilkerson and Bee Gee Lewis! After the excitement subsided, the program proceeded.

From the thirty to forty boxes that were there, we made approximately eighty-five dollars, which was very good. Everyone had a lot of fun. We concluded that we should use box socials more often to raise money or just for fun.

---Linda Martone

The Music Festival

Wednesday, April 6, 1966, a day to be remembered by twenty of the band and choral participants in the Eighth Annual Southern Music Festival at Forest Lake Academy. Accompanied by the six adults, drivers and chaperones, the day was spent in driving, eating and talking all the way to Forest Lake Academy. It was a tired group who finally found their way to their respective rooms after a first evening rehearsal. Thursday, all day we rehearsed in one building or another; Friday we repeated Thursday's schedule except that beginning Friday night we started giving the program we had been studying for this year. The FLA Auditorium was filled for each program and what a thrill it really was to walk up on that stage and join that big Choir in singing the numbers we had rehearsed for so long. I don't know much about the band rehearsals, but the final renditions were "fabulous". Besides the Choral and Band numbers, each school had prepared two selections to represent them. These were presented between the Massed Numbers. Our turn came Sabbath afternoon and evening. Brenda Lewis on her trumpet and Myron Dobbs with his Saxophone played "Beside Still Waters", we were all very proud of them.

Saturday night the Choral group gave our selection, "Blue Shadows on the Trail", and we stood up there on that vast stage in our blue and white checked skirts and vests, with our hearts pounding in our ears and flashbulbs bursting all around us and sang the very best we knew how. Well anyway, we looked good! You never know what you might learn in Choir at Fletcher Academy. Richard O'Brien's whistle obligato came through loud and clear, but somehow I just don't remember him learning to "pucker up" that well in Choir. Even Elder Johnson was snapping pictures of us. If you want to see us in action, we're in one of the May issues of Southern Tidings, no less.

Speaking of Elder Johnson, after the last performance we joined the group from Mount Pisgah Academy on a bus that he had chartered and we were taken to Ronnie's in Orlando, where we were treated to the most fantastic milk-shakes, sundaes, and banana splits you ever saw.

We left FLA after breakfast Sunday morning and stopped for a couple of hours at Camp Kulaqua to swim and go canoeing. In fact, up to the minute we got back on Campus sometime late Sunday night every minute was packed with enjoyment of one type or another. The clinicians were excellent, we learned a lot about music we never even guessed at before, and we met a lot of old and new friends.

There were some very interesting sidelights, too, like the fact that ten out of our group of twenty-six were redheads. And that one of them decided to confine her nocturnal drinking to luke-warm tomato juice instead of orange juice at 2 A. M. like last year. Also, I imagine the girl's Dean is still wondering a little who that very tall red-headed girl was, in the room Mrs. Peel chaperoned, one night at checking time, and why the burglar alarm rang so often. And talk about memories, neither the Peels with their broken spring or Jones Moore will soon forget a very cold drive-in restaurant somewhere in Georgia. The whole trip was so interesting that I hope I get to do it all over again next year! Please, Mrs. Rust?

FASHION SHOW

The 16 girls in the ninth grade vocations class chose to make jumpers for the sewing part of their course. At the fashion show in April they modeled their creations. Their commentator, Diane Pollard, gave us something to think about as she told of some of the lessons their sewing class had taught them. She said, "We like to think of the matter of fashioning a creation to wear in somewhat the same light as we would think of the road of life. First we have to decide the direction we wish to take--whether the garment is to be worn to school, to work, to church, or whether it is to be a house dress. There are decisions to make all through the process of making a garment, just as decisions have to be made as we go down life's pathway. . . . And as along life's pathway, sometimes troubles beset one. Stitches must be picked out and mistakes corrected. Sometimes we think the garment will never be right. And then--it is finished and how happy we are! It's the keeping at the thing no matter what comes that eventually pays off--not letting discouragement get us down."

NEW BOY'S DORM

Work is progressing at a good speed on the new boys' dormitory. The excavation is almost finished and the contract has been signed for the steel. At the Alumni meeting the feeling of the entire group was to go ahead with the building although cash on hand is not enough to complete the project. It was the feeling of the group that if we went ahead in faith the funds would come in so there will be no slowing down of the building due to lack of funds.

Many of our friends and Alumni have seen the proposed building. If there are those who have not and would like to see a drawing, please drop us a letter and we will be happy to send you a color picture of the dormitory that is being built.

We are thankful that the day has arrived and construction has begun on this building. It is our prayer that the Lord will bless with the entire project.

--Darrell Cross, Hospital Administrator

Junior-Senior Picnic

On May 10, 1966 we were off to Camp Hope at 11:45 A.M. in three trucks. It was windy so most of us were sitting down to avoid the cold. The sky was bright and clear, so in spite of the wind it was a beautiful day. We had not gone far when one of the trucks decided it didn't want to go any farther. The fellows tried their best to make it go but it just refused. We then loaded all the students from that truck onto the other two trucks and proceeded on our way. While this was going on Mr. Fink, Larry Martin and Tommy Ham scaled the steep rocks on the opposite side of the road.

The first thing we did when we got there was to have the Junior-Senior Boy's ball game. The Senior boys won this game but the Junior girls won the Junior-Senior Girl's ball game. When we had the tug-of-war, the Junior girls won. The Senior boys won their event.

The supper was more than good, it was delicious. There were about twelve persons who planned and fixed it for us all. It was getting cold in the evening but we managed to eat Banana Splits in spite of the cold. The ride back was even colder. The cracks in the trucks side were bigger than we had thought. The wind found its way in to freeze us. Thus ended the great Junior-Senior Picnic of 1966. I hope next years picnic will be as great.

Bye for now, Jean Curran

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

On the evening of April 14, 1966 two bus loads of happy Juniors and Seniors left Fletcher Academy and made their way to the George Vanderbilt Hotel in Asheville for the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. The west ballroom had been decorated for the occasion.

The decorating theme and program was centered around Moonlight and Roses, so the menus had the Seniors guessing just what would be on their plates for dinner. We will interpret the menu for you so no one will be left guessing.

Liquid Moonlight--Lemonade
Rose Garden Salad--Tossed salad
Rose Buds--Beets
Dew Drops--Corn

Moon Splashes--Frozen Limas
Half Moons--Stuffed Baked Potatoes
Whipped Moonbeams--Lemon Pie

We didn't realize there were so many songs and readings about Moonlight until the Juniors gave the program they had planned. The program was especially enjoyed by all.

--Joan Curran

News from the S. A. of Mt. San. & Hosp.

The officers of the Student Association for the second half of this school year greet you, our readers.

The following officers were elected in February:

President: Elane Ontko Vice-President: Linda Keller
Secretary: Carol Pennington Treasurer: Jan Phillips
Parliamentarian: Bill Hawkes Pastor: Jerry Fitzgerald

Our student council has been quite active, under the able leadership of our President, Elaine Ontko. Several things were planned. A car wash was scheduled two times, but due to the uncooperativeness of the weather, both were cancelled.

School is out; some are working and others are planning for vacations in the near future. Miss Clayburn, our director, has been on a well-earned vacation for two weeks in the North. All of us appreciate her interest and help to us, especially when the going gets rough.

It is with joy that most of us face next year, having survived the past year and looking forward to a new class coming in, but with sadness that the Senior Class will be leaving us in August. Several among them are planning to get married soon after graduation. Our Parliamentarian, Bill Hawkes, is in fact, tying the knot this very month with Ellen Martin. Best wishes to you, Bill and Ellen, from all of us.

The Freshman Class had a picnic, thanks to the generosity of our sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. John Schmick. The Junior class goes on having parties as usual, and the seniors are boning up for State Board Examinations.

We, as the Student Association of Mt. Sanitarium and Hospital, wish all of you a pleasant summer and until we resume our busy schedules and activities in the fall, may you have as much fun as we do!

--Carol Pennington, Secretary

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