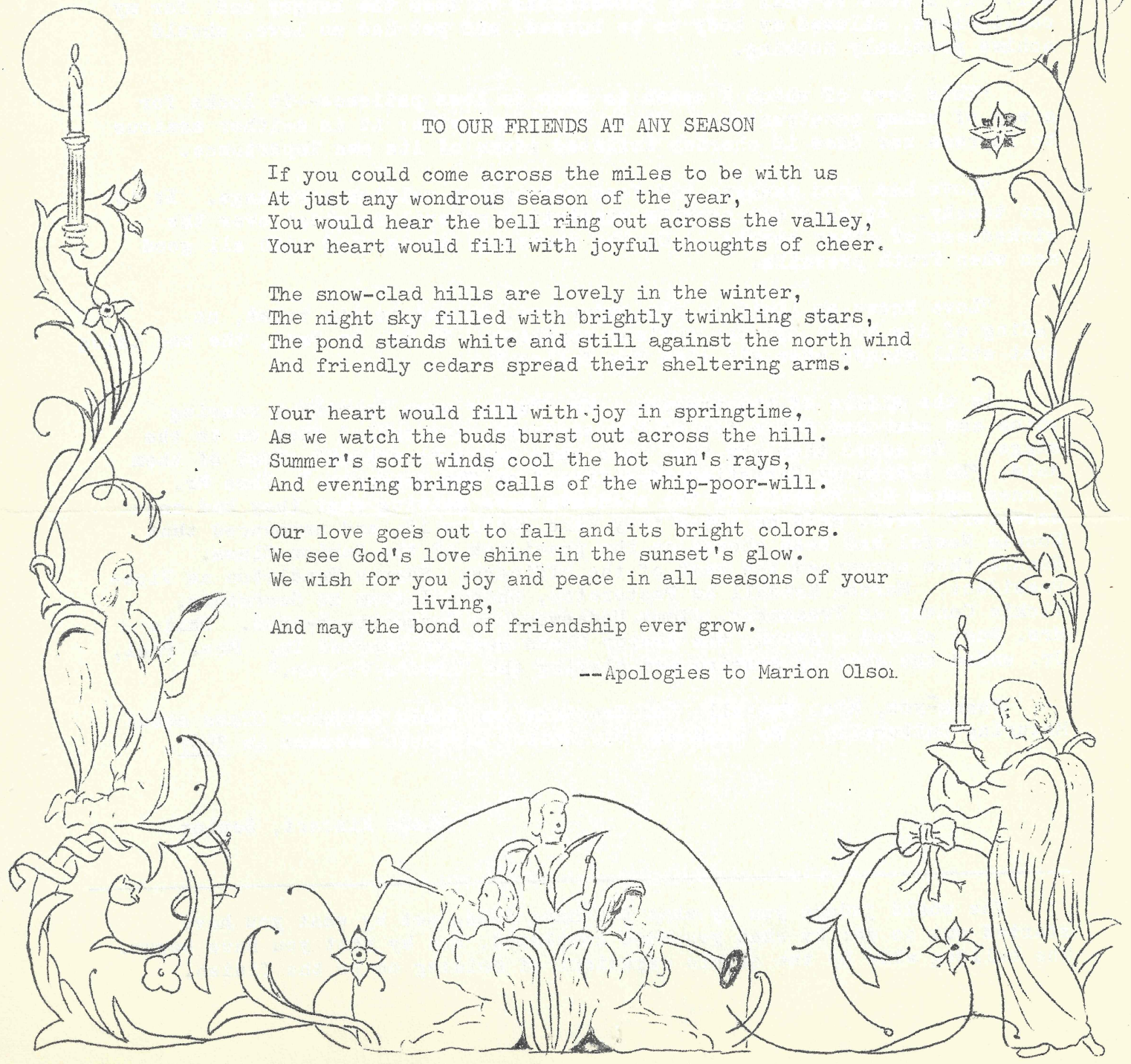
FLETCHER NEWSLETTER.

MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL AND
FLETCHER ACADEMY
Fletcher, North Carolina 28732

Winter 1966-1967



TO OUR FRIENDS AT ANY SEASON

If you could come across the miles to be with us
At just any wondrous season of the year,
You would hear the bell ring out across the valley,
Your heart would fill with joyful thoughts of cheer.

The snow-clad hills are lovely in the winter,
The night sky filled with brightly twinkling stars,
The pond stands white and still against the north wind
And friendly cedars spread their sheltering arms.

Your heart would fill with joy in springtime,
As we watch the buds burst out across the hill.
Summer's soft winds cool the hot sun's rays,
And evening brings calls of the whip-poor-will.

Our love goes out to fall and its bright colors.
We see God's love shine in the sunset's glow.
We wish for you joy and peace in all seasons of your living,
And may the bond of friendship ever grow.

--Apologies to Marion Olson

SENIOR OFFICERS

Who says, "Seniors can't do anything? Last Tuesday night, February 7, 1967, Mrs. Nestell had charge of a program that was presented by the Youth Guidance Class. All class members had a part in the program on "Maturing Culturally." Gary Collins started the program with prayer, and the reading of I Corinthians 13:1-8 from the J. B. Phillips translation. This is what it says:

"If I were to speak with the combined eloquence of men and angels I should stir men like a fanfare of trumpets or the crashing of cymbals, but unless I had love, I should do nothing more. If I had the gift of foretelling the future and had in my mind not only all human knowledge but the secrets of God, and if, in addition, I had that absolute faith which can move mountains, but had no love, I tell you I should amount to nothing at all. If I were to sell all my possessions to feed the hungry and, for my convictions, allowed my body to be burned, and yet had no love, should achieve precisely nothing.

"This love of which I speak is slow to lose patience--it looks for a way of being constructive. It is not possessive: it is neither anxious to impress nor does it cherish inflated ideas of its own importance.

"Love has good manners and does not pursue selfish advantage. It is not touchy. It does not compile statistics of evil or gloat over the wickedness of other people. On the contrary, it is glad with all good men when Truth prevails.

"Love knows no limit to its endurance, no end to its trust, no fading of its hope: It can outlast anything. It is, in fact, the one thing that still stands when all else has fallen."

In the middle of the program, Mr. Turner came in with a roaring voice and searched out a few of the students, and called them on to the stage. He asked them why they were here going to school? Most of them said, "To finish my Christian education," or "To graduate." Then Mr. Turner asked Mr. Nestell if the students were getting what they had come here for? Prof. said he hoped they were getting it, and announced that Ronnie Nowfel had been chosen as the president of the Senior Class. Ronnie then announced the rest of the officers: Sharon Pendleton as Vice-President, Martha Kendall as Pastorette, Sharon Ingram as Secretary, Vickie Conway as Treasurer, Jimmy Underwood as Sergeant-at-arms. While Mrs. Rust played a march, the Senior Class members marched in. Mrs. Peel, Jr. ended the skit by singing and playing the "Lord's Prayer."

Thank-you, Mrs. Nestell, for teaching our Youth Guidance Class about Maturing Culturally. We wish all the Senior Officers success in 1967.

Diane Kincart, Senior

The world judges you by what you have done, not by what you have started out to do; by what you have completed, not by what you have begun. The bulldog wins by the simple expedient of holding on to the finish.

FRANK KIRBY MITCHELL, Ph.D.

Professor Frank Kirby Mitchell was a native of Mississippi. He was a graduate of Oxford University, England, having been sent there by a scholarship from Ole Miss. After graduation from Oxford, he taught English and Economics at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. While at Duke he wrote and had published a college grammar.

He and his mother lived in a home close to the University and nothing pleased him more than to work among lovely shrubs and flowers.

Dr. Mitchell's first visit to Fletcher was in I935 when he came for a week's rest and hydrotherapy. He apparently enjoyed his stay and returned for about the same length of time for the next three years. Miss Patterson recalls that the first time he came he helped get the weeds out of the flower beds. In I950 he began spending most of his summer vacations here, lending a hand in beautifying the campus. He was very active in keeping the circle, sunken garden and other flower beds in tip top shape. Sometimes when he saw some flowers he thought would look nice in a particular spot, he brought them and set them out.

In I955 he retired and spent more time at Fletcher. In I956 he rented a home at Naples, which he later bought and where he lived with his faithful friend, Tenne, the German Shepherd he bought in Tennessee. In I962, failing health make it necessary for him to return to the sanitarium for care. He passed away January 27, I967.

We shall miss his contributions to the beautifying of the grounds, and his visiting with the other guests and workers in the shade of the maple trees on the lawn.

--Jeanne Eymann,
Insurance Secretary

LEW LANCASTER-THE MAGICIAN

Saturday night, February 11, 1967, the chapel was filled with laughter from the students and adults at the many interesting tricks Mr. Lancaster did.

He made silver dollars come off your nose, out of your ears, and out of the thin air. He had a puppet named Jocko who preformed magic tricks with cards. He cut a rope in many pieces and it kept getting longer. Chinese rings were looped together.

Mr. Lancaster is considered to be one of the finest sleight of hand artists in America. Since he pulled his first rabbit out of a hat when only eight years old, he's had plenty of time to practice and perfect his unusual art.

He makes his home in Hollywood where he has performed for such famous personalities as Charlton Heston, Debbie Reynolds, Lizabeth Scott, and at the White House for Mamie Eisenhower.

He features amazing magic from around the world, learned while in the United States Navy. He performed in Japan, Formosa, Okinawa, Hawaii, and Australia entertaining servicemen.

I'm sure everyone enjoyed the program. I can hardly wait till the next lyceum. Good-bye till next time!

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Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital
&
Fletcher Academy

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TEMPERANCE

On December 13, 1966, there were temperance posters all along the windows of the chapel waiting to be judged. Mr. James Peel, Jr. was in charge of the program for the night. There were five contestants, Jean Bryant, Judy Flerl, Diane Wiegand, Sharon Pendleton, and Ronnie Nowfel who gave their orations on Alcohol, or Drugs, or Smoking. They were all very good. After giving their orations they were asked to give a two minute talk on one of the other topics other than their oration. When they had finished and while the judges were deciding who would be the winner, Elder Kenyon took over the program for ten or fifteen minutes. He passed out ribbons to all the academy students who helped with the ingathering field day. After leading us in singing a few songs, he talked to us about Elder Holland and read his letter.

As soon as Mr. Peel, Jr. came back in, he read us the winning jingle for which Diane Wiegand won first prize of $5.00. Diane Wiegand also received first prize of $7.50 for her poster. Then Mr. Peel gave the five contestants $10.00 each and announced that Ronnie Nowfel was the winner, and that he will go on to compete with the other schools at Forest Lake Academy. Congratulations Ronnie for the good work. Thanks to all who had a part in the program. It was really good.

Diane Kincart

THE SCHOOL OF NURSING

The student nurses held their annual Christmas Party on December 10, 1966. All nursing personnel, faculty, and Medical staff were invited. Everyone joined in on the fun and had a good time. One of the activities of the party gave us a little insight on how the Mexicans celebrate their Christmas, thanks to Frances and Robert Weatherman. We were especially thrilled to see Mr. Rebman, who was so very ill last Spring, play our Santa Claus. Dr. Engelbert made an excellent drummer boy in the original Student Associations band of pots and pans. Annie Lauren, official bag piper, directed the Christmas band. Everyone left with presents, and full stomachs, and the Christmas Spirit. Thanks to all who worked to make our party successful.

The Student Association is going to sponser some orphans this coming Monday night December 18, 1966. A good program has been planned for them. We hope they all will enjoy themselves and that a little more joy will have been added to their lives.

The Senior Class is planning to go to Washington, D.C. for their Senior Class trip. All have cooperated to make this trip possible. Much appreciation is expressed by the Seniors to all.

The rest of the month will be rather quiet since most of the students will be home with their families for the holidays. The S. A. wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Zina Nichols, Sec.

FLETCHER-RINGER VOWS

By Maria B. Fletcher

The marriage of Miss Laura Ella Fletcher and Ronald Duane Ringer was solemnized Thursday, November 24th, 1966 in the Fletcher Academy Chapel, Fletcher, North Carolina at 7:00 P.M. by Elder H. V. Leggett, Pastor of Asheville Seventh-day Adventist Chruch. Organist was Miss Glenda Ham of Tampa, Florida. Soloists were Mr. J. B. Lane, who sang, "I Love You Truly," and Miss Sharon Underwood, who sang,"Whether Thou Goest," and "The Wedding Prayer," accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Betty Underwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haliburton Fletcher of Fletcher, North Carolina, are the parents of the bride, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gilbert Ringer of Collegedale, Tennessee.

Given in marriage by her uncle, John H. Mann, Jr., the bride was attired in a lace gown over taffeta, made with an embroidered scalloped sobrina neckline, scalloped hemline and full skirt terminating in a chapel train. A horseshoe of roses accented the back of the gown. Her veil was an elbow length forward headpiece of lace leaves, centered with crystal stems and English silk illusion. She carried two white purple-throated orchids on a white Bible.

Director and bridal assistants were Mrs. J. L. McDonald, Miss Betty Rowe, Miss Donella Hunt of Fletcher, North Carolina, Miss Joyce Wynn of Baltimore, Maryland, a cousin of the bride, Mrs. John H. Mann, Jr., aunt of the bride, of Fletcher.

Mrs. Fletcher selected a silver gray taffeta brocade suit, royal blue accessories and white carnation corsage with royal blue ribbon. The mother of the bridegroom chose a moss green suit of wool jersey with black accessories and white carnation corsage.

"JAVA"

Presented by Joseph Ellis

On the night of January 15, 1967 at 8:00 P.M. most of the Fletcher Academy students gathered in the chapel for an interesting assembly on the "Island of Java." Mr. Ellis, the speaker, was reared in Java. His education included Dickson Junior College in Pennsylvania and then Duke University in North Carolina.

Mr. Ellis showed the group many interesting items which he had brought back from Java. Among them were hides and fur of the native animals and the different kinds of knives used by the natives of Java. He showed a snake skin many feet long. It stretched clear across the stage!

All the laughter started when Mr. Ellis asked for some students from the audience to model some of the clothes worn by the natives. The "clowns" were Susie Meisner, Shirley Allman, Marty Smith, and Stanley Johnson. Each was dressed in a different costume to show the lower and upper class of people in Java. Shirley Allman was dressed as a mother holding a child, Marty Smith was Aunt Jamima, Susie Meisner was the bride, and Stanley Johnson was the groom.

The evening ended with laughter and applause for the students who helped with the program.. I'm sure everyone enjoyed the evening.

--John Foley

HAPPY HEARTS CAUGHT THE DARTS

The Valentine Hearts say "I love you";
And a cupid's dart
Finds a place in each lover's heart,
Yes, it's Valentine's day, how true!

Our annual Valentines Party, sponsored by the S. A., was a big success! The evening began at six-fifteen with a delicious meal of burgers, French-fries, punch, and ice-cream, carefully prepared by Miss Covey and her kitchen staff.

The dining room had been effectively decorated by the S. A. members, with red and white hearts, cupids, and streamers. The tables, arranged in rows lining the walls, were covered by snowy white table cloths accented by glowing candles, giving a warm inviting atmosphere to the occasion.

At seven o'clock, Gary Collins, the S. A. President, drew our attention away from our conversation to the program that had been prepared. The first number of the evening's program was a poem read by Patti Warden, entitled "School Days". Then the girls' trio, Martha Kendall, Jean Curran, ans Susie Meisner sang "Forever and Ever". It was beautiful, girls! The boys' quartet followed with another love song, "If I Had My Way." Boys, you did a fine job!

By the way, girls, if you'd like a beauty treatment be sure to visit Roberto, the master of loveliness! He knows how to really make you the most outstanding girl of your entire class! Just ask Diane Wiegand! She knows because Roberto, (Ronnie Nowfel), gave her one of his famous treatments. I tell you! You couldn't recognize her when Roberto got through; she had so much cold cream on her face and so much glitter in her hair! Diane, I think you deserved that sympathy card you received afterwards.

The last number of the program, before the Courtesy Court was presented, was the "Newly Wed Game" played by some of our "Oldly Weds." This proved to be quite interesting and hilarious. I think most of us feel that we know those of our faculty who took part a little better--we found out some things we didn't know before.

And now at last the big moment that everyone had been waiting for arrived! The announcement of the Courtesy Court! Dr. Hardy spoke a few words by way of an introduction and then brought out an envelope containing the names of those who would receive the "honorable distinction" of being the most courteous. Excitement mounted high as everyone listened closely!

"And now, the Princess is Susan Gardner," Dr. Hardy announced. Everyone gave a big hand as a rather shocked Susan was crowned by Mrs. Hardy. As the audience became quiet again Dr. Hardy continued, "Your Prince is Ronnie Nowfel." You deserved it, Ron! And now, who would sit on the throne as King and Queen to reign over the Courtesy Court? We weren't left in wonder long for Dr. Hardy's voice interrupted our inquisitiveness. "Your Queen is Miss Dee Dee Seeley", he exclaimed The audience readily agreed by generous applause. Dr. Hardy's next announcement was: "The King is Jones Moore." The audience again clapped their loudest! Con--gratulations, King and Queen, who could deserve it more than you?

Now all mysteries were solved! The court had been announced and Courtesy Week was over! That was a courteous week, and I think each week of the year should be that way.

Gary brought us back to reality by telling everyone "Good Night." The students reluctantly left the dining room and told their dates good night. The big event is now in the past, although the memories are still lingering in the minds of all those who enjoyed the Valentine Party.

The students give a special "thank-you" to the S. A. and Miss Covey for the wonderful evening and food. I think everyone will remember it as one of the highlights of the 1966-1967 school year at Fletcher Academy.

-- Susan Gardner

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate--we cannot consecrate--we cannot hallow--this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom--and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

TOMORROW
BY GARNETT ANN SCHULTZ

Across the hills from yesterday
And just beyond today,
Tomorrow waits so patiently
To greet you on your way;
Elusive though it seems to be
Beyond the setting sun,
Although today is in the past
Tomorrow cannot come.

A treasured thought is in our minds
Of yesterdays gone by,
And sweet remembrance fills our hearts
To light a wary eye;
Today, a treasure to behold,
A shining glowing dream,
Tomorrow, ever waiting there,
Beyond our reach would seem.

Tomorrow, what a precious word!
A promise rich and real,
The chance to realize a hope,
A glowing dream ideal;
Another dawn that's yet to be
Beyond the realm of yesterday. . .
A new tomorrow there.

On Febraury 5, 1967 the 3rd and 4th grade participated in a patriotic program for Home and School. They presented several excellent skits, poems, and songs about Washington and Lincoln.

Elder Rhodes also had an imformal talk on the "Morals of Our Adventist Homes." Miss Smith's room was awarded a $3.00 prize for having the most parents out to the meeting.

As February 14 drew close, the students decided that instead of exchanging valentines they would give their money to Faith for Today. A goal of $100.00 was set, but when those youngsters got started, they didn't stop at $100.00, but continued till they had $400.00 for Faith to Today that they would have other wise spent for valentines. I am glad that these youngsters are letting their light shine for Christ. I hope that the older folks are doing the same. We wish to thank all those who helped to make this gift possible for Faith for Today.

Sharon Pendleton

ELDER D. A. DELAFIELD TALKS ON THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY

Elder D. A. Delafield, associate secretary of Ellen G. White publications, held a Spirit of Prophecy emphasis series at Fletcher beginning Sabbath, February 25 and ending Tuesday, February 28. Elder Delafield met with the academy students twice each day and also held evening services in the church to which the community was also invited. He recounted stories of the pioneers and of Ellen White which were designed to strengthen the faith of the listener in the providence of God.

Of special interest was the family Bible weighing over 18 pounds which Ellen White held for half an hour while in vision (or during vision.) Some of the students who tried more or less successfully to hold it at arm's length as Ellen White did were Buddy Harvey, Jerre Santini, Carl Jones, and Martha Kendall. Carl Jones held it the longest--60 seconds.

Elder Delafield has been visiting academies of the Southern Union. We only wish that he could have stayed longer with us.

LET'S WRITE (Original poems and limericks by English I and II Students)

NATURE'S BEAUTIES

I like all nature's beauties--
Like clouds on darkened day.
Like snow that falls in winter time
And birds that sing and play.

I like to see the wondrous brook
Flow slowly down its course;
As all of nature bursts in spring
With ever renewed force.

___John Foley, Sophomore

WINTER

Winter is a funny season
Of rain and sleet and snow.
It covers up without a reason
The things that in the summer grow.

At Christmas time when all is white
And out of doors we go,
We see so many lovely sights
All gifts of God we know.

--Karen Ryals, Freshman

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

The leaves are softly falling
Against a golden sky
The birds have hushed their calling,
The night is drawing nigh.
The deer for moments pauses
In the twilight--see him nod,
He's telling all that what we see
Is not just autumn--but god.
--Donella Hunt, Sophomore

GOD'S LOVE

When walking through the woods one day,
I saw a fawn; a mother deer,
I marveled at the love of God:
I wondered, "Why do people fear?"

I saw a flower still wet with dew
Its petals lifting to God's care,
They seemed to say: "God's love is everywhere."

--Ginger Harvey, Sophomore

VALENTINE
What is the meaning of Valentine?
Words that say, "Will you be mine?"
And when they float upon your ears
With joy you think of all those dear.

What is the meaning of Valentine?
Words that assure that everything's fine.
When they come on a card or in a letter
They make you feel a whole lot better.

--Karen Ryals, Freshman

Renee Rebman, English II, wrote a few lines expressing her feeling in the loss of her German Shepherd dog, Midnight.

PATHS OF YESTERDAY

Each lonesome hill and passing day
As I go 'long life's dreary way;
Once with happiness and feet unshod
My canine partner and I did trod.
With death our companionship did part
But her memory will never leave my aching heart.

Limericks

The problems that we have each day--
They seem to press in from every way;
And they can really get you down
Especially if you start to frown.
But to tone down, you surely can pray.

--Judy Marquis, Freshman

You should never learn to smoke
Or even drink a sparkling coke.
It's bad for your health
And won't give you wealth.
So, please remember, this isn't a joke.

--J. R. Jensen, Freshman

I used to watch TV
I'd sit there by the hour.
My precious gift of time
It would soon devour.

But now that I am wiser
In the use of time, I find
It is music, books and exercise
That give me peace of mind.

--Bill Moore, Sophomore

MEN DRIVERS

Men drivers aren't much different from women, really. They are all human beings and think and act alike in emergencies except for one big difference:

When a man, a young man, gets behind the wheel of his new 1967 Chevrolet, he feels he must let every body know he has a new 1967 Chevrolet, especially that group of girls walking down the street. So he zooms past them and honks and waves and runs a red light.

He's wondering what they think of this young goodlooking dare devil. He goes around the block, runs through a few stop signs, and sees them again. Well, they don't look impressed or anything, so he gives it another try. He roars right past them again

they still don't even notice him. But really they do.

They are saying to each other, "Boy, he's going to get his one of these days and is he going to be sorry!" They really and truly think he's crazy, acting like that.

Now he's at it again. This time the girls are standing on the corner waiting to cross. The light turns green and he darts across the street as if he were shot out of a cannon. He goes a block and screeches around the corner and---there's a policeman. He can't afford a ticket. He spent all he had on the car. So when the policeman runs him down and hands him the ticket for thirty-five dollars, he sits there and bawls . . . just as the girls are walking by.

Debbie Johnson, Senior

WOMEN DRIVERS

Ah, what a lovely da . . . Oh, oh, here comes the "Missis" and she wants the car. She daintily walks up, opens the car door, and climbs in. After carefully arranging her skirt she starts looking through her purse to find the key. After searching for about two minutes she gives up, and then discovers them right where she left them yesterday--in the switch. She proceeds to flood the engine, then turns the switch. Of course nothing happens. Finally after much worrying and talking to the car the gas drains and the car starts.

Things are ready to happen now. She creeps down our ten foot wide driveway toward the road. She looks both ways to make sure all is clear and pulls out in front of a car. Screech! She is on the road at last.

Merrily she wings her way to town where she begins window shopping from the car. She drives down the street astraddle the middle line for two blocks, then runs up on the sidewalk on the other side. A policeman stops her to check to see if she has been drinking. She can't understand for the world why he should question her. Errands finished she finally starts home. She leaves town and hits the main road at speeds of 35 to 40 miles per hour and at last turns into the safety of our own driveway.

There is only one last obstacle to conquer--the garage. She sees me standing by the door and wants to show me what a really good driver she is. Her foot comes off the accelerator and she gently touches the brake. Skid! She passes the door and the corner post and now touches the accelerator easily she thinks. Screech! Crash!

James Callicott

Editors note: We think it should be understood that not ALL men or women drivers come under the above category. Also a word of caution to Mr. Callicott. If you value your life and property we would suggest that you check the driving IQ of your lady friends before you get too involved in romance. We doubt that you would want the fiction article above to turn out to be a true prophecy.

A BOY

> A boy is a man in the cocoon--you do not know what it is going to become--his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary-lines between States, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. . . . Who knows?--I may go to that boy to borrow money or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit. . . . Be patient with the boys --you are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys!
>
> ---Hubbard

The wedding of Miss Florence Fellemende and Arthur A. Jasperson took place in the lovely chapel at Little Creek, Concord, Tennessee, February 26 at 11:00 A. M. Elder Rolland Ruf, pastor of the Knoxville, Tennessee Seventh-day Adventist church officiated. Organist was Miss Vicki Jasperson, granddaughter of the groom. Mr. Leland Straw, accompanied by his wife at the piano, played a lovely original violin composition.

Miss Fellemende was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Mr. Joe Mann. Mrs. Joe Mann, sister of the bride, was her only attendant.

Robert A. Jasperson, son of the groom, was best man.

A luncheon-reception was held in the band room of the chapel immediately following the ceremony. Director and coordinator for the ceremony and reception was Mrs. Sara Ann Williams.

Out-of-town guests included Dr. and Mrs. Jack Powell and Kathy, Asheville, North Carolina; Dr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mary Jane and Johnny, Greenville, South Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fricks, Mrs. Betty Jasperson and Vicki, Birmingham, Alabama; Dr. Lou Wallace, Cupertino, California; Mrs. Lile Marie Wallace-Stockdale and children, Worthington, Ohio; Mrs. Cyrus Kendall, Mrs. Edna K. Face, Miss Tablena Elza, Mrs. J. C. Gant, Miss Ruth Lingham, Miss Margaret Brown, Mr. Fred Bishop, and Miss Elizabeth Windhorst, Madison, Tennessee; Mrs. Louise Kuiken, Evansville, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lowder, Miss Maude Morrow, Mrs. Rittie J. Smith, Mr. James Lewis, and Mrs. Inez Nestell, Fletcher, North Carolina.

Bob Brown--Science Circus

Saturday night, March 11, we were pleased to have with us Mr. Bob Brown, of Ashville, with his assistant, Barbara Black to present to us a program of science.

Among his new experiments, not widely known was Kelvin's dripping water electricity generator. This was to show us how lightning works. Another was the transistorized DC motor without brushes. This produces no sparks to interfere with radio or TV.

The experiment which got the most laughs was the Ball-in-the-Balloon. When such a balloon is blown up with a small ball in it as a valve, and dropped to the floor, the ball bounces, releasing a short jet of air causing the balloon to rise only to fall and bounce up again.

Some people might think that most things roll down and not up. But leave it to Mr. Brown to show us that two con-shaped cups put together will roll up a slanted track. Just try it and see, you may be surprised! We wish to thank Mr. Brown and his assistant for such a wonderful program.

--Ginger Harvey,
Sophomore

HOME

BY CONSTANCE R. BOWE

Home is not just walls,
A window or a floor...
Home's where velvet roses climb
And twine around your door.

Home is the place where warmth is real,
And cooking scents the air.
Home is where bread is baking
Beneath a loved one's guided care;
Where a cuddly kitten is sleeping
Upon the very best satin chair.

Home is a wall that is lined
With a family's favorite books
Where one can read and also dream,
Alone, in a cozy nook.

Home is a place for serenity
Deep within one's private lair
Where the golden rays of sun pour through
And warm your cushioned chair.

Home is a table,
Where checkered cloth is spread,
Where crispy cookies are baking
To please some curly head.

Home is a place of happiness,
Affection, thoughtfulness and such,
Home is the place where love bears flower
And living means so much.

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