

THE FLETCHER STORY



LEWIS E. NESTELL

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Foreword

It would be difficult to leave the author out of the story. Hence this book will be written in a semi-autobiographical fashion. We ask the reader to remember that the author was not a spectator in the grandstand watching what was going on and eating popcorn. Most of the time he was a member of the team in the arena of action. No attempt will be made to camouflage this by writing in the third person.

About the Author

The author is Professor L. E. Nestell, who served at Fletcher from 1931- 1981. He was Dean of Boys, printer, teacher, and school principal from 1952 to 1981, when he retired.

The most logical author was Mrs. A. A. Jasperson, worker, teacher and school principal at Fletcher Academy from 1920 to 1952. Mrs. Jasperson was a capable teacher, a good writer, and able administrator, backed up by many years of experience in the institution. Nestell and others were convinced that the Fletcher story should be written and urged her to do it. Unfortunately she put it off for too long. When Mrs. Jasperson retired in 1952, Nestell fell heir to her position as principal and to some of her unfinished responsibilities—including the writing of the Fletcher story. He was well qualified due to the fact that:

- a. He served with and under the administration of Mrs. Jasperson for 21 years of her total 32 years of service here in the institution.
- b. He was privileged to serve Fletcher Academy for 50 years, from 1931 to 1981.
- c. He minored in history and taught it in the classroom, ‘wormed” his way in to become the local historian.
- d. He was privileged to be in the working circle of things. For example: he came in 1931 and had an active part in making Fletcher a senior boarding academy. Before the end of the 1930 decade, he was a member of the Executive Committee, the local operating board of the institution. In the middle 40’s he became a member of the Constituency and the Board of Directors. He served on these entities for 30 years or more. He was also a member of the Educational Committee. This committee controlled educational policies in the institution for most of its history.
- e. Prof. considered himself to be the “Middle Man” in the Fletcher story. He had the privilege of knowing practically all of the pioneer leaders on the local scene, as well as many others in the self-supporting work in the South.

REASONS FOR WRITING

One of the great laws of science and nature states that efforts have adequate causes.
“There is a reason.” Remember this statement on the old familiar Postum can?

“We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teachings in our past history.” *Life Sketches*, p. 196

1. To acquaint all new workers and students with the institution’s history.
2. To review memories in the minds of those who have heard part of the story, and in the minds of those who took part in it.
3. To pay honest tribute of appreciation and respect to those whose lives of devotion and sacrifice made it possible.
4. To preserve the traditions and the ideals upon which the institution was built.
5. To inspire to greater work and effort.

“There is no music in a rest—
Composers place it there
That we may pause and catch the note
That follows, with more care.”
—Ruth Smeltzer

IN APPRECIATION

The task is finally done. The book is finished. Prof. would have been most happy if he were living. Without the help of the following individuals, the task could not have been done.

To Katherine Maxfield for her hours of expertise in layout and design.

To Ann and Ben Wheeler who tirelessly labored to get the job well done by proofreading, and by offering valuable suggestions.

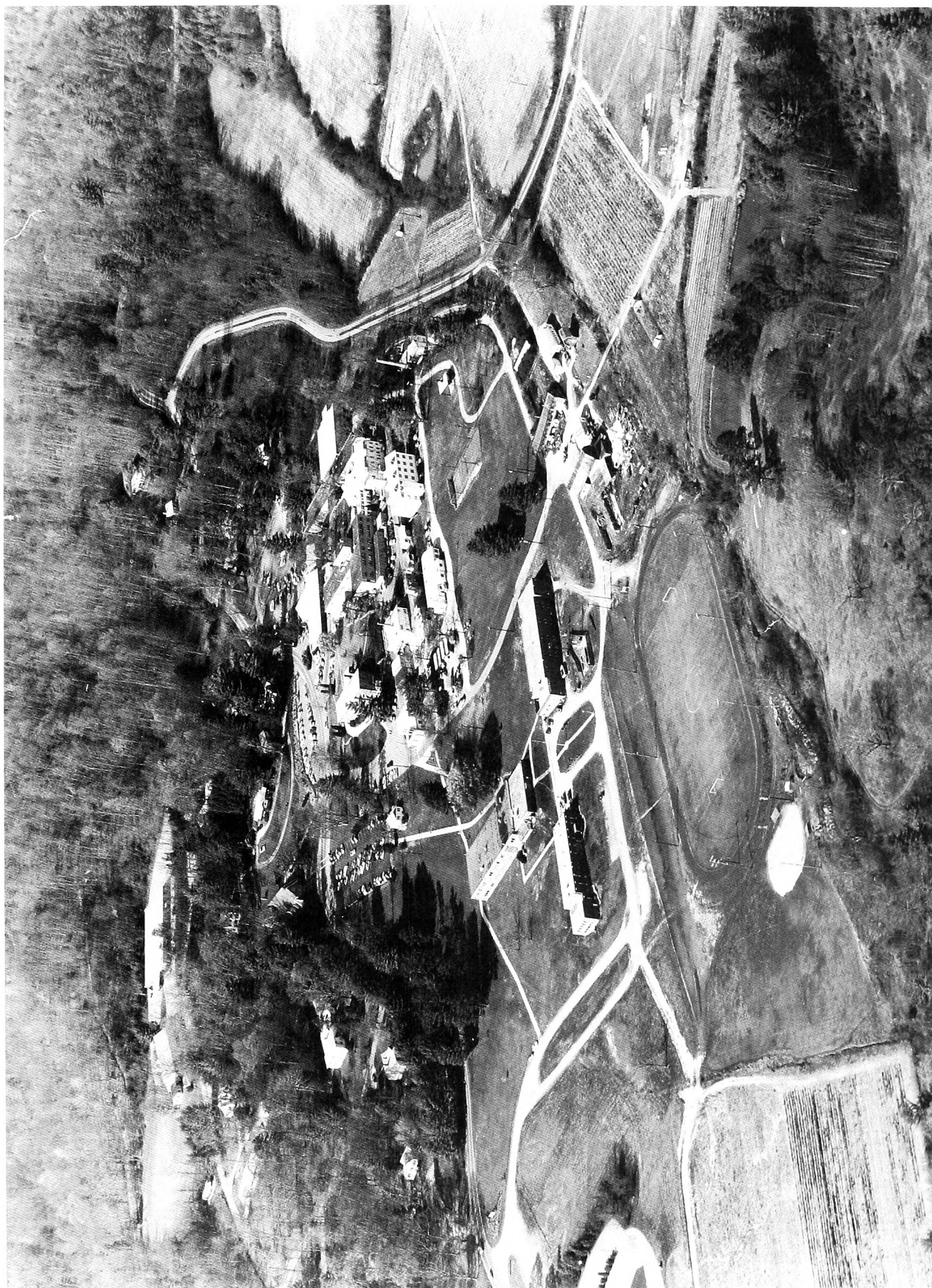
To David Wheeler for placing everything on the computer expertly.

To Milton Conley for his support in the special mailing to Alumni.

To Carlton and Genella Hunt for editing and proofreading the manuscript, identifying pictures, gathering information and attempting to keep things on track.

To all who contributed articles or helped even in a small way, I say thank you.

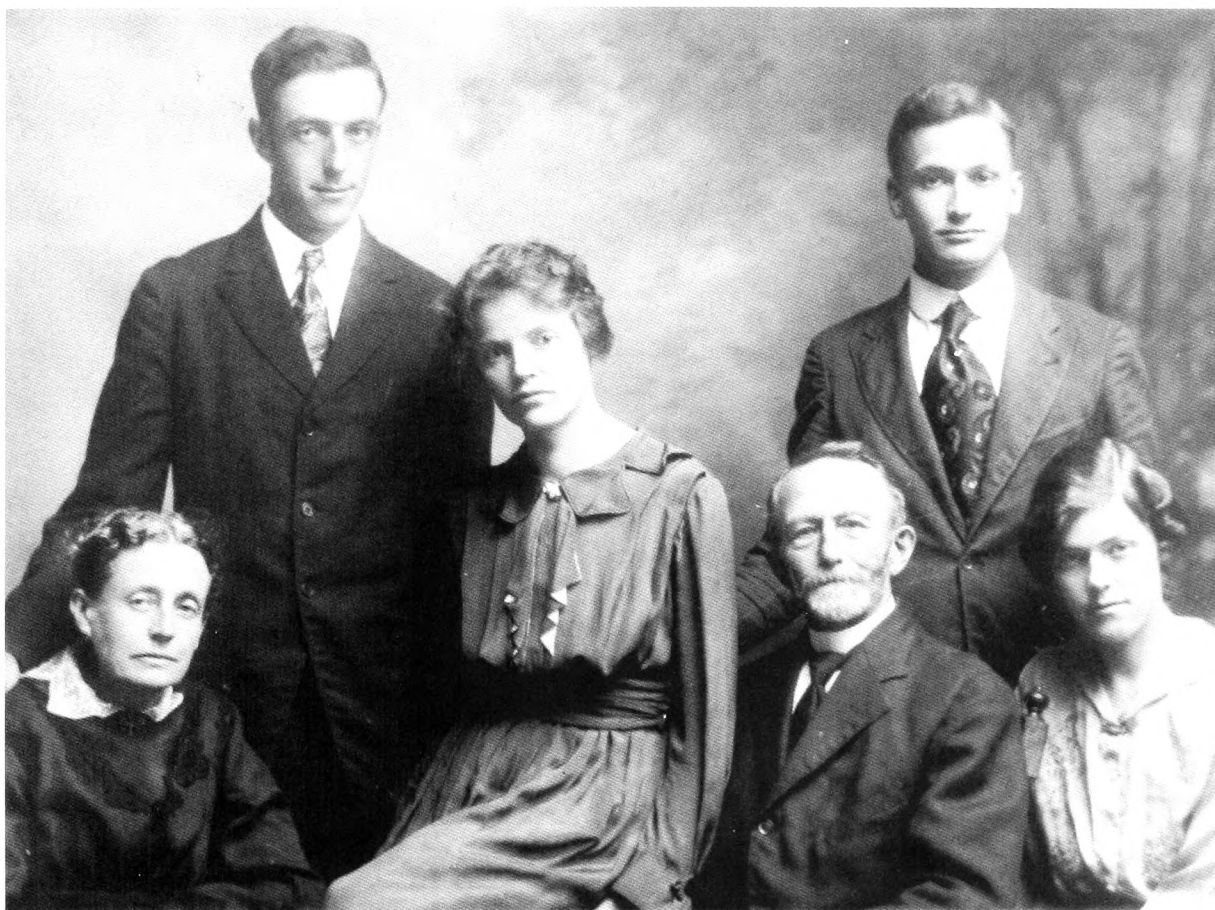
Inez Nestell
May 1997



Aerial view of campus, 1979

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	
About the Author	
Reasons for Writing	
Appreciation	
Chapter 1. The Work of the SDA Church in the South	9
Chapter 2. The Fletcher Church - Introduction	13
Chapter 3. The Old Plantation House Church	17
Chapter 4. The School House Church	21
Chapter 5. The Chapel Church	23
Chapter 6. The Gym Church	27
Chapter 7. The Church of Today	33
Chapter 8. The Boys' Dormitory and Dormitory Life	37
Chapter 9. The Girls' Dormitory and Dormitory Life	49
Chapter 10. Spooks in the Basement	61
Chapter 11. The Academy Library	63
Chapter 12. The Water System	69
Chapter 13. The School Bell	75
Chapter 14. Self-supporters and the SDA Organization	81
Chapter 15. Reflections	87
Other Items of Historical Interest	106
Photos of Classes	113
List of Fletcher Academy Teaching Staff, Principals, Presidents of the Institution and Church Pastors	147
List of Fletcher Academy Graduates	150
Appendix: Biographical Sketch of Principal Author, Sources, Recommended Reading	169



The Brownsbergers

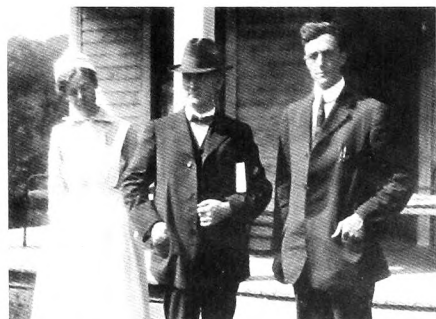
L. to R., Edith, John, Elsie, Professor Sidney, Sidney, and Ethel.



Hack for transporting patients.



Dr. Sutherland and Mrs. Rumbough with Fletcher group 1916.



Ethel Brownsberger, Dr. Sutherland, John Brownsberger.



Early Sanitarium building

Chapter 1

The Work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the South

General Introduction to the Work in the South

The beginning and growth of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination is reasonably well known by our people. The period in which it was born was one of the greatest reform periods in all of history. This period included reforms in the following fields: politics, education, prisons, slavery, asylums, temperance, diet, and religion. The religious reforms included a religious awakening within the established churches and the establishment of new churches such as the Seventh-day Adventists and the Mormons. The Seventh-day Adventist Church had its origin in the Millerite movement in New England. Expansion and growth was to the west — first to Michigan and then later to the Pacific coast. This should not be too surprising because the greatest of all US migrations was toward the setting sun. Most of us have heard the expression, “Go west, young man, go west!” The West was the land of Opportunity. The westward movement has continued to this day, making California our most populous state.

The growth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church before the Civil War was very slow. Doctrines taught were not popular, neither were they easy to accept. There was a cost associated with being a member of the church. At the time of the Civil War, the total church membership probably did not exceed 6,000 members. This membership was largely limited to the area between New England and the Great Lakes. In time, Michigan would become the headquarters of the church and would remain so for many years.

Little, if any, effort had been made by the Seventh-day Adventist Church to carry

the message to the southern states before the Civil War. This should not be surprising. In general, communication, transportation and trade ran east and west rather than north and south. The relationship between the North and the South was not a friendly one. The vast sectional differences between the two great cultures of the North and the South were to bring on the Civil War of 1861-1865. In the eyes of most in the North, all southerners were slave holders. This was far from the truth. Residents of the North felt that slave holders were outside the fold of salvation.

The Civil War was a disaster to the South. Its labor system was destroyed. Its money and its credit were no good. The industrial infrastructure was almost completely destroyed. Most of the homes and many of the great farms were destroyed. The plantation system, upon which much of the wealth of the South was based, was wrecked. It would take many years for the South to recover. In fact the old South would never be restored again.

The greatest need of the South at this time was education. Unfortunately, this was completely lacking. For many years this had been a problem. New England had paved the way in education. The North and the West had followed, but not the South. The South had no strong middle class to push for education or to finance it. There was a small wealthy upper class that wielded a disproportionate influence considering their numbers. This influence was felt in politics, civics, economic and religious affairs. This really amounted to a government by the few or what we might call an oligarchy. This wealthy class believed in education for their own children but not for all of the people. The privileged few could hire tutors for their

own children or send them to private schools. The students were then sent to northern colleges or to universities in Europe. The result was a well educated upper class and little or no education for the lower classes. This situation favored the protection of the upper class; they had no motivation to change it at all. The elite were not concerned about poor whites. The poor whites were unable to afford an education even if they wanted one. The lowest of all classes were the poor Negroes. State law prohibited the education of Negroes. This was for good reason. You cannot educate people and enslave them at the same time.

The war decided the slavery issue while radical reconstruction destroyed much of the the influence of the upper class in the South. The need for education was now more desperate than before. The poor whites and the Negroes really needed to be educated. Here was a large vacuum that needed to be filled. Steps were taken to solve the problem. Reconstruction had many evils and wasted a lot of money, but it did push the cause of public education. The churches and charity organizations of the North did found some schools and bring many teachers to the South. Some of the Negroes had a vision of what was needed, and they tried to do something. Dr. Carver founded the Tuskegee Institute. A very great need remained. Only a tiny dent could be made in the education problem until industry came to the South. This would change the economy, create a strong middle class, and finance the establishment of educational institutions. Just about the time that progress was beginning to make itself felt, there came a setback with the rise of the great nationwide farm movement, the cheap money movement with the resulting segregation movement and separate and equal schools. Separate certainly meant separate, but equal was never equal in the school movement. Because of all this, the problem of education in the South had been greatly neglected. This problem was related to the poor health of many in the South, a situation which was exacerbated by an ig-

norance of the laws of diet.

Immediately after the end of the Civil War, Ellen White began to urge upon the Seventh-day Adventist church the great need to establish work in the South. Her appeal was not just to the church as an organization; she also encouraged individual workers to participate. Let individuals such as farmers, builders, teachers, and missionaries go south. Let them go south and teach and show the way to a better life. Her appeal was similar to that given to the evangelist Philip in Acts 8:26. "Get up and go south." Before this the saying had been, "Go west, go west!" Had the response of the church been similar to that of Philip, how different the cause of Adventism in the South might have been. The scriptures simply state that Philip "got up and went." The result was that a very influential man was converted, and after his conversion he also went to spread the gospel. The Bible says that he went on his way rejoicing. He went back with a message of hope to his own people. But the response of the church after the Civil War was slow and disorganized. Perhaps it reasoned as Philip might have reasoned. Going south was like going to the desert. What possible good could come out of that? Furthermore, Philip had been doing pretty well where he was. Why not stay put? Perhaps the slow response was due to something other than indifference on the part of the church. After all, the hard feelings generated by the Civil War and reconstruction didn't stop at the end of the war or at the end of reconstruction. The church was small; money and leaders were scarce. The more promising and easier possibilities still appeared in the West.

Mrs. White continued her appeals. They reached a peak in 1895 and 1896 when nine articles appeared in the Review and Herald about the work in the South. By this time changes had occurred in the church so that it was more receptive to requests for help in the South. By this time more people were willing to listen. They were not only willing to listen but to respond to the call.

There were other forces at work in the

church that would almost compel the church to action. The soldiers who fought in the Civil War returned to the South with the message. Literature was mailed to friends and to relatives in the South. In time, interested people and little groups of interested people began to appeal to the SDA church headquarters for help. Here and there ministers were sent in response to these appeals. One of the first places where a group of believers was organized into a church was at Edgefield Junction, a few miles north of Nashville. For some reason or other, it doesn't seem that this group ever actually built a church. The honor of building the first church in the South by the Seventh-day Adventists goes to the little town of Valle Crucis, or Dutch Creek, in North Carolina. The writer recalls seeing this building shortly after he came south. At the time it was empty because churches of greater convenience were located not far away. A big boost came

to the southern work when Edson White built his missionary boat, the Morning Star, and pioneered the way down the Mississippi River. White worked as an independent missionary and his work was self-supporting. Mr. White's work had far-reaching results. His experience proved that it was difficult to define work for the whites and for the blacks at the same time. His work laid the basis for the publishing work in the South and for the first black school and college at Oakwood. At about the same time L.A. Hanson and his wife, responding to the messages of 1895 and 1896, had come south and started the health work in Nashville.

The author is not making any attempt to give details of the work in the South. His main objective is to give the background showing how Fletcher fit into the total picture of things at that time. Those interested in a more detailed view are pointed to the bibliography in the appendix.

Sanitarium, Calif., June 13, 1910.

Dear Brother and Sister Brownsberger,--

I am pleased to hear from you, and to learn that you are endeavoring to be of still greater service to the cause of God. It is your privilege to receive a rich blessing in helping others. . . . I am more than pleased that you can engage in school work, and unite your influence with other workers in opening the Scriptures to those who do not understand the word of God. I believe that the Lord has been leading you.

I am thankful that Sister Rumbaugh helped you when you needed help. Tell this sister that I thank her; . . . I praise the Lord that He has made it possible for her to do this.

In your letter you say, "I have longed to open up my heart before you, and tell you how it seemed to me the providences of God were urging me on to enter the channels of labor that were opening where I had not planned . . . How I longed for your counsel when I was sometimes in doubt how to interpret these providences."

. . . You say further, "Events have so shaped themselves that I have been carried out upon their current, and I am anxiously looking to the Lord and my brethren for wisdom and counsel." This is right; counsel and pray together, and walk humbly with God, and you will see and understand. You will not be left to walk alone. . .

Whatever may arise, do not be discouraged, but press your way forward. . . Follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, wherever the way may open.

We all need much more of the true faith that works by love and purifies the soul. More prayer, more of the power of God, and more of true Christlikeness. . .

In every city there should be a city mission, that would be a training school for workers. . .

If our brethren will use their God-given ability to warn the cities, angels of God will surely go before them to make the impression upon the hearts of the people for whom they labor. The Lord has many thousands who have never bowed the knee to Baal. Let not our ministers and our physicians fail nor be discouraged.

R.

Ellen G. White.

Chapter 2

THE FLETCHER CHURCH

Introduction

In reading the story of the first Fletcher Seventh-day Adventist Church, the reader may feel that it is more the story of the Institution than of the Church. There is much truth in this. The story of the one can't be told without the other. The Fletcher Church is about 86 years old. For 50 or more of these years the Fletcher Church was a part of the Institution. The Church buildings were built and cared for by the Institution. Most of the leadership came from the same source. The ground on which the present Church stands was donated by the Institution.

The Fletcher Church and Institution had its start in Asheville shortly after the turn of the century. Four people would be the nucleus around which it would originate. These two men and two women were not related to each other in any way. Three of the members of this group were members of the Asheville Church.

One of the four was only an overnight guest in the home of one of the members. One of the men was a university graduate and had been superintendent of a city school system and the president of two colleges. The other man was a teacher, minister, and a capable writer who would in time produce several books. The remaining lady was a family woman, a grandmother, and a resident of Asheville when she was not traveling. She was wealthy. Just who were these people, and how did it happen that they were brought together so that such a Church and Institution could be started? Let's identify our people first. The educator was Professor Sidney Brownsberger. He was now well along in years. He had been the first president of our first college in Battle Creek. After retiring from educational leadership the Brownsberger family moved south. For a number of years, Professor Brownsberger

served in the ministry around Chattanooga. There were probably two reasons for the family coming south. The Brownsbergers were very religious people. Professor Brownsberger had largely read his way into the Church while a student in Ann Arbor. Both Professor and Mrs. Brownsberger were well acquainted with Mrs. White. When Mrs. White began making her appeals for the church and workers to go south and open up the work there; these would be the kind of people to listen. As mentioned above, the Brownsbergers were well acquainted with Mrs. White. Mrs. Brownsberger even lived in the White home for a while. Another reason for coming south was health. Professor Brownsberger was getting old and had never been a strong and robust person. One of the sons tells us that one of the health problems for his father and the family was malaria. So the family came south in hopes that the climate would be helpful for this problem. This did not turn out to be true. After some time Professor Brownsberger heard about the Asheville area: no mosquitoes, no malaria. This was worth investigating; the Professor made the long trip by horse and carriage. He camped out along the way to Asheville. A little investigation seemed to indicate that this was the place where he needed to live. He resigned from the ministry and purchased a small farm in West Asheville. The family settled down to private life. They attempted to make a living from their little farm. There were five people in the family: the parents and three children. The youngest child was about 10 and the oldest was about 19. It would seem a little difficult to think of Professor Brownsberger being entirely happy with this new life. After all he was an educator and a teacher. Administration and teaching had been his business. Health does come first, and it seems that his health improved.

The teacher and author was A. W. Spaulding. He was in the Fletcher and Asheville area selling books. His motive in this was not just selling the books and making a living. His main purpose was to glean information about the mountain people to compile into book form and place in the hands of the Church people in the North. He was well aware, of course, of the fact that there was considerable ignorance in the North about the Southern people. If Mrs. White was appealing for people to enter the work in the South, then he would do his share in informing them about the needs of the South. The result of this was two books: *The Hills O' Ca'liny* and *Men of the Mountains*. Some of the writing that was done in these books was done at his headquarters which was in a large two story house just outside of Fletcher. Only recently has that house been removed. Now Spaulding may not have been a member of the Asheville Church, but he most surely attended that Church and was well known there at the time. The Asheville Church was the only Seventh-day Adventist Church in the whole area.

The founding lady and the wealthy lady was Mrs. Martha Rumbough. Mrs. Rumbough claimed Asheville as her home. She did a lot of traveling. Much of her traveling was in the interest of health. The source of wealth for the family seemed to have come from the manufacturing of tools or machines. Some came from money which had been invested in the new health food business. Mrs. Rumbough was the only Seventh-day Adventist in the family and had largely read her way into the Church. She had been interested in the work of the Church for quite some time before the Church was formed in Asheville. Her finances had assisted the Church in getting some workers into the area before the establishment of the local Church. The Church was formed in Asheville in 1908 and 1909. This gave the newly organized group a home. It was Mrs. Rumbough's generosity that built the first Seventh-day Adventist Churches in Asheville - both white and colored. She also provided money for

building the parsonage that went along with the white Church. The Church and the parsonage were substantial buildings and would be adequate to serve the Asheville Church for many years. They actually did serve this Church until the present day Foster Memorial Church was built.

The fourth person, a lady, was the most widely known person in the whole Seventh-day Adventist denomination at the time: Mrs. Ellen G. White. At this time, she was an old lady. In 1909, she was making her way by train from Nashville to Washington, DC to end the session of the General Conference. On the way, perhaps to provide a little rest, she stopped off in Asheville. She was well acquainted with the Brownsbergers, perhaps they had even invited her to spend the night with them. She knew the Spauldings, and though she had never met Mrs. Rumbough, she knew about her because of Mrs. Rumbough's good works and charity. So Mrs. White and Mrs. Rumbough met for the first time. During the visit that followed, Mrs. Rumbough requested Mrs. White to suggest what more she might do to support the work of the Church. She asked, "What more can I do with my share of my family's wealth to further the cause of God locally?" Mrs. White answered in the familiar and oft quoted words, "The Lord would be pleased if you would start a medical and educational work in the vicinity of Asheville." No one at the time would have guessed how far reaching these words would be. It is doubtful if either woman had any clear idea of just what such a work should or would be, or of the sacrifices needed to develop it. This lit the spark that would result in the Fletcher Church, and the Institution of which this Church would be a part. That day Mrs. White was on her way to Washington. She would never see Mrs. Rumbough again. She would never see the Institution which her suggestion would create. This idea of an Institution so appealed to Mrs. Rumbough that she agreed in her heart to provide the funds needed for such an enterprise.

The Lord had arranged it all through cir-

cumstances and people in the little Church in Asheville. There was Arthur Spaulding, a man of vision, who had seen the need first hand and had a burning ambition to do something about it. Then there was Professor Brownsberger, educator and administrator, a gifted teacher with a longing in his heart to do something more for the cause he loved. Mrs. White assured him, "his days of usefulness for the cause were not over." Then there was Mrs. Rumbough, who not only had the money, but had a willing heart.

It didn't take long for the three to get together to lay plans and begin to execute them. At first Mrs. Rumbough was a little hesitant about trusting Spaulding, not because he was dishonest, but because some thought him to be a visionary. Mrs. White assured Mrs. Rumbough through the local pastor that all was safe with Brownsberger as part of the team. Spaulding and Professor Brownsberger were both school people. If they were to have charge of the work, one could be sure that there would be a school in it somewhere. As far as the medical part was concerned, that would have to wait awhile to be worked out. Here they had little to go on except for the experiment that was being tried out at Madison in combining school and medical work. They did not know if it would be school or medical work or both. They did know from what Mrs. White had written that it must be located in the country.

The Spauldings now lived in the country. The burden of locating a place fell upon Mr. Spaulding. Certain things they must have in order to start this Institution. There must be plenty of room to build and to grow. There must be a good water supply. There must be resources such as timber and fertile

soil. It must be accessible by road. It must be close to a railhead. Preferably, it would have some buildings which could be put to use immediately. It was not easy to find such a place. The writer recalls that Mr. Jasperson once pointed out to him a place just opposite the golf course on US 25 south of Biltmore as one of the places Spaulding seriously considered. How fortunate that it was not selected. It would now be surrounded by the city. One day when Spaulding was canvassing in the area of Horse Shoe, just a few miles west of Hendersonville, he heard of an old rundown plantation known as the Byers' place located near Naples. This plantation was for sale. Spaulding soon made his way over to Naples to take a look at the place. He followed the crossroad from Naples to Howard Gap Road. They met about where our present Church stands. It was from this spot that Spaulding got his first view of the place. There was not much to see on the plantation that would impress him. One medium sized frame house, old farm buildings, weeds and brush and eroded fields made up the less than outstanding prospect. However, it was closer to what they wanted than anything they had seen so far, and the price was within their reach. There may have been a little eye appeal in the immediate setting. Spaulding said that it reminded him of the mountains about Jerusalem. The land was purchased in early 1910 for \$5750. The purchase price included only the real estate, no furniture or cattle. The Brownsberger family moved from their farm in West Asheville in March of 1910. The Brownsberger's used a team and wagon to move their furniture, tools, farm machinery and other effects. The cattle had to provide transportation for themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding soon followed.

The

MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM

*In the Mountains of
Western North Carolina*

Location

Among the pines of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina, between two of its most prominent health resorts—Asheville and Hendersonville—is the Mountain Sanitarium, surrounded by nature in its primeval simplicity.

To the overwrought nerves there is nothing more quieting than the music of the pines, and the songs of the many birds in their native habitat. The fragrance and beauty of the arbutus, azalea, mountain laurel, and rhododendron call the mind to higher realms of thought, relaxing the tension of tired nerves; while the mountain air, filled with the healing breath of the hemlock and the pine, and the water from the mountain springs, cool and soothing, make the Mountain Sanitarium one of the rare resting places of North Carolina.

Diet

Special care is given to the pa-

tient's diet, and such food is served as is needed by each patient. The food is served in its most natural state, thus preserving all the vitamins and mineral salts, the proteins, carbohydrates and hydrocarbons, that the body may be built up in its entirety. Special thought is given to the feeding and rebuilding of the internal secretions by proper food, rest, air, sunshine, and peaceful surroundings.

Buildings

The Sanitarium is a well built steam heated, electric lighted structure. Most of the rooms are provided with hot and cold water and other conveniences.

In addition to this building, there are cottages on the Sanitarium grounds with running water and lighted by electricity. The mountains in all their gorgeous colorings are visible from all sides.

Treatment

All treatments are given under the supervision of graduate nurses. Battle Creek methods are employed, such as sweat baths, hot and cold packs, salt glows, sprays, massage, and electrical treatments.

Exercise

It is not our plan to use artificial exercise. Following mountain trails,

gathering fruits, making and tending flower gardens, render this unnecessary. Our mountain trails and streams invite the patient to efforts of body and mind, which are invigorating and stimulating as well as restful.

The Farm

A large farm of four hundred fifty acres produce fresh vegetables, fruits and grains for the Sanitarium table, and a herd of tuberculin tested cattle furnishes milk and cream.

Patients

Diseases of the digestive, nervous, and circulatory systems, are our specialty, including rheumatism, auto-intoxication, and high blood pressure cases. We do not accept tubercular, contagious, or mental cases.

Information

The institution is fifteen miles from Asheville and seven miles from Hendersonville. By previous arrangements, patients may be met at Asheville, Hendersonville, or Fletcher. All these places are reached by the Southern Railroad. Fletcher is two and one half miles from the Sanitarium.

The Sanitarium may be reached by telephone by calling Mountain Sanitarium through the Arden Exchange, or our city headquarters, the Good Health Place, Telephone 1806, Asheville. All

telegrams should be sent to the Mountain Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C.

Rates

Single room per week, \$18.00—\$35.00

This covers general nursing, early morning spray, and six bathroom treatments. The above does not include board. All meals are paid for according to order.

A second person, such as a relative, staying in the room with a patient, room per day \$1.00

Two patients occupying the same room are entitled to a ten per cent discount.

Physical examination fee,\$10.00

Private nurse, per hour25

Night call of nurse, after 9:00 p. m.25

Nurse sleeping on duty in room, Minimum charge50

Extra bathroom treatments, \$0.75—1.50

Current for electric pad, per week

..... 1.00

Reasonable charges made for transportation.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM

Fletcher, N. C.

Open All The Year

Chapter 3

THE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE CHURCH

When the pioneer families moved out to the place, the only suitable living quarters was in the old plantation house. It stood empty and bare. The pioneer families added their personal belongings to brighten up the dwelling. Spaulding was not able to bring many personal things because he was a canvasser. The pioneers faced a real challenge. There was no electricity, heat or running water. The old plantation house itself was in a rundown condition. The biggest challenge was no income. As the old plantation house, the Big House, was the only living quarters available, it had to serve all purposes: living quarters, school, Church, or whatever. The two families held their family worship, school classes, Sabbath school, and Church in the dining room of this building. One of the pictures we have which was taken at the founding of the institute shows Professor Brownsberger with a few students around him. The picture was taken on the steps of that old building. When the building was built there was a parlor in it somewhere. As the families moved in, such a room would have been needed for living quarters.

This situation would continue for about a year. On April 20, 1911, Elder Brown from the Carolina Conference and Elder Wells, pastor of the Asheville Church, met with the little company at Naples for the purpose of organizing a Church. The members were to be received into the Church by letters. The letters were to be sent out as soon as possible. The names of those wishing to join the new Church were then read and acted upon. A committee of five was chosen. The mission of the committee was to nominate the Church officers. The members of the committee: Elder Brown, Elder Wells, Mr. Hall, Professor Brownsberger, and Mr. Larson. The committee reported as follows: Church Elder, Mr. Brownsberger; Deacon,

Mr. Hall; Clerk and Treasurer, Ida Owens; Librarian, Mrs. Revis. The report of the committee was accepted after each name was considered separately. The committee made no changes. Elder Brown gave a sermon on the work of the Holy Spirit. Elder Brown ordained Mr. Hall as a deacon. The 13 members of the Church were: Professor Brownsberger, Mrs. Edith Brownsberger, Ms. Ethel Brownsberger, Mr. John Brownsberger, Dr. Spaulding, Mrs. A. W. Spaulding, Mr. F.J. Hall, Mrs. F.J. Hall, Ms. Ethel Trantham, Ms. Ada Revis, Mr. L.O. Moore, Mrs. L.O. Moore, and Ms. Ida Owens. On September 11, 1911, Mr. C.E. Rudisaile joined the new Church, transferring from Asheville. The first Church transfer was in November 17, 1911, when Miss Ethel Trantham was transferred to the Asheville Church. It is interesting to note that Miss Ethel Trantham was the first boarding student at the new school. Later many changes occurred in the growing school. Gladys Wager Lowder became the first boarding student after the changes. Ethel later became Mrs. L.E. Jarrett and lived in Asheville. The two pioneer families, Spauldings and Brownsbergers, made up half of the total Church membership. (The author knew five or more of the original Church members.)

The members of the new Church selected a name for their group. In the original Church minutes, it was called the Naples' School Church. This was in keeping with the original objectives of the new Institution. The first school calendars were issued in 1913. They used the name Naples Agricultural and Normal School. Something like this would be expected with Spaulding and Brownsberger in charge of the new venture. In the Church record for February 14, 1920, we read, "The Church desires to have the name changed from Naples to Fletcher Church and authorizes the Church secretary

to write to the Conference president concerning this matter." No reason was given for seeking the new name. Since 1920 the official name has been the Fletcher Church.

The first Church must have been held in a room in that old plantation house. It had to serve as a school, cafeteria, and family living quarters for the pioneers. With the passage of time, this building became affectionately known as the Big House. The official name was later changed to Rumbough Hall. Some of our Church members today well remember this building. Mrs. T.C. Lowder or Mrs. Inez Nestell can tell you about it. The building had been built as a home for a family in 1885. The house was well built. It had a big basement, two stories, and ten rooms. The building was a single family dwelling until it was sold to the pioneers in 1910. The first pictures taken of this building indicate that it was unpainted. It was a rough-looking relic of the past. It would remain in constant use until it burned in 1953. The land records date back to 1793 when George Washington was the US President. You may wish to read the chapter on the girls' dormitory for more information.

As the school grew in size, the Big House was remodeled to meet new needs. When the author arrived in the early 30's, the dining room had become the school cafeteria. The large room to the east had become the girls' parlor. The kitchen and the bakery were at the back of the building. The girls lived upstairs. The dean of women lived in one of the rooms upstairs. The fireplaces were sealed off, and stoves were installed to provide heat. Many women at Fletcher today remember stoking those stoves in order to keep warm. The school installed a furnace in the basement to heat the first floor. The author remembers that furnace very well. The fire pot cracked and the budget would not cover the cost of repair. The smoky fur-

nace caused everyone in the dining room to choke and run gasping for air.

The Church grew slowly. The Institution and the Church were one and the same thing. It was a very hard struggle to stay alive. There was no income except for the small amount the group could provide for itself, and the assistance that Mrs. Rumbough was able to provide. Workers changed frequently. When the Spauldings left, only the Brownsbergers remained. The people worried that the Conference would disband the group. At the end of 10 years, only the Brownsbergers remained of the original group. At a weekly meeting held in January, 1915, it was decided to hold Church services every other week. The record does not indicate how long this practice continued. The leadership came from within the group. Professor Brownsberger carried most of the burden. It was virtually impossible to obtain assistance from the conference or the Church headquarters. There were only a few Conference workers. The roads were frequently bad. The railway was the usual method of transportation, even from Fletcher to Asheville. Professor Brownsberger resigned as elder of the Naples Church in 1920, according to the Church minutes. Elder E.T. Wilson became the Church elder. The Church grew slowly, but it did grow. There were many changes in the Church by 1920. Thirty people joined the Church and the total membership neared 40. Great changes took place in 1920. Professor Brownsberger resigned and moved to Madison. The business structure of Fletcher had been reorganized. The Brownsbergers had survived the hardships of the first decade. They served very well and the seeds they planted would soon sprout forth and yield vibrant growth. New leaders arrived to take command of the developing Institution: Mr. and Mrs. Jasperson, Miss Patterson, and Mr. and Mrs. Marquis. These individuals led Fletcher for the next 30 years.



The big house

THE BIG HOUSE

A challenge came to me today
As the News Letter I read,
To write a small memorial
To Rumbough Hall now dead.

Other members of the family
Write better rhymes than I,
But the inspiration comes
So I'll take my pen and try.

The Big House was our dining room,
Our home, our banquet hall,
And big enough for games
With tables against the wall.

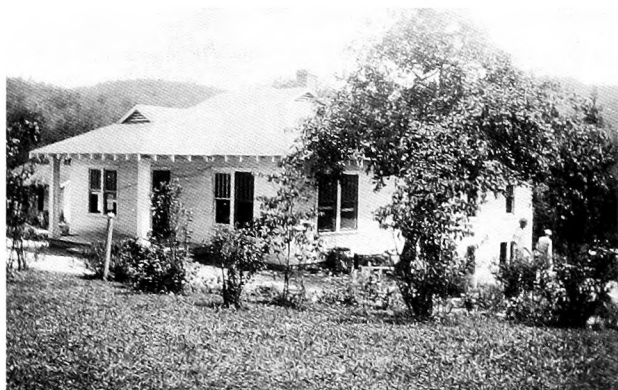
Once striped little kittens
In the basement made their home,
By mutual agreement
They were left strictly alone.

A tale of "The trantula"
You still will hear them tell,
Caught by the girls and pickled
In the Science room to dwell.

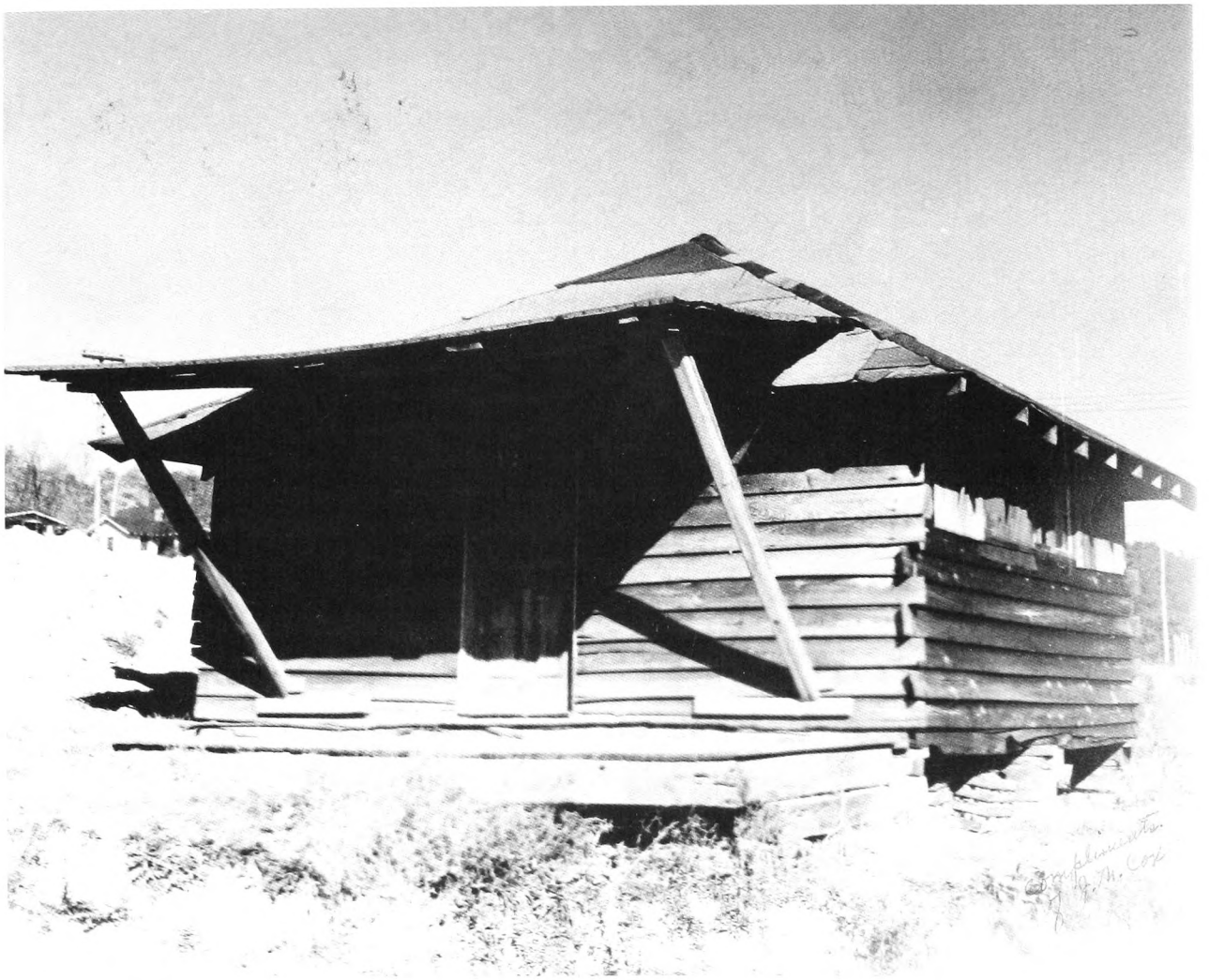
The ghost that roamed the attic
And prowled around the house,
Might have been a prankster
Or possibly a mouse.

I hope a tree, an evergreen,
So it will not be forgot,
In memory of a dear old house
Will be planted on that spot.

Elizabeth Wright



The medical office.



Forget-me-not

Chapter 4

THE SCHOOL HOUSE CHURCH

In 1914, the first building designated as a school house was built. John Brownsberger built this structure. John was 19 in 1910, when the family moved to Fletcher. Many changes took place in personnel in the next few years. Until he went to school, John was the old standby. John did most of the hard work during the early years. He was busy on the farm, cutting lumber and building houses. Money was scarce. There was no certain income. Most of the money that was available came from their own efforts. The main struggle was to survive.

The first school building was located across the road from the old plantation house. It was just below the little cottage where Mrs. Smith used to live. It sat in the north center of the present patient parking lot. We do not know how much the building cost. The timber came from the forest at Fletcher and was cut in our own sawmill. John said that the siding used on the outside of the building came from one large yellow poplar tree. After cutting the tree and converting it into lumber, the tree went to Hendersonville. The skilled artisans dried it and used a planing machine to give it a smooth finish.

The school building was 24' by 48' in area, and featured frame construction. It had a rectangular shape and wooden siding covered the outer walls. John built a rolled roof, and the inner walls were covered with wall-board held in place by small strips of wood. The floor was made of oak and pine. The north and south sides of the building had an equal number of windows. There were two windows on the front of the building, and no windows on the back. As I recall, the outside of the building looked as though it had never been painted. I first saw the building in 1931, when we came to teach. It seems that there was a concrete block wall across the front of the building as a foundation to give

it a finished appearance. The rest of the building used either blocks or rocks for under-pinning. The wind roared under the building in the winter. Because the structure was on a hillside, the front door could only be reached by climbing several steps. The front door faced the road. Entering the front door from the steps, one came into a small classroom. To your left was an even smaller room for either table or chairs. This room and the classroom were walled off from the main room. The back room was larger than the other rooms. One hundred people could be seated in the large back room. This room had a door on the south. This building was clearly meant to be a temporary one, not a permanent structure. This building was designated as a school house. It was also used for recreation, committee meetings, and worship services. The big room was smaller than Room 202 in the Ad Building today. When we think of a school building, we think of the academy. At that time, the elementary school had the main use of the building. This remained so until 1930, when the first elementary school was built. High school enrollment in those early days was so limited that all of the students could easily find space in the small classroom. A wood stove heated this building. Kerosene lamps provided light until electricity arrived in 1926. The building had no water or restrooms. There were two special jobs which had to be done to keep the building usable. One was to get the rooms ready on Friday afternoon for Sabbath services. This task included getting the chairs lined up. The other was the job of keeping the stoves stoked up in cool or cold weather so as to keep the rooms warm. Another job my own experience taught me, was the job of teachers and preachers trying to keep those who were fortunate enough to be seated near the stove awake. Then, of course, the floors had to be oiled from time to time

to keep the dust down. Speaking of stoves does bring to mind another job. One of the most important regular jobs for boys was labeled "Fuel and Light boy." This lad's job was to get up early in the morning to get the fires started early, so that the rooms would be warm by the time the work bell rang at 7:00 AM. This might involve as many as 15 stoves for fires, depending on the season of the year. Every building had its woodpile. The author remembers the large one back of the school building. The classrooms had no desks, just cane bottomed chairs. There were handicaps for sure-those squeaky, scraping chairs that seemed to be everlastingly out of line, no washroom facilities, kerosene lights, no storage closets, the need for frequent attention to the stoves, and sleepy, dozing people. Since there were no sanitary facilities, the restrooms in the dormitories were kept open to the outside, and this tended to make them public restrooms.

This school building would serve as the Church for many years. It was in this building that people met regularly for worship every week for nearly 20 years. It was in this building too that the author was initiated into the mysteries of teaching, and occasionally, the job of preaching. There was no regular pastor. The group had to provide their own leadership. Visiting pastors, conference workers, and returned missionaries were treats, and occasions of anticipation. We were most anxious to make a good impression so that the few who did come would want to come again. The author recalls one little experience from those days. It was during the Friday night vesper service. The speaker was Elder Beam from the Asheville Church. Remember those squeaky, shifting, cane bottomed chairs??? Well, one of the everlasting problems was to keep the men and boys from leaning back in those chairs so that only the back two legs were resting on the floor. Many of the men and boys, of course, worked outside. During cold weather, especially at night, these men and boys coming into a

warm room would get sleepy. Putting all these conditions together, you set the stage for something other than peace and quiet. That's what happened on the Friday night. One of the boys seated near the front and center was leaning back in his chair with only the two back legs of the chair resting on the floor. He got sleepy and dozed off. Song books had to be held in your lap or placed on the floor. This lad had his book in his hand on his lap. As the boy found himself falling backward, he did the natural thing - tried to recover his balance to avoid crashing into his neighbor behind him, and then to the floor. In doing this, of course, he had to use his hands, and his books went flying into space. Well, the boy did recover his balance, and the chair returned to the floor with a bang. Fortunately, the minister had a sense of humor. He laughed with the rest of the group.

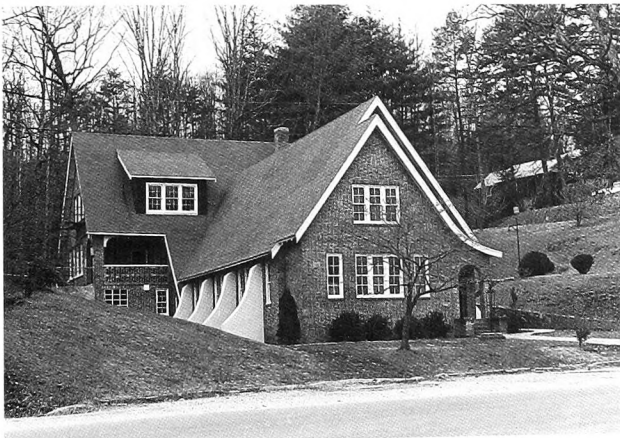
Surely, there were handicaps and inconveniences in attempting to use such a building as a Church, but if this was all you had to use, you better make the best of it, and be grateful. For a number of years, the space was adequate except for such occasions as weddings, funerals, graduations, and other special occasions. In 1933, after the author had been at Fletcher for two years, the total membership of the Church was 60. Sabbath school, of course, was larger due to the fact that most students were not Church members. In the early 30's boarding school enrollment began to climb. The sanitarium had to be enlarged in order to take care of more patients. We had a resident doctor for the first time. That good doctor was none other than our friend, John, who built the original building. One thing would be missing from the schoolhouse Church service- there would be no expense offering collected. The care and the upkeep were assumed by the Institution, and certainly members had very little to contribute from the very small wage they received.

Chapter 5

THE CHAPEL CHURCH

Shortly after starting my teaching in the fall of 1931, I began to hear rumors about a new chapel and school building. It was quite apparent that the old school building that had served so long and so well was now obsolete. It had outlived its usefulness. Repairs were like placing new cloth patches on an old garment.

There were to be three parts to the proposed project: i) plans and blueprints, ii) the location, and iii) actual construction of the building. The planning stage extended over a period of about two years. The architect was Mr. L.E. Jarrett, an Adventist living in Asheville. Mr. Jarrett had been a designer of the City Hall in Asheville. He was married to Ethel Trantham. She was the first boarding student at the new SDA boarding school in Naples. This time the plans called for a permanent building made of brick. (Jarrett had laid out the plan for Lake Junaluska campground, the land tax system for Buncombe County, and he built Craggy Prison.)



The Chapel

It was to be a dual purpose building, serving as both school and Church, but the two were to be separated. This building was to be located in a deep gully which was covered with mud, brush and briars. A few years before this, the spot had been occupied by

Rose Cottage, built by Professor Brownsberger shortly after he moved on to the campus. This cottage was moved in 1930 and it later became the boys' first dormitory.

While plans were being worked out and agreed upon, efforts were being made to raise money. The estimated cost of the new building was \$5,000 in cash. This amount was for the chapel only. Today, \$5,000 wouldn't even pay the interest on the money needed for the project. Elder J.L. Schuler, evangelist and former Carolina Conference president, made the first contribution, \$50. The Southern Union Conference promised \$1,500. The Madison Laymen's Foundation promised \$1,500.

The rest of the amount would be raised locally, or from current earnings of the Institution. We were able to accomplish a great deal with a small amount of money because most of the work was done by our own work groups. We were able to supply most of the materials ourselves. One hundred thousand feet of lumber was cut and sawed on the site for this new building. We did not need this much lumber, but we could select the very best for the new building and sell the rest. The shakes, or shingles, for the roof would be cut from our own oak trees - white oak grown here on the place. The shakes would be split by Will Hutchinson, one of our neighbours. If you look at the ceiling of the chapel, remember that those stained oak boards came from our own forest resources. The old brick plant at Brickton donated half of the brick that we needed. When the brick kilns there were dismantled, the brick was used in our new building. One of the dirtiest jobs I have ever done was to move the brick from Brickton to Fletcher. Weathered brick like these would cost a fortune today.

We were ready to start building in 1932. I helped Mr. Jasperson, president and business manager, stake out the building. I re-

member scrambling up the steep banks and through the briars to place the first stakes. The mud and rock made it difficult to establish the foundation. The northwest corner of the building rests on solid rock. We had to dig through the mud to lay the rest of the foundation on firm ground. I recall helping the men and boys lay that foundation work. We worked overtime to meet the deadlines. Most of the overtime work was done at night. One night the men and boys were working with picks, shovels and drag pans; the weather was cold and damp. One of the boys said, "I'm glad we are doing this work at night. It is harder to see all of the obstacles." I also remember the girls and ladies coming out at midnight with steaming drinks and nut rolls. Nothing ever tasted better!

We built this building during the depression. Many people did not have work. Many people found it hard to pay their bills. Some of these people were patients. Some had families who had been served by the sanitarium. They could not pay their medical bills. Much of the work in this new building was done by men who were glad for this opportunity to pay their medical bills. Many years after the building was finished, I was prowling around in the attic of the school building. I found a wrecking bar hanging from a cross brace, just where it had been left years before. The worker may have wondered where the tool went. I cherish this wrecking bar as a reminder of that building.

We began using the school building in the fall of 1933. The chapel was not finished until later. The first service in the new chapel was the funeral of Mrs. Flora Lewis, one of our workers. The weather was cold and the furnace had not yet been installed. We set up stoves in the room to provide heat for this service. We ran the stovepipes through the wall to the chimney in the back.

Everyone at Fletcher thought that we were moving into a cathedral when we started using the new chapel. I doubt that any cathedral in the world required greater sacrifice. For the first time, we had a building designed as a place of worship. We re-

ally appreciated the atmosphere of reverence in the chapel. It wasn't long before trouble developed. One of the things that had been debated about the chapel, at the time of planning, had been whether or not the heavy, steep roof could be supported by the brick walls without steel rods crossing overhead. These would keep the walls in the vertical. These heavy cross rods would tend to destroy the open view of those giant timbers supporting the roof. They would adversely affect the looks of the building in general. The builders said that the timbers would do the job without the rods, but they were wrong. A check revealed that the walls were as much as four inches out of the vertical. We were distressed. If we let this situation remain, the walls of the building would collapse.

What should we do? Should we put the rods in and bring the walls back in line? Should we build buttresses to support the walls? We decided to build the buttresses. We brought jacks in, placed them under the timbers, and put the timbers back into place. Then we built the buttresses and filled them with rock and concrete. The buttresses were strong enough to provide the support which the roof needed. When we discussed the plan to build the buttresses, some of the ladies felt that they would destroy the looks of the building. They voted against the use of the buttresses. After they lost the vote, Mr. Jasperson suggested that if the buttresses affected the looks of the building adversely, then we could draw pictures of the elders of the Church on them. This would draw attention away from the ugly buttresses. Building the buttresses improved the looks of the building. Today the chapel is the most photogenic building on our campus.

The iron work in the chapel, which includes the chandeliers, the railing across the rostrum, and the wall lamps, was done by one of our Church members, Floyd Gilman. The original seats were theater seats of the folding type. They were uncomfortable and very noisy. The students were asked to practice raising and lowering these seats to avoid

noise during the Church service. Later these seats were replaced with the present upholstered seats. Washington Sanitarium gave these seats to us when they rebuilt their patients' chapel.

The student body put on a campaign to raise funds for the grand piano. The Girls' Club donated the beautiful strip carpet on the floor. The Church gave us the electric organ. The school purchased the pipe organ, which we recently installed. The floor of the chapel was built with tongue and groove oak. We have had trouble with this floor from time to time. Dampness caused the problems with the floor, which were exacerbated by a shortage of ventilation under the floor. This problem will probably be solved by installing a concrete floor.

The chapel could seat about 225 people. We felt that this would be adequate for many years to come. Our Church membership in 1933 was 60. In 1938 it was 139. Let this trend continue for a few years, and it would be quite easy to predict what would happen in the future. Student enrollment was temporarily reduced by the World War. After the

war was over, the increase would continue and would be resumed at even a greater rate.

The chapel served many purposes other than those related to the Church. It was used for student assembly, lyceum, Friday vespers, musical recitals, recreation, weddings, funerals, and graduation. The handicaps and inconveniences of the old building had been largely removed. The chapel had central heat. The chapel had running water, rest rooms, a furnished rostrum, a choir room, and a balcony. This chapel always had the atmosphere of reverence and worship which the old building lacked. Probably no building on our campus today is more deeply enshrined in the hearts of the students than the chapel. This chapel served as the Church for a number of years. During this period the Fletcher community grew quite substantially. The chapel served as the Institutional house of worship as well as the community tabernacle. Though the conference provided more leadership for the Church, a substantial amount came from the local group. The Institution provided the care and upkeep for the chapel.



The Chapel



The notable gym steps.

Chapter 6

THE GYM CHURCH

Before the 1940 decade was over, the chapel Church was well filled by the regular Sabbath services. For special occasions, such as graduations, chairs had to be placed in the aisles. Fletcher held graduation at least twice a year. Almost before we realized what was going on, these same chairs were needed for the regular services. Then we began to notice chairs in the upper hall before the door opening into the balcony. We even saw people seated on the steps leading to the upper floor in the school building. The chapel Church had reached its capacity, and more members were joining all of the time. Naturally, the school folks felt that the young folks had a right to have a seat on the main floor, so some of these seats were held in reserve for the young folks. This caused the adults to pout and moan; they felt that they were being pushed out.

While this was going on, another problem was brewing in the school. Increased student enrollment increased the demand for some kind of recreational area that was under a roof. It was fast becoming more difficult to provide recreation for the larger group of students, especially in cold weather. We were forced to use the chapel from time to time. The chapel was far from ideal for recreation. Fortunately for us, we had a doctor on the campus who appreciated our problem. Normally, when we think about doctors, we think about money assistance. Our Dr. Pearson provided that and much more. We never did see this doctor jogging for exercise. During his free time, one would often see him laying concrete blocks, building concrete steps, putting in concrete walks, and filling actual and practical needs. This doctor had a father who spent the summers at Fletcher: Martin Pearson, a skilled mason and a man who was absolutely addicted to hard work. Father and son made a team. Many a convenience on our campus today



is a monument to the hard work and efforts of these gentlemen. One of these conveniences is the gym - rightly named Pearson Hall.

Largely through the efforts of the Pearsons, Pearson Hall was started in the summer of 1954. By fall the roof was on, the fireplace in, and the chimney up. Students, workers, and community men rallied to the support of Dr. Pearson. Thanks to their efforts, the building was soon ready for actual use. So much of the labor was donated that the only expense had been the expense of buying materials.

It is easy to see and to anticipate what follows. The chapel Church was full to overflowing. On special occasions it was simply jammed full. Not far away was a spacious new building. In the summer of 1956, the nurses used the gym for their graduation. The academy used the gym for graduation in the spring of 1957. You can guess the rest. The Church congregation soon caught the idea from the graduation exercises, and they moved as well.

The gym, 40 by 120 feet, was built for a recreation center. When used for that purpose it was the practical answer to a very

real need. It was not intended to be a Church. It was not suited for Church services, except that it did provide needed space. This soon became evident as the Church continued to use it. We used folding steel chairs, and they were not equal to the upholstered seats in the chapel. If you brought your Bible and your song book, or other books with you, you had to hold them on your lap or place them on the floor. There were no racks for the seats. There was also the "Friday problem." This was similar to the problem we had in the old school building, but on a larger scale. Someone had to clean the room and put the chairs in place every Friday. If anyone thinks that this is a job of a few minutes, just try to locate in an orderly arrangement 500 to 700 chairs. Most of the time these same chairs had to be taken down right after Sabbath was over as the room would be needed for recreation. That was not all that there was to this chair problem. One of the attractions of the gym was a large stage. With a little framing, this platform could be enlarged to almost any needed size. So for the first time, we had the desired stage size available; we could invite the music festival, temperance contests, college band, acrobatic games, choirs, etc. Many lyceum numbers also required more stage space than was available in the chapel. The same was needed for our own programs, such as receptions, and every time those chairs had to be set up and taken down. The school also permitted six benefit programs per year. Again the chairs had to be set up and taken down. All of these things were good and desirable, and our campus and community enjoyed them, but there was something going on behind the scenes that most people overlooked. The whole campus and community were getting the benefits, but the academy was footing the bills for care and upkeep. It would have been reasonable to charge the various groups that were using the building. We had never done this in the past. It is doubtful that we could have done it at this time. The argument would be put forward that the school students and staff received a benefit from the

programs. That, of course, was true. The school was operating on a narrow margin. It finally asked the Church for help. The Church voted to give the school \$10 per month. While insufficient to meet the need, it did help. It is imperative to note that for the first time in the history of the Institution, we were receiving something for services rendered to the Church and the community.

There were other problems associated with the use of the gym for Church services. We were never able to work out a solution to the ventilation problem. The gym was always too hot during the summer and too cold during the winter. To begin with, the gym had a number of large windows along all sides, except the stage end. A look today shows how now these windows have all been blocked, except the windows at the entrance. For recreation, the building had hard use, and to keep the glass in the windows, and the frames of the windows in working order, was a problem even with reinforced glass and heavy screens. A large attic fan helped a lot with the ventilation problem on the stage and in the choir area.

Heating the building during winter was a very serious problem. The walls were built of concrete block. No insulation had been placed in these block walls. The blocks got really cold during winter. It was impossible to prevent the loss of heat through these block walls. It was also impossible to provide a uniform temperature in the gym. The principal sympathized with the students who were forced to sit through meetings in these conditions. The author remembers being sharply criticized by a superior for occasionally missing Church. Actually, I had not missed Church at all, but when it got so cold, and I had trouble keeping my feet warm, and after seeing that everything was in order with the young people, I would occasionally slip away to my office and listen to the service over the intercom. At least I had a comfortable chair, warm feet, and the sound was good. Many people stayed away from the Church services for this same reason. By the way, the heat problem remains there until this day.

There were a couple of other problems worth noting. Because of the high ceiling and the concrete walls, the room possessed less than ideal acoustical characteristics. No arrangement of the speakers seemed to correct this. The sound simply seemed to bounce off those hard walls and to leave an echo. It is still that way. The last thing to be mentioned is one that often distressed the writer - that is that the overall atmosphere in the building was not conducive to worship and to reverence. Using the building all week for sports and recreation, and then expecting all this spirit to be dropped during the religious services over the weekend was just too much. Fletcher Academy once had one of the best student audiences to be found anywhere. To my great regret, we began to lose this when we tried to mix recreation and religion in the same room.

Well, with all of these negative counts against the gym, why did we continue to use it? The answer is obvious. It was the only building we had which was large enough to meet our needs. Even then, at times, it didn't meet our needs completely. During graduation, the room was jammed to the doors. Many people were forced to stay outside the doors and along the windows. On such occasions, we had as many as 700 people crowded into the room. Many times I have had occasion to worry about the graduation exercises. What would we ever do if we had a real rain or thunderstorm during the graduation exercises? Fortunately, we never had to meet that emergency. For eight or nine years, the gym was the only Church we had. All of us knew full well that these conditions could not go on indefinitely. The growth of the Church had created our problem. The same growth would also help us solve the problem. The Church was large, perhaps the largest in the Carolina Conference. Size not only merited more attention, but demanded it. The real solution to the problem would depend more on leadership and more conference support. The first leadership was largely confined to the leadership that the campus could provide. Then came district

pastors. Since Fletcher was the largest Church in the area, we generally received the lions share of that. Then at long last came the full-time pastor, and that brought the final answer.

In the fifties and early sixties, the stage was rapidly being set for the solution of the Church problem. The pressure of the large congregation, and the current problems related to the gym Church, had convinced most of the Church membership that something had to be done. Though many, at the time, did not see it, the very thing that was creating much of the space pressure - that is increased Church membership - was also bringing in the answer to the problem. It was evident that the Institution was in no position to act alone on a problem of this size. It was also evident that, regardless of what was done, the solution must contain at least two things: i) the answer must be of a more permanent nature than the makeshift affairs of the past, ii) the place of worship must be separated from secular affairs - and not just a matter of providing more space for more people.

Fortunately, changes were taking place in the composition of the Church membership that would be helpful in solving the problem. For over 50 years, the Institution had been the foundation of the Church membership, money and leadership. If the congregation had put up with temporary makeshift accommodations, it was not due to the lack of awareness of the situation on the part of the Institution. The Institution was growing quickly. There were other needs that could not be ignored in the struggle for growth and survival. It all boiled down to one essential fact. There was simply not enough money to go around. A young boy grows in more than one dimension. A new pair of shoes is not going to meet all of his growing needs. During the past years, the Institution had borne the burden of the Church and the need of the community. The facts were that neither the Institution nor the community could do it alone - even together they would not have been able to do an ad-

equated job. Time had brought changes. The non-campus community was reaching adulthood, and was now capable of acting on its own. The community was now strong enough, with the support of the Institutional membership, to provide a sound financial foundation to build a Church that would well meet the needs of the situation.

Why the increase in community Church membership that the above suggests? Somehow or other, it had taken a long time for the news to get around that western North Carolina and the Fletcher community, in particular, had some special advantages as a good place to live, and some very decided advantages for people wishing to retire. Here were three good schools for families with children and youth needing an education. Here were excellent medical services available for those with health problems. Here were scenery and natural attractions to please the eye. Here was a varied and stimulating mountain climate. People looking for a healthy environment had been attracted to the area for many years. One wonders why it took Adventists so long to find out about it. The reader may recall that it was health that invited the pioneer family, the Brownsbergers, to the area. Fletcher was a progressive area with a promising future. Where else could one find so many advantages in one spot? Was it possible that a small self-supporting Institution could be located in such a place? When a few brave souls moved here and found it to be true, the news soon got around - even reaching the higher echelons in the hierarchy of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

With this situation and background came a change in local Church leadership. The man was Elder H.V. Leggett. H.V. Leggett was a man of vision, ambition, energy, leadership and push. It didn't take him long to size up the problem and get the wheels in motion. There was no question about the need of a more adequate place of worship. The Church set up a planning committee with Dr. Forest Port as chairman. Dr. Port, too, was the man for the job. He knew

the background as he had been a student in the old community school house.

The first thing to be done was to decide where the new Church should be located. The second thing to be done was to get the needed land. This was not too difficult. The location had been in the mind of people for many years. The ideal spot appeared to be on a plot of ground which was already owned by the Institution. Should this be acceptable to the planning committee, the Institution would donate it for that purpose. It seems that providence had designated the spot. Where? Where the Church now stands. What favored this spot? There was enough space for a Church of almost any size that the Church might decide to build, including parking. It was accessible from three directions by good paved roads. It was close enough so that campus personnel could easily walk to it. It was far enough away so the main campus would not be jammed with Sabbath traffic. It was isolated enough so it could have an atmosphere of its own. Though the Institution had owned this tract of land since the original purchase, it had never used it because the soil was poor. It was useless for a farm or garden. This spot was at the corner of a large triangle formed by two creeks and Howard Gap Road. From Howard Gap Road, the land sloped toward the larger of the two creeks. Because of the slope, the land had eroded and had grown up with scrub pines, saw briars, and brush. Between the spot where the Church now stands and the Institution, was only one little spot used by the farm. This was located between two deep gullies which were covered with brush. The gullies were so deep that a man and a horse might be hidden. The slope where the erosion had taken place was a decided advantage to the Church. With a little grading, it would permit a ground level basement open on three sides with the fourth side on a level with Howard Gap Road, thus providing the main entrance to the Church.

So the leasing of this land by the Institution to the Church was no great sacrifice

to the Institution, in terms of loss of good land. Furthermore, it was to the advantage of the Institution to have a new and larger Church on or near the campus. The nearest the Institution ever had to a Church was the school chapel. With the growth of the Institution, that chapel would no longer serve the needs of the campus workers and students. By 1965, the chapel was just about the right size to accommodate the student body. Another decided advantage would be that the Institution would no longer be responsible for the finances of the Church.

With the location agreed upon, and land in hand, what size and what type of structure should be built? After careful study and planning, the committee agreed on the general specifications. It would be a block structure with brick veneer, rectangular in shape, two stories in height, approximately 12,000 feet of floor space, a cathedral type roof and ceiling, and a seating capacity of approximately 800. The main sanctuary would have a large choir loft and baptistry. The basement would be divided into classrooms for Sabbath School classes (seven adult rooms, three children's rooms, pastor's study, youth chapel, restrooms). There would be central heat. The floor plans had been drawn up by Elder Leggett, and Floyd Gilman made a model of the structure. This model, built to scale, was a work of art.

Such a large structure would cost a lot

of money. It would cost more than any other building erected at the Institution. Was this amount of money available from local resources? This would depend on the response of the Church members to the project. This time the Church, not the Institution, was responsible for the building project. Pastor Leggett and the committee decided to test this out by having a special Sabbath offering for the Church project. Elder Leggett called this "the glory march." The offering was collected in Pearson Hall. The pastor displayed the Church model and the members marched around it so all could have a good look as to what the completed structure would look like. The members gave an offering of \$6,500. This was a strong vote of confidence for the project. Other offerings would be needed as the building was constructed. During this process, Elder Leggett collected four offerings on one Sabbath. He threatened to keep the congregation in Pearson Hall until the members donated the needed amount.

J.W. Livingston, a local Adventist builder and contractor, was employed to build the Church. Bulldozers began moving the earth on April 1, 1963. Six months later the building was complete and ready for use. The Church held an open house on September 21 and 22, 1963. After the construction debt was paid off, the Church was dedicated on January 8, 1966.



Fletcher Church



Homestead Farm (store) foreground with villas from Fletcher Park Inn.

Chapter 7

THE CHURCH OF TODAY

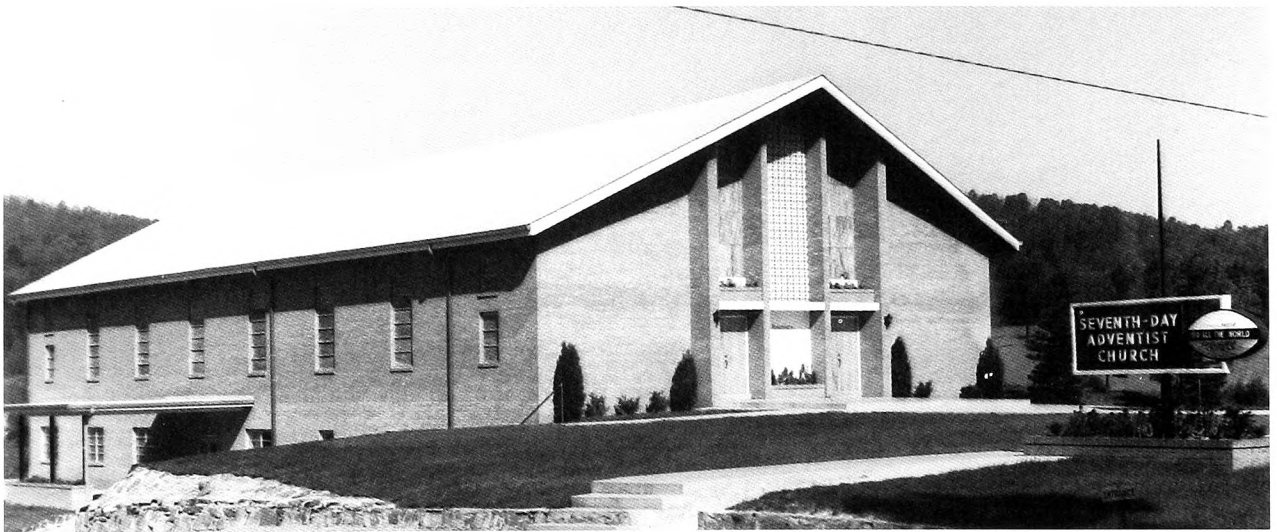
What a wonderful day when the congregation moved into the new church! For the first time, Fletcher had a church building that could be really labeled as a church. In the large window over the baptistry was a beautiful painting of Christ by Lucia Martone. The church was plain and dignified on the exterior, and it was dedicated to the service and glory of God. The large amount of donated labor indicated the popularity of the project. The church members donated over 10,000 hours of their time. This had a tremendous impact on the cost of the project. The members and other supporters enabled a \$100,000 church to be built for \$69,000. The beautiful new church generated prestige for the whole community. The Fletcher Church was the largest in the Carolina Conference.

The routine of a large and well established Church went on for several years, but what house or home was ever built that after a few years of active use, didn't discover some oversight or weakness in the building that needed remedy???? Furthermore, changes in the family or in the community would also produce the need of other changes. Naturally, as the Church continued to grow, as it had in the past, and as it should, it would only be a question of time until space and room would become a problem. The Church continued to grow and so did the Institution. Crowded conditions in the Church, in the usual sense, was not to be a serious reason for complaint. With the passage of time, however, overlooked items showed up, and some weaknesses became apparent. Then, too, the wear and tear of normal use would require attention. Members began to reason, "If we have to put on a new roof, why not insulate it? If a crank on a window doesn't work, why not put in air conditioning? If the plaster on the plain walls in the front of the Church developed a crack, why not renovate

the area so there would be no need of patching or painting the plaster?" One of the most serious problems developed in the Sabbath School department. The classrooms were too small and there were not enough of them. Elder Pitton stated that ten classrooms would be sufficient. He made this statement in the article which he wrote for the Southern Tidings. Unfortunately, the Church grew rapidly and more rooms were needed. Soon, Sabbath School classes were being held in the sanctuary with the usual Tower of Babel effect. The author knows because he tried to teach a class there. The youth chapel was able to seat 125, but the 1965 academy enrollment was approaching 200.

The summary of needs and desirable changes included:

- 1: More and larger classrooms for the Sabbath School in order to free the sanctuary of Sabbath School classes. Some of the rooms in use had to serve double duty. The pastor's office was used as a Sabbath School classroom. The Pathfinders had no room at all.
- 2: The church tended to be hot in summer and cold in winter. It had not been insulated.
- 3: The ceiling needed painting.
- 4: Cracks began to appear in the plain plastered walls when the building began to settle.
- 5: There were no restrooms or cloakrooms on the main floor.
- 6: The foyer at the main entrance was too small for the traffic load. The low ceiling contributed to the noise and confusion. The single stairway leading to the balcony was a nuisance. It interfered with the free flow of traffic. It could be a hazard in case of an emergency.
- 7: The balcony was not large enough to serve as an overflow for audiences on special occasions.



Fletcher church, 1964

- 8: The pastor needed a new study and conference rooms.
- 9: The Church needed a fellowship hall. Pearson Hall had taught us that secular, social, and business affairs were better separated from the Church proper. The author recalls some of the debates over having graduation exercises in the Church.

This list included some repairs, some renovations, and some that plainly meant building an addition to the Church itself. If all that seemed necessary and desirable were to be realized, it would mean a major project for the Church. The general consensus seemed to indicate that the Church membership favored it being done.

The Church planning committee was revived. Architects were put to work. After careful study, it was concluded that the major changes could only be met by a large addition to the Church itself. Their recommendation to this effect was accepted by the Church. In the main, this large addition to the Church meant building another three story addition to the Church as large or larger than the original Church. Church members will readily recall that the original building was a large rectangular structure, two stories tall, with the ends of the rectangle facing east and west. The new proposed addition was also a large rectangular structure,

three stories tall, with the ends of the rectangle facing north and south. This would be added to the old building, changing the shape to the form of a great capital T, with the top of the T facing Howard Gap Road. It was a costly package with an estimated cost of nearly half a million dollars, more than five times the cost of the original Church.

Earl Pendleton, a local Adventist contractor, was given the job of carrying out the construction. It was a major operation. The whole thing might have been easier if the work could have been started from scratch rather than combining the new with the old building. There were obstacles for sure. It was a challenge to erect the building while using the old one for Church services. The project started in 1977 and was complete in 1979. The Church members showed considerable interest in the project: they gave it their hearty support. During 1977, the Church contributed \$99,524.14 to the project. Work progressed in a very satisfactory manner.

How well did the completed plans meet the problems suggested at the beginning? What was accomplished? Just what were the benefits of this costly investment?

- 1: The looks of the church were greatly changed. The new building looked a lot better than the old one did.

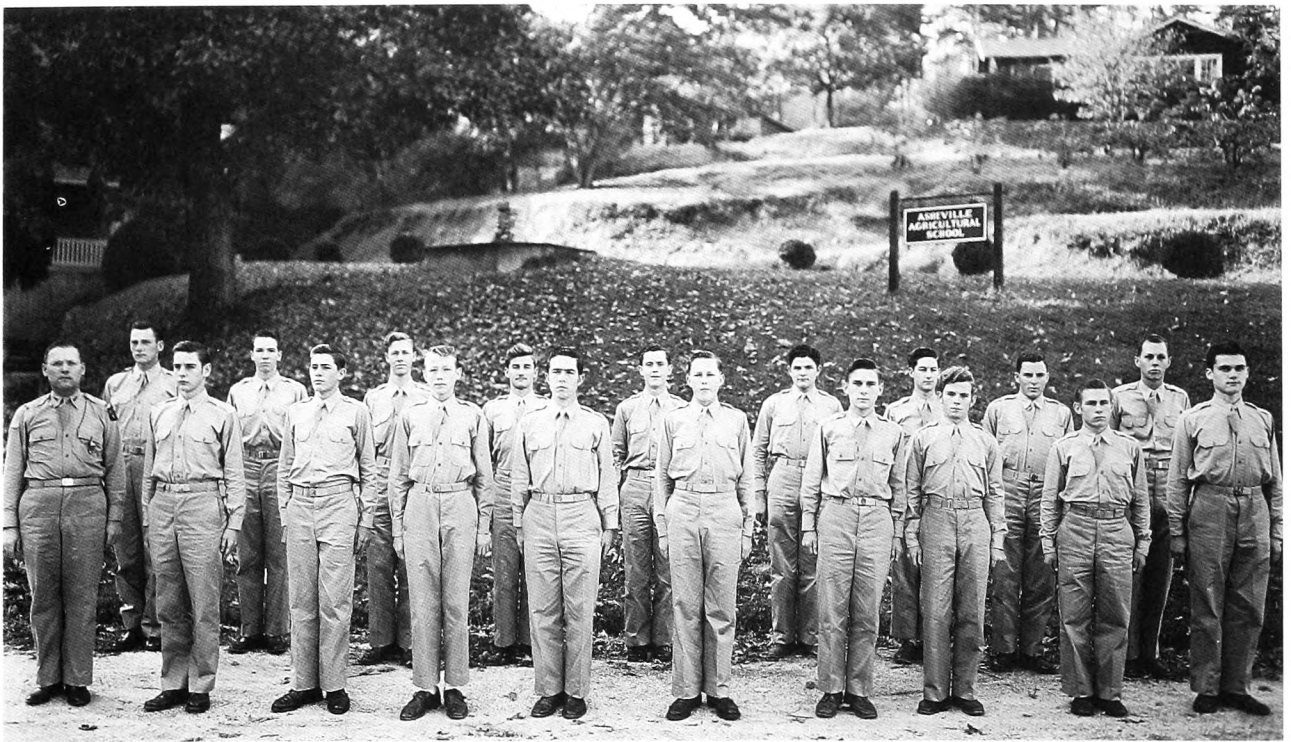
- 2: The old building was reroofed and insulated.
- 3: The ceiling was painted.
- 4: The rostrum area of the old church was renovated, giving a more pleasing appearance. (The results were so pleasing that similar work was done in the chapel.)
- 5: Seating capacity was enlarged.
- 6: New upholstered pews were added.
- 7: A new organ and PA system were installed.
- 8: Eleven classrooms were added. These Sabbath School rooms were large and air conditioned.
- 9: A new pastor's study was added on the main floor.
- 10: Restrooms and cloakrooms were added on the main floor.
- 11: A large main foyer with a high ceiling was built on the front of the church.
- 12: Two entrances were constructed for the balcony.
- 13: A large fellowship room was built in a full basement.

The total cost of the project was \$499,154.39. The completed job and its use since indicates something that was well planned and was well built. Now there was room enough for everyone - not only room, but convenience and comfort. The location, the building, the shape, and the surround-

ings lend dignity to the organization and the cause it promotes. Such a building might well be the envy of many other Churches.

This is the story of your Church. There were 13 members in 1911. They met in the old plantation building. Today there are 854 members. Today the members meet in a new and greatly improved Church edifice. The Fletcher Church is one of the finest in the Southern Union. Let not man glory in his achievements, but rather let him give glory to God for His blessing on His Church. In brief, what was the main reason or reasons for the various moves and the different buildings used by the Church? This can be summarized in one word: GROWTH.

This growth has been in two directions - vertical and horizontal. Vertical meaning the local congregation growing in membership. The horizontal - the outward growth of new Churches in the area. You will recall that at the beginning there was only the Church in Asheville. It would be difficult to state just how the Institution and the Fletcher Church contributed to the building of other Churches in this part of the state, with a total membership approaching 2,000 - Hendersonville, Arden, Upward, Mills River, Brevard, Mount Pisgah, Fairview, and Leicester. At the same time, it would be difficult to imagine all this being done in the area had there been no Institution and no Fletcher Church.



MEDICAL CADETS

Front Row; L. to R. Prof. Lewis Nestell, James Breedlove, Bill Cobb, Donald Hansen, Don Van Ginhoven, Robert Carey, Harold Schutte, Charlie Johnson, Vester Elrod, Bill Bailey. Second Row: Floyd Hodges, Travis Goodner, Bill Cook, Dan Van Ginhoven, Alex Clark, Roger Nichols, Edwin Bagwell, Glenn Harris, Bill Stubbs.



The first Boys' dormitory

Chapter 8

The Boys' Dormitory and Dormitory Life

The original property, when purchased, only included the land and the buildings, but not equipment. The only building suitable for living was the old plantation house which had been built in 1885. In terms of space, this building was not a large house. Certainly, the builders had nothing more in mind than it should be a family dwelling. One of the reasons for the large turnover of workers in the early years, was no doubt, due to the crowding of two or three families into the house, as suggested in a private letter to the author by Mrs. Elsie Brownsberger. There were no such things as labeled dormitories for students until 1930 or later. If there were boarding students, they lived with the campus families. Such boarding students would have been older, and far more mature than students on the same grade level today. For example, a school regulation in the 1930's stated that no boarding student under 16 years of age was accepted. Another point to keep in mind is that up until 1931, it was only a ten grade school. We can easily and readily see why the number of boarding students was so limited.

In giving the story of the boys' dormitory, we usually begin with the Rose Cottage. This cottage probably was the first private dwelling built on the campus. It was built by Professor Brownsberger, one of the original founders, and served as his family home until the family left the institution in 1920. This building was located near the road in the area of the present chapel. In no sense was it ever considered a dormitory, nor was it ever labeled as such. Families lived in it, and perhaps occasionally a boy or a girl lived with a family. Why then should the story of the boys' dormitory begin with this building?

The real beginning of growth and development for the infant institution was when the sanitarium work was started about 1916.

Another big jump ahead came with the new leadership and business organization in 1920. This growth of the sanitarium, school, and farm made more student help desirable. In 1930 and 1931, the first move toward making living quarters and accommodations for such help was made. Old Rose Cottage was torn down. It was moved and rebuilt between the old well house in front of the place where the old wood shop stood, and the laundry road entrance, or slightly north and west across from the present girls' dormitory. When Professor Nestell arrived in 1931, the area in front of the chapel, where Rose Cottage had once been, was overgrown with briars and scattered debris from the old cottage. Rose Cottage was still under reconstruction. At the time, no one was designated as dean of boys. The few boys we had were still living with families. Professor had been called to teach, with no specific mention of other duties. In a few weeks, however, the rebuilding of Rose Cottage was completed and with it came a vacuum. Here was a cottage designated as a home for boys, and here were the boys, but where was the dean? By this time, the powers had sized up the new teacher and his wife. Here was a job that needed to be filled, and the most likely person available was drafted for it, trained or not. So the Nestells moved in, and to add dignity to his job, he was labeled Dean of Boys.

Well, the new dean, new in both name and experience, had a domain that was somewhat limited. Old Rose Cottage was now called the boys' dormitory and consisted of five rooms. Two of the rooms were assigned to the dean as living quarters and office space. Before this, he had been living in one upstairs room of the new home being built by Dr. John Brownsberger. Fletcher Park Inn now occupies the space where this home once stood. The two rooms assigned to the

dean and his office were separated by a door, a hall, and stairs that lead to a large attic room. The south room served as his office and parlor, the north room was the family living quarters, with a small space under the stairs as a bathroom. There was no shower or tub. The two rooms in the back of the building were living quarters for the boys. In addition, the boys had the large room upstairs. By crowding, some seven or eight boys could live in these quarters. About the same time, or very shortly after, a two-room log cabin was built between the present laundry road and the garage. By crowding, we could accommodate an additional six or eight boys so that we had room for a total of about 15 or 16 boys. All the rooms were heated by stoves, including the dean's. There were no restrooms. The restrooms and bathing facilities were not forgotten, but they required a double solution. The boys did their wash ups and bathing in the old laundry building. This was located just back of the old plantation house. Fortunately or unfortunately, daily bathing, at the time, although it was desirable, was not commonly practiced, and certainly was not compulsory. I think that Professor will always remember his first introduction to the boys' bathing facilities. The laundry closed down at noon on Friday so the boys could have the room for bathing in the afternoon. In the room were several tubs, not metal, but wood barrels that had been cut in half. Steam pipes from the little upright boiler were connected to these wooden tubs so the water could be heated. It was in these tubs that the boys took their baths on Friday. Well, what does Prof. remember? One Friday, shortly after he had taken over his new dominion, he looked into the old laundry building, and what did he see? The boys doing their ablutions in these tubs, with manly heads and torsos sticking out above the water. What about the other services that bathrooms normally provide? Well, this was solved by a small separate building, rather common, in rural areas, at the time, called the john, or, more commonly, an outhouse. These were made so that they

were portable for reasons that are well known. The one that the boys and men used, at that time, was located just south of the present laundry building.

Some years back, the cultural world was shocked or amused by a passing fad called "streaking." Well, plenty of streaking was done in the boys' dormitory area long before the 1960's, especially in bad or cold weather.

The new dean was new to his job. His only training had been four years of dormitory life, as a student, back in his own academy days in the North. What's more, dormitory life was new for the boys. As might be expected, considerable adjustment was needed on the part of both. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the number of boys was small, only about a dozen or more, and changes and adjustments could be more readily made. In general, dormitory life, in those days, was pretty much like family life.

The following experience is related with some degree of hesitation. It may flavor a little bit of bragging, personal bragging, when this is not intended. It was one of those things that could and did happen, and the result did add prestige or rating to the dean with his boys. We had on our campus two groups of boys, non-dormitory boys living with their families, and the dormitory boys living with their dean. Naturally, there was some rivalry between the two groups. In addition, rivalry could develop within the groups themselves. In time, some friction developed between one of my dormitory boys and one of the family boys. As I recall, it was caused by, or, at least, the dormitory boy was accused of talking too much about some girl. Certainly, girls have been one of the most common causes of rivalry from time immemorial. In fact, I think history tells us that the only war in history that was probably justifiable was fought over a beautiful woman — the Trojan War. The family lad involved in this episode was rather large and rugged, probably was physically feared by most of the other boys. My dorm lad was very small and somewhat timid, certainly

not one that one would think of as picking a fight. One day, these two met on the campus, and the campus boy was jumped on by the family lad. About the same time, the dean of boys arrived on the scene, and tried to separate them. Not succeeding, the dean locked horns with the larger lad, and with an old-fashioned scissors hold around his neck, brought him to the ground, and held him there until the dorm boy could escape, and other men, including the boy's father, could arrive, and the boy could safely be released. Perhaps there is little unusual about the incident except that the dean of boys was a small man, weighing only 100 to 115 pounds, at the time. Years before, while in academy, his wrestling fun with a former professional wrestler had paid off. I didn't hear this first hand, but others heard it, and I, in time, heard it. Such expressions among the boys as "Did you see what our little dean was able to do?" The boys now felt they had a champion that would not only stand up for them, but had the ability to do so. Many years later, the daughter of the young fellow I had protected that day became my office secretary. My opponent that day, the bigger boy, did me a good turn without perhaps ever realizing it. Incidentally, it might be added that scrapping among dorm boys is a rather common problem, and the deans should know how to handle it. I recall many years later, when school started in the fall, I had one of the scrappiest crowd of boys I had ever had. It seemed as if there was a scrap or two every single day. It seemed it was their way of getting acquainted. Before the year was over, they were one of the best and closeknit groups we have ever had. One other thing I learned from the above experience was the need for faculty meetings. Faculty meetings may last most of the night in handling some serious discipline problems. The faculty, at that time, included most of the adult workers.

It should not be too surprising that boys living under the above conditions soon saw the need for more room and conveniences. In the records of the time, frequent mention

is made of the boys trying to improve their lot. A campaign was started for building a new bath house. A little later, a campaign was started for a worship and study room. This was in the early 1930's, and the Great Depression was on, and money was scarce. Though some funds were raised; there was not enough. So it was some time before the plans for these improvements were carried out.

The Great Depression did not hurt the school in terms of the number of student applicants. What's more; the sanitarium was prospering. Consequently, there was a demand for more students. Even then, we were probably turning away more students than we were accepting. However, there was a limit as to how many we could crowd in and let them jiggle down. One of the first moves was the dean borrowing \$600 from the Laymen's Foundation to build his own log cabin. This was built between the boys' dorm and the first log cabin. Six hundred dollars seems a small amount to build such a cabin. One needs to remember that this was during the period of severe deflation. Logs were cut from our own timber supply. A local mountain man was hired to build the cabin. It was a happy day when the dean and his wife were able to move into their first home, even if it would take them a long time to pay off the loan. This cabin had a large living room, big enough to accommodate all the boys at one time. There was a beautiful rock fireplace. In addition to the living room, there was a bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen and even a small study room that would serve as the Professor's study. The use, of course, of the old dean's quarters provided two additional rooms in the dormitory. At the same time, it created a problem. It put more boys in the dorm, but it took the dean out. A little later, another cabin, identical to the first one, was built next to the one we already had. Altogether now by crowding, we could take in eight to ten more boys. But still this was not room enough. Then two rooms in the upstairs of the old Parker House were made available. This too was a log

cabin which had been built about 1922. Then a boy or two moved in with private families. This enlarged family of boys made a bath house and restrooms almost imperative. In the early or middle 1930's, a block bath-house was erected. It had a large shower room, stalls, washbasins, and even some lockers. Best of all, it had heat and hot water. With the use of these new facilities, the old laundry accommodations were discontinued, and the old john disappeared without a tear. This was luxury. We had modernized. This, however, did not eliminate all the streaking. The new restroom and its facilities were still outside the living quarters of the boys.

Though we had, for the time being, solved some problems, at the same time, we had created others. We now had 20 to 25 boys living in four separate buildings. The dean's own quarters were separate, with no provision for office or monitor's space in the quarters where the boys lived. These boys were good boys and complaints were few, but they were normal lads, and the word normal for a boy means that there is probably a lot of extra energy with the possibility of some mischief. The very living arrangements could encourage some of this. Let's take an example or two by seeing if we can make the old Parker House do a little talking.

Downstairs in the house lived two families, the Pooles and Mrs. Poole's parents. Mrs. Poole was a nurse working the night shift and consequently needed rest during the day. Upstairs lived four boys, and boys by nature are generally not noted for being quiet. The boys who lived upstairs were chosen with care, but even then, there were occasional complaints. As stated above, this was a log cabin, none too tight in construction, and wood stoves were used for heat. One day, the boys came in, and found a rat in their room. Who wants to live with a rat in their room? Their efforts to catch the rat, for a time, in general, were not successful. There was another motive, of course, at the time, for catching rats. The institution paid a bounty of ten cents on every rat caught,

and this meant a little cash which was most needed. At last, the boys found the hole where the rat was entering. In a day or two, the boys returned from work and found the rat in their room again. At the time, they closed the door and got between the rat and his hole, and they now had him cornered. Even though they had the rat cornered, it was a matter of running down the rat, which they proceeded to do. But you don't catch a rat with your bare hands, so a broom and some sticks of wood became weapons. Did I mention that the lady downstairs needed rest? I would leave it to the reader's imagination as to what happened, but I am afraid one of the main things might be left out. The rat, being cornered, dashed to his hole to find a way of escape, only to find it blocked. Then he began frantically looking for any other hole that promised escape, and he found one - right up a boy's trouser leg. A desperate, clawing, biting rat in his trousers! He was afraid, of course, to use his bare hands, and normal weapons could not be used! The result was sort of combination cyclone and tornado, plus the noise of a boiler factory, or that of a train running into a truckload of empty milk cans. Yes. The boys got the rat. The lady downstairs didn't get her rest. Adequate explanations and apologies finally restored peace.

In 1981, Professor and his wife were being graciously entertained by a doctor and his wife who live in the state of Oregon. The doctor was a former student at Fletcher and had lived in one of the Parker House rooms. In the course of the evening, he brought to light an incident which I had long since forgotten. It was a school ruling to discourage food being in students rooms. Well, at the time, the boys had obtained some popcorn and a popcorn popper. The dean lived a block away, and his rounds at night were not too frequent, so the boys popped the corn on their hot stove and were enjoying it. The flavor was probably increased a little bit by the thought of putting something over on the dean. This was during the evening study hall when everyone was supposed to be quiet,

with diligent attention being given to the next day's lessons. Then downstairs the door opened and footsteps were heard on the stairs. There was no trouble recognizing those steps. They were about to be caught red handed, but not if they could help it. One of the boys grabbed the popper off the stove and slipped it under the bed. When the dean knocked and was invited in, everything appeared normal. The boys' heads bending over their books in earnest pursuit of knowledge needed for the classroom on the morrow. Then the unexpected happened. The cornpopper and its contents had been just hot enough so that it continued to pop under the bed. Those pops to the boys were loud enough to sound like large firecrackers. Strange as it seems, though, the dean appeared not to have heard it. Fortunately, there was some space between the pops, and to drown out the noise of the next pop, the boys talked louder, or all at the same time. Still the dean appeared not to notice, and in a few minutes, without saying anything about the popcorn, he left the room. What a relief when the boys had been so nearly betrayed by the miserable cornpopper. The story ended with a good laugh and with this remark. The dean probably knew what was going on but that's why we loved him. He probably did know. Even if he had missed the noise, how could he have missed the smell? Maybe at that moment, he remembered his own boyhood days with its appetite.

With this type of living and the type of buildings we were living in, there were always things which had to have constant attention. One of the things that we had to deal with was one that good housekeepers don't like to talk about - bedbugs. Fighting bedbugs was a rather common ritual, in spite of all our efforts to keep them out. Anyway, the boys started complaining about bedbugs in the Parker House. As I recall now, the dean and some of the women joined forces in attacking this problem. A little investigation revealed an unbelievable situation. I have never seen anything like it before or since.

The joints in the wooden bed frames were literally alive with bugs. The walls of the room were covered with some kind of heavy paper, and this paper was held in place with strips. Removal of these strips showed bugs en masse. There were literally so many of them that they could have been scraped off by the cupful. How they could have developed so, without our discovery, I do not know. Neither do I know how the boys could have stood it as long as they did. The result was a housecleaning such as never was seen before in that building. I doubt if we ever completely got rid of the bugs until years later when we removed everything of value and burned the house down for fire department practice.

These incidents in the narrative might seem to indicate that all the activity about the boys' dorm was found in the Parker House. Well, there were highlights and shadows in the other buildings as well. In time, a dean develops some extra senses so he is ready to read signs before the event, or the storm occurs. Another thing he learns, and he needs to learn it well, is that the real boy, or even a group of boys, cannot always be judged by the things he does. One year, we had in the dorm a small lad who was quite timid, and just the type that invited teasing. He invited it largely because he was unable to hand it back with a bounce. As parents and sisters know, most boys have at least a little teasing streak in them, so the boys teased the lad almost to tears. Frequently, the dean felt sorry for him - boys after all can be cruel to each other, but care needs to be taken in trying to protect this type because you may only encourage the thing you were trying to prevent. There was one other thing that added to the lad's problems. Somehow or other he had lost his teeth and was wearing plates. Of course, this didn't add to his looks, especially when seen without teeth at times, and didn't subtract from the teasing. Then one fatal day, during a play or work period, the lad dropped one of his plates and broke it. This was a disaster. The lad had no money, and to appear without the plate in

the classroom, or the dining hall, and to face the girls, was very embarrassing. The better side of the boys then soon came to light. With the dean's help, they soon worked out a solution to the problem. Most of these boys had little or no money, but they agreed to raise the money for the new plate out of their own pockets. The dean's work was to find a dentist that would give a liberal discount. Shortly afterward, the boys brought their money with the request that I present it to the lad for the missing plate. When the money was given to him, he was almost surprised beyond words. Finally he was able to say, "Prof., I didn't know the boys thought so much of me." I think that he shed a few tears, and I wouldn't be surprised but that the dean did too. From that time on, the teasing stopped, and the boy was fully accepted by his own group.

In a house full of boys, there are always bound to be some problems, but there is one thing for sure that a dean cannot complain about - monotony or lack of variety. At this time, we had a lad who was really much too young to be away from home, plus the fact that he was the youngest child in a house full of sisters and had a doting mother. Add to this the fact that the boy had ergophobia, a morbid dread of working. One night he complained of pains in his stomach. It was recreation night, and sickness complaints on recreation nights were usually considered serious. The author refuses to admit that sick students were always treated with placebos. Dr. Bliss was called to check the lad, but when he arrived, he refused to let the doctor touch the area in pain. Seeing that some force might be needed, and when reason had failed, the dean stepped outside to get some other boys to assist. I think the dean will always remember the scene that greeted him upon his return. Perhaps the doctor didn't understand why the dean had left the room. Perhaps the dean had been gone longer than he had planned. Anyway, the doctor decided to manage the problem himself. Dr. Bliss was over six feet tall, and one of the most kind hearted men that ever lived. Well, in man-

aging the problem, he had wrestled the boy over, and when I came back in the doctor was in the middle of the double bed, sitting on the knees of the boy, examining his stomach, and there wasn't much that the lad could do about it.

By the late 1930's, the depression was wearing off. The efforts of the marching legions of the dictator to take over Europe resulted in our factories running full blast to help England and her allies. There were jobs for everybody, and money was plentiful. Perhaps now the time had come when the living conditions of the boys should be improved, plus the fact that room was needed for more boys. During the summer months, two important improvements were made. The first of these was to enlarge the dormitory. The original building was built on a slope with a considerable drop off on the east side. Some excavating was done, and a basement level was added to the original building. On this basement level, two rooms were added, then on top of these, four more rooms, matching the levels of the old building, then all was attached to the old building. The old building was raised enough to make what was once a large attic room to become a full floor, thus creating four full rooms. This was a net gain of three rooms at the top floor, plus the six additional rooms that had been added to the end of the building. Space was arranged so that there were closets in all rooms. The old west entrance to the building was walled off. The main entrance was then placed on the south side of the building. To protect this main entrance, a large porch was added. Two other changes were made in the old building. The second room on the north side was sacrificed and made into a rest room. For the first time, the boys in the dorm had a rest room within the building. Then further excavation was done in the basement area, and the hot water furnace system was installed so that heat was available in all rooms. The new addition on the east side had allowed space for halls and stairs so that from the main entrance all rooms could be reached except those in the

basement. Then the two middle rooms in the new addition, on the main floor level, were set aside for space for the dean - the south room for his office, the north room for living quarters, and the space between the two, for a closet and restroom facilities. By closing the blind hall next to the dean's living quarters, there was room enough for a small kitchenette. Now for the first time the dean had something that resembled an apartment. By the way, this was one time when men and boys literally raised the roof for the benefit of the boys. When the boys moved into this new arrangement, they felt as if they were moving into a palace compared to the old quarters. One of the things that impressed the boys most was the large closet space. One of the boys told me that he would be content to move into one of the closets. These improvements did not do away with the needed use of the cabins or the Parker House. In time, however, heat was installed in the cabins.

About the same time, the two story garage building and the car stalls were being built. The car stalls, at the time, were needed for the patients. This building remains pretty much the same today as it was then, except that at the beginning it had a flat roof. The original plan was that the lower floor of the garage building would be used as a garage and the upper floor be used as a print shop. The print shop, at the time, was under the old store building. Later it was decided that the print shop should be left where it was, and let the boys have the upper floor of the garage building for a worship room and a study hall. It was mentioned earlier that, some years before, the boys had put on campaigns to raise money for just such needs. The original idea had been that a third log cabin would be built for the purpose. In any case, the boys were pleased, and so was the dean with these changes. The new worship room was large, clean, light and airy. For the first time, the boys had a room they could call their own for worship, study and recreation. It is true that for awhile the room had to be heated with stoves, but most any ar-

range was better than no facilities at all, and certainly much better than to have to run back and forth to the school building for everything. The boys had waited a long time for this, and they justly deserved it. The writer will long remember the day we moved in. Later, that big room was divided so that the dean had a small office space in one corner, and the remainder of the building, next to the main entrance, was furnished with chairs, tables, and lamps, which provided a small parlor space for the boys' use.

To summarize the result of all these changes, the dean now had seventeen rooms available for student rooms - eleven in the dormitory, four in the cabins, and two in the Parker House. The rooms were not all equal in size. Some were large enough to accommodate more than two boys. In these rooms, with lots of crowding, we were able to house 50 boys. Boys would be kept in these for 24 years or more. Why then was the new dorm for boys needed if we were able to house about the same number of boys in the old dorm? Well, a little thought can point out some important reasons. In the first place, it was only by crowding that we were able to do this. Crowding students can create problems. In the second place, the facilities were not equal for all the boys concerned. Another serious problem was the fact that the boys were still separated by living in other buildings. Finally, the buildings were getting old, and it was almost impossible to keep them up. The dean recalls some of the problems of those early days. For example, since all rooms were heated with stoves, there was the problem of dry wood. He knew what the problem was because he had to share the same woodpile with boys to heat his own home. Then there was the problem of furniture - one of the ones I dreaded most. In the summer, when the number of boys was less, furniture and stoves were moved out and put into storage. Then when school started in the fall, the stoves and the furniture had to be reassembled. How to get those old stoves, the old beds and everything else that was old, into working condition was a serious problem.

Shortly after the above changes, the dean gave up the dean's job. This was not due to any dissatisfaction but rather to a problem of overwork. What he had been able to do some years before, when the attendance was low, was different now with the increased enrollment. At this time, he was teaching full time, was manager of the print shop, and had charge of the boys. Not 15, but between 30 and 40. Furthermore, little professors were beginning to arrive in his own family, and it was not an ideal situation for these little ones to grow up in an area entirely surrounded by boys.

Strange things can happen even in a good school like Fletcher. By about 1950, circumstances had so changed that Professor was back in the dormitory again. Not in his cabin, for that had been sold, but back in the apartment that we talked about before - back here again, but this time without his family. The stay in the dormitory would continue for two or three years. It was during this time that a sad incident occurred. For the first and only time in the dean's life, he was physically attacked by one of the school boys. The dean is happy to note that the records of the school reveal that most of the time he had very good rapport with his boys. The lad involved in this case was not a dormitory boy. There was a widow living on the place who had a teenage son. This boy had been somewhat of a problem, and it was in an effort to solve this problem and to help her, that brought on the incident. The boy was not getting his lessons, and the lady had requested that he be permitted to join the group of boys at night. The dean had no obligation to do this except moral obligation in trying to help with the problem. So the lad joined our study group at night. On this particular night, he had caused some disturbance and the dean had put him out, supposedly to go to his home. After study hall, the boys had gone back to their rooms, prepared for bed and had gone to bed as usual. About the same time, the dean had returned to his office in the dormitory. Here he entertained a visitor or two, and then made the

final check at night. For some reason or other the room was cold. There was a cot in the office, and the dean was tired; so instead of going directly to his room and going to bed, he decided to rest on the cot for a little bit. Because it was chilly, he was dressed in his overcoat. What he didn't know was that the lad that he had sent home a little while before was hiding in his office closet with a stick in his hand, waiting for this moment. The first thing the dean knew was the lad bending over him and trying to beat him with the stick. The dean was handicapped. First, he was caught by surprise, and in the second place, he was dressed in his overcoat. Fortunately, his hands were freed of gloves. In attempting to ward off the blows, he was able to catch a finger or two of his assailant's hand. The force applied to these fingers, with the resulting pain of broken fingers, finally brought the boy to terms. Some shouting soon brought some sleepy boys to the dean's rescue. These in turn brought in some of the men, who called the sheriff. The lad who had made the attack was able to cool off a little by spending the night in jail. The boy involved was not a bad lad. He simply needed more control over his temper. As I recall, he made no further trouble.

Well, maybe we should balance the above, which is not so pleasant, with a humorous incident which took place in the same room at the same time of day, but a few weeks later. Back in those days, dorm rooms were frequently left unlocked, and students could come or go at will. This included the dean's office, and this office, of course had the dormitory telephone in it. One night, the dean came in as usual, just after study hall was over. The monitor usually made the first checks at night, so the dean had no specific time when he arrived at the dorm. About the time the lights went out or shortly after, he made his final room check for the day. This night everything seemed to be running normally, except that after the lights went out there was a tree frog or two squeaking in my office. I checked the room over carefully, but I was unable to find any frogs. I was sure

that some boys were enjoying this by listening in to what the dean was doing. Finally I gave up, shut the office, locked it and went to bed. The next morning, some boys came to the dean and complained about the frog noise. Knowing how well boys usually sleep, I knew I had found the guilty lads. They admitted it good naturedly. I asked them how they happened to find the tree frogs. Oh, they said they had heard them in a tree outside on the lawn and went out and picked them up. Why didn't the dean find them? They were hidden under the telephone. How do you handle a problem like that? Better to laugh it off with them.

Somewhere along the line, a story developed about the dean sleeping in a boy's bed. I don't deny it, but at the same time, I do not remember actually doing it. It may have happened. If it did, it did not happen many times. Anyway, here is the story. As the boys were scattered through different buildings, it was quite easy for them to sneak out after the lights went out. This they would do once in awhile. A mile and a half away was a little store that stayed open quite late at night, and some times they sneaked down there for a little snack. Incidentally, our own store on campus did not sell candy or gum. The dean was tired at night, and he too had to get up early in the morning, so the story is that the dean, instead of waiting up for the boys to return, when he found out they were missing, simply crawled into one of their beds and waited until they returned and found him. Looking back now, it seems very sneaky on the part of both parties.

It may interest the reader to know that most stories were written at the request of the students who had heard them, or had been a party to the incident. Here are two others for good measure. The boys were not allowed to enter the area around the girls' dorm after supper. Being caught in no-man's land meant punishment sure and swift. One night, I found a boy in the dark shadows around the Gilliland Cottage. It was so dark that the dean could not identify the boy. The lad dashed away. He ran down the hill from

the dorm, across the road. This little swamp usually contained more mud than water. I heard him run across the road, hit the little swamp, and fall into it with a splash. A few days later, I called the boy in and assigned him his punishment. For quite some time the boy plagued the dean as to how he had found out about it. The boy was reasonably sure that someone had squealed on him, but I assured him that this was not true. After he finished school, I finally told him. I simply went to the laundry and checked for muddy clothes.

One year we had a lad in school who was very small, short and stubby, and who remained so all his life. Everyone called him Shorty. Well, Shorty was a clown, the clown of the campus. One day Shorty sneaked off campus and went to see a show in Hendersonville. This is Shorty's version of the story. He has told it many times and still tells it today. One of our workers happened to be in town at the same time, and saw Shorty go to the show. On the way back home a little later, the worker picked up Shorty who was hitchhiking his way back to campus. The worker's car, particularly the back seat and the space between was well filled with things that the worker had purchased. The worker himself was something of a clown so Shorty and the worker had much in common. When he stopped and picked up Shorty, Shorty jumped into the car, happy to get a ride back to the campus. He didn't take the time to look around, he just hopped in and closed the door without noticing who might be in the back seat. After the car was moving, headed towards Fletcher, the worker, who was, as we said, something of a clown himself, said, "well, Shorty, how was the show?" Shorty said it was really good, and proceeded to tell him with gestures and all the rest, what it was like. For some reason or other, Shorty began to feel a little uncomfortable, something that he couldn't quite figure out at the moment. He began to look around, and, to his surprise, there was the dean of boys, sitting in the back seat. You should hear Shorty tell

the story.

To hear some people talk, one would think that about the only thing the boys did was to complain about their crowded conditions and out-of-date living quarters. This is not true. Actually, there were more complaints from the adults than from the boys. This was true also about the girls before their new dormitory was built. I often wished that the adults would keep quiet as their talk was simply agitating the young people. During the 1960's, pressure was applied to build a new boys' dorm. Plans were made, funds became available, ground breaking took place in 1966. The boys moved into their new building in 1968. It was a great day for the boys and for those who supervised the construction. Why was the boys' dormitory built first? It is usually the other way around. Back in my own academy days, the boys' dormitory burned. What was done? They built a new girls' dorm and let the boys have the old girls' dormitory. Well, here at Fletcher, the reason probably was this: throughout the years, though the girls were scattered and lived in separate buildings, they still had better living accommodations than the boys had. The girls had better heat, better furniture, and better plumbing. They were often given first choice when things became available. Furthermore, they had been promised their own building sometime soon.

The new dorm was a dream come true. It provided a beautiful chapel for worship, a recreation room, a kitchenette, washing machines, and built-in furniture in all of the rooms. The new dorm provided a commodious apartment for the boys' dean. The new students took all of these new blessings for granted. They compared the new dorm to their own homes. Strange things do happen. The Professor had a chance to live in this new dormitory for a while. One year, our dean of boys got sick and had to drop out for the remainder of the year. As a result, the men of the institution, by taking turns, carried out the duties of the dean. Of course, Professor Nestell did his share. This brings to mind another story. Late one Sabbath afternoon,

the dean had left his post of duty at the dorm and had gone to his home for a few minutes. He hadn't been there very long before he heard a terrible racket coming from the direction of the boys' dorm. He went back, and there on the lawn in front of the dormitory was a lad with an electric guitar and an amplifier. The amplifier was turned up to full volume. It was so loud that it could be heard over the entire campus and the nearby community. After getting things toned down so he could be heard, he said to the boy, "Why in the world did you set this thing up on the lawn? If you want music why not in your own room where it would not have disturbed others?" The boy's answer was impressive and honest: "Prof., I wouldn't have been able to stand it."

Why was the dormitory named L.E. Nestell Hall? Let me state that if there is anything I'm proud of, it's my name being on that building. Reading the above story will no doubt provide part of the answer. I was privileged to be the first dean, and I also had the privilege of being dean during all phases of dormitory growth and development from the pioneer days to the present. It has been a most rewarding work. I have always said that if I had life to live over again, and the choices of life could be made again, next to teaching, I would choose the work of a dean.

I firmly believe that a well operated dormitory is a very important part of our system of education. My four years in the dormitory at Cedar Lake Academy were happy years. My own teenagers lived in a dormitory by their own choice - a choice that I heartily supported. What is an ideal dormitory? I am not sure that I really know. I would like to try one thing sometime. Instead of a dean, some of the boys who come to us now need more mothering than they do fathering. Of course, such a woman would have to be chosen with extreme care. I would prefer someone of middle age, probably a widow with grown children, and a very pleasing personality. Some years ago, I visited a school where such a plan was in operation, not as an experiment, but as a regu-

lar thing. During my lifetime I have had occasions to visit quite a number of schools and dormitories. This was one of the smoothest dormitory systems I have ever seen in operation. The lady in charge worked through a group of monitors. The 125 residents were students from junior high school to junior college. There was every indication of there being a high state of morals. I had the feeling that if I said so much as one word against the system or against the lady dean, I would have had a pack of boys on my back at once.

This is the story about the dormitory and dormitory life at Fletcher. Of course, this is from the dean's view point. How did the boys feel about it? How did the boys in the log cabins feel about it? A sample of their thinking may be found in a short article found in the Fletcher newsletter of November 1966. Certainly the lad who wrote it at that time never dreamed of its being used as I am using it here.

"On our campus years and years ago, in fact way back around 1918, there was a little one-roomed cabin known as For-get-me-not. Most all of the early workers lived in this cabin at sometime during their stay on the campus. The cabin was movable, and so was located at one place and then another about the campus to suit the needs or whims of the current occupants. Eventually, in the early thirties, the boys fell heir to For-get-me-not, and it was moved to its last location between the present dormitory and the woodshop.

"In the twenties, a two-roomed log cabin, the one now closest to the road, was built to help accommodate boys. Later a second cabin was built next to it. In 1931, old Rose cottage, which stood where the chapel is now, was torn down and rebuilt as the first wing of the boys' dormitory. This was progress! In the later thirties, the top floor and east wing were added to the dormitory. With the use of the dormitory and the two log cabins, For-get-me-not was discarded.

"All of this history I have learned since coming to Fletcher. The day I arrived in 1963, and got the first glimpse of the boys' dorm,

I thought it was someone's old rundown house. As it turned out it was - MINE! I didn't know how much these cabins and this old building had meant to the fellows of the school back in the ancient days. So when I was told this old building was my dorm, I wasn't exactly happy about the matter.

"Things got worse. I was shown to a small room and told that I would share it with two other boys. The three old dressers and three army cots that furnished the room didn't look like home, to say the least. Everything had aged very considerably after 30 some years in a boys' dormitory. Frankly, I felt like "going home to mother."

"However, things have changed since my sophomore year. I am a senior now and have moved up in the world. I live in one of the log cabins where the senior boys live. There are still three boys to a room, but we think that we have more room than the dorm boys, and there is more privacy. The rain does seep in between the logs sometimes, but even so we feel privileged to have cabins all our own.

"Each passing year has brought rumors that a new, up-to date, fireproof, really modern dormitory was about to be built. Our hopes have soared, and we have warmed our numb fingers and toes on icy mornings when the heat froze just on day-dreams of such a dormitory. The day-dreams were fun and now a new spark of hope has been lighted in our manly breasts. April 23 is ground breaking day! We read in a letter put out by the powers that be on the Fletcher campus that plans are laid for the actual work to begin on the building next month. We understand that the Alumni are working hard on the project and that almost every worker of our institution has pledged 3% of his or her salary over a period of 18 months toward this worthy cause.

"Of course, we senior boys will not be privileged to enjoy this dream home, but we are looking forward to April 23, and ground breaking, and to the real work that should begin immediately thereafter.

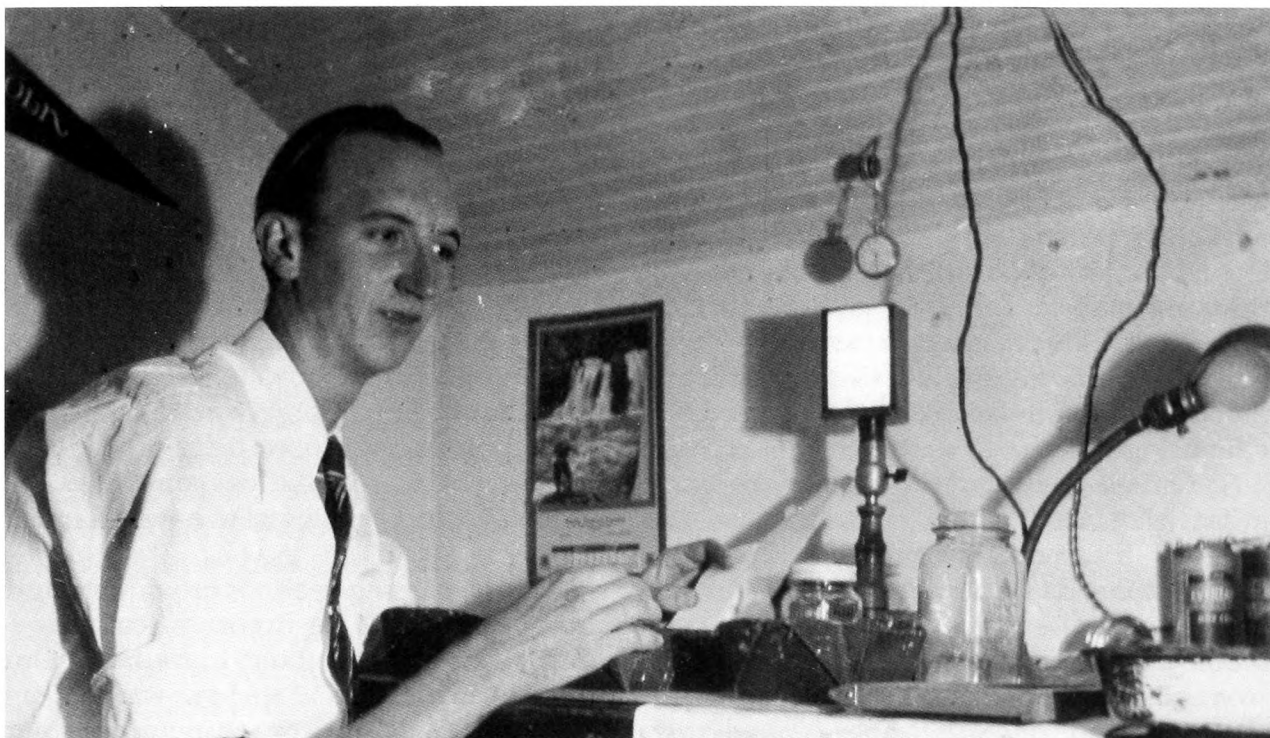
"Fellows, take a look at the cover page!

Get busy and shine up the floor, polish the windows, sweep out the dirt, prepare for life in a real dormitory, prove that you are worthy of a new building. If you don't keep the new building looking like a palace, we will come back and assign you 20 stumps and

kitchen KP for the duration of your stay in the school. We believe that these building plans are more than day-dreams.

"Yours for a brighter future for the young men of Fletcher Academy."

— A Senior Boy



Self made photograph of eleventh grade student, Warren Acker, taken in one of the upstairs rooms of the old Parker House.

Chapter 9

The Girls' Dormitory and Dormitory Life Rumbough Hall, Whitford Hall, Roughgarden Hall

As has been pointed out in the story of the boys' dorm, there were no dormitories labeled as such before 1930. There would have been no need for such because dormitory enrollment was very limited. It is true that from the very beginning a school had been operated, but that school was mostly or mainly for the children of the school workers and the children of the community. The few teenagers that were accepted as boarding students lived with campus families. Boarding was no problem because workers, children, and students all ate in the common dining hall. In all likelihood, some of the first boarding student girls did live in the old plantation house, but as a part of a family who occupied that building. It appears that the honor of being the first girl boarding student goes to Mrs. L. E. Jarrett. Her maiden name was Ethel Trantham. At the golden jubilee celebration in 1960, Mrs. Jarrett played the part of that student in the parade by arriving in a horse-drawn carriage. Unfortunately, Mrs. Jarrett passed away before anyone obtained her complete story. Unfortunate too is the fact that student enrollment records have been lost or were never made. Mrs. Gladys Lowder was the first student to arrive after the reorganization in the 1920's. She stated that she lived in a tent cottage. A tent cottage was simply a wooden frame that supported a tent.

With the passage of the years, the old plantation house, both in name and in practice, actually became the girls' first dormitory. It became the main dormitory and headquarters for girls and remained so until Whitford Hall took its place some 20 years later. The official name of the old plantation house was Rumbough Hall, named after

Mrs. Martha Rumbough who provided the money for the original purchase of the property. Since it became the headquarters or dormitory for the girls, the interested reader will want to know a little about the building, and what it was like to live in it. In the first place, Rumbough Hall was built as a one family dwelling and certainly was never intended to be a girls' dormitory. It was not intended to be put to the many other uses it served later. When the original families arrived, it was the only dwelling available on the property. It had to be used for everything. Part of the first floor became the dining room and the kitchen. The rest of the first floor was used for storage, family living, classrooms, and church services. The space on this first floor was not too great, part of it had to be used for the stairway to the second floor. There were four rooms on the second floor. There was a fireplace in each of these rooms. The demand for living quarters was so great that two or more families were crowded into this single-family building. Probably the first relief from this intolerable situation came when Professor Brownsberger built his home across the road. That home was labeled Rose Cottage. Of course, during the years other cottages were built. It took some years to get this done. For example, when the Jasperson family came in 1920, they moved into two of the second story rooms in Rumbough Hall. Mr. Jasperson had been designated as general manager and president, and it would seem that such a position would merit the best living space available. The Jaspersons didn't live very long in those two rooms on the second floor of Rumbough Hall. They soon moved and when they moved, they moved into old For-get-me-not. It would be

difficult to see how such a move would improve their living conditions. For-get-me-not was a one room shack built on skids to facilitate movement. The lower half of the walls were closed in with regular lumber, the upper half of the wall was on hinges so that it could be opened or closed horizontally, depending on the weather. In the summer the upper half was usually closed by screens. Why would the Jaspersons move into this cottage? Was it for privacy, or space for the child? We do know that two years later, the Jaspersons were cutting trees for their own log house which remained in use until it was demolished in the fall of 1994. Perhaps Rumbough Hall became the girls' dorm because it was almost intolerable as a two or more family dwelling.

After Rumbough Hall became a girls' dormitory, what was it like to live in it? Here we are very fortunate. Living on our campus today is a lady who not only lived in Rumbough Hall as a student but later came back and lived in it for a number of years as dean of girls. Let us listen to Mrs. Nestell as she tells her story.

"Just before school began in the fall of 1930, I arrived on the Fletcher campus. The place seemed strangely quiet after having lived on a busy corner in Bristol, Tennessee, fronting on the main highway leading to Knoxville. There wasn't much time for thinking about this, however. The dean, Mrs. Godsmark, soon had me settled in with three other girls in Rumbough Hall, and work assignments were made.

"I was a bit timid and wondered how I'd ever get used to having so many people around, eating in a public dining room, going to class with 10 - 15 students, etc. There had only been two in my seventh, eighth, and ninth grade classes at home - Ernest Smith and I. Ernest came to Fletcher too, so there were still the two of us plus a lot more. It was a frightening change and dorm life was something else again. The Big House, as it was affectionately called, consisted of a huge catacomb-like basement; a first floor which housed the kitchen, large dining

room, bakery, girls' rest room, and a workers' room; a second floor with four large rooms; and the attic which was used for storage. The floors were made of wide wooden boards that were worn smooth by years of use. The rooms were heated with stoves. The boys kept a woodpile in the yard. We girls soon learned the wisdom of checking our wood boxes at night. An early morning dash to the woodpile was no fun on a frosty, rainy, or snowy morning. There was a mad rush, after the rising bell rang at 5:30 AM, for the bathroom down stairs. The stairwell was an enclosed one, but at the bottom one had to dash across a hall that ran between the kitchen and the back porch. This was in full view of the dining hall and kitchen, and how we tried to get our morning bathroom activities over with before breakfast was served. Consider the possibilities for problems during half an hour period when twelve or more girls try to use one washbasin, one small shower, and one pull chain toilet. There were times when we just sat on the steps, waiting, and took a last minute snooze. Matters were a bit more complicated than this, really, when it came to that bathroom. It was the main shower facility for many of the ladies on campus, as well as for the girls, the dean, and one worker who lived in the Big House, but we managed.

"In 1931, my mother, Verna Beck; sister, Ruth; and Ernest's sister, Cordie Lee moved into the Big House. Mother acted as dean, took some class work, did some substitute teaching, and the girls attended grade school. The four of us lived in the south west room with our small piano, two double beds, one table, a trunk or two, one stove, and one wood box. I remember the time we came to our room and found that the wasps were taking over. We fought the wasps and thought we had the problem licked only to find more and more wasps. Where were they coming from? Someone made the discovery, and I can still see my mother gingerly picking up a big chunk of wood and dumping it into the top-loading stove. She closed the lid with an air that plainly said, "Well, that takes care of that."

"In 1932 more girls had been accepted. Cordie Lee, Ruth, and mother returned to Bristol. Some of the dorm girls had to live in homes. My roommate, Ada Bain, and I had the privilege of living in the newly constructed Gilliland Cottage with Mrs. Gilliland and daughter, Evelyn. We loved it.

"Graduation in 1933 from the eleventh grade meant leaving Fletcher, as the school was not yet a senior academy. In 1935, I came back to be with my sister for a year and to take a few classes. Things had changed. The bakery had been moved to the store building, and the girls' bathroom was put in the old bakery room. There was the biggest bathtub in that room I ever saw. More about that later. The workers' room had been turned into a girls' parlor. Such improvements were hard to believe.

"Increased enrollment had necessitated more girls living in private homes. There was the Wright Cottage (where my sister and I lived with three other girls), and the Dogwood Cottage with five girls. Nurses were living in the Gilliland Cottage at that time. Another year passed and then two years at Southern Junior College (SJC). In 1939, I returned to work as a full time worker.

"My main job was a shift in the admitting office at the sanitarium, running the switchboard, typing for whoever thought they needed help, etc. I lived with Worthy Possinger, a nursing student, in the Jasperson home. One day Mrs. Jasperson asked me if I'd look after the girls for a few days until they could find someone for the job. The dean was ill and had left for her home. So for the next few days (eight years) this was my job.

"Girls now lived all over the campus. There were five in the Wright cottage; five to eight in Dogwood, depending on whether we had the upstairs or downstairs; nine to twelve in Gilliland Cottage; eight in Flora Lewis Cottage; eight in Spaulding Cottage; two in Miss Knowle's Cottage; fourteen in the Big House. Miss Pendarvis came back in 1947 and acted as dean for a while, then I returned in 1949.

"When I suggested that it would be a good idea to have the girls under one roof, the men told me that my work was divided this way and thus was easier. I wondered about the men's logic with six housemothers plus a group of normal girls. I still wonder about the men's logic. It seemed that every housemother wanted lights out at a different time. Also every housemother had her own idea of what amount of noise was permissible during study time, or at any time, for that matter. For instance - the eight girls living in the rooms above have a real pillow fight; or a mouse happens to run across the floor. How much noise is necessary? The phone rings and someone is missing. 'I think she shinnied down the tree outside her window. I can't watch the door all the time much less the trees. You'll have to do something.' (The other day I went by that house and the tree is still there, although we did talk about cutting it. We compromised by trimming off some lower limbs.) Well, the dean today won't have that problem for a few years at least. There are no trees of that size around the new dorm.

"One thing any girls' dean will tell you is that life in a girls' dorm is certainly interesting, perhaps too interesting at times. You bind up wounds, listen to troubles, laugh at jokes, romp and play, spank, love, cry, bind up broken hearts - and there are more reasons for these than one can dream of; arrange town trips, make girls go to the dentist, decide which sickness is real and which is an excuse, reassure parents, ask parents aid, prepare worship talks, check monitors, keep cleaning girls happy, walk, run, monitor the cafeteria, and a million other things all involving the life of a dorm girl and her dean.

"I promised to tell about the very big bathtub. This tale of the tub starts with a Sabbath walk made by some of the Big House girls. They had a wonderful time and came home unusually happy. The dean wasn't the least bit suspicious. The following Sunday night was girls' reception and open house. Now when we had open house it was an

event because everyone tramped from one building to the next in an orderly fashion. Certain individuals spent a long time getting from Spaulding Cottage back to the chapel. I was standing by the chapel door checking, when one of the boys remarked, 'That's a cute dog you have in the Big House.' This remark didn't hit home until later that night when everyone should have been asleep. Where is the dog? As I opened a door to a room where four girls lived, I noticed a tense atmosphere. I asked, 'Where is the dog?' The girls rose as one and responded, 'What dog?' I answered, 'You now what dog and you know that pets are not allowed.' The girls turned the lights on and placed a cuddly Chow puppy in my hands. The dog was really half Chow and half English Shepherd. The dog looked like a Chow except that she had a pink tongue and the disposition of an English Shepherd. The girls made all kinds of promises. They promised to take care of the dog, train the dog, and so on. Well. We couldn't do anything about her that night. The next morning she padded into my room at my heels, and that was that. Well, back to the tub. The girls had promised they would take care of the dog. This meant feeding, walking, training, and bathing. I thought that the girls had forgotten all of their promises until several months later when I heard a lot of laughing and splashing in the bathroom. When I opened the door, I found three girls and the dog in the huge bath tub having a ball. The puppy story is really one in itself and there is not room to include it here. Perhaps it is enough to say that the dog lived to be 16.

"That huge basement with its divided areas was a dismal place to go. It was really spooky although we at times managed to sneak in a 60 watt bulb instead of the 40 watt bulbs the men thought were enough. As a student, I hated to go down there after fruit for breakfast. Two trips were needed to bring up six half gallon glass jars of peaches or other fruit. I thought that one trip was too many. You went down the rock steps at the back of the Big House and then down two

more steps into the basement. There were doors to open and close. I thought that anything could be hiding there. During the forties, the girls kept telling me about a big spider that lived down there. I didn't believe them. This went on for some time. I told them it was just a big spider like the one that lived in our spring house when I was a kid. One day Mrs. Smith, the kitchen matron, said, 'Well. Take this broom and box and go down there and catch her. I'm tired of hearing this story.' The girls didn't want to go, but when Smitty told you to do something, you did it. They captured a tarantula with legs as thick as my fingers. Professor Jorgenson pickled her for us, and she was on display in the science room for years. Evidently the spider had come in a stalk of bananas. We bought bananas by the stalk then and kept them hanging in the basement. After that episode Smitty and I just looked at each other. We decided if the girls said there was an elephant in the basement, we would immediately investigate.

"Girls' parties were great fun. We were always trying to think of a different place to have one. The basement was certainly out, but the attic offered possibilities. So Miss Pendarvis and the girls cleaned the attic, and we had an old fashioned dress up party there. There were steep steps to the attic, but we didn't mind. We loved our attic party. The men told us we would probably burn the house down with our candles and lamps, but we promised to be careful. We figured that lamps and candles were not more dangerous than the four stoves in the second story rooms. Occasionally after the stoves had been stored for the summer, and cold, wet days came along, we even used the fireplaces. We had a ball. When girls of that time get together, someone is always sure to say, 'Remember the party we had in the attic?'

"Somewhere along the way, an addition was made to the Gilliland so that we could house more girls. This was a big help, but still the girls were scattered, and the situation was anything but ideal. After the final addition to the Gilliland, the girls were un-

der two roofs: Whitford Hall and the Gilliland. I am getting ahead of my story.

"The roof of the Gilliland was always a temptation as a sun bathing area, or a good place to sleep on a hot summer night. I couldn't blame the girls too much for giving in to the temptation, but it was a dangerous thing to do and had to be discouraged. I came home late one night and noticed that we were having roof troubles again. When Professor heard of it, he said he would take care of it and he did. He turned on the water hose, and there was a hurried exit from the roof.

"A beautiful snow covered everything when we awoke one morning. It was a little too deep for my boots, but I wanted to take some pictures with my movie camera so I decided to take them from the window of my house which is next to Gilliland Cottage. There were some birds at the feeder. I hoped that some girls would come along, so I went to the front window. On the Gilliland roof was a girl getting ready to come down. I tried to raise the window to call to her to stay until I could get some help but it was too late. She stepped off of the flat top onto the slope. I raised my camera and had my motion picture. She hit the ground with a thud, I grabbed the phone and called for help. She couldn't figure out why the principal, Lee Zollinger, and Mr. Brown were there almost immediately. She didn't realize she was in the movies, but to get there she had to have a broken ankle.

"The old Big House holds fond memories for many as a dorm, cafeteria, and the center of campus life for so many years. The fuel and light boy will remember the cold mornings he wrestled with the huge black stove; the breakfast cooks will think of that eerie basement and the trips for fruit, of huge kettles of gravy, or soy grits, of fruit toast and hungry family members; kitchen girls will remember scrubbing walls and those wide board floors, of peeling bushels of potatoes, cooking gallons of dried beans; the dairy boys will laugh at their trek up the hill from the dairy barn with the rattly milk cart

every morning; everyone will remember Tuesday night as grits and gravy night; Big House girls will remember roommates, delicious food smells wafting up the stairs, the rattle of the milk cart, call of the whip-poor-will, midnight feeds and a squeaking chair (did the dean hear?); service blossoms outside the window ice-encased in April. We have memories, so many memories. Then - a fateful Friday night in 1953 - a fire closed the book, and now all we have are those memories of yesteryear."

In the late 20's and early 30's the educational plant that had taken so long to get rooted really started to grow. The sanitarium was finding its stride. It had a permanent resident doctor for the first time. Increased growth in numbers also tends to create demand for increased labor. The academy became a senior boarding academy in the mid-thirties. These were years of the great depression, and there were scores of boys and girls without money, looking for the opportunities that Fletcher could provide. We had the work. We had the education. This was the combination that these worthy boys and girls needed. The self-supporters have been strong supporters of the idea that plain, honest toil is a part of education as well as the gospel. It might be labeled the gospel of Labor. (Ed. 214, p.1.) In the second place, in a boarding school financial economy increases with increased class enrollments. The larger the class the more money to pay teachers and to pay school bills.

It can readily be seen from what Mrs. Nestell has written that the housing and management of the growing enrollment was solving some problems but was still creating others. Both boys and girls were living in separate buildings that were scattered and management and supervision were a real problem. The first real break in the situation came about 1940 when the nurses were able to move into their regular dormitory. This left the Gilliland Cottage, where the nurses had been living, vacant, and this was turned over to the girls. For the time being, most of the girls, for the first time, could be

housed in the two buildings, Rumbough Hall and Gilliland Cottage. Gilliland Cottage has an interesting history. Like Rumbough Hall, it had been built as a family dwelling. When the nurses took it over, it was not large enough so it was enlarged but not enough. In a short time, it was either take in fewer girls, enlarge the Gilliland Cottage or build another one. The nurses' dormitory was the result. A short time after the academy girls took over, we faced the same problem. The problem could be solved, of course, by taking fewer girls. It might be by putting more girls in private homes again, or by enlarging the Gilliland or building a new dorm. During the war years, the rooming problem for boys eased up. Enrollment for boys dropped drastically, but this only increased the need for more girls. It was on the boys' side of the chapel that the room looked empty. As I recall at one time, we had only 17 dormitory boys. There were two graduating occasions where there was only one boy in the graduating class.

Then there came a certain chapel period in 1944. You could feel something special. Mrs. Jasperson held up before the student body a check, the first gift money toward a new girls' dormitory. The donation was made by Mrs. Elvert Davis, and her gift was a sizable one. This was the beginning and more gifts were to follow. The girls often took a hand by purchasing some war bonds and stamps to be cashed in after the war and added to the fund. At this stage in talking about a new dorm, we are not talking about the present girls' dormitory. We are talking about what was to become Whitford Hall, our present cafeteria and office building. This proposed building was to be more than a girls' dormitory. It was also to house the cafeteria and kitchen, these last two being as much needed as the girls' rooms. The old cafeteria did not have the capacity to feed all of the students and workers at once. Many strategies were employed to attempt to solve the problem. Long serving hours and rotation plans were two of the devices which were tried. A new building might solve both

problems. The plans called for a three story building. The basement would be used for cold storage, food preparation, and a bakery. The main floor would be the cafeteria and the kitchen. The top floor would serve as living quarters for the girls and their dean. This plan would solve only one of our problems. The upper floor would accommodate a few more girls, but it would not provide room to house all of the girls. We must not overlook one thing. This plan would vacate the cafeteria and the kitchen from Rumbough Hall and the entire building could be turned over to the girls. The plan was to connect Rumbough Hall and Whitford Hall by a covered passageway on the upper floors. A person can go to Whitford Hall today and take a look at the north side of the building, and you will see the bricked in area where that passageway was to have been. This arrangement would have permitted all of the girls to live under one roof, with an apartment for the dean in a central area.

Though the need was great, there was no great rush to get things going. These were the war years, materials were hard to get, manpower was in short supply. There would be plenty of time to give thought to this project. There is always a lack of money in self-supporting work. Where was the money for this building to come from? There is no large rich constituency to fall back on. Funds would be raised by a combination of gifts and deductions from the worker's salaries. It would take many years to gather the funding for this building.

It was not until 1950 that construction began. It might not have been started then had it not been for the generous help of our good friend, Mr. Leon Whitford. The support given by Mr. Whitford explains the name for the hall. The weather didn't make things any easier. I know this because I was working with the men and boys on the job. By 1953, the shell of the building was up and under cover, but there were no windows or doors, and no plastering had been done. Then fate stepped in, and in about an hour our plans went up in smoke with Rumbough Hall.

It was a Friday night. The students and faculty had gone to vespers. Word came that the Big House was on fire. Fire is a dreaded word on a campus where every building is made of wood. The boys and men dashed over to the burning building. Their heroic efforts, aided by the local fire departments, failed to prevent the flames spreading to the attic. The attic was jammed with furniture and junk. The roof was metal, this made it difficult to get to the source of the fire. When the fire was brought under control, the roof and the attic had been destroyed, including part of the girls living quarters. The girls' possessions had been destroyed by the fire and water. The cafeteria and kitchen equipment had been removed and spared. Fortunately the basement of the new building could be used. We immediately moved the cafeteria and kitchen into the basement of the new building. Rumbough Hall was damaged beyond repair. It had served so many purposes for more than 65 years. The fire started in a closet, caused by faulty wiring according to the fire department.

What about the thirteen homeless girls and their homeless dean? Rachel Atkins, the girls' dean, was away at the time, Mrs. Nestell was substituting for her. The girls lost everything except the clothes on their backs. Temporarily, the girls were taken in by the other girls. The building burned on May 1, close to the end of the school year. This meant that there would be a few empty beds around in the buildings. The remaining girls moved into the attic room in the nurses dormitory. This was a large, well-lit room. It became a girls' ward. They made the best of it and had a good time. What about their personal losses? There was no insurance coverage for their personal effects. The Dorcas Society, community families, other girls and other schools came to the rescue. Clothing and assistance came from Washington Missionary College. The girls were quickly smothered with things. Perhaps some of them were better off after the fire than before. Mrs. Nestell was concerned about the dean of girls. Shortly before the fire, she had

purchased a new sewing machine which was in her room when the building burned. The sewing machine was spared from the fire and water. Miss Atkins had three suits hanging on the inside of her closet door. The door was charred on the outside, but the suits were not harmed. The next morning one of the boys, Johnny Grubbs, met one of the girls who was crying. She said that if she only had a pair of hose so she could go to church she would be happy. The dean was surprised at this because the girl happened to be one she was always having to get after because the girl didn't want to wear hose at all.

There were some who thought that the loss of the Big House had been an act of providence. If the Big House had not burned, if it had become a part of Whitford Hall, we might not have the new girls' dormitory today. Some of us keenly felt the loss. Rumbough Hall had been a school home for many girls. Despite its limitations, it had come to stand for something. There were many who mourned its loss. Mrs. Nestell was certainly one of this group. She had a right to say, "Off and on it has been my home for 22 years, as a student and as a dean of girls."

In the emergency, the men went to work with a will and the upper floor of Whitford hall was finished. When school started in the fall, the girls were able to move in. We used the basement for our cafeteria for five more years, until the main floor was finished. Due to the loss of Rumbough Hall, we were not much better off now than we had been before, except a few more girls could be roomed, and these girls and their dean had better living quarters. We packed three girls into each of the new rooms. This was nothing new. The girls in Gilliland and the private homes remained crowded as well. This would continue for many years. The enrollment continued to climb. In 1950 it was about 100. In 1954 it was 118. In 1959 it was 140. Each new girl made the housing situation worse. To solve this problem, we decided to enlarge the Gilliland cottage. In 1963, we added six rooms on the south side of

Gilliland. The Gilliland Cottage had started as a family home. Later it was enlarged for the nurses. Now we were enlarging it again. We built some of the rooms with enough space for four girls per room. We discovered that three girls per room was not a good idea. The third girl was left out by the other two. This addition provided room for about twenty girls. The number of girls at the school continued to climb, so this was only temporary relief. We had to continuously build new housing. We added a large porch to Gilliland and enclosed it. We were going to use this as a parlor and a worship room or study hall for the girls in Gilliland. We quickly divided up the space and used it for student housing. Gilliland now housed more girls than Whitford Hall. Whitford Hall continued to be the girls' headquarters and the dean's headquarters. We had to plan either for remote control at Gilliland or separate control at Gilliland. We installed a housemother at Gilliland. The very poor living quarters provided for the housemother made it difficult to get someone to fill the position. These quarters consisted of one small room, a kitchenette so small that you could barely turn around in it, and a bathroom. These quarters were in the center of the building, surrounded by student rooms. Later, Wager cottage was moved to the north side of Gilliland and connected to it. (The Wager cottage was a small cottage with a living room, a bedroom, a small kitchen, and a bathroom. It had originally been built as a home for Mrs. Lowder's mother. The Lowder cottage and the Wager cottage were moved when the new administrative building was erected.) Even then it was not the best solution to the housemother problem, for the girls at the south end of Gilliland could be tearing the place down and the dean would be unaware of it. Another problem was the fact that the dean's quarters were removed from the main entrance of the building so that the dean could not very well supervise their going and coming.

After this much of the story of the girls' dormitory has been told, one is almost cer-

tain to ask, "Why all this piece meal attempt to solve the problem? Why not build a sufficiently large dorm for all of the girls?" Lack of money was the main reason. Self-supporting institutions didn't have that kind of money. What is more, this was only one of the many problems that was faced by the growing institution. It was not peculiar to Fletcher, for most self-supporting schools have the same problems. It was no accident that Madison started building cottages in which to house the young people.

This housing idea would continue for several more years. We crowded the girls into student housing and were able to pack 75 or 80 girls in. Most of the time the girls did not complain about this treatment because they were desperate for the opportunities the school had to offer. If things became too crowded, room rates were discounted for some relief. As has been pointed out many times before, more complaints came from adults than from students. One year, when Mrs. Nestell was looking after the girls at Gilliland, some of the girls began to cause a problem. They made too much noise. It was especially noticeable after lights went out at night, and everything was supposed to be quiet. She mentioned this noise problem to me several times. She was well experienced in dean's work, but nothing in this case seemed to work. Since we had packed so many girls into a small building, a few noisy girls could keep the whole group awake. The complaints, from girls that were personally affected, continued. Finally, the principal told his wife, "The next time this happens, pick out your noisy girls and bring them to me. Don't wait until the next day. Bring them at night when it happens." Mrs. Nestell asked, "What are you going to do to them?" Actually, at the moment, I didn't know, and, of course, I hoped that the problem would not recur, but it did. Mrs. Nestell rounded up her noisy rebels, about a dozen or more, and brought them to me. They arrived at ten o'clock. We sent Mrs. Nestell back to Gilliland to care for the other girls. I knew full well what was in her mind. She

really wanted to see what I was going to do to the noisy sinners. She was obliged to obey the orders of the principal. What should I do? This was not a bad group of girls. They were just thoughtless. Why did they make so much noise? Possibly they had not consumed the allotted energy for the day. This was the key. I would help these girls use the surplus energy. I said, "Girls, I am sorry that this has happened. You were given a chance to correct it, but you didn't. Now we must do something about it. You must stop disturbing others. We have to use punishment as a last resort. Do you want me to provide the punishment, or do you want to be turned over to the school committee?" Young people almost always prefer the decision of the individual rather than the committee.

We marched over to the entrance of the music studio. I said, "Girls, here is your punishment. We will start in five minutes. There are 55 steps between here and Pearson Hall. I am assigning you 25 trips up and down these steps. There is to be no talking, no running, just a walk up and down these steps. If you will cooperate with me and agree to cooperate with your housemother, and keep quiet from now on, I will suspend the last 10 trips. You may begin." I stood at the base and watched as the girls completed the 15 trips. Then the girls were permitted to return to their dormitory. This meant that there were one or two at a time because no two girls made the trips at the same rate. Climbing steps is an energy consuming practice. Fifteen trips, 169 steps each trip. Ever try climbing the Washington Monument? I have often wondered what would have happened had someone come along while the girls were laboriously climbing those steps. I didn't tell Mrs. Nestell what I had done. I think she soon found out. I suppose that some modern educators would classify this as cruel punishment - that the problem was due to environment, and should have been settled by persuasion. There were no more complaints about noise around Gilliland that year, nor any other years that I remember.

By 1960 the pressure was on for a new

girls' dormitory. Fifty years had passed with makeshift efforts, and the problem was as acute as it ever had been. Boys and girls both felt the problem. The boys' dormitory was built first; they were able to move into Nestell Hall in 1968. We also faced another serious problem. The increased enrollment had created serious problems in the school rooms and in the chapel building: the hallways and classrooms were crowded. Without a personal visit, no one could believe how crowded we were. We had to improve our library and science facilities in order to secure State approval. A compromise plan was formulated. Instead of building a new dorm and a new administration building, we would build just part of the administration building: the library and science section. Then we would begin work on the girls' dormitory. It didn't work out quite that way. The library and science section was constructed, and soon thereafter we were able to build the rest of the administration building.

Now the way seemed clear to start building the girls' dorm, except for the financing. Frequently, an institution grows like a person, not just in one spot but all over. The decade of the 60's was full of growing pains for the institution. The new medical building and new hospital had been built during this period. Consequently, after such a heavy building program, time was needed for financial recuperation. Just how long this might have been is hard to say. The girls' dormitory actually came into existence much faster than we had dared to hope. This was due to the generous support of our friends, several large gifts, and at least one loan. Late in the 1970's, the building was started. It was completed in 1980. This was a splendid building and there was nothing temporary about it. It had 74 rooms, which were arranged so that each pair of rooms shared a bathroom and washroom. Each room had built-in furniture. There was a beautiful worship room with air conditioning, carpet, pews, and stained glass windows. There was a recreation room, laundry facilities, a sun deck, a large deans' apartment with separate

entrance. The girls thought that this was a dream house. For the first time in Fletcher's history, the girls were living under one roof.

It must not be assumed that all of this just happened, and that there were no problems other than money. Visitors often marvel at what we have been able to accomplish. We do too. We are labeled as self-supporters. How were we able to do it? Some things were self-sacrifice by loyal supporters, the good will of the community, and the blessing of God. You may recall that Mrs. White had said to Mrs. Rumbough in the beginning, "The Lord will yet remember Mrs. Rumbough and her gift of love." It is sad that Mrs. Rumbough didn't live long enough to see what is here today.

The girls' dorm was planned by well qualified architects. When the final plans came off the drawing board, the high school staff was pleased at the arrangement of the building, but horrified at its location. The institution had a master plan for the campus and the architects had tried to fit this building into that plan. They had located the girls' dormitory between the present administration building and the main campus road. This would have placed the dorm so that Howard Gap Road would have been in the dorm's back yard. The architects had no idea of the problems which arise when trying to handle a group of girls in a dormitory. For once the teachers rose in protest, and the administration was willing to listen to reason. As a result, the girls' dorm is where it is today.

Mrs. Nestell, who had been dean of girls for so long, never had a chance to live in the new quarters. Neither did she have a chance to manage the girls under these new ideal conditions. There is no evidence that she shed any tears over the matter. By the way, we have found that girls can be noisy even in a new building. In the first summer after the building was finished, we faced this noise problem. The girls' dean was on vacation, her substitute was looking after the girls. One night, between six and ten girls didn't want to go to bed and they didn't

want to be quiet. The acting dean, in desperation, told the girls to climb Strawberry Hill. I don't think she ever dreamed how this privilege to burn off steam might be used. The girls climbed the hill and then they began to scream. It was 10:30 PM or later, and the campus was quiet as it usually was. These screams carried like a fire siren over the campus. The principal had gone home, but the screams brought him back on the run. What had happened? Who was hurt? On the way down to the dorm, he met a man who had been driving on the road but had heard the commotion. He had stopped to render assistance. Behind the girls' dorm, I met the girls coming back from Strawberry Hill. They were unaware of the concern that had spread throughout the community. I stopped them and we had a war council. I laid it on the line: "What did you mean by such unearthly screams, waking the campus, the patients, and the neighbors? You have left the impression that an Indian massacre is in full progress. What will the patients think? Don't you value your school? Don't you know how good girls are supposed to act? Please go to the dorm, do not make any more noise tonight, and never repeat this action in the future." The girls were subdued as they left me and headed for their rooms. To make certain that they would obey, I went to my office for awhile. My office was on the far side of the administration building, two stories above the ground. Everything was quiet for awhile. The building was locked, so I could not be reached except by telephone, and the girls did not have a telephone. After a while, I heard a quiet sound, like people walking in the dark. Someone threw a clod of dirt at my window. When I went to investigate, I found my group of little rebels. They had not been able to sleep. Their minds were agitated and they wanted to talk to me. I was willing to listen. A listening principal is one of the best things that can be found around any good school. The girls began to talk. They had acted without thinking, they meant no harm, and they were sorry. They said that they loved the school. They even loved the prin-

cial. Would I forgive them? Would I? Here was another lesson learned, and a school problem settled without any ill will.

It had been a long road from the old plantation house in 1910 to the fine Roughgarden Hall in 1980. Staff and students alike enjoy the new dorm and its location. Good dormitories are essential in a boarding school. These fine buildings do not make it a good or a great school. More important than fine buildings are the boys and girls of character who appreciate the comforts of their environment, who do their share to keep and preserve that which they enjoy, for the benefit of the others who will follow them. Shortly after the old Big House burned in 1953, Ann Cooper, a Fletcher student, wrote the following tribute for the summer issue of the Fletcher newsletter.

IN OUR HEARTS

"In the hearts of the many girls who daily passed through her portals, she stood as a fortress from which to battle the inevitable tears of homesickness, the despair of young love, and the impenetrable intricacies of geometry.

"In the hearts of the young boys, she stood as a goddess, upon whose approval or disapproval hung the granting of their inmost desires three times a day.

"In the hearts of others, she stood as a shelter from daily tempests, unshaken by the winds of worldly care and undaunted by the rain of heavy burdens.

"In the hearts of still others, she became a monument of many years spent in useful toil, the hopes of these years, and the glorious fulfillment of them.

"In the hearts of all of us who knew and loved her best, she still remains a symbol of a never-to-be-forgotten era in each life and a guidepost to the greater tasks still before us."

Ann Cooper

It would be the hope of the writer that in future years beautiful Roughgarden Hall will come to have some of the same meanings for the girls of the present and the future that old Rumbough Hall had in the minds and hearts of those girls of the years of long ago.



Girls Dorm



Park Ridge Hospital



Fletcher Park Inn (Retirement Center).

Chapter 10

SPOOKS IN THE BASEMENT

The old plantation house, the Big House, when well maintained, was an imposing structure. The rooms on the two upper floors were light and airy. The rooms in the basement were not light and airy. There the ceiling was low, and there was little or no light. It was not just one big room, but had been divided into smaller rooms with shelves for storing, leaving corners and angles where shadows would linger. All of this was surrounded by a wall two feet thick, which served as the foundation of the building. For years the only light was the light you carried. We installed electricity during the late 20's, but still there was only one or two dim bulbs in the entire basement. As a result, a trip to the basement meant entering an area of ghostly, scary, supernatural shadows. As stated above, this was the place where the canned goods, potatoes, carrots, and such were stored. Later, we installed a furnace which heated the second floor. This meant that the eerie spaces in the basement were frequently used. What an ideal spot for the birthplace of spooks, ghosts, and goblins. With a house full of girls with normal, over-active imaginations, and nearby, a house full of boys bent on mischief, the stage was set for mystery and a haunted house.

I don't know how this story started, and I don't know where the facts end and the fantasies begin. It seems to have started when the Byers family lived in the house. This is the story of the petrified woman.

Supposedly back about 1855, before the Big House had been built, a relative of the Byers family living in Mississippi died. Her family wanted to bury her in her home state and on the home place. Dr. Josiah Johnson was paid \$50.00 to return the body with his team and wagon to the home place. When the body arrived, it was buried at the base of a large cherry tree. This tree stood near the spot where the Parker House was built.

Later, the family decided to move the body to the Hendersonville cemetery. When they opened the grave, they found that the body had petrified. This was a wonderful and unusual thing. The family, instead of burying the body in Hendersonville, placed it in the basement of the old log plantation house. Scientists said that water with limestone in it had run over the body for a length of time and turned it into stone. Later the body was taken to Hendersonville, and buried in the cemetery. Subsequently, it was discovered that the grave had been opened and the petrified body stolen. No one knows what happened to it after that. Some think that the remains were buried under the old plantation house.

When the folks bought the old plantation in 1910, this story came with it. It doesn't take much imagination to see what possibilities the story would have in the active minds of young people or even older people. To add some force to the story, it was written as a term paper, and no doubt was read before the class in the school. The nature of the story would hardly confine it to the classroom. I have no way of confirming the facts or the fancy of the story.

After the passage of some years, I came in contact with a member of the Byers family, a very refined and active old lady. Her version of the story was quite different. This story ran something like this. It seems that a member of the Byers family living in the old home place had died. It was winter time, one of the worst winters ever experienced in the area. It was very cold. There was snow on the hard, frozen ground. This created problems for the family. They did not know how to bury the body when the ground was frozen solid. They decided to store the body in the cool basement of the Big House until the weather moderated. When things warmed up, they buried the body in the conventional fashion.

About the time when the schoolboy wrote the term paper on this story, events took a turn and the ghost came somewhat to life. At the time most of our buildings were heated by stoves. One of the important jobs was that of getting the stoves going early in the morning, especially in such places as the kitchen, dining hall, and classrooms. This was a regular job for one of the high school boys. The job was labeled Fuel and Light boy. As I recall, this involved building fires in 16 to 20 stoves each morning. The boy prepared his material the day before. He fetched corn cobs from the farm and soaked them in kerosene overnight. At 5 o'clock the next morning he would set out on his mission. Armed with matches in his pocket, lantern in one hand, a bucket of corn cobs in the other, he made his rounds. On this particular day, Charlie was the fuel and light boy. He had plenty of bravado, he was good-natured, easy going, able to hold his own when the boys got together to tell stories about things they had done, or would do. Billy was in the dorm at the same time. He was the opposite of Charlie: quiet, serious, never in trouble. Billy decided to test Charlie's courage. As Charlie entered the basement of the Big House, the only light he carried was his lantern. He seemed to hear more than the usual early morning sounds in the basement. He began to hear low, groan-like sounds. These sounds were not loud but they were unnerving. Charlie was too nervous to do much investigation. Once or twice he thought he saw the dim outline of a ghost-like figure. By this

time the ghost stories he had heard began to take on substance. He finished his work in the basement at a world-record pace. When Charlie returned to his room he demanded an explanation. The story got out, and was embellished and exaggerated with each telling. Much time passed before the facts were known. I think that the next morning Charlie took a group of lads with him on his rounds, or he worked very fast. Nothing further happened and things returned to normal. What were the facts? Billy, on his own, had wrapped himself in a sheet and had hidden himself in the basement. No one suspected Billy in this caper. What's more, it might be safe to say and to think that probably the dean of girls didn't have as much trouble as usual rounding up her girls at night.

I was dean of boys at the time. I was inclined to be sympathetic toward Charlie. The basement was a spooky place. Occasionally I had substituted for a fuel and light boy to provide the boy with rest or in case of sickness. One time I too heard more than the usual sounds, but they seemed to be coming from outside the building. They didn't frighten me enough to interfere with my work, but it was spooky. My mystery was solved when it was found that a neighbor's dog had fallen into one of the garbage cans and couldn't get out.

Such is the story of the spooks in the basement. It was a topic for lively discussion in the school for years. These stories are still revived today whenever some of the old-timers get together.

Chapter 11

THE ACADEMY LIBRARY

(from a Chapel talk)

One of the most important parts of any school is the library. Here in the library is the accumulated knowledge of the ages, including the present. All of this knowledge is made available to the students. There is much about the origin of our library that we would like to know. There are at least two things that we do know about it. When the property was purchased only the land and the buildings were included in the price. No personal property remained. The first thing we note is that the records show that when the founders moved onto the place in 1910, they had agreed that their personal property was to be made available in common use until such time as the institution could make replacement and possibly make payment for such usage. So when the Brownsbergers and the Spauldings came, they brought with them their tools, equipment and cattle, with the above understanding. It would certainly seem reasonable to assume that both families brought books with them. These books were made available, as needed, to the first students. You will recall that Professor Brownsberger had served as president of two colleges, and at one time he had been teacher and author. It would be difficult to imagine such families without books or libraries.

Research fails to find mention of books or libraries until the late 1920's. This in itself may not have been too unusual. I recall that when I was in elementary school, the library consisted of a few books on the teacher's desk. The first library that I recall seeing was a few shelves in a nearby public school. The first library I saw that was worthy of the name was at Cedar Lake Academy.

The other fact worth noting is this. When I came to Fletcher in 1931, the school had a small library that was labeled as a library.

This was located in the common school building that had been built in 1916. This school building had three rooms. An assembly room, with a side entrance, used for classes, worship, committees, church services, etc. At the main entrance, and to the right, was a small classroom, on the left, a very small pantry-like room with a few shelves, and this was labeled as a library. This room was very small, barely large enough for two people to pass; there was no room for tables or chairs. Evidence would indicate that it had been established by Mrs. Jasperson who had been made school principal five years before. We need to keep in mind that the main use of this building before 1930 had been meant for an elementary school and not for an academy.

To understand this library, one needs to know something about Mrs. Jasperson as school principal. She had grown up in a family where books and education were appreciated. The desire to teach and the love of books seemed to have been inborn with her. As she grew up into maturity, she became widely read, with a special interest in good literature. She loved to read about the mountain people of the South. When she became principal, she expected her teachers to be well acquainted with the world of books. We are not talking about cheap books. She scorned cheap books. She was one of the best informed persons on the South that I have ever known. I recall that shortly after I accepted the call to come and teach at Fletcher, before I met her or had a chance to visit Fletcher, she was alerting me to desirable books. She practically told me that I could not expect to be accepted in the South unless I had read such books as *Men of the Mountains* by Spaulding, or *Our Southern Highlanders* by Kephart. This interest in

books was not a passing phase, she continually reminded us about good books. Each teacher who worked with her can verify this. Certainly this love of books was one of the things that I shared with her. Her home library testified to her love of good books. There are many people who owe their love of books to her influence. She felt that the library was like a favorite child in the family.

With such a disposition and background, it would be safe to believe that when she became principal she would start work on the school library. Because the school enrollment was small and funds were very limited, not much money was available for books. Hence the books had to be chosen with care. I would estimate that by the time of my arrival there may have been about 300 books in the library. These would have included such things as general reference works, encyclopedias, *Spirit of Prophecy*, and so on. I am sure too that the library included books on the South and its people. Much of my own introduction to the South came from books in that library.

In the 1930's, the school began to grow rapidly, especially after it became a senior boarding academy in 1935. All students were charged small library fees, and Mrs. Jasperson saw that this money was spent for books. However, the fees alone would never have developed the large efficient library that we have today. Here are some stories that I think will interest you.

Our first windfall of useful books came about in a rather unusual way. In the early 1940's, a man and his wife were driving on US 25 near Naples. It was summer, and the windows of their car were open. Through one of these windows came a bee or a wasp and stung the lady in the eye. She needed medical attention at once, because the sting was painful. Right there beside the road was our large sign, "Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital, one and one-half miles." The retired couple came here for treatment. The treatment was satisfactory, they liked the people they met, and they liked the things

they saw. When further medical attention or service was needed, they returned, and this was to continue as long as the couple lived. They were Mr. and Mrs. Elvert Davis, and they lived in Edneyville, about 15 miles away. Mr. Davis was a gifted lawyer, he had served the Pennsylvania Railroad for many years. Mrs. Davis was a refined and well educated lady. They were a family of some means, and could afford to have the things that people with such tastes and desires would want.

The sanitarium continued to meet their needs, and they developed friendships with the doctors and staff. As they become acquainted with our work, they were greatly impressed with what we were trying to do. Shortly after this, Mr. Davis passed away and his widow willed the Edneyville property to our institution. The property was called Viewpoint, which was a good choice for a name. At the time, this was the largest single gift ever made to Fletcher. The property included about 60 acres of land, with buildings and their contents. The buildings were located on a mountainside, and provided one of the most beautiful views of the area that I have ever seen.

When the official announcement was made, Mrs. Jasperson, our school principal, was jubilant. She had visited the place before, and was familiar with the contents of the buildings—especially the books.

In the Fletcher newsletter for 1942, we have Mrs. Jasperson's description of Viewpoint: "It is a long front porch where one sits high above the Edneyville community and looks out over a prosperous farm community to distant, rugged skylines where the sun sets in golden glory. If one doesn't sleep too well, he may wander into the sun parlor on the second floor and look out upon a sea of mist with mountain peaks like islands rising from it. If you are lucky, the moon may have turned it all to silver. There is a library of a few thousand volumes—old and new—where one could be happy forever. Viewpoint is Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their dogs coming out to meet you. A memory of beau-

tiful living. It is a hearth with a friendly iron teakettle hanging on a crane, of old-fashioned chairs and lovely prints. Viewpoint is a dream passed on to us to work out fulfillment, a responsibility, an opportunity and a joy forever." Mrs., Jasperson was jubilant about the place. She soon looked me up as she wanted me to see what was there. How well I recall the first visit. After getting out of the car, my guide, Mrs., Jasperson, pointed out the various parts of our new property. At first, I wondered if I was seeing things right, then I wondered if my guide was seeing things straight. First of all, one could not miss the beautiful view from this cliff side location. At the back was the farm house and the barn. To my left was the cottage of Mrs. Davis. To my right was the house of Mr. Davis, and directly in front was the main building called Tranquility—the family house, the guest house. It was two stories high, it had a basement, and it looked out over the panorama below. This property reflected a lifestyle to which I was not accustomed. I was impressed with the exterior, but even more impressed with the interior of the buildings. I found nice furniture, beautiful dishes and prints of all kinds. When the workmen had constructed the building, they placed bookshelves in every nook and corner. This wonderful practice was found not only in the main building, but in the other houses as well. We could hardly believe our good fortune. This collection was the work of a lifetime, and it covered an eclectic range of interests: biography, travel, literature, history, and art. There were also many pamphlets, catalogs, pictures, prints, and clippings. There was a great collection of old Currier and Ives prints. We loved the special Lincoln collection. What could we do with this? We did not have room in our present library. Fortunately there was a room that could be remodeled and put to such use.

At the north end of the second story of the school building was a classroom. Other classrooms at the time were bearing most of the burden of classroom usage, and this particular room was not used very much. It was

right across from the regular library. We put shelves in, built glass cases for the valuable material. During the next few weeks, we moved the books into their new home. We brought Mr. Davis' beautiful walnut desk, and a cherry combination desk with drawers. It was a lot of work to catalog all of this material and make it available to the students. When we opened, there were about 1000 volumes available, and there were more to come from Viewpoint. It was a wonderful sight to see the furniture and books in place. The room could also be used for classes, committee meetings and other functions. This room was very conducive to learning. I did not realize that in the future this room would become the principal's office and that I would be the person sitting behind that big desk. Many of the books and other items in the Viewpoint collection were shared with the nurses in their library.

In February of 1943 we had a special ceremony to celebrate the opening of this book room. All of the students, nurses and high school, all of the staff from both schools, workers and friends — were invited to this special chapel. This ceremony opened the Book Room to the public. Mrs. Davis approved our choice of name for the room: the Davis Book Room. The ceremony included a sketch of the life of Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis' grandfather was a Seventh-day Adventist lay preacher. Our collection included his Bible. We had Mrs. Davis' letter of presentation: "It was my husband's wish that his books should continue to others the friendly help that they had always given him. In selecting the Asheville Agricultural School Library as their destination he felt sure that he was handing them on to those who would value them as he had done and who would get from them comfort and direction in the battle of life. I shall hear of the opening of the Book Room with deep satisfaction." The service concluded with several teachers and a representative of the student body expressing appreciation to Mrs. Davis for this special gift. It might be added that the cataloging and arranging of these books, magazines and

special papers, was an education in itself. One day, one of the girls, who was working on this, came to the principal, showing her something that she had found. The girl's eyes were bright with excitement. She had found a little yellow slip of paper. Dolly Madison, in March, 1848, had written that she had "the pleasure to comply with my young friend's request for an autograph."

The present library was built and placed in use during the 1960's. The Davis collection was moved to its present location: the two stacks of books in the corner of the room. On the face of one of the stacks is a picture of Mr. Davis, and on the other is Mrs. Davis' letter of presentation.

The Davis collection greatly increased the size of our book collection. It also provided much enrichment for it. We sold Viewpoint and used the proceeds to enlarge the work of the institution. Later, Mrs. Davis moved into the Millar Cottage on our campus. She was a well-educated person and possessed a wide range of interests. She wrote at least one book and many important papers. Her circle of friends included many prominent people. She was on intimate terms with a number of important librarians including one in Detroit, Michigan.

Shortly before Mrs. Davis died, she called me to her house. She had purchased the Encyclopedia Britannica, thinking that it would be useful for her in some writing she planned to do. Illness had forced her to abandon these plans. She presented this wonderful reference work to the school library. This was our first Britannica because we had never been able to afford one before. This was her last gift to the school.

Here is another story about gifts to our library. In the year that followed, Mrs. Jasperson gave up her school work and moved with her husband to Madison. Lewis Nestell became the school principal. The principal was responsible for the elementary school as well as the academy. He realized that the elementary school needed a new encyclopedia. We had an old set which was completely out of date. We would liked to

have had the World Book Encyclopedia, but we didn't have the \$100 needed to buy it. The academy needed beds, tables, dressers, and chairs for student rooms.

In Hendersonville, there had been an elite private boarding school, for girls from wealthy and influential families in the South. This was located where Ingles grocery now stands. The name of the school was Fasifern School for Girls. One day the news came out that the school was to be closed and sold. This would include not only the buildings but the contents. I decided that it might be wise to go over and take a look at what might be available. The man in charge was taking us down the hall in the main school building and passed a partially open door to a rather large room. I glanced through this door as we passed. The room was the school library and it contained a set of the World Book encyclopedia. This was just what we needed for the elementary school. The boxes it had been shipped in were right there in the room. I asked our guide what they wanted for the set. He stated that the whole library was for sale. This included hundreds of books, maps, tables, chairs and globes. I was speechless. I finally asked him what a fair price would be. I was stunned by his response, "One hundred and twenty five dollars for the whole thing!" I immediately called the business office to get approval for the purchase. The school trucks hauled the library home the next day. I don't recall how many trips they had to make. The elementary school was happy to get the new encyclopedia. Everything else was a bonus to anyone that could use it. We had hundreds of useful books which we could never have purchased ourselves. Some of the books were expensive volumes. Sometime later at the Schoolmaster's Club meeting, some of the administrators of schools in the nearby area asked me how I was able to swing that deal. I have always had the feeling that Providence directed my sight that day through that open door. We never did purchase any of the furniture, such as dressers, beds, and

so on, that we had started out to do. Outside of the collective purchase of new books, the Davis and Fasifern collections were the two largest additions to our library.

Sometime later, John Rumbough, son of Mrs. Rumbough, called on me. His mother had passed away some years before, and the home place was to be broken up and sold. Would we like her books and her files? I immediately responded that we certainly would like them. This collection of books was not large, but it was a good one and it would be useful. Their historical value was considerable, especially the correspondence files. Most of what we know about the early days of our institution came from material found in this correspondence.

Other collections of lesser value and volume came from time to time. One of these came from a rather sad situation. A Mr. and Mrs. Kenney moved to our area upon retirement. Mr. Kenney had been a literature teacher in one of our great universities. The family had built a beautiful home. It was surrounded by carpet-like lawns and beautiful shrubbery. There was a lake in the background. The family had very little time to enjoy this home, for just after it was completed Mr. Kenney became ill. He came to the sanitarium, but he came too late and passed away. Mrs. Kenney was left alone, her dream of enjoying the beautiful home with her husband turned to ashes. She gave their books to us, and sold the property so that she could move to the west and live with members of her family. Most of the volumes in the Kenney collection dealt with English literature. A number of these books are on our shelves today, and we are happy to have them. How sad that this couple had so little time to enjoy their retirement years.

One of the last and most important additions to our library was the private library of Mrs. Jasperson, our first principal, who started our first library. When she passed away, this collection was turned over to us, where I am sure she would have wanted it to be. Unfortunately, some of the most valuable books in her collection were removed

before we were able to move the entire group. These books are now located in the showcases under the windows on the south side of the library. This collection would be a browser's delight and paradise. Some of the books are duplicates of books that we already have. In time, no doubt, the duplicate volumes will be removed to the Heritage Room, and the remainder will be added to the shelves for general circulation.

While all of this was going on, the students, of course, were doing their share of adding to the general growth of the library. The students had been paying regular library fees, and this money had been used to supply new books and magazines. Though this was commendable, it would never have provided us with the library which we have today. The special collections make the difference. Your school has been an accredited school throughout most of its history. One of the main reasons for this is that from the beginning, we had a library and could pass the state requirements with flying colors, as far as libraries were concerned.

In conclusion, let me point out a few of the things that are of special interest to you. The first library, as has been stated, was that little pantry-like room in the old school building. Then in the early thirties the chapel building was built, including classrooms at the back, The library was on the second floor in the large south room now used for choir practice. This was a large, light and airy room with a natural outlook of beauty on three sides. The shelves lined most of the walls, and there were window seats under the windows. Then in the 60's, the first section of our present administration building was built. This consisted of the library and the science room. Both were needed at the time to meet state approval. The desks and tables in our present library were designed and built by Mr. Floyd Gilman, a neighbor of ours, and at one time one of our workers. The checkout desk was built by Mr. Leslie Smith, a retired shop man from Emmanuel Missionary College. His work was done for free. Most of the stacks and shelves were

made by our own work crews.

On the north wall in the northwest corner of the library is a painting of Mrs. Jasperson, our first principal. This library is named Marguerite Millar Jasperson Memorial Library in her honor.

The latest addition, by way of special collections, is from the private library of El-

der Orville Wright, a retired SDA minister. We appreciate this collection for it will certainly add richness to our library.

This story of your library is told in hope that it will create a respectful appreciation for the library you are privileged to use. We encourage you to preserve it and add to it for the benefit of those who follow you.



Captain Gilmer School (elementary school).



Academy Print Shop

Chapter 12

THE WATER SYSTEM

One of the things that recommended the purchase of the property in the beginning was a good water supply. This included a farm well that had supplied the families living here for several generations, and also a lively little creek that flowed through the property that might be used for irrigation. There were also a number of good springs on the place. Water was first mentioned shortly after the place was purchased. It started over a rather trifling thing—a teenage girl refused to do her job in the kitchen because a boy had not brought in a bucket of water. This developed into a family row with rather serious consequences. It should be understood that there was no such thing as running water in the kitchen. Every bucket of water had to be carried in from the well. The young girl refused to do a man's job. This must have been a matter of principle, rather than a physical hardship. According to Ernest Smith, a Fletcher student who was writing a research paper on the history of the place in the early thirties, "The original house had ten fireplaces. What is now the laundry was the milk room for the Byers family. The well was directly under the steps of the house as it is today. The well is still there." Of course, when Ernest wrote his paper, another system was in use, and the old well had not been used for a long time. If what he wrote was true, carrying a bucket of water meant traveling only a few steps from the kitchen to the well. The girl refused to carry the water and do her job, she was insubordinate. Her supervisor in the kitchen was a Brownsberger. When Mr. Spaulding, school principal, tried to defend the girl, a serious problem arose. This was one of the factors that led to the break between the Spauldings and the Brownsbergers, the founders of the place. There may have been a second well or cistern near the entrance to the present print shop. Not many years ago,

the pavement in front of the print shop caved in. It was a deep hole or cistern. It took several truck-loads of earth to fill it.

As time went on and more families and students moved in, the old family well was no longer sufficient. On October 27, 1910, Ethel Brownsberger wrote to Mrs. Rumbough about the new plan for a water supply on the farm. This would be a gravity system which would require 2000 feet of 1.25 inch steel pipe, a catch basin, and a small reservoir where the water would be stored. The estimated cost was \$350. Since the institution did not have the money, Mrs. Rumbough would need to provide the funds. What was the source for this water system?

North of the Bliss home was a sharp little gully with a small stream in it. The water from the stream comes from some springs farther up on the mountain side. The plan was to pipe into these springs, which were high enough, to provide a free flow of water to the old plantation house, so the trenches were dug and the pipe was laid. We placed a small catch basin at the spring to catch the water and allow it to flow into the pipe. West of the Bliss home a small reservoir was built. Parts of some of this work can still be seen there today. When completed and hooked up, it did provide an adequate supply of pure, clean, cool spring water. Running water was available in the old plantation house for the first time. This was a wonderful convenience. Few homes outside of cities, at this time, had such a convenience. No wonder it was important enough to be mentioned in the correspondence of the time. One wonders if those who planned all this overlooked the spring in the next valley to the south. It still provides water for the Jorgensen home. With the arrival of running water came sewer lines and septic tanks. This was a real water system.

Wonderful as all this was, there were two weaknesses, neither of which could have

been foreseen at the time. First, the water supply in the spring alone would never be sufficient to meet the needs of the institution if it experienced any growth or expansion. Second, this system had no chance to work during cold weather. The folks did not have to wait very long to find out about this. The winter of 1912 was the worst winter for 50 years. The entire water system froze. They had to use the old well again. At last, after many days, the weather moderated and things finally thawed out. In any case, this gravity system supplied the needs of the place until the middle 1920's. Growth and progress was slow. This meant that there was no real demand for a better water system until 1921. Beginning in 1920, changes took place in the growth and numbers and made a new source of water imperative. Fortunately this was available. In the minutes of the board for October 24, 1925, it was voted to borrow \$250 from the Laymen's Foundation and install electricity by connecting to the power lines. Electricity meant electric lights. It also meant power for electric motors. Motors could be used to pump water, a six inch well was drilled next to the old woodshop, and an electric pump was installed. Again the water problem was solved—at least temporarily. This well is still there. All this was good, but there still remained one weakness: a sufficiently large reservoir in which to store the water. This was remedied in 1930, when our present reservoir of 100,000 gallons was built up on a shoulder of Patterson's Panorama. It was high enough to provide 90 psi of pressure. By pumping water into the reservoir, the place had an ample supply of good water, at even pressure, and sufficient to meet emergency needs, even as might be needed for a fire.

This does not mean that all of our water problems were solved. We still had many, many problems to face, and these problems grew worse with each passing day. There was only one well. No doubt there were times when it was overworked. The pump had to work against a 90 lb. pressure of

water. Pumps can wear out. It was a major operation to pull the pipe for repairs so various schemes were discussed to solve these problems. I recall worrying about many of these problems. One problem was to develop an air system and force air down to the bottom of the well, which in turn would force the water from the well in to the system. Well, we never got around to trying that one out. Another scheme was to develop a pump run by gears. At the time, most water pumps were slow motion affairs. Electric motors had to be geared down to that slow motion. All of the mechanics got their heads together and made a pattern for a gear box: a worm-gear affair that would slow that electric motor down to the desired speed and also ease its workload. The casting were made and the gear box assembled. It was a nice looking piece of work; the only trouble was that no electric motor could turn it. The gear ratios were wrong. That old gearbox lay around for many, many years as a reminder that you better know your ratios and your mathematics if you are going into the gear business. Another scheme was tried, and this time it worked. At the time, steam engines were still common, so we obtained the connecting rod from a steam cylinder. This rod and its connecting steam cylinder was attached upright to the pump in the well, and the electric motor attached to this. This was a rather clumsy working affair, but despite the terrible problems, it managed to work for years.

The early and middle thirties brought in a period of rapid growth. The sanitarium flourished when the campus doctors arrived. We started the nurses school and the academy became a senior boarding academy. All this meant more new buildings, more workers, more students. This created many, many more problems for us. It soon became apparent that one well as the only source of water would never meet these increased needs. The answer was either more wells or new sources of water. Why not tap into the source of the creek that flowed through the farm? This creek, like the first

source of water for the first water system, had its origin in the larger springs of water located near the base of Couch Mountain. A survey showed this to be practical. To make this source of water available would mean more than one mile of steel pipe with catch basins, reservoirs, and purifying equipment. The advantage would be in an abundant supply of water, good, clear, cool, pure, at practically no cost except for the huge original investment. A part of the original investment would be the purchase of land so that we could control the area that protected our watershed and keep the water supply clean. We faced so many problems. Another problem might be to obtain the right-of-way across property that we did not own. Fortunately for us, most of the route lay on our own property.

Despite the many problems, this project was underway in the middle thirties, and was completed in 1937. The first problem was to survey the route that would be used in running this water line up the mountain. This would run up the mountain to a point some distance beyond our waterfalls. It was necessary to gain an elevation so that the source of water would be high enough to flow into our own reservoir on Patterson's Panorama. The route for the pipeline was cleared of brush. We purchased 6000 feet of four inch steel pipe. In the summer of 1937, a work crew of boys under the leadership of Professor Nestell got their tools out to dig the ditch and to lay the pipe. This was a major undertaking. We faced so many terrible problems. Today, with modern power tools it would be very easy to dig such a ditch and lay the pipe. At that time, every foot of the ditch had to be dug by hand, and refilled by hand using picks, mattocks and shovels. We only had eight to twelve boys on our work crew. The ditch averaged about two feet in depth, or at least a minimum depth of two feet to keep it below the frost line. It had to be about two feet wide in order to provide work space for laying the pipe. Tree stumps and rocks had to be removed by blasting. Twenty foot sections of four inch

pipe had to be brought up on the shoulders of boys and manhandled into place. There were no wheeled vehicles which could possibly make the steep grades on this mountainside. After the pipe was laid, it had to be tested for leaks, and then covered up. We started at the pump house as the new pipe line was to be connected to the present water system. It crossed the creek near the barn, then across the field where the principal's house now stands. The pipe can still be seen where it crosses the second creek beyond the bridge and the road leading up to Clayton Hodges' home. Thus far the going was fairly easy. The ground was level. The terrible problems started shortly after we crossed that second creek. Keep in mind that this was a gravity system. Certain grade levels had to be maintained. The transit had to be part of everyday use. While the minimum depth of the ditch was to be kept at two feet to keep it below the frost line, there were places where the depth was eight feet or more. One of these deep places was just below the Hodges' home going around the curve of the mountain. The digging was very hard—clay, sand, and coarse gravel. Naturally, there had to be curves in the ditch, and that of course meant curves in the pipe. We had no pipe bending equipment. Ever try bending a four inch steel pipe without putting a flat place in it, or breaking it? Well, it can be done between two trees with enough boy-power to do it. This spot was a hard one, and we spent days in this short stretch. Finally the pipe was in the ground and tested for leaks. Testing could now be done because we had hooked up a new line to the old system. We usually tested in sections of 100 to 200 feet lengths. What a relief to see that pipe under the ground, then to our horror and despair after we had covered up the next section, one of the joints in the first section broke, evidently caused by a pipe in the section not being on level ground at the bottom of the ditch. This meant removing all of the joint from the upper part to where the break occurred, and repairing the break in the hot sun, with mud and gravel everywhere.

It was a good work crew—hardworking, cheerful. I could not have asked for a better crew. Here was a good example of what was usual at the time—teacher and student working together. Dinner was brought up to the work site, due to distance. Certainly, too, Mrs. Smith would never have permitted this work crew in their work clothes to enter her spotless dining room. What quantities of food that crew could consume! Beans and corn bread, and of course, Mervin Ray had to have his buttermilk. It took more than corn flakes to keep that crew going. Each morning, a five gallon can of water for drinking purposes was carried up to the work area, most of this water coming from a pretty little spring just behind the Jasperson house. One morning we came to work and found a guest in our ditch that we had dug the day before: a copperhead snake. The job was made more difficult by a late summer rainy season. One day during a shower, we were trying to find a little shelter under some rhododendron bushes that hung right over the side of the ditch. We were sitting on the side of the ditch with our feet in the ditch. It was a thunderstorm with lightning. The lightning struck close by, and the pipe line picked up some of the blast. One of the lads had his feet on the pipe and received a shock that sent him sprawling up the opposite bank. We learned that you should always keep your feet off the pipe during a thunderstorm. There were one or two other places where the pipe line crossed little streams running down the mountain side over solid rock. Here the pipe had to be enclosed in wood and insulation to keep it from freezing. One day the ditch ran right up to a large solid oak stump—right in the middle of the ditch—no hopes of getting around it. I was responsible for blasting, because the boys were not allowed to handle dynamite. Fortunately, I had experience: I always handled dynamite when I was a boy. Well, about that stump. Give it a dose of dynamite of course. It was big and it was hard; so four pounds of dynamite were placed under the stump in hopes that it would either blow the stump completely out

of the ditch, or crack it up badly so the pipe line could go through. The fuse was lit with the boys safely behind nearby trees. We didn't know that old stump that appeared so solid was a rootless stump. When the blast went off, the stump was lifted up in one piece and went sailing away into the wild blue yonder, landing far away in the valley.

Near the top of the ridge, a small reservoir had to be built and purifying equipment installed. From this purifying point to the catch basin upstream, the ground would be more level and the pressure on the line not so great so that iron pipe instead of steel pipe could be used. When we reached this point, my work crew and their work of laying pipe was done. We continued to dig the ditch, and Professor Jorgensen and his crew laid the iron pipe. It was hard backbreaking work. The pipe had to be carried by hand up the steep mountain side, slopes so steep that horses or mules could not have made it. These sections of iron pipe had to be placed in the ditch and the joints leaded in place. It was a hot job, and the weather was hot. Professor Jorgensen and his crew of boys deserve their share of the credit in the job being done.

By the time school was ready to start in the fall, my work was largely done. The catch basins and reservoir would be the work of other crews. In time, the water was turned on, and it worked. For years this gave us an abundance of clean, cool, pure mountain spring water, largely free, abundant enough to meet all of our needs and with enough to spare for irrigation if needed. Neighbors whose land we had crossed permitted us to do this on the basis that they would be permitted to tap into the water line. Before the water could be turned on and the new system used, special connections and changes had to be made in the old system. One of these involved the reservoir up on the hill. There a new connection required digging down to the base of the reservoir. This meant a ditch or hole very deep. One day one of our lads working in the deep hole nearly lost his life because of a cave-in. Other than this, on the

entire job there had been no serious accident.

It had been a hard summer for me and my crew. Remember there were no eight hour days in those days. We made a determined effort not to be temperate at all. It was ten hour days, every day, rain or shine. At the same time, it had been an enjoyable summer for the boss and his crew. I do not recall a single item of complaint. In my house today there hangs a plaque which I greatly cherish. One of the lads in the work crew was a boy by the name of Don Harrod. This lad had considerable ability along the line of metal art. After school started, he selected a piece of walnut for a base, and on this placed a metal piece. At the top was the head and shoulders of a knight in armor. Below was the shield of copper, made from an old still found on the place years before. Covering the body was the cross arms, and on each side a metal scroll. Scratched on these two scrolls were the names of the eight persons who had made up the permanent work crew for the summer. On the left—Joe Robinson, Leroy Jack, Mervin Ray, and Don Harrod. On the right—Joe Hann, Ray Marquis, Cecil Schrock, and Venoy Draper. Engraved across the shield's main part in large letters were the initials VPL: the initial for the name given

by the boys to their own work crew—Veterans of the Pipeline. I am proud of this and will treasure it as long as I live.

This has been a very long story, and it still remains to be finished. For years the gravity water system supplied us with water. It was a water system that many another institution could have looked on with envy. Then unfortunately, trouble developed from an unexpected source. First, there was discovered an unexplained pollution that ordinary purification methods were unable to handle. This continued to increase and the contamination finally doomed the system. In its place, four wells were drilled and these are the main source of our water supply today.

Go up the mountain today, and just beyond the home of Dr. Adams, the trail leads and winds around the mountain. There you will see a stream of water flowing down the steep mountainside. Where did it come from? Just below the old purifying plant, the pipe line was cut, and this is the water that continues to flow from that old pipe system down the mountain side. It looks good. It looks clean and it probably would taste all right, but it is useless because of that hidden contamination.



Bell Tower, built in 1937.

Chapter 13

THE FLETCHER CAMPUS SCHOOL BELL

A recent newscast told the story of a burglary and its solution. The thief entered the building through a broken window. When he was done he left through the same broken window. Someone in the neighborhood grew suspicious and called the police. They arrived after the thief left. The detectives were able to follow the path the thief had used to run away. The trail led them across the stairs, down an alley, up some other stairs, and so on. They found the wanted man in bed surrounded by his loot. How did they manage to follow this criminal? What the thief did not know was that in carrying away his stolen goods from the building, the heel of his shoe had picked up a thread of a skein of light yarn and the yarn had followed him from the place of the robbery to his home.

History may be a little like that traveling yarn. In picking up the thread we may never know what we may turn up along the way or find at the end.

The story I am about to tell you has never been given as a talk before for the simple reason that the general facts were not known—at least to me. Let me assure you that all the people and events mentioned are real. In other words it is history. If it is history then why bring it to chapel. History belongs in the classroom, doesn't it? I invite you to listen carefully and withhold your judgment until the end of the story. Maybe you will see why it doesn't belong in the classroom.

To begin with we need some background. That background involves our highest schools of learning. We call them universities. All of you have heard about such things. A young person who attends the university and completes a course of study there has just about reached the top of the educational ladder. Here is where those Ph.D.'s come from. How long have we had such

schools? Are they older than high schools? Yes, they are much older than high schools. They have been in existence for a long time. Actually the high school is fairly recent.

The New England colonies pioneered the way in U.S. education. These Puritans wanted their children to be taught to read the Bible and they also wanted a trained and educated ministry. Harvard College was established in 1636. In 1642, Massachusetts made the first public school education law. At that time there were only two kinds of schools: elementary and college. There were no high schools. This explains something you may have wondered about. What enabled young people back then in pioneer days to enter college at such an early age? As indicated above, there were no high schools. What's more, much of what is taught now in the high schools was then taught in college. It was the tremendous increase in knowledge that would change this arrangement. In time the high school came into existence to prepare the young people for college, and in time some colleges developed into universities.

Before the American Revolution all colleges had been founded by churches or individuals. There were no public colleges or universities. All of the colleges were church sponsored, including Harvard, and William and Mary.

The Declaration of Independence and the colonies uniting into a nation changed all of this. Nationalism brought in the idea that education was the responsibility of the nation and not the church. This idea came from Karl Marx and Max Engels, who fathered communism. The Ivy League Universities of the US provided the warmest reception for communist ideas. Once the students had been contaminated by the communist ideas, they were sent forth to pollute the entire nation. So the public college or state col-

lege and university came into existence. In a few more years the increase of knowledge would create the need for the high school. In 1785 the University of Georgia was chartered. In 1789 the University of North Carolina was chartered. Chartering a college didn't necessarily mean that it was open and ready for business. Sixteen years would pass before the University of Georgia would open its doors. North Carolina stole the march on the University of Georgia and opened its doors in 1795. Consequently the University of North Carolina is the first state college to open as a university. In 1931 it was consolidated with the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, at Raleigh, and the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro. There are also campuses at Asheville, Charlotte, and Wilmington. The university includes institutes for research in folklore, the natural sciences, fisheries, statistics, and Latin American studies.

The University of North Carolina is a large school, with its main campus at Chapel Hill. In 1950, enrollment was about 7000. Many of these universities are very large. My son teaches in one. He told me recently that the student enrollment was about 20,000. He teaches math; I asked him how many math teachers they had. He wasn't exactly sure, but he thought they had about 40 math teachers. When the University of North Carolina was started it was small. Though it was small in 1811, the senior class numbered 66 and it was considered a large school. It took many years to build it; one of the biggest problems was to find teachers and managers for it.

Here we first pick up the thread; let's follow it and see what we find. One of the first jobs of the University was to find a man who was qualified to be president. They searched the nation without success. Finally the search led them to the great University of Edinburgh in Scotland. By the time they reached Scotland they had given up hope of finding an older, experienced man. The experienced man being out of the question they decided to do the next best thing to select an honor student from among the senior class.

The honor student agreed to come but he insisted on staying, finishing the school year and graduating first. You are probably still wondering why this should be brought into a school assembly. Just be patient. You will eventually find out. At the end of the year William Bingham graduated, but he soon ran head on into some problems. He had trouble finding a ship to carry him to the United States. At the time, the only way of crossing the Atlantic was by boat. The voyage was long and stormy and his arrival was three months late. To compound the problems, he disembarked at the wrong port. Instead of landing at Wilmington, North Carolina the boat landed at Wilmington, Delaware. This would not be a big problem today, but at that time intracoastal shipping was scarce. I recall that the Pilgrims landed at the wrong place too. At that time the colonies dealt directly with the mother country and not very much with one another. William Bingham was in a hard spot. He was a stranger in a strange land, many miles from his intended destination, and without funds. We must remember that this was shortly after the American Revolution, people from the British Isles with a Scottish accent were not necessarily welcome.

The only possible solution to his problem seemed to be to start out walking from Wilmington, Delaware to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. This did not mean hitch-hiking but walking and trusting to Providence and the people along the way to provide food and lodging. It was a long, long journey and roads were nothing more than trails.

After a time fortune stepped in. He was walking along and saw a bright object in the sand. He stooped down and picked it up, and found that it was a diamond ring. The ring furnished food and lodging for the majority of the journey. He found something else in his favor. He was a Mason and when he was broke he used the Masonic Sign which was recognized by other Masons who were willing to provide him with food and money.

Finally the long journey was over and

he arrived at Chapel Hill to meet the greatest disappointment of all. He was several months too late and someone else had taken his place. The University did agree to employ him for the rest of the year.

Near the end of the year he concluded that the best thing for him to do was to start a private school of his own. There was a great need for schools where students could qualify to enter the University. William went to New Bern, North Carolina and started his own school. He charged tuition to support himself and the new school. There is evidence that his school was a good one. Later William Bingham married and the couple had a son. The school remained in the family for many years. William's son married and had two sons, William and Robert. Robert was called Colonel Bingham. These two sons continued to run the school until William died. After William's death, the Colonel became the headmaster. The school was called the Bingham Academy. The Colonel continued as head of the school until the Civil War. He then left the school and became a captain in Lee's army.

During the war, Captain Bingham became convinced of the need for a good military academy. After the war, when he returned to the school, he developed it into a military academy. This seemed to prosper until disaster struck. All of the main school buildings were destroyed by fire. The Captain concluded that a more suitable location was needed, so instead of rebuilding the school where it was, he moved it to Asheville. The school gate shows the date of 1890. Captain Bingham and his school had a good reputation. Jim Westall, a businessman in Asheville, was willing to loan money to the Captain for his military school.

By this time the Colonel was getting along in years. His two sons were not interested in running the school which had been in the family for a long time. One of the sons died young and the other studied law and became a judge. This evidently took place while the old Colonel was still alive and running the school.

Now a word about Judge Bingham. He married the widow of the Flagler, who was the partner of John D. Rockefeller, who had put the State of Florida on the map. Flagler built railways, steamship lines, hotels, and a road to Key West. Flagler built the city of Miami. His widow married Judge Bingham. In time the judge became famous. He served as ambassador to England during the administration of Teddy Roosevelt. He was the owner of one of the most famous newspapers in the United States, the Louisville Courier - Times.

The Colonel had a grandson named Bingham McKee. The family hoped that the grandson would take over the school and they sent him to Harvard. He turned out to be a disappointment. He became a society man and failed to meet the expectations of the family. So in time the school was run down and then handed over to a son-in-law of Colonel Bingham. Colonel McKee became headmaster and remained so until a year or two after the death of the old Colonel. Colonel McKee had a degree from Johns Hopkins but lacked the special talents needed to be a school administrator. As the school ran down, some of the officers were removed by the government and the school was forced to close. At this time the Colonel was old and sick and the condition of the school must have been a great disappointment to him.

During his sickness the old Colonel employed two Adventist nurses from Mountain Sanitarium. One of these was named Ethel Brownsberger, the daughter of Professor Brownsberger, founder of the institution at Fletcher. This girl later became a doctor with help from the Colonel, who helped her through medical school. The other lady was Jeanette Ducker. She was a local girl. She married and became Jeanette Cary. She raised a family. She passed away in 1981.

The old Colonel liked these girls. He appreciated the care and attention that they were able to give him. After the Colonel's death, his daughter thought that some gift should be made to the girls or to the school where they were trained. Such a gift would

be a gift of gratitude for the care given to the old man. But the daughter did not control the Bingham School property as McKee, a grandson, had control of that.

A little later Mrs. McKee, wife of the grandson, took sick and needed a nurse. One of these two girls became that nurse. This nurse took care of Mrs. McKee during the last two years of her life. Mrs. McKee liked Jeanette Ducker and the family agreed that a gift should be made to Miss Ducker's school in memory of Colonel Bingham. What should they give? The gift agreed upon was the school bell—your school bell.

Of course such a bell would need a nice tower. The tower on our campus today was designed by Mr. Gilman, and the rock work was done by Mr. Maxwell, a neighbor. Some years later Mr. Maxwell returned to the sanitarium as a patient and I had the privilege of meeting him and taking his picture while he was standing before the bell tower.

Who moved the Bingham Bell? I believe I did, but I can't recall the particulars as to just when or where it was first placed. Thus the long story continues. I do not know how old the bell is but it must be very old. The bell that once called students to classes preparing them for the university, the bell that later gave the signals for military cadets became the property of Fletcher Academy. All this came about largely because two Fletcher nurses gave great care to an old man during his twilight years.

How did I happen to know about all of this? Because I happened to be the teacher of Jeanette Cary's children and she gave me the Bingham story.

School bells served a decided purpose in the days of long ago. This was before the days of automatic signals and bell systems, at least in our school. Hand bells or buzzers marked off the class periods. A big bell was more than something to look at. One of the pictures of our school in its earliest days shows a small bell attached to the roof of a little building which served as our first school house. Later this bell was moved to the apple tree to the south of the old Big House. This was a pretty

good place for the bell but not for the ringers especially in rainy or cold weather. Then someone had a bright idea. A small rope was attached to the bell and the other end taken to the back porch of the kitchen. That solved the problem. The girls could ring the bell without going out into the rain or snow. I would really like to know what happened to that bell when it was replaced by the Bingham Bell. Our first school principal at Fletcher was Mrs. Marguerite M. Jasperson (1926-1952). Her picture may be found in the library. Mrs. Jasperson was a great educator. One of her happiest moments each year was when she went over and rang the school bell at the beginning of the new school term.

There were times when the big bell became something of a problem. It was never a really serious problem but a nuisance. Jokesters on Halloween and other occasions would sneak up during the night and ring the bell. As the bell was used for emergency signaling this ringing at odd times became a nuisance. In time we came to expect it. In time too we decided we should discourage it. The rule was that the bell was rung only by official bell ringers except for emergency occasions. One night the bell rang several times. I was on duty and didn't see a single person in the area. I later discovered the reason. Someone had attached a piece of binder twine to the bell and had strung that twine down near the present laundry. The string was strong enough to return the bell to its normal position. Cutting the string solved that problem.

As a routine thing the big bell was rung at midnight on New Year's Eve. The plaque on the bell tower reads: "Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring out the false, ring in the true." It should be mentioned that the bell tower, the light nearby, and the walks were contributed by various senior classes of Fletcher Academy.

It happened on Halloween or Thanksgiving. At least the weather was cold. Mr. Jasperson, president of the institution, spoke to me about checking on the school bell being rung that night. We agreed that we

would do it together. It was a good time to do it—Whitford Hall was being used as the school cafeteria, but the two upper floors were not finished. We carried on our duties until midnight. At the stroke of twelve we entered Whitford Hall from the back stairs and waited in the shadows. The doors and windows had not been installed. We did not have to wait long. Intuition had suggested that something was not normal. We heard light guarded footsteps approaching from the far side of the bell tower, then we saw two moving figures. As ghostly hands reached out for the bell rope, Mr. Jasperson and I dashed out from Whitford Hall and caught the culprits. It's hard to tell who was more surprised: the pursuers or the pursued. Who did we catch? None other than our wives. Mrs. Jasperson, the president's wife; Miss Beck, registrar, who became my wife. Chivalry was not yet quite dead so it seemed that silence was the better part of valor. As far as I know this story has never been told in public before. (That's his story. We were reaching for the bell rope to keep someone else from ringing the bell. We did not know

that those two men were on patrol and we were doing our own bit of detective work. So there.)

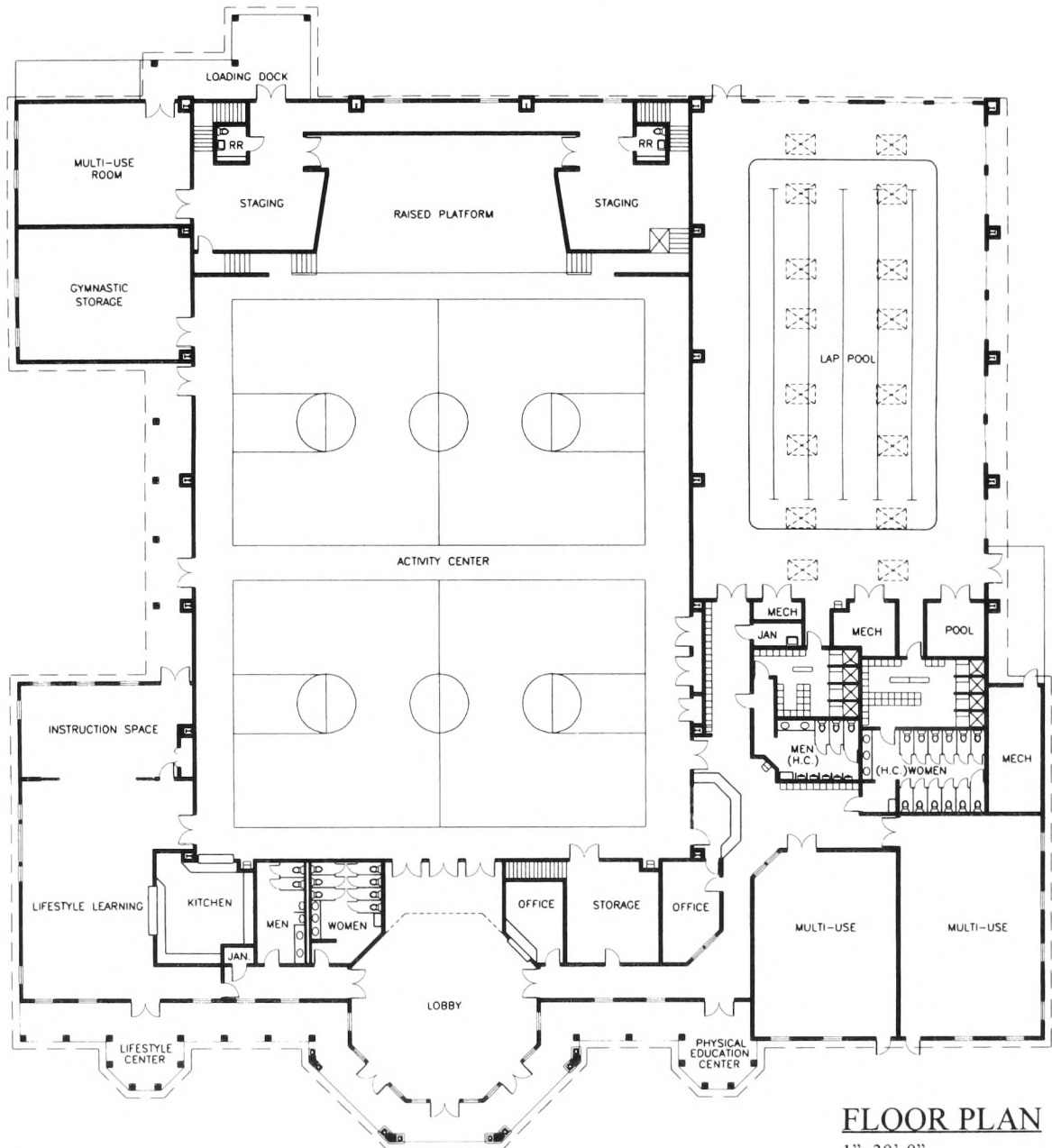
The above paragraph was written by Mrs. Nestell in self defense. A likely story??? L.E.N.

For many years the campus bell served the institutional family. It provided the signals for rising bell in the morning, work bells, worship bell, school bells, weekend services, and special occasions. School bells in those days served another purpose not commonly thought of today. The spirit of the school was supposed to find its center in the school bell. For this reason when the school was moved to the new location the school bell was nearly always taken along. For example, the first school bell in our first college at Battle Creek is now one of the prized possessions of Andrews University. For some years now the iron tongue of the Bingham Bell has been silent. Silent, because in a moment of carelessness or thoughtlessness somebody thought that a hammer might be more useful than the clapper in ringing the bell. The bell was broken and remains so to this day.





PROPOSED FLETCHER ACADEMY ACTIVITY CENTER



FLOOR PLAN
1"=30'-0"

ARTIST'S RENDERING

Chapter 14

SELF-SUPPORTERS AND THE SDA ORGANIZATION

If history was written as we would like to write it, it would read something like this. The SDA church organization, that is collectively, cooperated and worked in harmony. This is the way it should have been. They had the same doctrines, the same purposes, and the same goals. But things as they are and things as they should be may not be the same. Friction did develop between the two, and the story of the self-supporting work can't be fully told without giving some space to the thing. This friction was like a ghost in the closet type thing and never came out in the open. It is quite probable that a large part of the church organization was not even aware of it. The self-supporters were aware of it. Perhaps it was like a person walking into a dark room, his inner senses telling him that there is some object ahead even if he can't see it. Like everything else it has its causes. In the author's mind these causes might be summarized as misunderstanding. The two groups did not understand each other, and because they did not understand, they became suspicious of each other. Friendship and goodwill can't survive in this atmosphere. As we know, misunderstanding is often the product of emotions rather than sound reason. The author makes no attempt to justify the self-supporters because there is some evidence that it was a two-way street. As misunderstanding may have many components, we will have to attempt to identify some of these.

1. The tendency of self-supporters to act alone and to be independent.
2. Many people in the north and in the church tended to look upon the selfsupporters as being radicals.
3. Friends and associates of Doctor John Harvey Kellogg.
4. Rivalry over sources of money.

5. Competition between organizations.

6. Jealousy.

Each area involved invites some word of explanation:

1. The tendency to act alone and be independent.

This should not have been too surprising, and certainly in a sense it was true. To say the least, the church had been slow to answer the urging of the Spirit of Prophecy regarding the work in the South. If you read the records you will see that it took many years for the church to fully support the Southern work. This may have been due to lack of money or lack of workers, but not entirely so. The church had been able to push the work into the West and to Europe, but they neglected the work in the South. In the messages in the Spirit of Prophecy in 1895 and 1896, Mrs. White urged not only the church but individuals—farmers, carpenters, teachers, doctors, and others to go and start doing the job which needed to be done. The result was not a church movement or a mass movement but rather an individual here and there responding to the call. Certainly it was not a mass movement. It took people with more than just average vision and courage to do this. The very nature of the call, and the very nature of the circumstances under which they worked, more or less forced them to act alone. How could they have acted otherwise when their only means of support and action was themselves? It took a special breed of men and women to endure the hardships and to make the sacrifices that such a work demanded, otherwise they never would have succeeded. The faint-hearted and the cowards stayed home.

2. Radicals

To many people, answering such a call,

and getting out and giving up what you had, and putting it into the work, was radical in itself. I can't but wonder what the neighbors thought of Abraham when he moved out. When it comes to religion, it becomes very difficult to define the word radical. Where is the fine line between complete dedication and devotion, and foolhardiness? What did the people of the time of the apostle Paul think of him? Was Dr. Sutherland a radical when he plowed up the play fields of old Battle Creek College in the move toward educational reform? What about Edson White? Was he radical when he built the Morning Star in Kalamazoo before starting his work in the South? We tend to classify anything radical if it jumps beyond the bounds of what ordinary people do. Just ordinary people with ordinary goals and religious fervor would never have succeeded in the South under the conditions that existed at that time.

3. Kellogg and Associates.

At the time Kellogg was one of the most widely known men in the denomination and in the nation. When his ideas and teaching resulted in a break between him and the church, to be his friend made you suspect. Some of the self-supporters, leaders like Sutherland, Magan, Brownsberger, were close friends of Kellogg and remained so. Being a friend, however, does not necessarily mean being one of his disciples in thought.

4. Money source rivalry.

Basically, this was one of the main sources of misunderstanding. The church was always short of money. Church membership was small, and the teaching of the church did not attract very many people of wealth. As the church grew, there were many projects that called for extra funds outside the regular income of the church—such as schools, hospitals, and church buildings. For sure, there were some wealthy people in the church. One may be sure that these were prime objects of courteous attention on the part of the church leadership. It just so hap-

pened that some of these few wealthy people were also very much interested in the self-supporting work, and the struggle that the self-supporters were making to survive. This group included Mrs. Lyda Scott, Mrs. Gotzian, Mrs. Druillard, and Mrs. Martha Rumbough. We might wonder why there were no bass voices in this quartet. In addition, there were quite a number of common people in the church who were also interested in the self-supporting work and did their share to support it. To some of the church officials, it looked as if these self-supporters, in receiving financial support from these people, were getting funds that rightfully belonged to the church. To the self-supporters, it looked as if they had a perfect right to receive their share of these funds if these same people believed in the work they were doing. Actually both groups were right in certain limits. Looking back now, the above viewpoint of the church would appear to us as really being short sighted. We might note the following:

- a. The two groups had the same goals, had the same work, and were preaching the same gospel.
- b. The self-supporters were among the strongest supporters of the regular programs of the church.

They paid tithe. They made their regular offerings. They did their share of Harvest Ingathering. If these self-supporting units prospered, the church benefited by increased income. They were willing to take their share if the individual believed in their cause enough to support it, and why not take their share when both groups were working toward the same objectives? Gift money for specific projects has a strong appeal to many people. People like to see where their money is going. This explains the success of such gift projects as that carried on by the Quiet Hour. Few people today would look upon this type of giving as hurting the church. There was a time when self-supporters were willing to take their share and divide it with others. To be specific, let's take an example or two. It is true that Madison received fi-

nancial assistance from three of the women mentioned above, but how many people of the time knew that these same three women were supporting other projects of the church? How many at the time, or even now for that matter, knew that Mrs. Gotzian had helped financially to support three sanitariums in the West, including Loma Linda? About 1950, Loma Linda was in a jam in both leadership and money. Where did the church and Loma Linda turn to for help? Madison was one of the places. First, Dr. Evans was called from Madison to work at Loma Linda. Now Dr. Evans was not the first doctor that Madison ever had, but at the time he was the only doctor. Foreseeing this possibility, Madison had sent Magan and Sutherland to medical school. About the time they finished or shortly after, and at the time Madison was beginning to feel its own medical security, Loma Linda pressured Magan into accepting a call to Loma Linda. Mrs. Magan was included. Both of them were doctors. At the time Madison had three doctors, now two-thirds of them were lost to Loma Linda. That is not all. Shortly after, Magan came back to Madison to work on Sutherland to help raise money for Loma Linda. As a result, \$50,000 that had been earmarked for Madison went to Loma Linda. I used the Golden Anniversary Album, pages 33-37, as the source for this information.

Let's take a look at Fletcher. Mrs. Rumbough, a wealthy lady, provided \$5,750 to purchase the original property here at Fletcher. She continued to support this same work for a number of years. What else did she contribute to? Her support built the colored church, the white church, and the parsonages in Asheville. Paradise Valley received her support. She supported the first Adventist church in Washington, D.C. She paid for the colporters and the ministers that permitted the first church in Asheville to be organized in 1908. She supported all of these causes, and she supported others which we have no time to mention. It is true that she refused to help one southern sanitarium because of bad business practices. In this, she

had been rightly advised by a leading conference worker. At the same time, the General Conference president had urged her support for the same project. Correspondence indicates that the opposition to the self-supporters over money matters was not confined to the little fishes in the ecclesiastical sea. At least one church official on the Union Conference level was bold enough to suggest that the crisis at Loma Linda, and the call for leaders and money from Madison, at the same time, could have been used as a tool to cripple Madison. Study the correspondence between Butler and W.C. White.

5. Competition between organizations.

A certain amount of competition is natural especially when there is an overlapping in territory or patronage. For example, Madison had taken the lead in the sanitarium work in the area around Nashville. At the same time, L.A. Hansen was doing a splendid work in the health field in Nashville. Later this work of Hansen's was taken over by the conference, and an effort was made to build a sanitarium in Nashville. This project failed while Madison succeeded. One could hardly expect cordial relations between the two under these conditions. In the Carolinas, there would have been little or no cause for rivalry between the Conference and the academies, when it came to education, as long as the academies remained self-supporting. There was some rivalry between Pisgah and Fletcher when they were private academies, but not between the academies and the conference, for the simple reason that the two academies carried the educational ball for teenagers for many years because there were no conference academies at all. Actually this seems like a pretty good deal—the Conference gets the benefit and self-supporters do the work. This is like getting milk and cream from the cow when someone else has to feed her.

6. Jealousy

This is frequently the common outcome of competition and rivalry. It is the result of

emotion being allowed to rule, instead of following the rule of reason. The church had made the effort to establish three sanitariums in the south: Graysville, Atlanta, and Nashville. These three sanitariums, backed by the church, failed. At the same time Madison, which was backed by nothing except its own efforts and unbelievable sacrifices, was a success. The success of my neighbor tends to emphasize my own failures and in time may result in a little disease passed on by a germ called envy or jealousy. At the same time it must never be forgotten that we live on earth and that Christians are human beings before they are saints.

The friction indicated above was most unfortunate. By working together much more could have been accomplished with less effort. The author is happy to state that much of this is gone today. The two groups have learned to appreciate each other. I am also happy to report, after working for 50 years at Fletcher, that Fletcher was spared much of the ill will that might have existed in other places. In recent years there has been a growing sense of equality with the idea that we all belong to the same family and that there is work for all of us to do. This was indicated last year when the GC Department of Education granted accreditation to Fletcher Academy. This is something that is largely gone, as we have said, then why should this article bring it up again? Why not let the dead past remain dead? For the reason that history to be history can't be written that way.

7. Prejudice and Misunderstanding

Adventism was born during the reform period in US history, that is the Age of Andrew Jackson. History indicates all too well that most reformers in their day are not popular. Thus the common saying, "the martyrs of yesterday become the heroes of later generations." In general, Adventists considered themselves reformers. The term health reform is still a rather common expression among our people. Chances are, however, that you haven't heard very much about education reform. There was a time when it was

one of the most discussed topics in our ranks, so much so that it closed our only college for a year, and threatened the unity of the church.

Mrs. White had stressed the value of education to our church but in so doing she had insisted that our system of education was to be different from the common schools of the day. Our schools must be different in location, different in what was taught, different in who did the teaching, and different in how they were operated. This was educational reform. This was not an easy thing to do. The biggest problem probably would be lack of leaders with experience in this type of thinking. Another closely related problem was the lack of men who were fully committed to this new philosophy of education. Most of us have heard how Mrs. White wept when she heard that our first college was located on a small acreage in Battle Creek and not in the country, as she had thought. She knew that it would be easier to start right than it would be to correct conditions later.

Now there were men like Magan and Sutherland, and a few others, who believed in this new philosophy of education, and were committed to it. When their time came, they tried to carry out this philosophy of education. Of course this happened some years later. When the leaders in the United States failed to carry out Mrs. White's philosophy of education, she went to Australia where this was more fully carried out in keeping with her wishes. Magan and Sutherland made a careful study of what she had taught. Furthermore, they carefully observed what was being done in Australia. Furthermore, both men had been on close terms with Mrs. White before she left the country. These men attempted to carry out the plans of Mrs. E.G. White as they came into the position to do so. First Sutherland tried it out in Walla Walla College. Later, he was called to Battle Creek as president of the college there, and then he joined forces with Magan there at Battle Creek. Here the necessary reforms were more difficult because Battle Creek was well established. Most of

the leaders were willing to give lip service to what Mrs. White was urging but not so Magan and Sutherland. They acted, and the college was moved from Battle Creek to Berrien Springs. This was a very keen disappointment to many people at the time, and disappointment soon led to opposition. Perhaps Magan and Sutherland were acting faster than the rank and file, including leaders, were willing to follow. When opposition became too pronounced at Berrien Springs, Sutherland and Magan resigned their leadership from the college. They then determined to come south and do something they had been considering for quite some time. First they were to help to open up the work

in the South, which Mrs. White had taught in education, and a school that would be more like the one she had established in Australia.

It is doubtful if they fully realized the size of the problem, or the men it would take to carry this into effect. It would be difficult to face the four great problems of the South: ignorance, poverty, misunderstanding, and prejudice. This difficult task was made even more terrible with the knowledge that they were carrying with them to their task the ill will and the criticism of many leaders and people whose good will and support they greatly needed.



Administration Building (back view)



Annie Witt, Ostine Whisnant, Gladys Lowder, Rittie Smith

Chapter 15

REFLECTIONS

These are comments and reflections of others who considered their years at Fletcher a very important part of their lives.

"Hills of Ca'liny" Mrs. C. G. Marquis

It was in 1922 that we first saw the "Hills of Ca'liny." As our train neared Asheville we could see, through the windows, the magnificent mountains - range after range - the first mountains I had ever seen. I thought I had never seen anything so lovely. When we got off the train at Fletcher we were met by the school's farm manager, Mr. Burdick, with the beloved old ton truck, the only motor vehicle on the place. As we drove over the mountain road we came to the curve where we could see the few institution buildings. I was so disappointed, having expected a more elaborate layout. Soon we came to a small old frame building and Mr. Burdick proudly said, "This is our school house." My heart sank. I had come to be one of the teachers and that old school building made my morale drop very low. But let me say right here, that feeling didn't last long. I very soon learned to love this place. I've been here for 45 years, have never regretted coming, and expect to stay as long as I live. It's my home.

In the early days of this institution we all worked together and did what there was to do, besides holding down our own individual jobs. Since I came to teach, that was my first love. But soon after we came we needed help in our sanitarium so much that I was asked to take some class work in nursing, which I did. After that I was in the sanitarium as much, or more, than in the school room. I have said many times that I've worked in every department on the place, which is true except for a few new departments added during later years. One sum-

mer I even worked some on the farm. Mr. James Lewis was farm manager then, and when he mentioned at faculty meeting that one field of corn needed hoeing but there wasn't anyone to do it, I volunteered to organize a group of girls and hoe that corn, which I did, and also a field of tomatoes in another area of the farm. How hot and tired we got! We had our reward when at the next faculty meeting Mr. Lewis said he appreciated the work the ladies had done on the farm the past week.

An institution can never stand still, and as this place grew we grew with it. When I first came here they were teaching eight grades, but soon we added the ninth, then the tenth, and finally the eleventh and twelfth. We thought we were really something when we graduated our first academy class!

In the early days many interesting experiences occurred. One patient from a very select private eastern school got interested in the mountain people, especially the children. When she went home she sent us, for distribution to these children, a large box of toys. Among these toys was a large and lovely brand new doll, which was dressed beautifully. At that time no mountain girl had ever owned such a treasure. Mrs. Jasperson and I both knew exactly where that doll must go, so we personally took it to a home on the mountain-side where there were several little girls. I shall never forget their looks of admiration as they looked at that doll. We learned later that they named the doll "Ethel Marguerite," which of course was for both of us, her name being Marguerite and mine Ethel.

Other friends and acquaintances from the North and East would send large boxes of clothing. When such a box arrived workers and students both benefited. I remember one such box had eight or ten nice children's

dresses, all the same size. It so happened my little nine year old daughter was the only one here these dresses would fit. So she got them all! How proud she was, and how glad I was! It never occurred to us that we might be accepting charity. It always meant the Lord was supplying our needs just at the right time.

Before coming here my husband had taken a three year course in electrical engineering at the University of Ohio. This course also included some instruction in plumbing and pipe laying in large buildings. Since there was nothing of the kind needed here at that time, his first job was to finish the floors in two new sanitarium cottages. When that was finished, he was asked to take charge of the laundry, which meant that he was to do all of the work himself. When our Ohio relatives heard that, they were shocked, but not beyond words. We got plenty of "words" in letters expressing their grief that a man with his training should be washing clothes for a living! But after a few years, a building program was begun here and my husband came into his own by wiring and plumbing these new buildings. He has never washed for a living since!

In those early days we had many problems which we didn't know how to solve. These were always made a subject of prayer, and many were the answers received to help us through our difficulties. I remember one summer when the weather was very hot. We had only a few rooms for patients in those days and one of these was a corner room that got direct rays from the sun nearly all day. Nobody wanted that room. We got together and prayed about it. Before the day was over a lady patient came, and after looking at our few empty rooms she asked if we had a room that was warmer than the rest. She was cold blooded and had to have warmer rooms than most people. We told her we had just one room like that and showed her this room. She immediately took it and was very happy there for a stay of several weeks.

Through all of the experiences of these years, including sorrow, disappointment, hard work, I also remember the good times

we had and the good friends we all were and I can truthfully say that I loved it all. It's a grand work that has been built up here through the years and I thank the Lord for giving me a small part in it.

Mountain Sanitarium, A Unique Institution

Early Recollections

Paul A. Witt

Prior to coming here with her three children, my mother had been a church school teacher at Knoxville, TN, near where I was born. But then my mother heard the Advent message and joined the SDA church. As so often happens, she became somewhat alienated from her family. Then when her husband died and left her with three children to care for and educate, she didn't know quite what to do. But, she was a well-qualified public school teacher and had practiced this profession since the age of nineteen. So she was asked to teach the Knoxville church school. I was only one year old at the time, and I do not remember any of this first hand.

A year later Mrs. Marguerite Jasperson, Fletcher's principal, had somehow heard of my mother and invited her to teach all eight grades of the elementary school at Fletcher. She gladly accepted as she had wanted to be associated with an Adventist program. I was only two at the time, yet I vaguely recall the trip over in just one instance. I have a picture in my mind of fording a stream and looking down into the clear, sunlit waters from the open windows of the old touring car.

Where the present parking lot is located, across from the doctors' offices and the pharmacy, stood a one-room school. John Brownsberger, son of the founder of Fletcher Academy and the first president of Battle Creek College, was a young man of some nineteen years of age when it was built. He helped fell the trees as well as saw the lumber, under the direction of Ambrose Watkins, a local sawmill owner. He also assisted the carpenter in assembling the boards into what

became the church school. This he told me many years later. At any rate, this became both the school, and our home, which was located in two rooms at the front of the building. It was hardly the spacious dwelling my mother had been accustomed to as a girl but it was at least comfortable, and she was grateful.

The entire Brownsberger family moved to Loma Linda for John to enter medical training. His brother and sister also studied medicine. I first became acquainted with the Brownsbergers in 1929 when they returned to the Fletcher campus. All returned but Sidney. By this time Professor Brownsberger was an old man who had to be wheeled about in a wheelchair. I remember a rather small, thin but very distinguished gentleman with a moustache and a goatee. His death, shortly afterward, was a very somber event for me and the first funeral I can remember.

John's wife, Elsie, also entered medical school and equaled her husband in grade-point average, I am told, but she had to drop out due to financial problems. She became a registered nurse and when she came back to Fletcher, she decided to found a school of nursing. My mother was one of the first students she recruited to the first class. Of the nine that enrolled, only a few graduated; however, for various reasons. The fact is the Mountain Sanitarium School of Nursing was a success from the outset, and its graduates were very much in demand throughout the denomination. Much of this success is attributable to its founder, a woman of wisdom, compassion and culture.

After graduation my mother was asked to teach the subjects of Materia Medica and surgical nursing. She had scored 100% on both of these subjects when she took her state board exams. I think that it is the training and not the physical plant that is the most important factor in education. My mother also worked as Dr. Brownsberger's office nurse. She later worked as office nurse for Drs. Bliss and Pearson.

Another member of the first nursing class was Gladys Lowder, who became the

director of nursing. This gifted nurse served in this capacity with great fidelity. More than once she had to assign herself to a tour of duty when no one else was available.

To my childish imagination Miss Lelia Patterson was the essence of the sanitarium. Actually, Ethel Brownsberger preceded her as the first nurse there, but when Miss Patterson took over there were only six beds, as I remember. She was the nursing director as well as the administrator. She also made many house calls and home deliveries of babies among the needy, especially the blacks who called her "The White Angel." She was as near a saint as any woman I have known.

The comptroller of the institution for most of his life was James Lewis, a man of complete integrity. Most know him as the farm manager but not many were aware that he was perhaps the first male registered nurse in North Carolina. He took his training at Madison college before coming to Fletcher in 1922. He also acted as the laboratory technician at the sanitarium. I worked with him for two years on the farm. He was a man who worked with his men, a true leader. In the winter we cut down trees and sawed them into four foot lengths to be used in the big steam boiler that heated the hospital and other buildings. It was hard work, and Ma Smitty's wholesome meals were gratifying after a few hours of this in a cold winter wind.

Another very versatile man on the campus was C.G. Marquis. He wore many hats. He was architect, engineer, electrician, mechanic and lab technician. It was nothing for him to put in a fourteen hour day. He was a great asset to the young and growing institution. The early sanitarium rooms were small and with the most simple of furnishings, but they were kept perfectly clean and neat. Mrs. Harry Shaw, who used to bring me gifts of books which she knew I loved to read, was an early guest in a room in the building now known as the White House. When she entered the room, she looked at the plain bed, chair and dresser and said

with an incredulous smile, "My, My! I give away better furniture than this to the Salvation Army!" I am sure that she was not exaggerating as her husband was the owner of Shaw Furniture Manufacturing. This company produced the most elegant of furnishings.

Soon after her arrival Mrs. Shaw complained to Dr. Brownsberger that she was unable to sleep at night. She wanted his help. It would have been easy to have satisfied her by prescribing a sleeping potion, but that was not his way. He was bold and frank and said, "How do you expect to sleep? You don't do anything but sit around all day doing nothing. I want you to go downtown and buy a hoe and hoe all of the dandelions out of the lawn in the circle in front of the hospital." This is the last thing she expected to hear from this dignified physician. "Why Doctor," she said in an exasperated voice, "I don't even hoe in my own flower garden at home. I have a gardener who does that for me."

Nevertheless, after a few days the lady was seen out in the hot sun hoeing away at the stubborn weeds in the circle with her wide hat and white gloves on, as though she had been sentenced to hard labor. But she began to sleep well and eat well and the nervousness that she had arrived with soon disappeared. But the strangest part of this story was that had you returned after twenty-five years (which I did!) you would have seen this same lady gardener plying her trade and taking great pride in it. She turned that circle into a showplace of glorious bud and bloom. She became a permanent resident of the hospital after the death of her husband and she replaced much of the old Salvation Army furniture with fine Shaw Manufacturing furniture.

Perhaps this story epitomizes what the old Sanitarium was all about. Here in this quiet valley surrounded as it is with running streams, bubbling springs, meadows, cornfields and virgin forests, was a group of proud, hardworking, underpaid people who attracted the wealthy of the South who ar-

rived in chauffeur-driven limousines to be confined in small rooms with simple furniture, served vegetarian meals (which one patient called bird food) and returned year after year to be subjected to the same regimen. At the same time these aristocrats might find themselves housed in a room next to an indigent who was barely literate but who was accorded the same courtesy and compassion that they were.

In my youth, I never understood what it was all about. Today I think I do understand. I think these dear people were following in the steps of the humble Man from Nazareth. Only time and eternity can tell of the far-reaching result of their sacrificial lives.

A Partial Historical Sketch of the Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital School of Nursing

Gladys M. Lowder

The Mt. San & Hospital School of Nursing began in 1929, under the direction of Miss Lelia V. Patterson, as administrator and charge of nursing service, and Mrs. Elsie Brownsberger as director of the School of Nursing.

There were eight students enrolled in the first class. The requirements for accreditation were not met within the three years, so the first class to graduate was 1933, with three students. The next class graduated in 1935, with two students.

In 1920, prior to the beginning of the School of Nursing, when we had no resident physicians, Miss Patterson, a registered nurse, came from Hinsdale to connect with the Mountain Sanitarium.

It was here with the spirit of Florence Nightingale that she dedicated her life to the service of humanity. Her dream of a life of usefulness had been realized. The unselfish service she rendered to the community endeared her to the hearts of the people. She

served all, regardless of colour, race or creed, with no thought of pay. Many nights after a long hard day of toil, she would be called to a mountain cabin, trudging heavy muddy roads to the location where her lamp of service turned night into day, as she ministered to every need. Perhaps she delivered a newborn baby, or offered a prayer and words of hope as the light of a loved one flickered and then went out. She often found consolation in her hour of meditation, and when she needed it most, a scripture such as this, would come to her mind: "And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day." Miss Patterson delivered about 300 babies, and now some of them, with families of their own, notice the effect of her influence in the lives of their parents.

Mrs. Brownsberger was very proud of this first class of students and all the others that came after. She taught anatomy and physiology and you learned every muscle and bone in your body.

She also instilled in her students the importance of developing the characteristics of a consecrated medical missionary nurse. She emphasized the importance of guarding one's health, and never becoming calloused to the sufferings of humanity. I am confident the students under her instruction learned many valuable lessons as she challenged them to follow the example of the Great Physician.

It is interesting to note who some of the speakers were for the graduation exercises during her time in office. I shall mention a few. Elder Uriah Bender, Elder A.J. Clark, Elder Ernest L. Sheldon, Elder W.P. Elliott, Elder Oscar Olden, Professor Lewis Nestell and Dr. J.R. Mitchell.

The Brownsberger's moved to Washington, DC in 1943. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace came from Madison at that time. He served as medical director, and she was the director of the School of Nursing.

Mrs. Wallace was a charming lady, a good teacher, and nothing was too difficult

for her to explore. Dr. Wallace was very kind and gentle, so nice to work with, but they only stayed five years. She was ill for a time and Martha Hansen acted as director during her absence.

When Dr. and Mrs. Wallace left in 1948, I was asked to be director of the school in addition to running the nursing service. I reluctantly accepted the challenge, but did so only on a temporary basis. The only reason I accepted this responsibility was because Miss Whisnant was to be the educational director. She and the teaching staff planned the curriculum and class schedules; we worked as a team. I arranged for the affiliation and the rotation of students through each service and vacations. Dr. Moore and Dr. Pearson were a great help in teaching the students and helping us solve our problems.

From 1948 to 1963 we graduated 151 students. I do not recall that any of them failed the State Board exams. The smallest class had only four students. The largest, which was my last, had 15 students.

The class of 1950 was an unusual class numerically, in fact it has a record almost unheard of. It has never happened before nor since in the history of the school. This class was the first one to graduate with its original number. Twelve students enrolled in this class and twelve graduated. Whether the faculty had more wisdom when they selected this class, or whether the class had more wisdom in recognizing a good school, I can't say, but they were to be congratulated to have the perseverance to finish what they began. One member of this class joined the staff and recently retired from the position as supervisor in the OB Ward at Park Ridge Hospital.

The nurses course differs from a regular college course in general education, in that the student nurse studies so many different subjects. In fact there are 28 subjects on a graduate's transcript, when she has completed the three year course, in a diploma school. However, I doubt if there are any diploma schools left in our denomination. This means she had to sit in the class

room for 1166 hours, endeavoring to absorb knowledge that would qualify her for her chosen profession, of becoming a registered nurse. This was 1963.

As I looked over the records from my fifteen years as director, I noticed the names of the speakers at our graduation exercises, whether in Consecration, Baccalaureate or Commencement. We appreciated the help that was provided by the conference and other sources that made our Commencement exercises delightful and happy occasions. This is a list of some of the speakers that I gathered from my file: Elder V.G. Anderson, Elder C. H. Lauda, Elder J. R. Spangler, Elder L. M. Nelson, Elder Charles Arnold, Mr. Walter Crandall, Dr. Walter Ost, MD, Elder H.V. Reed, Dr. Clyde Bushnell, PhD, Professor W.H. Taylor, Dr. P.J. Moore, MD, Dr. A.A. Pearson, MD.

I stated that I accepted the position as director of the School of Nursing on a temporary basis, which lasted fifteen years. I was relieved in 1963 of the work as director of the School of Nursing, but still had the nursing service until 1970, when I supposedly retired. Carol Craig was director for the year of 1963. Of the 46 years I worked for Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital, I believe those temporary 15 were the best.

The joy of the 46 years that I worked for Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital has been all that one could ask for and more. The greatest joy will come when I meet each student, graduate, worker and friend in the Earth made new.

Memories

Barbara Brownsberger Casteen

Fleeting and misty.... so long ago. The early days of the Mountain Sanitarium to me are a blur of childhood memories, mixed with happiness and sadness, my first recollections were of my two-year old sister Edith's tragic death, and feeling the sense of emptiness and loss along with my parents. Their deep resolve to continue the work in developing the hospital and nursing school

seemed to intensify after that tragedy, and, in fact, enabled them to bear their loss.

I remember going with my father on his rounds in the morning and waiting for him on the porch of the old sanitarium. Miss Patterson, splendid in starched white, always greeted me warmly. Until Lad, my col-lie, fresh from his morning run alongside our car, greeted her enthusiastically by placing his paws on her shoulders and covered her pristine white with rich, red Carolina mud.

Many of the patients in those days were ambulatory and there for rest and recuperation. I can remember the evening worship period in the sanitarium parlor and playing my violin for the patients when I was seven or eight. Saturday evening entertainment might include Bert Boyd and his magic act, Mrs. Fletcher and her hilarious tales of the mountain people, and others who provided diversion and entertainment.

The "water treatments" were included in the room rates and had become well known as a healthful remedy through Battle Creek. If the patients needed help at night and were housed in one of the cottages away from the sanitarium proper, they were assigned a nursing or academy student to stay with them. Miss Bryan and Miss Fowler were two of the long term patients who remain in my memory. I am sure that many of the nursing students from that time have vivid memories of the those two. I worked for a short time as an errand girl, or call girl, and had to answer patient lights in West Lawn. One call, in particular, stands out. I knocked on the door, opened it, and found the patient, bed and mattress, collapsed on the floor! The patient turned out to be Dr. Ambrose Suhrie, a college professor from Columbia University!

My father did everything in medicine, from delivering babies and doing major surgery, to making house calls and sewing up the participants of Saturday night fights. His surgeries included orthopedics, urology, vascular surgery and anything that needed fixing. One man, known as "Humpy," provided him with most of his emergency and

trauma surgery. He, along with whomever he was fighting with, appeared regularly, and was sewn up without anesthetic. My dad felt they had already consumed enough 'anesthetic!' He showed up one memorable Saturday night, Humpy holding his intestines in a dirty cloth in his hands, and was put back together, along with the usual lecture delivered by my dad. He told Humpy that one day he would come in, and like Humpty Dumpty, would not be put back together again. Indeed, that was the case, for when guns became involved, Humpy was not put back together.

Anesthesia was not a specialty in those days. If my recollection is correct, the pharmacist delivered many of the anesthetics, under the supervision of the surgeon. Occasionally, if no one was available to give the anesthesia, the surgeon would do both. This was tricky if the patient began to wake up during a crucial part of the operation.

During the depression, most of the medical bills were paid in services, goods or produce. There was usually someone around the place working off a bill of some kind. We had lots of apples, sweet potatoes, cider, corn, wood or fresh vegetables. My log cabin playhouse, complete with working fireplace, windows and front porch, was built by a patient working off a surgical bill. I didn't get much chance to play in it because someone was usually living there.

Mrs. Annie Witt, Paul's mother, was my father's faithful office nurse. I would give anything to be able to talk to her now and hear the tales that she used to come home and tell to Paul about what had happened during the day. I remember the day that Alex Roberts brought her husband, Chauncey, into the office with a black thread hanging from his buttocks. Seems Alex had been doing some mending and had left her needle and thread in the sofa, and Chauncey sat on it. Chauncey was chagrined, but Alex thought it was uproariously funny and told everyone in sight of his embarrassing plight.

My dad's power of concentration was legendary. If he was focused on something,

an earthquake of 6.8 on the Richter scale would barely get his attention. I can recall a time when he was to pick mother and me up to go to Asheville. We were waiting on the porch of the Medical office to keep out of the rain. Dad came out, walked right past us, got in his car, drove off, went to Asheville, came back, didn't realize what he had done until he saw my mother's face after he came back.

Mother and I occasionally accompanied my father on his many house calls, usually detours from where he was taking us. Some of the calls were over roads little more than paths through the woods. It amazes me how he was able to find these places, but he seemed to know. Of course, he and Miss Patterson had delivered babies all over the mountains under the most appalling conditions, so he was oriented to the area. He did make one call that caused him some irritation, that was the one at 2:00 AM in horrible weather to minister to a sick cow.

A letter written by John Brownsberger on 22 August, 1929, to his parents in California, reads:

"The sanitarium is full and has been for some time. Twenty eight patients seems about all we can squeeze in. I have some quite sick at the San myself. I see a great future for the sanitarium work in these parts. People flock here from all over the East and Battle Creek being so well known, they come to the San from having heard of Battle Creek. There are many improvements needed at Fletcher, however, I wish we could get some more capital. Maybe W.K. will some day donate some money to the place so we can buy it back from the Layman's Foundation and improve it as it should be. It needs about \$50,000 to make a real sanitarium out of the place now. It will be a wonderful place when improved. I see more future for the place than ever now. And when the work gets on a paying basis, then I want to start the work among the mountaineers in isolated sections, which I have dreamed of for so long. At this time I am treating

the wife of one fine mountain man who lives nearby - pulled about 10 rotten teeth out of her mouth the other day and have more to pull later. These people just need help. They don't go to doctors in the first place until they are nearly dead, because they are proud and don't want charity and would rather suffer. She had been suffering with those awful teeth for four months. They ached so at night that she couldn't sleep and she had a three month old baby, too. The whole thing broke her down and she got a very severe toxic asthma and was nearly dead. All because she couldn't go to the dentist, she had no money to pay. I feel that we can help these mountain folks and it is among such people that the call is to go to the "highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

I feel that John Brownsberger's dream, shared by other pioneers who worked tirelessly and selflessly to achieve that dream is in a large part responsible for the beautiful, modern hospital known as Park Ridge. From those humble beginnings.....

The School of Nursing

Ann Morgan Wheeler

Before the actual beginning of the "Fletcher" Institution, plans had included both medical and educational work. E.G. White had suggested in 1909 to Mrs. Martha Rumbough that the Lord would be pleased if a two-pronged work could be established in the Asheville area. From the first year, a school was maintained for the group of young men who came in to help work the farm, and for the children of the community. In 1916, Ethel and John Brownsberger, each having completed a nurses' course at the Madison Sanitarium, felt the time had come to open up a health work in a small way; a two-room place for treatment of patients was built, and some rooms in the old plantation house, the Big House, were set apart for patients. It was planned to add tent houses for use of patients during the summer when

there was a demand for them. In spite of the humble buildings and surroundings, patients came and left and told others.

In 1918, six more rooms were added. The infant institution was christened "The Mountain Sanitarium." Strict economy was exercised, and the little institution continued and grew, partly through contacts made at the Asheville cafeteria, known as the Good Health Place. Three sanitarium cottages were later added, and in 1928 the bed capacity was more than doubled with a new addition containing two spacious treatment rooms, and new kitchen, operating rooms, women's ward, and twelve private rooms. The patronage of the sanitarium continued to increase, despite the financial depression experienced by the nation at that time. One reason for this growth was that a resident doctor was present for the first time. John F. Brownsberger, who had been one of the first two nurses at the institution, had later gone to Loma Linda to take the medical training. Now he with his family had returned to the campus as physician, surgeon and medical director. His presence boosted the morale of the workers and the surrounding community. 1929 was a year of tragedy for the doctor and his family. In a few months time, they lost their two younger children, and Mrs. Brownsberger lost her mother. The youngest died from a defective heart valve. Mrs. Brownsberger was away at her mother's funeral when their second child died of a tragic accidental poisoning. Everyone was stricken with horror at the tragedy, and filled with grief for the family. The doctor felt that he had to go in person to tell his wife, for he knew she needed his strength to help her bear this overwhelming added grief. Lewis Nestell accompanied him, as the sanitarium family knew that the doctor's heart was breaking too. For years afterwards no blue medications were used in the institution, lest they be a sad reminder of the doctor's personal loss.

When Elsie Brownsberger returned to the campus, it would have been easy for her to feel crushed by her personal tragedies. She

was a registered nurse, having trained at Madison Sanitarium. Sensing the urgent need for more nurses to meet the growing demands of the sanitarium, she threw herself into the task of organizing a school of nursing, recruiting the first class of eight enrollees, and becoming the director of the school.

Among those Elsie recruited for the first class in the fledgling school was a young widow who had been teaching in the elementary school on campus for about five years, Annie Witt, mother of three children ages eleven, ten, and eight. Another worker on campus was also approached - one who had been instructed in hydrotherapy by Miss Lelia V. Patterson and was already involved in treating patients. Mrs. Gladys Lowder, mother of a five year old, recalls how she resisted the thought of taking off her white uniform to don the stripes and apron of a probie nurse.

There was a third married woman who joined the class, Mrs. Begley. But the remaining five were single girls, mostly from the surrounding neighborhood. Some may have even been students in the academy. Shawnee Anders was from Hendersonville. Nellie Ricker and Edna Rentfro were either in school or lived nearby. Bernice Tarpley came from Georgia. Alice Bolin completed the group of eight who enrolled in the first class in 1929. Sometime later they were joined by Mildred Hanon from Graysville, Tennessee, whose mother had persuaded her to come and enroll as a nursing student, and Mary Dixon from Savannah, Georgia.

As with all classes, changes came. Two of the girls married, two died and two dropped out. In Dr. Brownsberger's report to the Laymen's Foundation in 1932 he stated that the School of Nursing, "is receiving the approval of the State Board of Nurses Examiners." But the delay of one year's approval prompted Gladys Lowder to transfer to the Madison Sanitarium. After nine months there she graduated in May, 1932, and returned to her family and work at Mountain Sanitarium. Annie Witt had stayed by, even

though that meant she must spend four years, rather than the expected three to become a registered nurse. She shared, with Mildred Hanon and Mary Dixon, the honor of being the first graduates of the School of Nursing in 1933.

There must have been some difficulty, either in recruiting students or with accreditation, for no class graduated in 1934. But beginning in 1935 a class was graduated every year, except for one, 1955, until the school was closed in 1985.

The classes increased in size, until in 1949 the number of graduates was an even dozen. The largest class ever was in 1970, when 23 students graduated. The last two classes included 11 in 1984 and eight in 1985. The last class had a number equivalent to that of the first class enrolled in 1929. The total number of graduates was 547, in the 51 classes of the schools existence. Sixty-two of these were males, male enrollees were accepted in the school as early as 1940. There were four men accepted that year.

Mildred Hanon Miles is the only surviving member of the first class. She now lives in Florida. When asked about her most vivid memory from her student days, she said, "It was all rugged in those days, but the maternity experiences in the mountain homes with Miss Patterson, director of nurses, are perhaps the most vivid to me." She recalls having a bad case of eczema on her hands while at Grady Hospital halfway through affiliation time, and being sent back to Fletcher. Later she persuaded Mrs. Brownsberger to work out a three month stint at Cook County Hospital in Chicago for her to complete the State's requirements for graduation.

The first few years the affiliation was six months at Grady Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. This was because Mountain Sanitarium's bed capacity did not meet the State's required clinical experience in obstetrics, pediatrics, and medical and surgical nursing. About 1940, the affiliation was changed to the 400-bed University of Virginia Hospital in Charlottesville and was

increased to nine months. This continued until 1948 when arrangements were made with Watts Hospital in Durham, North Carolina.

By 1954, arrangements were made to keep the students closer to home base while affiliating. Memorial Mission Hospital in Asheville could supply all clinical experience needed except for psychiatric nursing. This latter was obtained at Broughton State Hospital in Morganton. This arrangement shortened the period of time the students were required to spend at a distance from their home school, away from the Christian environment and influences which their teachers desired for them.

After ten years of Memorial Mission Hospital affiliation, there seemed to be some discontent, Missions' students complaining that the Fletcher students always were assigned the best patients, and so on. The director of the School of Nursing and her faculty looked elsewhere for openings for affiliations for clinical practice. The Margaret R. Pardee Memorial Hospital in Hendersonville accepted the arrangement for one year, then found they didn't have room in their dormitory for students on obstetric and pediatric assignments. Upon reconsidering the arrangements, clinical instructors were found at Fletcher itself: Mrs. Fern Anderson, having just received her B.S. in Charlotte, took obstetrics as her "first love," and Mrs. Louise Gish, the pediatrics clinicals. The instructors with their students were transported by van to do their clinical practice. Only the psychiatric clinicals required the students to live off campus. Even this changed in the late seventies when Mrs. Margie Schutte took over the teaching of psychiatry at Fletcher with clinical practice at the Highland Hospital in Asheville, and later at Spartanburg General Hospital, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

The school had seen many changes over the years. As the sanitarium grew, the need for nurses had increased and larger classes were accepted. The early students had been housed in different homes, including the

Flora Lewis Cottage, Gilliland Cottage, and so on. As classes increased in size a dormitory for nurses was constructed, just below the sanitarium buildings. It was completed about 1941. Various women served as dean or house mother during the ensuing years: Clarice Brenneise, Etta Parrish, Juanita Dunaway, Mabel Gill, Thelma Flannigan, Linda Brown, Nyla Farrar, Ellen Hendrix, Margaret Jones, Teckla Wilson, Neda Harrison, Mrs. Council and Ami Henderson.

What was the nursing school's relationship to the academy? Many academy students chose to enter the school of nursing after graduation. Friendships continued to develop between the academy students and the nursing students - some even developed into life-long relationships. The students worked in many departments of the institution, in the sanitarium, in the kitchen, household department, in the laundry, and bakery. Many of the students were able to earn the greater portion of their school expenses by working in the various industries.

The instructors in the early years of the school of nursing included the doctors. Miss Lelia Patterson taught obstetrics. Mrs. Brownsberger taught anatomy and physiology, history of nursing and nursing ethics. The pastor's wife, Clara Sheldon, was instructor in nursing arts. Mrs. Lowder taught hydrotherapy and massage. Mrs. Witt taught pharmacology and surgical nursing, the two subjects in which she made perfect scores on the State Board examinations. Miss Clara Knowles taught chemistry and dietetics. Mr. C.G. Marquis taught dosage and solutions. We do not have enough space here to tell the stories of all of the instructors in all of the classes over the years. If you are interested in further details you may wish to read *Mountain Memories - The Story of Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital School of Nursing*, published in 1992 by the History Committee of the Fletcher Nurses' Alumni Association. Its faculty list is incomplete, but may bring to mind some favorite teachers. A number of academy teachers also taught classes in sociology and other non-nursing subjects

from time to time. Mrs. Jasperson and Professor Lewis Nestell were among that group.

The school of nursing prospered due to the Lord's blessing the labours and sacrifices of the early workers. Mrs. Elsie Brownsberger was director for thirteen years, seeing the school through the accreditation process and helping it to expand. The last two classes to graduate under her leadership each contained nine ladies. Mrs. Brownsberger was a graduate of Madison school of nursing. Her successor, Marguerite Wallace, was a Loma Linda graduate. Mrs. Wallace, with her surgeon husband, Dr. Lew Wallace, came from Madison, Tennessee to join the sanitarium family in 1942. She served as director until 1948, except for one academic year (46 - 47) when illness demanded that she be relieved by Martha Hansen, a Washington San graduate. Martha later served for many years in Africa. Mrs. Wallace is remembered as a very compassionate and understanding leader, and teacher.

When the Wallaces moved away, Gladys M. Lowder, one of Elsie Brownsberger's first recruits for the school, became its director and served in the position for 15 years, the longest tenure of any of its directors. Following her were three Fletcher graduates: Carol Rottmiller Craig, Class of 1941 - who served one year; Josephine Clayburn, Class of 1946, who served for thirteen years; Edith Westbrook, Class of 1945, who served for three years. For seventeen of the 56 years of the school's existence, it was under the leadership of one of its own graduates. If Mrs. Lowder's years are also counted, since all but nine months of her training were at Fletcher, and she received an honorary diploma in 1946, then for 32 of the 56 years of the school's existence it was directed by its "own children." Thanks to their devotion, dedication and self-denying endeavor there existed a Christian school, a Christian atmosphere and environment in which good nursing thrived. As numerous patients observed, "There is something special about a Fletcher nurse."

Even during the mid-sixties, there were changes which did not bode well for the school's future. Foremost was the swing to third party payers for health care and stricter government regulations on hospital expenses. Instructors going with the students in their clinical experience meant that this was not nursing service but education. The director was required to keep records of each student's time in every department - the hospital could subsidize the school of nursing with a nurse's aide's wage for this time - but this meant a considerable decrease in the amount of the hospital's subsidy. In earlier years the students provided the bulk of the nursing service. Also more and more local students wanted to live at home, so the nurses dormitory ceased to be an economically viable operation.

As the school moved into the eighties, Mrs. Norma Anderson, who had a B.S. degree from Union College, Lincoln, NE, and an M.S. degree from Loma Linda, accepted the position of director. During this period she was able to make arrangements for college credit to be given for all of the non-nursing courses in the school's curriculum. This was a real benefit to students who planned on further education. There was also some work done on curriculum revision, trying to fit into a two calendar program, rather than three. This would have reduced the costs significantly, and matched more closely what other schools and colleges were offering. But this revision was never put into action. Due to many changes in hospital funding and regulations, the school was no longer an asset but a liability. It closed in 1985, when the last class of eight members graduated. This was a discouraging time for Mrs. Anderson, for Ami Henderson, the dormitory dean, and for all of the alumni.

Juniors had always marched in and stood as an honor guard while the seniors marched in at Commencement exercises, but in 1985 there were no juniors or underclassmen at all. Members of the alumni hastily borrowed caps to complete their uniforms, and marched as the honor guard for the fi-

nal group of graduates - the last class of the Fletcher Hospital School of Nursing. Not a few tears were shed that day.

Many a story could be told of the struggles and joys of the student nurses. The mistakes, one costing the student her precious cap for a period of time, the thrill of seeing patients recover, or seeing twins or triplets born, as Louise Linderman experienced, - the stress at times of crisis, and the week of State Board examinations - the pleasure of being part of a close-knit group of classmates throughout a three year period - of making friendships that last throughout life.

The story of the school of nursing has not ended. It continues in the lives of its alumni. It continues in their daily ministry to others, and through the alumni organization, which offers scholarships to Fletcher academy students or children of Nursing Alumni who are interested in entering the field of nursing. Elsie Brownsbergers' special school will continue in those who appreciate the education and commission they received therein.

Memories of the Chapel

Myrtle Hutchinson Fletcher

Someone handed the note across my shoulder, while we were sitting there at the high school graduation in May, 1982, at the Fletcher SDA Church. We were watching the Fletcher Academy students as they finished marching down the aisle. It was so beautiful. But every graduation is beautiful to me, and sad as well. This is the last time that this group of young people will ever be together like this. Some eyes were filled with tears, and some were smiling and so happy. This was the feeling as I opened the note and read:

"Myrtle, how would you like to write an article for our "School News" about your memories of the Chapel? Others are writing about their memories and I thought you would like to be included. This issue is featuring the chapel"

Inez

As I folded the note and held it in my hand, my mind wandered back across the years, way back. I wasn't sitting at the 1982 Fletcher Academy graduation anymore, but was riding a wagon loaded with all of the furniture the family of Will and Lela Hutchinson owned. The wagon was being pulled by a team of mules, probably Jack and Sam. I had an older brother Raymond and a baby sister Kate.

We were moving from Fruitland, NC to our very own cabin just a mile and a half off Howard Gap Road on what is known as Hutch Mountain Road.

What we noticed first was the beautiful red roses climbing all up the lattice foundation, and up the porch posts of a cottage on the left there in the tiny valley just below the sign reading Asheville Agricultural School and Mountain Sanitarium.

The next building was a little school house. Dad said, "This is where you'll be going to school in the fall." It was the spring-time of 1920. Years later I entered this school as a boarding student in June 1928 and left in 1931. Up to this time not too many changes had been made. This cottage with the roses that was the most beautiful sight we saw the spring we moved to this area, was still serving as two apartments for families working here at the school. Some of these families were: the Jansens(He was a brother-in-law to Mr. Jaspersen, one of the first workers of the school); the Wilson's(Mrs. Wilson taught elementary school one year); the Burdick's(She being a one year teacher too at the tiny school.) Then came our Mrs. Annie Witt. She taught the school for three years. The Trubey's also lived in the Rose Cottage and many others before them.

Then there was talk of building the chapel. But where? In the summer of 1931 the Rose Cottage was taken down and construction started on the chapel.

This is where my memories of the chapel really begin, but I thought it might interest you to know about what "used to be" in the cozy little valley where our chapel

now sits so gracefully.

Along with the foundation and erecting of the walls was the talk of covering the chapel. My father along with his brother Fred, and my two brothers Paul and Raymond began the job of splitting the shingles to cover the chapel. They split, hauled and stacked over 45,000 shingles. They were really proud of their work. Now it is a joy to look at this lovely old chapel and say, "My dad helped with the building of this chapel."

Many of the neighbors helped with this project too. The Watkins family, the McMinns, Mr. Marion Miller, and others.

After I married in December of 1931, I didn't get back to the chapel very often. Sometimes when you are unequally yoked together with unbelievers, "the promises made before the wedding are soon forgotten. So the promises made to me were, and I could not get back to Sabbath School and church. But I never forgot my chapel."

I had a chance one Sunday afternoon to attend a program in the chapel. I was so happy to be there. Now I had a baby girl named Betty Jean. She was born February 1, 1933. This must have been late fall of 1933. The program featured songs by Stephen Foster. Each song was acted out by a person or persons from Fletcher. Mr. and Mrs. C.G. Marquis were the characters for the old song "When You and I Were Young Maggie." The program was beautiful.

Betty Jean was a very sweet and spoiled baby girl. I had four sisters, and they all just loved rocking her to sleep in a 'bumping' old straight chair. Her favorite songs were "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and "Old Black Joe." So that afternoon in the chapel when they began to sing "Maggie," Betty Jean cuddled up in my arms to go to sleep listening to her favorite song.

But they did not get her to sleep with just two verses. When they stopped singing, Betty Jean sat up and shouted out, "Sing Back Joe, Back Joe." Then she cuddled back down to sleep. Everyone laughed but she never went back to sleep.

This was not the first service held in the new chapel. Even before the seats were installed our dear Mrs. Flora Lewis died and her funeral service was held in the chapel in 1933. This is said to have been the first service in the new chapel.

In the spring of 1940 Betty Jean finished her first year of school. She played the triangle in the rhythm band. They had a program in the chapel and we just had to go see our daughter perform with her little red cape and hat on. This was the first and only program of any kind that my husband Gene ever attended. We had seven children with five graduations and six weddings. Three of which were held in the chapel.

When Betty Jean was in the second grade she recited a long poem in a program there. I can still see her standing there on the stage with a pretty yellow dress on and so scared. One knee was shaking, maybe it was keeping rhythm with her speaking.

On January 23, 1942, Mr. Marion Miller died. He was one of the neighbors who had helped so much on the building of the chapel. They held his funeral here where he had left so many hand prints.

In the spring of 1942, my sister Anne Hutchinson graduated. She had her elementary school here, with the exception of the seventh and eighth grades. She completed her high school here, the only one of our family of seven to accomplish this. Mary Alice, my youngest sister, finished the ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades here, then she transferred to the Fletcher public school for her senior year.

After Betty Jean finished eight grades at the Fletcher public school, she enjoyed three years of school on the campus as a boarding student and enjoyed many occasions in the chapel. Bernice, our second daughter had one year of school here, also.

Many are the memories of the beautiful Christmas candle light program Mrs. Boggs gave in the lovely chapel. I can hear them singing now and see them "Decking the Halls with Boughs of Holly." Then Mrs. Rust carried on the traditional candle light program. One Christmas night a new genera-

tion appeared on the stage. Betty Jean's daughter, Jane McFalls and Donna Beddingfield, Bernice's daughter both four years old, were singing along with Judy and Sue Marquis, near the same age. Now this is a sweet memory.

Robert Marquis, Judy and Sue's father, has lived most of his life on or near the campus. He and his wife Joyce have reared their girls here and also enjoy their grandchildren in and around the chapel now. Donna finished her four years of high school and graduated in the new church, but they had their pictures taken on the stage of the chapel.

There were happy times and sad times in the dear old chapel. For after a life lived to its fullest a time comes to rest in the grave until Jesus comes. So with many others along the way, my wonderful dad was carried to the chapel for his funeral service. That was the saddest of sad times. This was on January 14, 1955 when he died and our last visit with him in the chapel was on Monday, January 17, 1955.

The Chapel Funeral

Daddy, this funeral seems so strange
It doesn't seem the way it should be,
I could always see you among the crowd
Or sitting here beside me.

But I must realize that it is you
Lying there in that casket.
With beautiful flowers all around
In wreaths, sprays, crosses and baskets.

They sang of a land where we'll never grow
old,

A beautiful place without sorrow,
Of a home where we'll never part again
And a beautiful sunrise tomorrow.

The sermon notes were very good
And time somehow, passed on,
As we followed you to Patty's Chapel
Where you'll await that golden dawn.

Other funerals I remember from the

chapel are Mrs. Marguerite Jasperson and Mr. Arthur Jasperson, both affectionately known as Mama and Papa J. Then the shock of young David Jasperson, taken by polio leaving a wife and baby daughter. Earlier this year 1982 Bob Jasperson died. The news came to us from California and a beautiful memorial service was held on Sabbath afternoon in our dear chapel.

The latest memorial service was that of young Glen Bagwell, who was living in Texas. He was only 23 when he was killed in a car accident. He was born here at Mountain Sanitarium and it was only fitting for a memorial service to be held here in the chapel where he received part of his education.

There was a nice memorial service held in the chapel for President John F. Kennedy when he was so brutally killed in Texas.

Some of the happy occasions are the weddings of couples I have known. The first wedding held in the chapel was Novella Orenduff to Albert Hall. Others are Inez Beck to Lewis Nestell, Genella Lowder to Carlton Hunt, Lillian Pratt to Silas Fox. We had a double wedding when Ardys Bodtger married Douglas Brown and Beryl Linderman married Blanton Everette. Some others were:

Eloyse Wynn to Warren Smith
Donella Hunt to Ray Houghton
Kerstin Petterson to Daryl Meyers
Kathy Belknap to John Kendall
Marie Archer to Lee Kuist
Fonda Smith to Bryan Lyons
Sharon Cantrell to Edwin Brinson
Nancy O'Brien to Fred Segar
Evangeline Lowe to James Archer
Pam Archer to Fred West
Jane McFalls to Donald Clayton
Judy Fletcher to David Norwood
Nancy Fletcher to Ralph Ringer
Laura Fletcher to Ronald Ringer

These last three weddings were conducted by Pastor Hugh V. Leggett, but not at the same time.

Billie Sue Beddingfield to George Mann

Debbie Sulo to Robby Gordon
Suzie Harrell to Bobby Finley
Faye Martin to Gary Hoffman

The last wedding I believe is that of Sharon Champ to Gary Lewis. There must have been many, many more weddings, funerals, and other happenings in the chapel.

I remember a Sabbath when I first went back to Sabbath School after I'd been away so long. I went in very shyly to the balcony and stood for a few minutes to let my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, and directly in front of me sat Mrs. Jasperson. I had a good feeling as if I'd found a member of my family. Then I went up and sat down beside her. She looked at me for a long time, then threw her arms around me and said, "My dear Myrtle." Then she took me downstairs to a Sabbath School class in the main auditorium and we sat there for church.

At the beginning of church service Dr. Forest Port was talking about how happy he was that a church member had come back home. He wanted the entire church to give a warm welcome to Myrtle Fletcher and he wanted me to come back every Sabbath. I was so happy I guess I cried some to think they were glad I came back. I didn't miss many Sabbaths after that and seldom miss one now after 30 years, except for sickness. Sometimes I visit my children but I'm always in Sabbath School and church somewhere.

One other little memory I must share. This is a bit funny. After all of my children were old enough to go to their own class alone, this happened to me. One Sabbath I wore my red apron that Judy had made for me in sewing class in the sixth grade. Then I got the children up, fed and helped dress the small ones and hurriedly put each coat on and sent them to the car. Gene drove us to Sabbath School but he was always in a big hurry. I grabbed my coat and put it on and as I ran out to the car I buttoned it up. We each went to our own classes. It was cold in the balcony so I kept my coat on and buttoned until after we had gone to our study class and returned. When they sang the Doxology I began to feel warm enough to un-

button my coat. I noticed that I had something red on. I had forgotten to take my red apron off. I nudged Edith Watkins Heatherly, who was standing beside me, and showed her what I had done. We both got so tickled that we almost had to go out. I just untied the apron and rolled it up and put it in my purse. I would need it as soon as I got home.

I think the prettiest scenes of the chapel are pictures I have of it covered with snow. It is also beautiful in the spring when it is surrounded by white dogwood blossoms. Regardless of when you look at it, it is the most beautiful chapel on earth to me.

In Memory of Mason Acker

Katherine Acker Maxfield

Many dedicated hands and loving hearts worked many long and tiring hours to build and maintain this school and its family of workers, who I thought were absolutely the very best in the world.

My father, Mason Acker, was a student at Fletcher during the winter of 1913-14. After he married, he returned and worked at construction and as accountant while mother baked big, hearty loaves of bread to help feed the institutional family.

The last place that I remember watching him work was on the interior woodwork in the chapel. I was impatiently waiting for him to get off work one day while he carefully removed, refitted, and replaced one small piece of wood. I fussed, "Why can't you just leave it?" He replied, "No, dear, I can't do that. This is going to be our church, and it should be the very best that we can make it."

One morning at breakfast mother said, "You should not go to work. Your shoes are still wet from yesterday and it is still raining." He answered, "I must, dear. I need a full paycheck so the children can register for school this week. I don't want them to miss any classes."

He came home sick that evening. He had developed influenza. He was carefully

and prayerfully cared for at home and then at the sanitarium, but he died just five days later. We did miss the first week of school.

My Recollections of Fletcher

Genella Hunt

My first recollections of Fletcher go back as far as I can remember since I was born in one of the small cottages that were then the Sanitarium. My parents were students here and were married in the Jasperson's house.

Those who lived here, at that time, were like one big family. My childhood playmates, David Jasperson, Paul Witt, Robert Marquis, and Vernon Lewis, seemed more like brothers to me. Then came Barbara Brownsberger and Marthine Bliss. We had a good time together. Children did not have to have all of the playthings that they do today. We spent a great deal of time playing in the creek, climbing trees, and swinging on a rope swing whenever the weather permitted. At other times Barbara, Marthine and I would play house. David and Paul liked to come to my house and trick me into giving them my toys. They would say: "Oh, I'd like to have that," or, "I don't have any" until I would give them everything I had. Of course, their mothers made them bring everything back. When we were small, Jean Witt and Ella Pendarvis loved to tease us. They would tell us to run around the Big House really fast, stop quickly, and we would see two little calves behind us. We ran ourselves ragged, and each time they told us that we did not look quickly enough. So we would run again. They of course meant the calves of our legs, but we were too naive to know.

All was not play because there was a great deal of work to do. My first paying job was swatting flies in the Big House cafeteria. Eight hours a day was unheard of. You worked until the task was done. I worked in the Big House kitchen first. During the summer time we had to can all of

the produce that was brought in from the garden. On occasion these canning sessions would last far into the night with every available person helping. During peach season they would bring in a load from South Carolina and another round of canning would commence.

Another place of duty was in the Sanitarium kitchen. Most of the patients received their food in their own rooms. This meant that someone had to take a tray loaded with food to them. This task required several students to carry the trays. Later one or two would collect the trays while other students would wash the dishes and prepare for the next meal.

With fifty to seventy five students earning their way required many places of labor. The bakery produced excellent bread and the cinnamon rolls for every Friday night. The boiler house kept the patients warm, as well as producing hot water for the sanitarium and hospital. Who can forget the farm's prize Jersey herd or the rich cream laden bottles of milk produced in the dairy? The garage and maintenance kept the place running while the grounds kept the lawns neat. The garden kept fresh food on the table during summer and provided much to be canned or stored. Housekeeping produced clean attractive rooms for the patients. Men's and women's hydro helped to restore health to our patients. The laundry kept us all clean. The print shop produced the printed paper that an institution could not run without. The store was our local supermarket of that day, and the wood shop kept things of wood painted and in good repair.

All work and no play makes a dull boy or girl, so we had recreation. On Saturday nights we enjoyed games and marches on the playground. Everyone participated, young and old alike. On holidays we had special hikes up Stoney Mountain or Couch Mountain. There were picnics and campouts at White Oak Park. During one campout, we were playing a game that required a forfeit. I was five or six years old at the time, and I was distressed because I had nothing to give.

Jean Witt was again on the scene, and she told me to give my dress. Since I believed in everything she said, I did it.

On up Hutch Mountain road from White Oak Park was the old swimming hole. Here boys were permitted to swim at one time and the girls were permitted at another, but never at the same time. In the other direction was Potato Hill where we went coasting in winter, just as our school song says. Coasting was the highlight of the year if we had enough snow. School was dismissed and we used every home-made contraption you could imagine. Those were the fun days.

We learned to accept responsibility and to work under the direction of Ma Smitty (Rittie Jean Smith), Miss Covey, Mrs. Gilman, and Miss Patterson, as well as all of the other department heads.

Speaking of department heads brings to my mind Uncle Jimmy Lewis and his devotion to his mules. I thought I would never forget their names, but they have escaped me today.

Memory does not fail when I contemplate the type of education we received at Fletcher. It was a well-rounded program that conformed to the direction given in our "red books." It was the harmonious development of the physical, mental, and spiritual powers that God had given us.

Other current places of employment are:

The greenhouse
Homestead Farms store
Fletcher Park Inn

The Fletcher Doctors

Inez Nestell

The modern resources of medicine and surgery developed through the years have an inspiring influence on the medical world. The dedicated skills of these pioneers indelibly marked the map with Christian humanitarianism for the world and our Mountain Sanitarium doctors. The following lists five—a sample of the dedicated men who have come to our valley who gave or are giving faithful Christian medical service to the area:

Bill Bailey, M.D.
Hall Fletcher, M.D.
W.W. Hutchinson, M.D.
William Miller, M.D.
W. Stokes, M.D.

John Brownsberger became the first resident doctor. Forest Bliss, a Hinsdale nurse, was sent to Loma Linda for medical training. He returned in 1933.

During the war years, 1941 to 1946, Theodore Joiner, Torsten Lundstrom, Lew Wallace and Gus Ulloth were the resident physicians. After the war, many changes took place and we were without a resident physician until P.J. Moore, Jr. and Arthur Pearson came to our rescue.

Some others that followed later were William Winfield Hardy, Gene Krishinger, Clive Possinger, Jr., Dale Putnam, William Sandborn, Francis Thoresen, and Ian Trace.

Academy graduates who returned to practice in the area include:

William Berkey, M.D.
Milton Conley, M.D.
David Love, M.D.
William Moore, D.D.S.
John Oliver, D.D.S.
Forest Port, D.D.S.

To all the doctors who served from 1916 to the present we say a sincere, "Thank you." Your loyalty and faithful service contributed and is contributing much toward making our institution of today.

Elementary School

Inez Nestell

Our elementary school opened in 1910 with less than a dozen students. Classes were held in the old plantation house. Professor Sidney Brownsberger was the teacher. In 1914 John Brownsberger built the first school building just across the road from the plantation house. In 1930 the little brick school just up the hill became a reality. In 1950, Captain Gilmer, a retired naval captain of World War I donated \$2,000 to add another room. Because of his interest and help the school

was named in his honor.

When Marguerite Jasperson began teaching in 1920, 30 students were present. By 1926 some academy subjects were added. Fletcher Academy was born. This left the elementary school on its own. Following is a list of teachers:

Annie Witt, Minita Sype, Edna Gray, Mrs. Kent, Dorothy Gray, Arnold Otto, Ethel Marquis, Rachel Atkins, Mamie Jorgensen, Verna Beck Prevatt, Ileta Vance, Ferdi Wuttke. Mr. Wuttke became principal in 1959 and retired in June 1996.

The present building was constructed in 1971 during Mr. Wuttke's administration and the school grew from 47 students to its present size of 123.

Reflections of Fletcher

Marthine Bliss

My father came to Fletcher after his graduation from the Hinsdale School of Nursing in 1922. In addition to his duties in the treatment rooms, he worked in the business office. In the 1920's the Fletcher Institution had no physician to care for its patients except as they called for doctors from nearby towns. In talking over the situation, it was decided that Forrest Bliss was the one who could most easily prepare to take the medical course. In 1928 he was accepted by the Loma Linda Medical School. During 1932 and 1933 he interned at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles and from there came immediately to Fletcher where he worked for the princely sum of \$35 per month.

The new school was progressing nicely under the principalship of Marguerite Jasperson and a capable group of teachers. The Sanitarium was under the care of Lelia Patterson and a group of workers and stu-

dent nurses. The cafeteria, under the able leadership of Rittie Jane Smith, was doing well. In 1933, the new chapel was being used for school chapels, church services and recreational programs.

Times were hard for the workers but they managed to get the clothes to meet the occasion. For a time, two of the faculty men owned only one coat and one hat. When president Arthur Jasperson had a special meeting in Asheville or Hendersonville, he would use the coat and hat. When Dr. Forrest Bliss wanted to go to some medical meeting, he used the coat and hat. Another dual ownership was a car that Coy Lowder and Dr. Bliss purchased for \$25. When either one wanted to take a trip, he used the vehicle. The roads weren't paved and they were full of pot-holes. When they drove up over Potato Hill—they always had difficulty, having to shift gears to get over the top. Often there were flat tires that had to be mended before going on. On occasions oxen pulling their loads of lumber would plod down Howard Gap Road past them.

The Coin

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin —
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

Sara Teasdale

Title: Collection Poems

Author: Sara Teasdale

ISBN: 0-02-616890-1/0-02-070860-2

Selection: "The Coin"

Reprinted with permission of Simon & Schuster from the Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale (New York Macmillan, 1996).

MY SCHOOL

(Published without apologies to Walt Whitman)

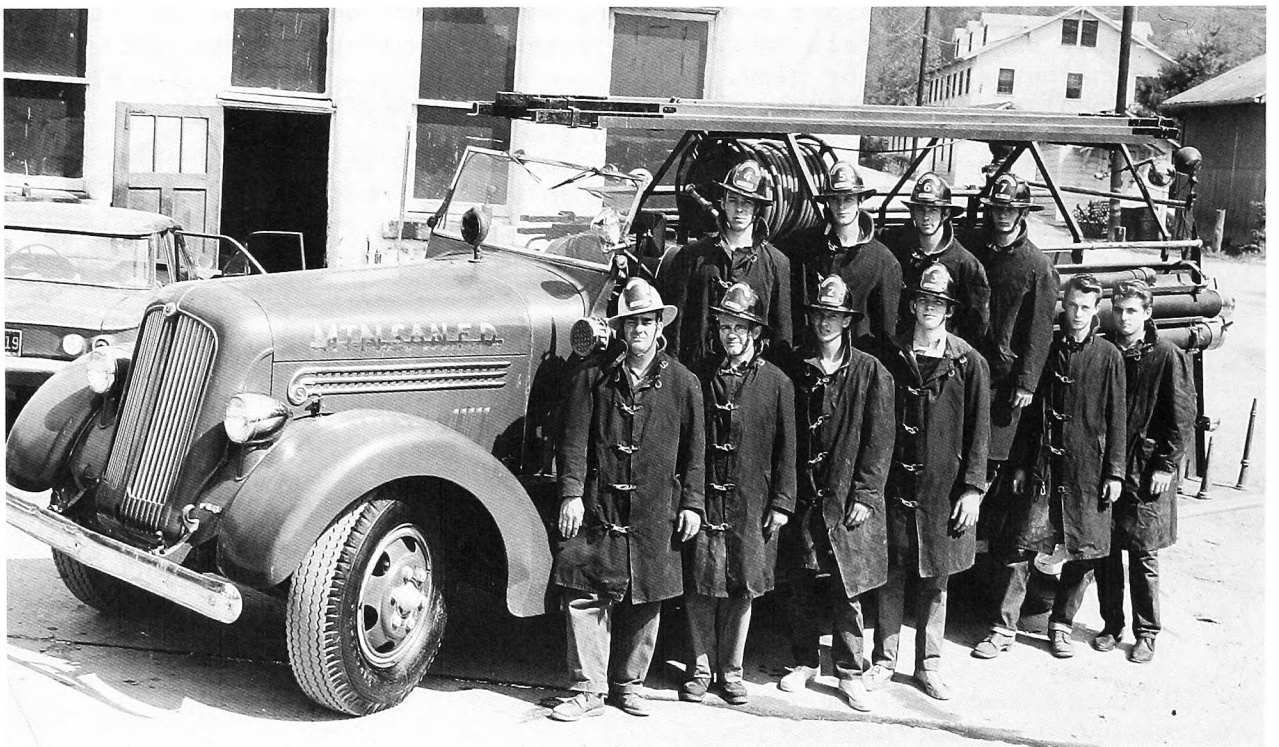
I was asked for something special and perfect for my school,
Whereupon lo! sprang the name the "Asheville Agricultural School
and Mountain Sanitarium.
Now I see what there is in a name,--work, play, study, rules, self-
support and education.
I see that the word of my school is that word from of old,
Because I see that school nestled in the mountains superb,
Rich, hemmed thick all around with hills and forests, a farm
six hundred acres in size, solid founded.
Numberless paths and lanes, high growths of pines, and laurel
pointing upward toward clear skies.
Cooling breezes, refreshing and invigorating at sundown.
The flowing brook, the little hills, larger adjoining hills,
the heights, the mountains.
The countless pines, white barked sycamore, the poplars, the
holly and well shaped oak.
The downtown trips, mountain hikes, cooling swims and picnics.
Students arriving forty or fifty a year, white-capped nurses
going about the grounds,
The carts hauling wood, the manly group of drivers of mules,
ruddy-faced boys.
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft.
The winter snows, the all embracing air sends you on your way
whether at work or play.
The mechanics of the school, the teachers, well informed, stern
of face, looking you straight in the eyes.
Vehicles throng the parking place, ambulances rush in now and then,
A hundred people here--manners free--open voices--hospitality.
The most courteous young men and women.
School of hurried and busy life; School of activities and opportunity;
School of the mountains--My School.

--Ruth Nestell

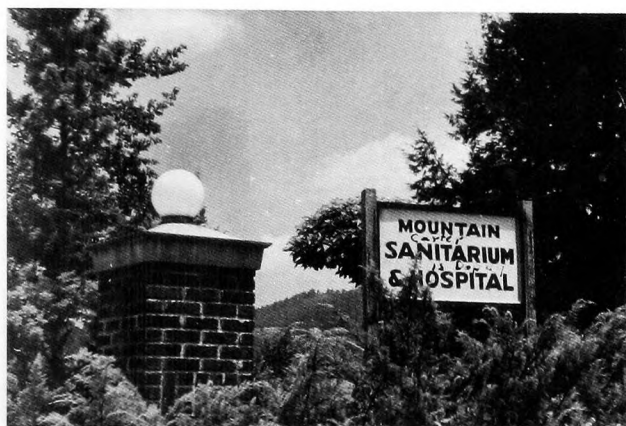
PHOTOS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST



The farm in the mid-forties



The Fletcher fire crew in the fifties.



Entrance to the Sanitarium



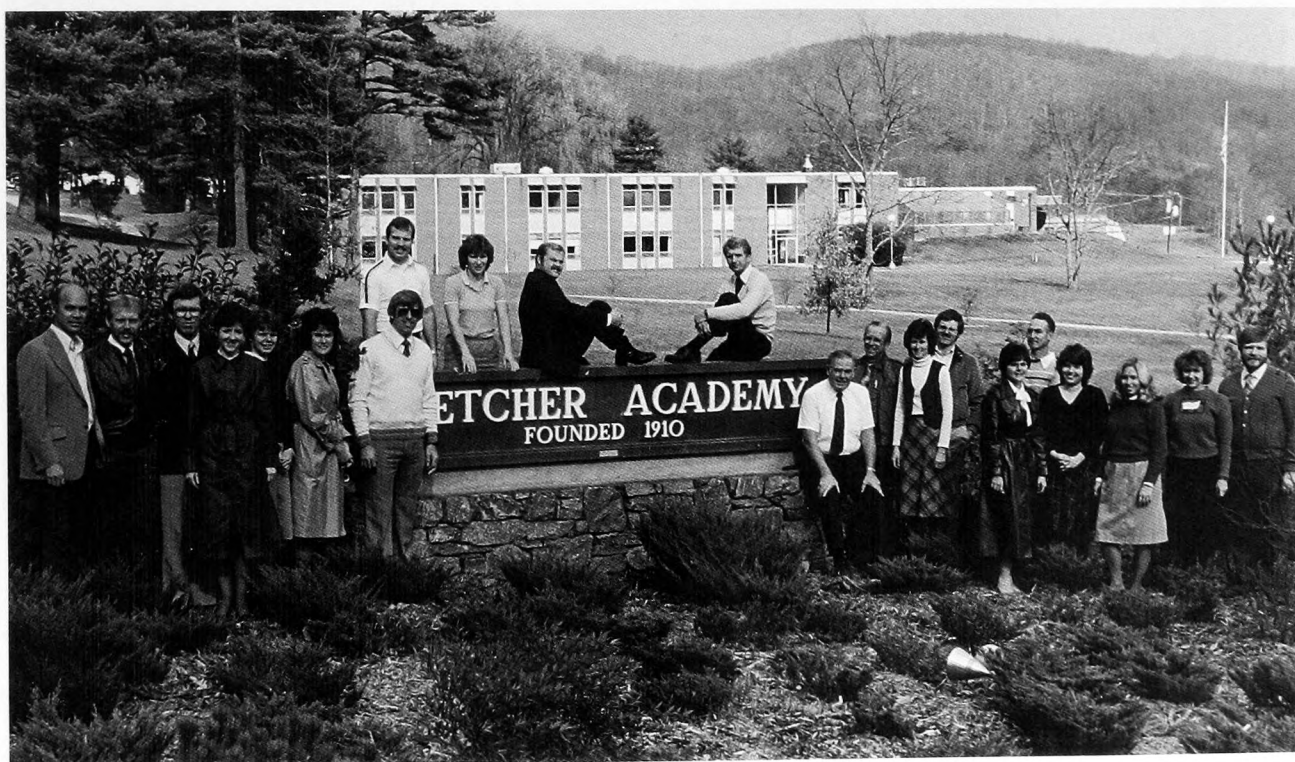
James Lewis with the mules, 1959.



Brownsberger building and medical offices



C. G. Marquis



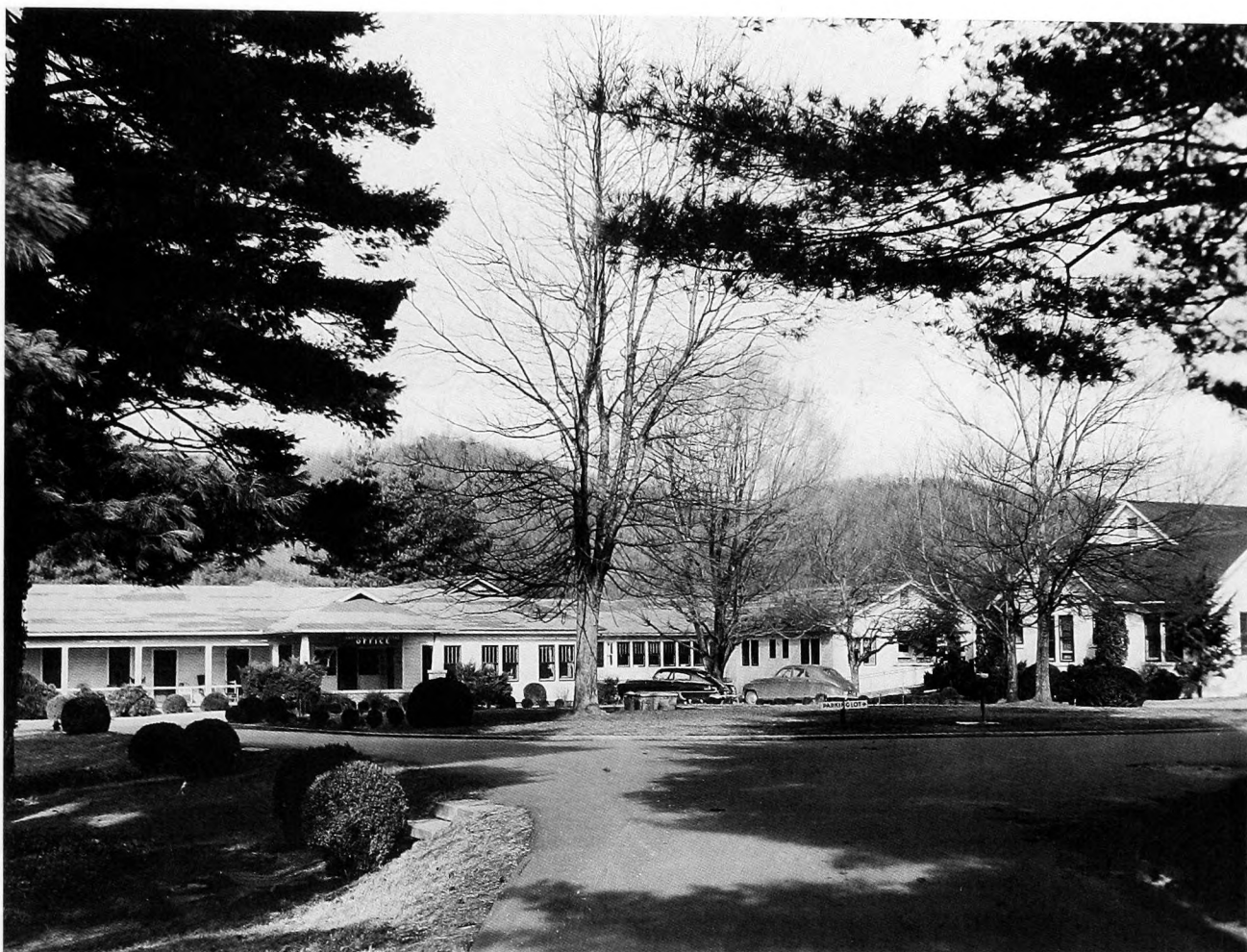
Faculty on campus, fall of 1982



Boys Dorm



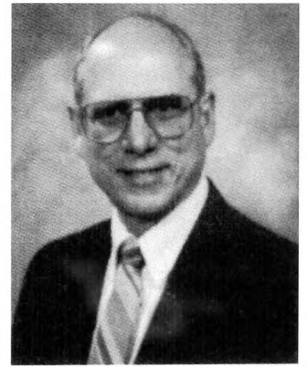
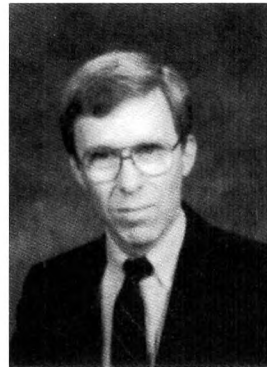
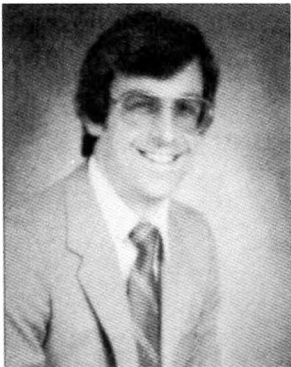
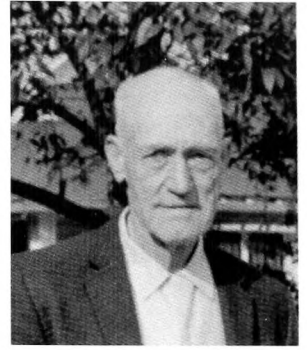
Whitford Hall with Bell tower and sun dial.



Mountain Sanitarium and Hospital

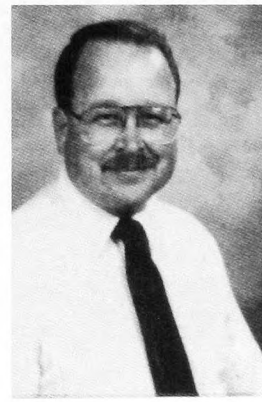
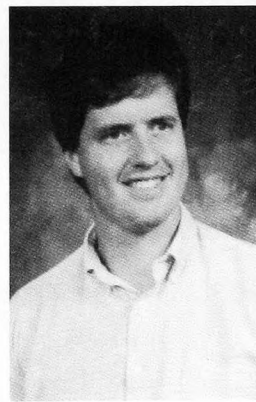
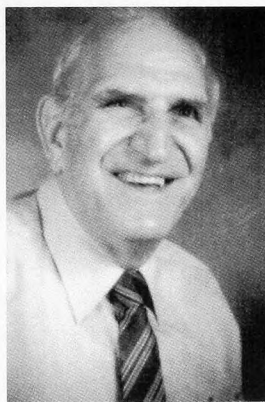
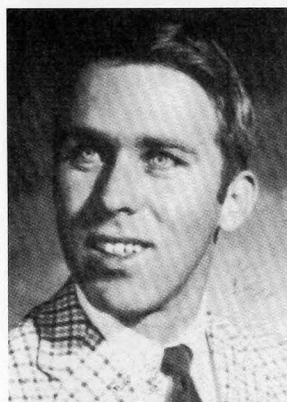
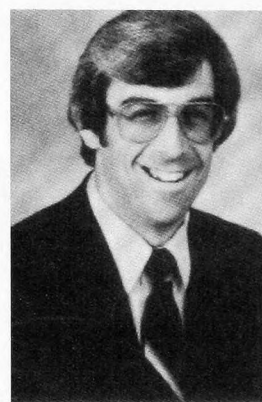
DISCLAIMER

The Book Committee regrets any errors of spelling of names, omissions of photos, or misnaming of individuals in any pictures. Great care has been taken to avoid this. Unfortunately everyone pictured or listed in anyway, is not known to the members of the committee, or other consultants available.



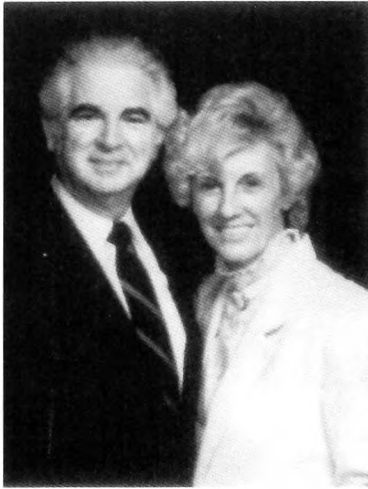
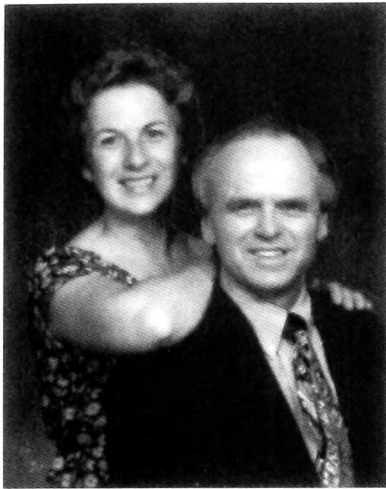
PRESIDENTS OF THE INSTITUTION

1910-1920 Sidney Brownsberger, 1920-1953 A. A. Jasperson, 1953-1958 Kent Griffin, 1958-1959 C. G. Marquis, 1959-1963 William Wilson, 1963-1964 C. G. Marquis, 1964-1966 A. C. Larson, 1966-1975 Jack Williams, 1975-1985 Herbert Coolidge, 1985-1986 Roy Dunn, Feb. 1986-May 86 Van Camp, June 1986-Mar 89 Brent Yingling, Feb. 1989- Gerald Nash



ACADEMY PRINCIPALS

1925-1953 Marguerite M. Jaspersen, 1952-1969 Lewis Nestell, 1969-1971 Leland Zollinger, 1971-1972 Gordon Brown, 1972-1975 R. E. Schermerhorn, 1975-1980 Jesse Cone, 1980-1982 Craig S. Willis, 1982-1985 Roy Dunn, 1985-1989 Brent Yingling, 1989-1991 Ray Hoffman, 1991-1994 Spencer Hannah, 1994- Jon Smith



PASTORS OF FLETCHER CHURCH

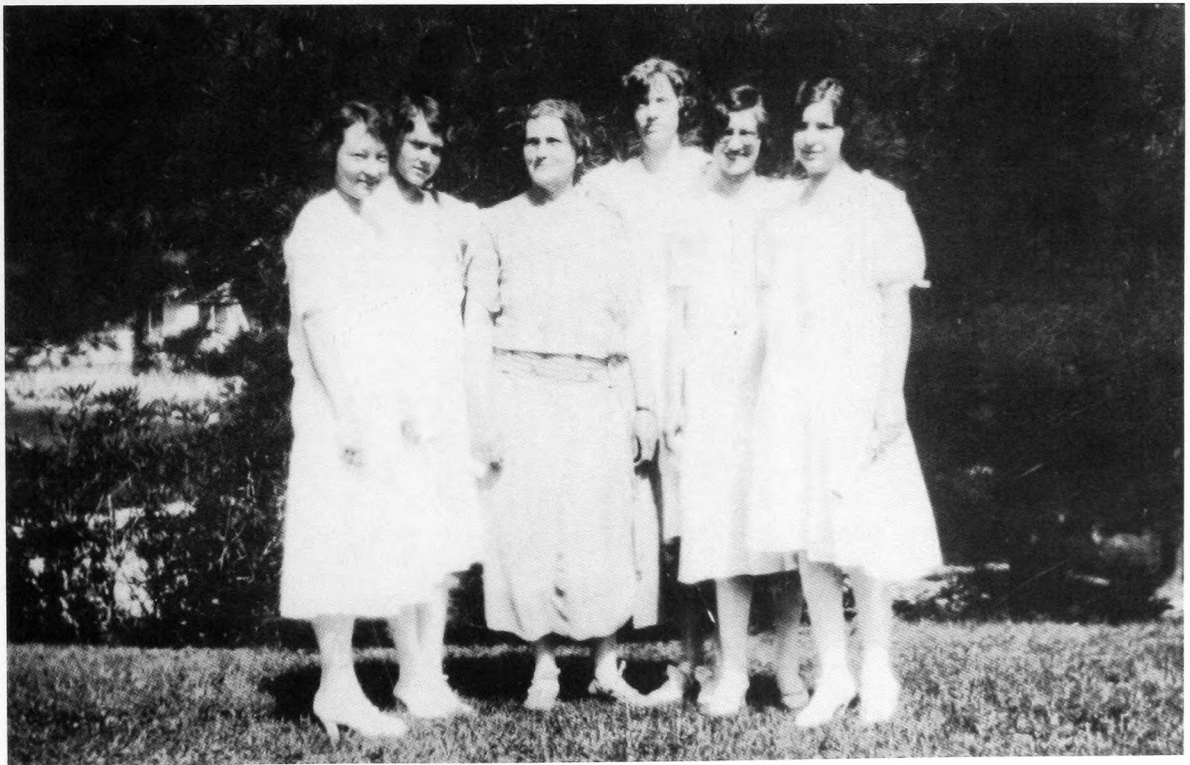
Elder and Mrs. John Lorntz 1991-, Elder and Mrs. Paul Anderson 1984-1991, Elder and Mrs. Joseph Battistone 1976-1983, Elder and Mrs. Donald Kenyon 1966-1973, Elder and Mrs. Hugh Leggett 1961-1965, Elder and Mrs. A.D. McKee 1952-1954, Elder and Mrs. John Everett 1954-1957, Elder and Mrs. Lewis Wynn 1957-1961, Elder and Mrs. Robert Beck 1973-1976.

PHOTO OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GROUP



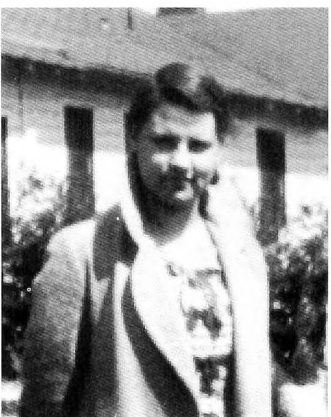
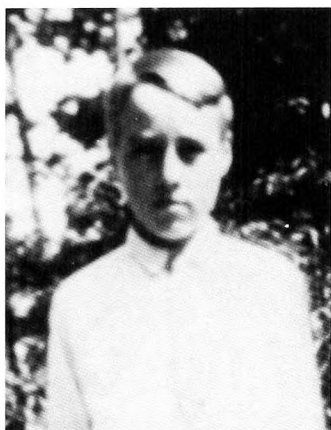
Very early a school was built for the children of the workers and the community. Shown here in their hilltop playground at the fifth and sixth grade classes of 1936. Front row: Irving Wynn, Thelma McMinn, Barbara Brownsberger, Louise Watkins. Back row: David Jasperson, Harley McMinn, Joy Caldwell, Katherine Acker, Marthine Bliss, Genella Lowder, Verle Thompson.

PHOTOS OF CLASSES



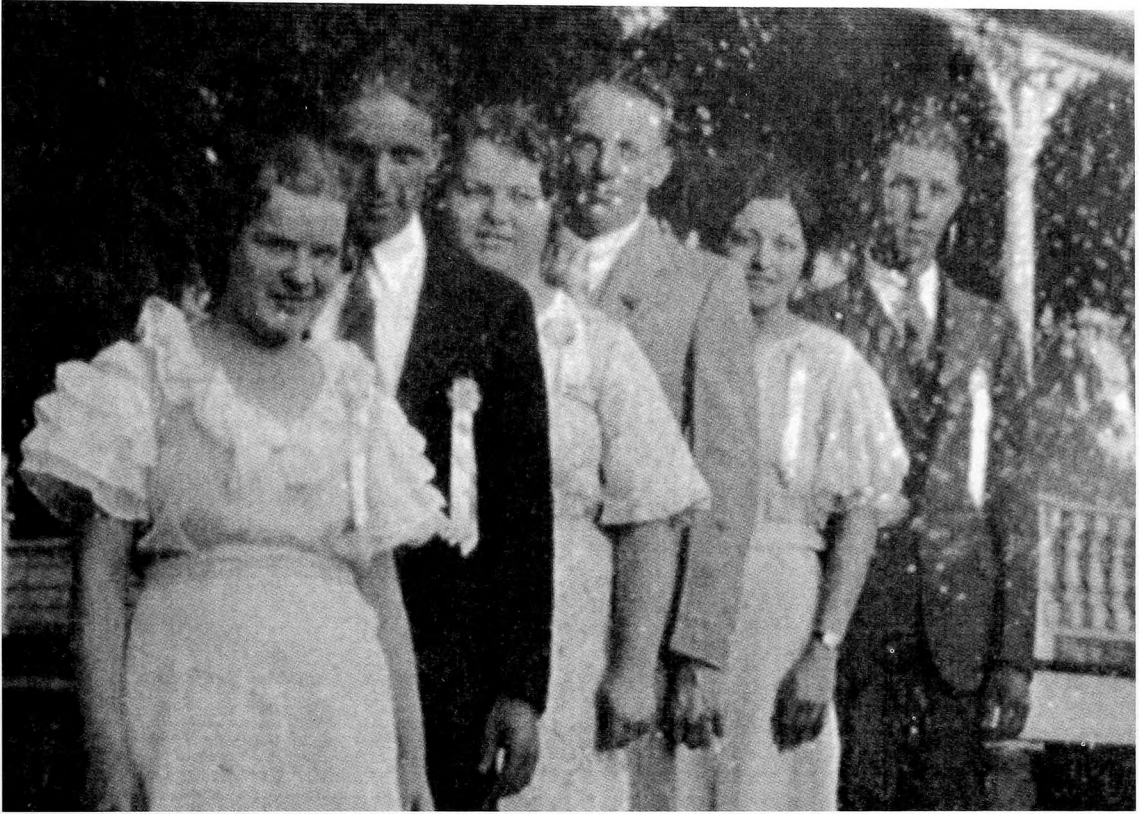
Class of 1930 NINTH GRADE

L to R: Bertha Dunagin, Cordia Brizendine, Marguerite M. Jasperson (Class sponsor), Ella Pendarvis, Jean Witt, Novella Orenduff.



Class of 1932 ELEVENTH GRADE

Top - L to R: Inez Beck, Mabel East, Grace Marquis, Middle - L to R: Forest Port, Edna Rentfro, J. C. Trivett, Bottom - L to R: Sara Willams, Nettie McNeil, Yvonne Rumley.



Class of 1933 ELEVENTH GRADE

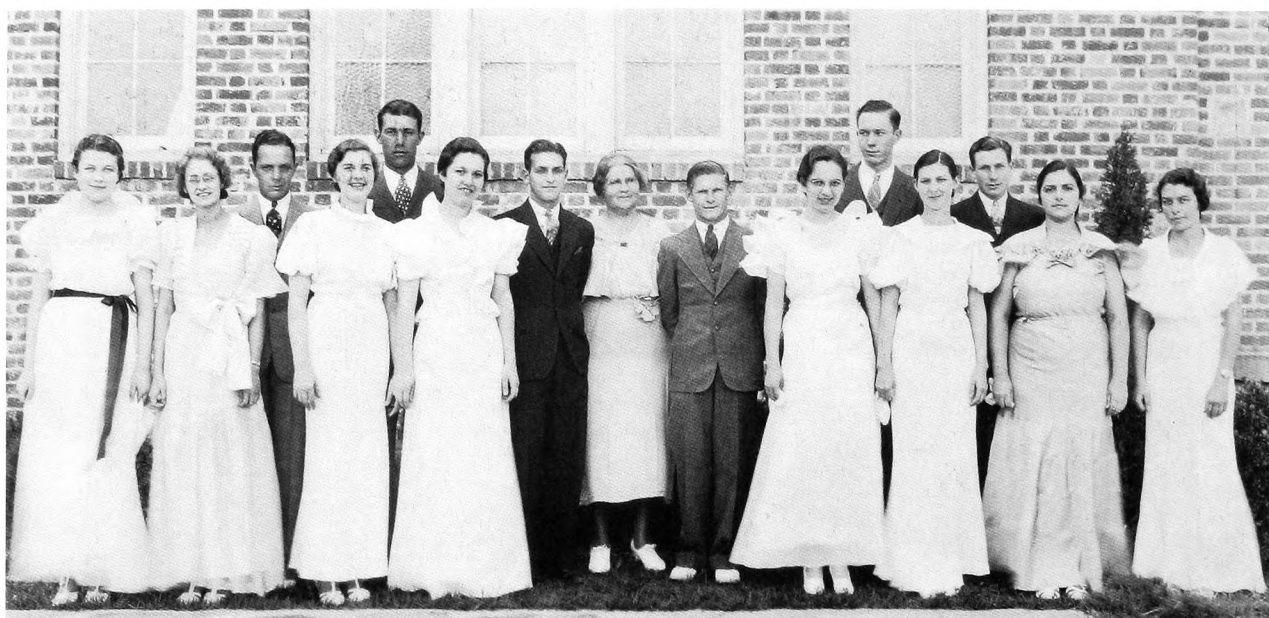
L to R: Marguerite Benning, Joe Hoyt, Ada Bain, Harland Lewis, Harriet Brass, Andrew Trivett.

1934 NO CLASS



Class of 1935

First Row: Earle Case, Ruth Ray, Gladys Lowder, Jennie Kirkwood, Grace Bliss, Virginia Miller, Kenneth Case.
Second Row: Ada Bain, Arvel McAlexander, Florence Hudson, Mrs Jasperson.



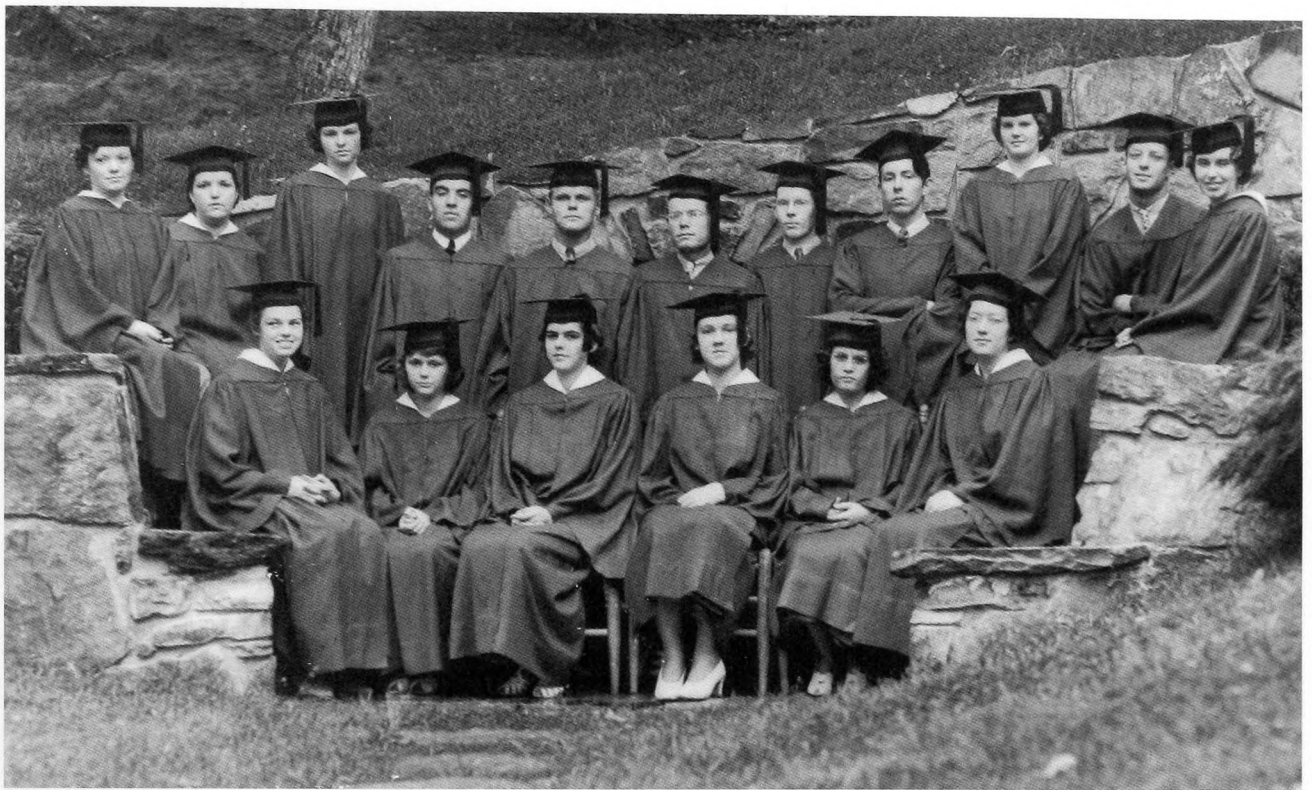
Class of 1936

Ada Miller, Flora Dodd, Vernon Lewis, Mary Donovan, Ernest Smith, Cordie Lee Smith, Kenneth Case, Mrs. Jaspersen, Bill Nestell, Ruth Beck, "Doc" Schmehl, Glenna Mae Cameron, Jack Williams, Virginia Snow, Allie Bennett.



Class of 1937

Seated: John Gilbert, Jeanette Trivett, Evelyn Gilliland, Bob Jaspersen, Standing: Archie Stanton, Loren Barto, Catholene McAlexander, Lalah Ray, Winnifred Smith, Helen Barto, Sarah Green, Doris Wineland, Mary Medford, Cleo Gray, Clayton Hodges, Adrian Wright.



Class of 1938

First Row: Alta Mae Stevens, Bernice Grant, Virginia Perry, Estelle McElmurray, Helen Chumley, Catherine Scroggin
 Back Row: Beatrice Leach, Edith Brackett, Joan Fisk, Silas Fox, Joe Hann, Cecil Shrock, Walter Echols, Joe Robertson, Gwen Peters, Verna Moore, Margaret Donovan



Class of 1939

First Row: Ruth Peterson, Cora Hudson, Susie Maxson, Gladys Trivett, Winifred Fisk, Ileta Vance, Hilda Pilcher, Clarice Dunaway, Lillian Rottmiller, Minita Belle Sype Second Row: Adelbert Stagg, Delmar Anderson, Robert Weagle, Jack Powell, Ralph Walters.



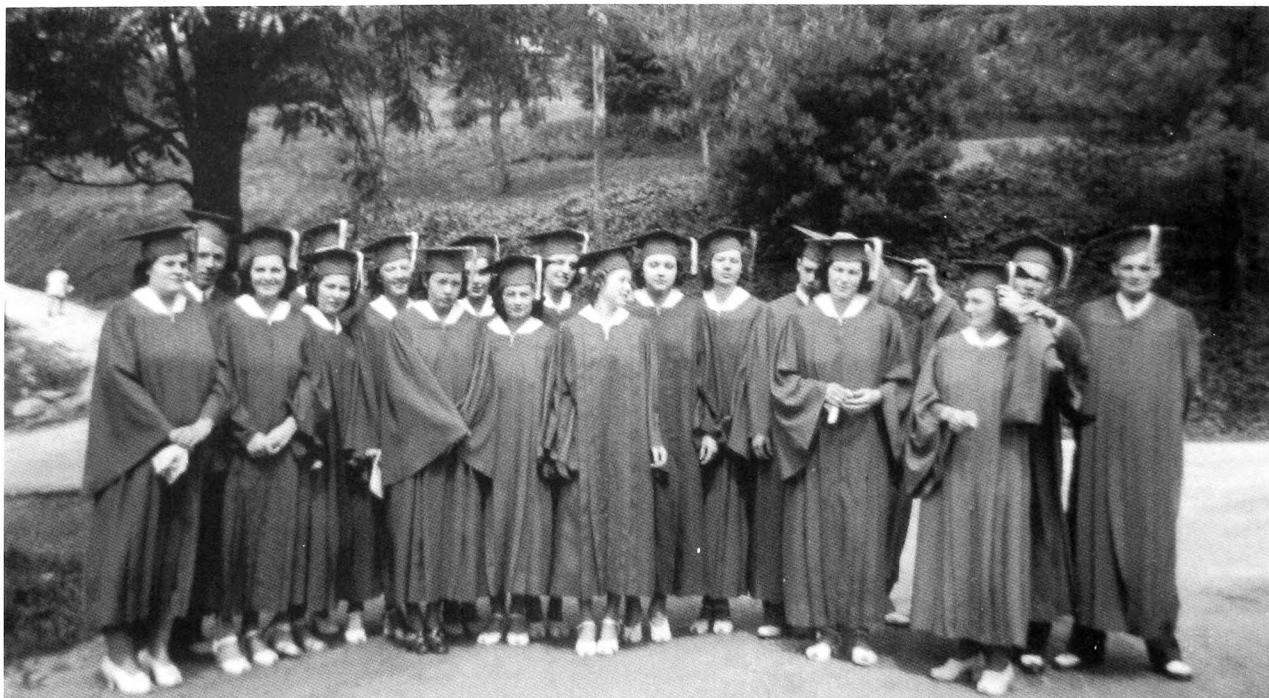
Class of 1940

First Row: Drew B. Murphy, Maisie Franz, Marguerite Beck, Martha Jo Brown, Merwin Ray Second Row: Deloris Shrock, Mildred Smith, Evelyn Peterson, Alfreda Tripp, Frances Casteen Third Row: Esther Grant, William Sullivan, Blanton Everett, Gladys Rupard



Class of 1941

1st Row: Earl McGhee, Pauline Horton, Gladys Wheeler, Glen C. Nestell 2nd Row: Elouise Wynn, Kent Griffin, Dan Goddard, Arlene Mc Alexander 3rd Row: J. L. Thomas, Floyd Pichler, Marguerite M Jasperson, Robert Marquis 4th Row: Marie Eubanks, Grace Marie Schneider, Albert Durocher, Anna May Brown, Billie Pilcher 5th Row: Betty A Fricks, J. D. Butler, Winona Robertson, John E. Black, Vergie Gray



Class of 1942

1st Row: Hazel Morgan, Ada Noble, Virginia Webb, Marvis Adkins, Odille Livingston, Louise Dalton, Irene Abston, Helen Self
 2nd Row: David Jasperson, Katherine Acker (partially hidden), Genella Lowder, Joy Caldwell, Ann Hutchinson, Ruth Padgett, Marthine Bliss, Sandford Graves, James Shepherd (partially hidden), Charles Mattingly, McKinley Cheshire. Not pictured: Paul Pusey, Mabel Jensen, Dora Brown, Beryl Linderman



Class of 1943

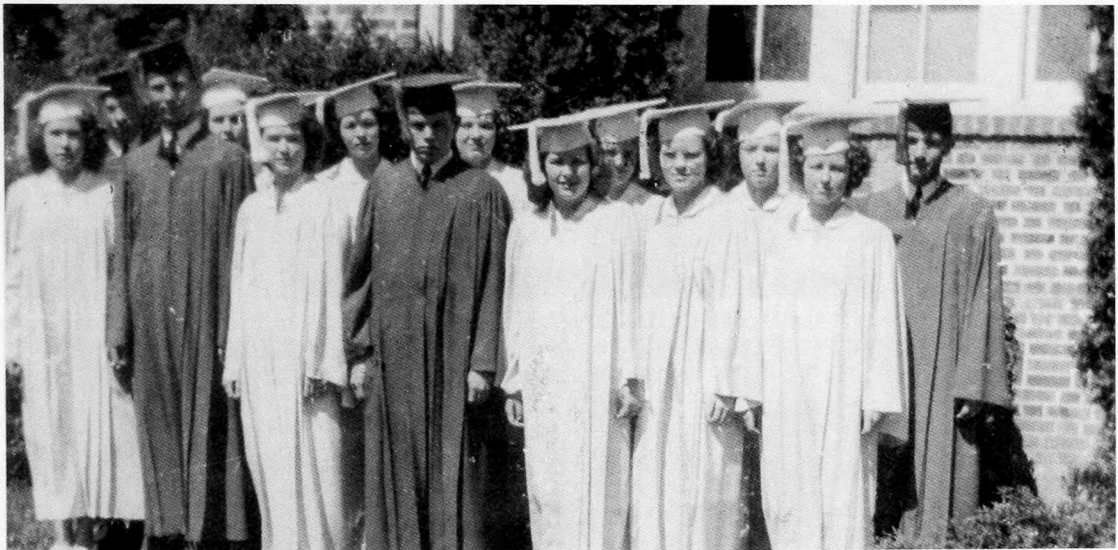
Front Row: Douglas Brown, Lyle Marie Wallace, Bill Pichler, Kenneth Dunnaway, Uriel Van Campen (only partially visible), Lloyd Woolsey, Otis Graves, Charles Arnold, Charles Casteen, Arthur Hibben. Standing at back: Mrs. Arthur Jasperson (mama J.), Lucille Reed, Gladys Ryan, Louise Watkins, Betty Vermillion, Trudi Philpott, Barbara Brownsberger, Elsie Holbert, Ruth Hilda Brown, Lola Mae Butler, Bus Driver, Mr. Arthur Jasperson (papa J.) Single Pictures: Lois Pennington, Doyle Mullinax





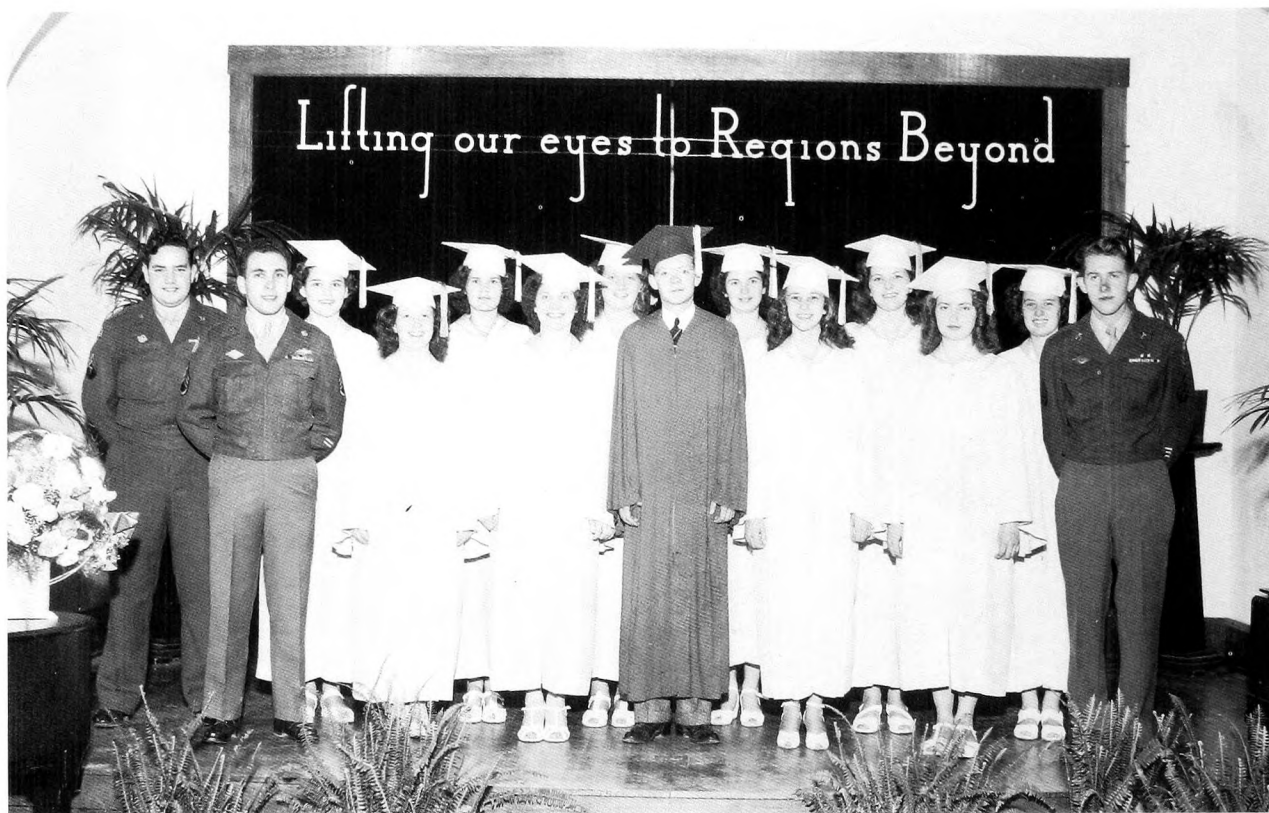
Class of 1944

Geraldine Wiik, Jean Ulloth, John Hines, Betty Straight. Not pictured: Jane Fildes, Sarah Alice Johnston, Grace Maxwell.



Class of 1945

Front Row: Hazel Hensley, Fred Veltman, Betty Hardy, Alfred Jorgensen, Mildred Justice, Jennie Mae Hodgin, Maxine Carneal
 Back Row: Charles Littell, Kathleen Moak, Ada Marie Goodner, Elsie Stinchfield, Grace Robinson, Rose Hines, Logan Sturgis.



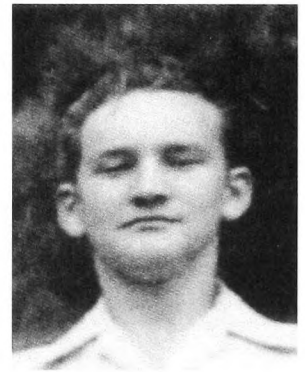
Class of 1946

First Row: Floyd E. Underwood, Helen Woodall, Louella Nestell, Donald Kenyon, Jean Brokke, Joyce Linderman, Albert McAlexander. Second Row: Joe Robertson, Olive Philpott, Selma Motes, Marie Veltman, Barbara Ulloth, Doris Brock, Dorothy Jean Graves.



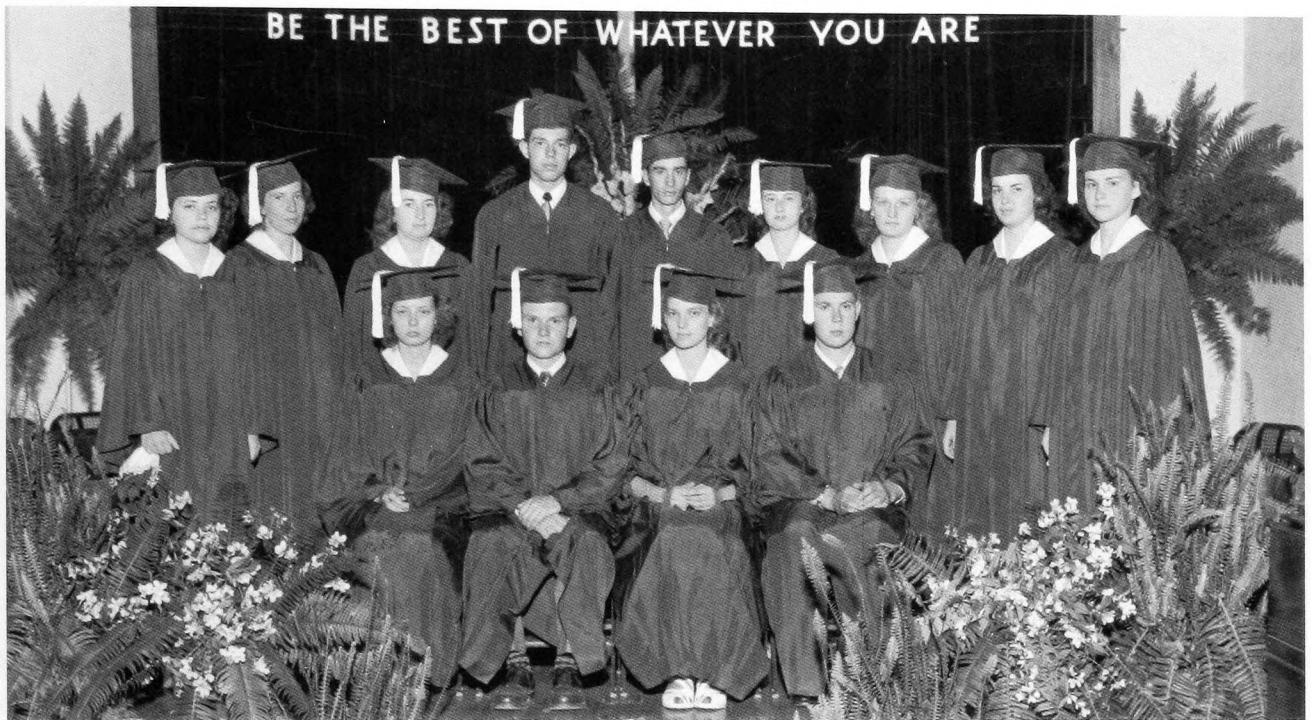
Class of 1947

Phyllis Boggs, Dorothy Boggs, Polly Stevens, Ray Russell, Lois Lowder, Nina Spurgeon, Herndon Edwards, Verna Beck Prevatt, Frances Sturgis, Carolyn Byrd, Jamie Lassater. Not pictured: Irma O'Kain, Margrie Pettigrove, Marjorie Priechs, Sara Wright.



Class of 1948

Front Row: Hope Hardy, Lois Boggs, Mary Jane Fricks, Wilma Parker Back Row: Mary Frances Pennington, Martha Carey, Patricia Westbrook, Elizabeth Reese. Boys: Carleton Wallace, Gerald Kenyon, Edwin Everett, Marshall Johnston, Charles Bishop, Charles Cecil (Sego), Jack Price.



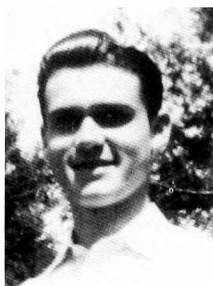
Class of 1949

First Row: Gloria Knight, John Oliver, Joan Everett, Bill Straight Second Row: Lynelle King, Jo Ellen Watkins, Betty Dempsey, Edwin Hansen, Eugene Rouse, Joyce Draper, Thelma Akers, Betty Harris, Wanda Haviland.



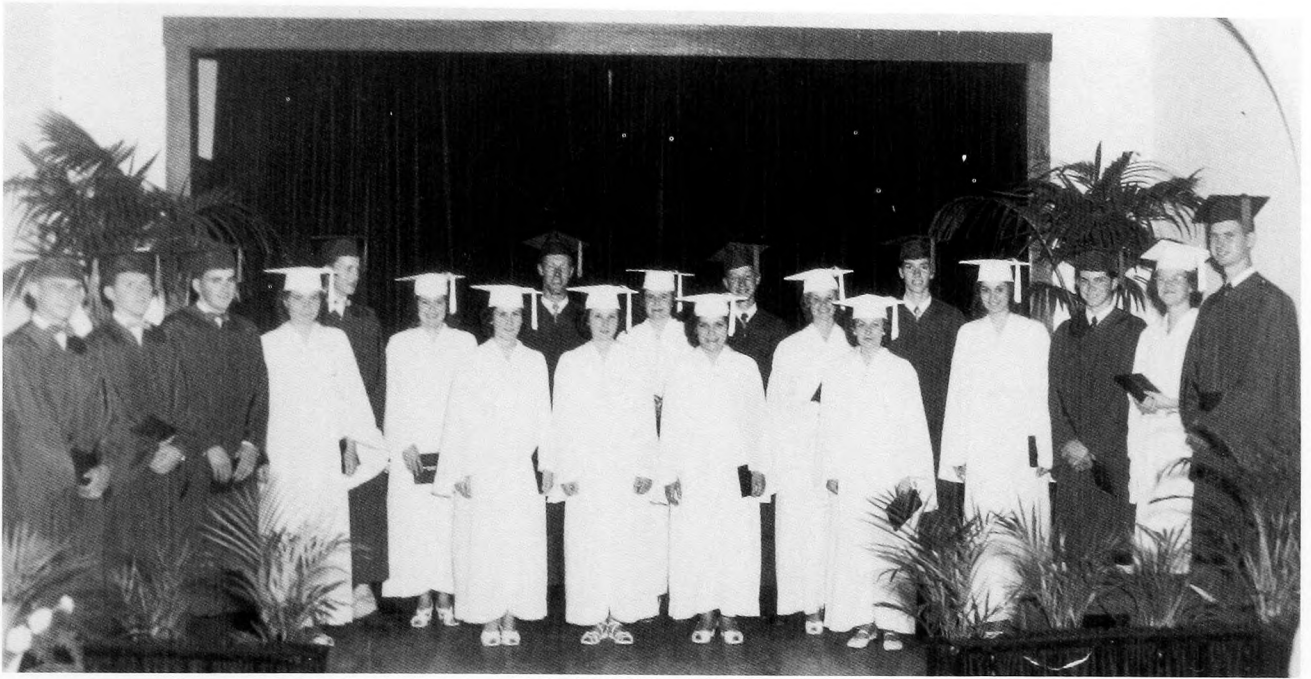
Class of 1950

Seated: Wilmer Haviland, Betty Jo Abbott, Eugene Jorgensen, Mary Willmott, Richard, Bendall Standing: Wilbur Reich, Doris Grimes, Carol Goodner, Peggy Woodall, Aletha Bounette, Josephine Laedly, Vester Elrod.



Class of 1951

First Row: Peggy Powell, Paula Jones, Mary Lou Conibear, Hanna Hintz, Benita Wilson, Barbara Allen, Phyllis Mosteller, Anna Peterson. Second Row: Charlotte Johnson, Louise Hudson, Dora Bryant, Mary Young, Alex Clark, Dan Van Ginhoven. Single Pictures: top 3: James Breedlove, Jacob Volkov, Bernice Young; bottom 3: Don Van Ginhoven, Bill Bailey, Bill Stubbs.



Class of 1952

L to R: Harold Schutte, Carroll Porter, Glenn Harris, Pauline Moon, Robert Carey, Margie Marchant, Annette Bailey, Bill Cook, Marilyn Lowder, Claire Champion, Helena Kloc, Donald Hansen, Flora Mae Reese, Nancy Collins, Travis Goodner, Patsy Welch, Ed Micklewright, Jean Pennington, Herbert Tate.



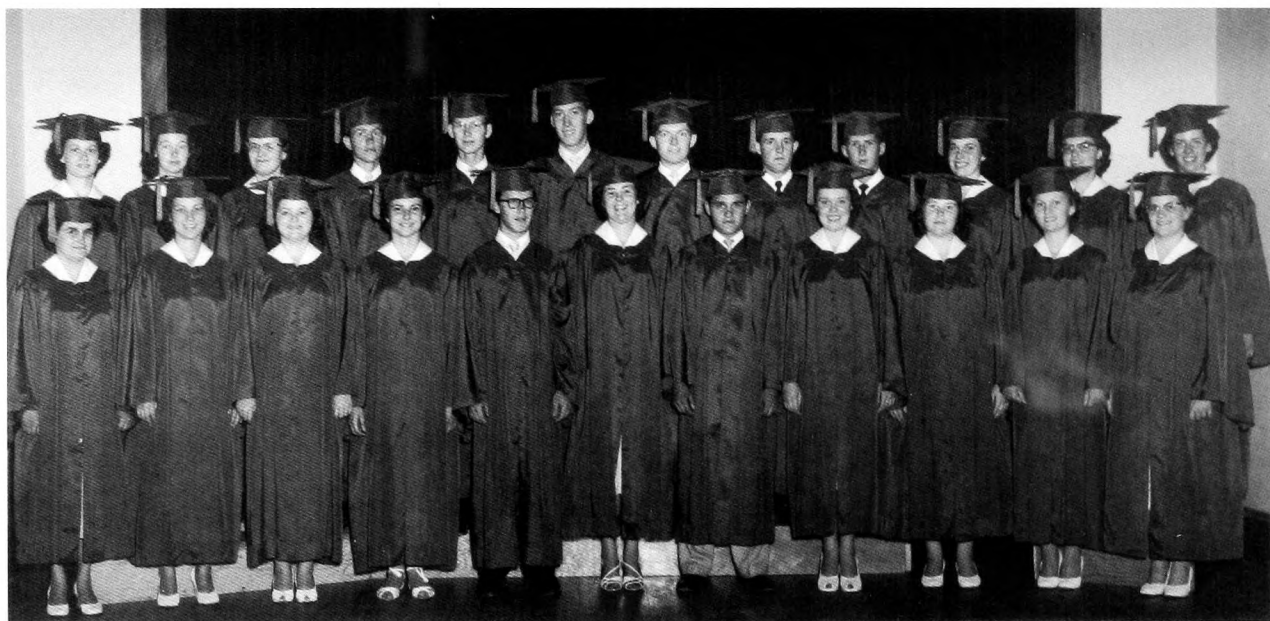
Class of 1953

First Row: Marie Archer, Sarita Akers, Shirley Parker, Nina Hanson, Bertie Marchant, Mary Ann Thomas, Jane Throckmorton, Ava Sunderland, Margaret Hodges. Second Row: Virginia Thomas, Barbara Shook, Maellene Haviland, Peggy Daily, Merritta Haviland, Opal Ward, Ann Cooper, Melinda Haviland, Martha Draper. Third Row: George Roach, Lee Kuist, Floyd Hodges, Robert Conibear, Arthur Evans, Nicholas Limberis.



Class of 1954

First Row: Harriett Wiik, Sue Hodges, Alice Haviland, Arleva Reece, Margaret Archer, Jean Havley, Dorothy Carroll, Patty Collins, Pat Baker, Joy Willett, June Fields, Lela Wilson Second Row: Richard Zerbie, Bob Lowder, Ronald Ihrig, Granville Johnston, Edward Stevens, Vaun Dorne Camp, James Mcleod, Robert Carriger.



Class of 1955

First Row: Mary Shafer, Shelva Jean Hodge, Bonnie Marchant, Susan Phillips, Lowell Wynn, Betty Davenport, Ronald Dietz, Sara Smith, Ieda Rhoney, Roberta Johnson, Bonnie Byrd. Second Row: Thelma Young, Vienna Jones, Pat Gilliam, Robert Roach, David Hildreth, Walter Settlemeyre, Don Pennington, Wayne Murphy, Lucas Camp, Kay Cooper, Alice Rowe, Ellen Grimes.



Class of 1956

Front Row: Lauretta Sisson, Georgette Zerbee, Nancy McCorkle, Raymond Wynn, Norma Googe, Pat Wilson, Lucy Counter, Phyllis Johann, Peggy Haney, Patsy Felder, Ann Wallace, Jean Stine. Back Row: Becky Danner, Vickie Stinson, Alex Couch, Frank Brantley, Bill Wolters, Leonard Brown, Bob Hansen, Charles Batchler, Larry Haney, Parnell Hudson, Louella Byers, Cynthia Bowen.



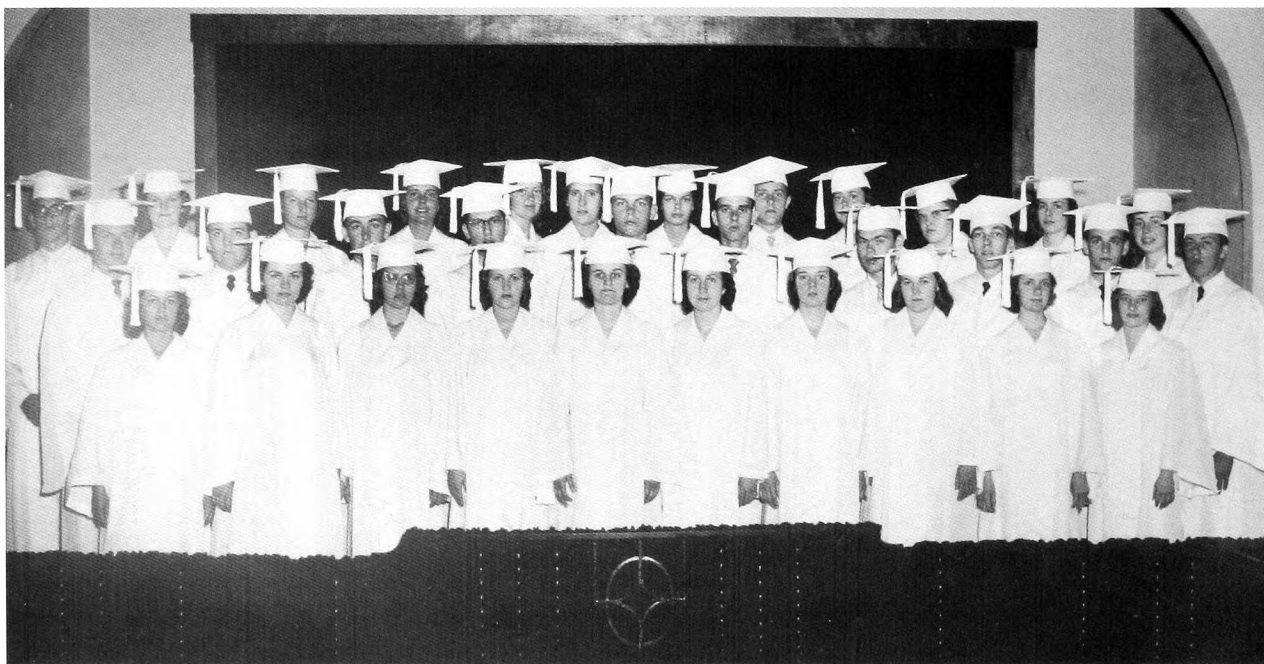
Class of 1957

First Row: Edith Lyles, Carol Doolittle, Jan Stanley, Elizabeth Welch, Betty Lipscomb, Gayle Dunnagin, Kay Leonard, Alline Padgett, Shirley Poole, Second Row: Ruth Coulter, Betty Jones, Jeanette Messer, Margaret Perry, Mildred Fields, Sylvia Boley, Marolyn Miller, Ann Shanko, Velma Holcombe. Third Row: Gary Pearson, Richard Vollmer, Jack Carroll, Alfred Wiik, Steve Ward, Charles Phillips, Bruce Gallman, David Love.



Class of 1958

First Row: Florence Fox, Juda Franklin, Dorothy Smith, Margaret Melven, Winona Reece, Margaret Payne, Ernestine Heatherly, Mary Lou Murray, Annette Perkins, Ruth Neff, Mary Ann Boley, Betty Reese, Cathy Rowe, Jane Behre, Ardyce Draper, Eunice Davis, Glenda Brantley. Second Row: Harold Smith, George Mascunana, Tommy Straight, Eddie Straight, Melvin Blanchard, Lewis Bush, Glenn Anderson, Herbert Marchant, J. B. Lane, Billy Hudson, Don Lowe.



Class of 1959

First Row: Delores Rhoney, Loraye Long, Rebecca Crittenden, Lela Johann, Janice Jenkind, Pauline Hill, Janice Braddock, Mary Davenport, Nancy Bean, Zelma Poole. Second Row: Glenn Cox, John Rust, James Garey, Dana Ulloth, Kenneth Anderson, Dwight Clark, Frank Brown, Nolan Darnell, Clifford Nestell, Max Moffitt Third Row: Gary Cobb, Donna Reagan, Nancy Weech, Ellen Sweeney, Janet Powell, Mary Jo Blankenship, Norma Meinken, Hobart Lowe, Gail Vance, Nancy Stevens, Dianne Bonner, Dolores Ham.



Class of 1960

First Row: Louise Lambeth, Anna Nestell, Anita Cook, Ilene Briesmister, Betty Bishop, Judy Fletcher, Jo Ann Ricks, Wanda Robertson, Sue Anne Boynton. Second Row: Paul Mitchell, Buster Huggins, Dennis Hansen, Terry Matson, Walter Hileman, Scotty Brown, Richard Phillips, John Port, Klaus Leukert, Harry Branson. Third Row: Burnese Lambeth, Mary Sue Branch, Sharon Brown, LLOYD Johnston, Steve Charron, James Tillman, D. H. Rowe, Martha Young, Midge Haney, B. J. Cramer



Class of 1961

Front Row: Sandra Bishop, Lillian Nicholson, Anne Miller, Violet Molnar, Frances Hagan, Cathy Brooks, Dorothy Charron, Dara Mosely, Mary Sue Cartledge. Second Row: Marcella Collins, Lolita Townsend, Connie Zanes, Ava Anderson, Lorraine Johnson, Karen Coleman, Daine Pritchard, Brendas Behre, Cathy Deverell Betty Rowe. Third Row: Karen Hodges Hyder, Rose Neff, Pat Jackson, Donna Martin, Sharon Underwood, Elaine Anderson, Sandra Rust, Sharon Ulloth, Nancy Hileman, Pat Roberts. Fourth Row: Jerry Reilly, George Jackson, Jack Carey, Lester Clark, Barry Ulloth, Eugene Slaughter, Joe Hodges, Dennis Schwartz, Chick Hodges, Daryl Meyers.



Class of 1962

Front Row: Ann Tillman, Carol Branch, Eloise Thomas, Judy Brantley, Patricia Turner, Carol White, Roberta Beaty, Danny Ray, Freddie Winters. Second Row: George Stilwell, III, Edward Schneider, IV, Beverly Kilgore, Janet Wagner, Karen Brown, Mary Garey, Carolyn Springer; Marilyn Carey; Paul Boynton, II. Third Row: Allen Steele, Kenneth Armstrong, Will McClung, Roy Orr, Dwayne Darnell, Roger Gardner, Richard McLeod, Lester Hodges Jr., Jimmy Lewis.



Class of 1963

First Row; Prof. L. E. Nestell, Wilma Orders, Karen Maples, Cathy Dickinson, Barbara Carswell, Alice Brown, Betty Griffin, Jane Beaty, Betty Breland, Diane Hansen, Jeannie Hawkes, Josie Tipton, Donna Whitley, Mrs Inez Nestell. Second Row: Phyllis Haney, Carolyn Buchanan, Carolyn Bischoff, Judy Messer, Clifton Heatherly, Hugh Leggett, Jerry Bentz, Carl Koester, Sharon DeRosia, Brenda Cates, Dottie Dees, Joyce Wynn, Shirley Brummett. Third Row: Janice Longshore, Birgitta Tornlov, Phillip Draper, Danny Long, Lamar Sinclair, Wayne Marchant, Neil Esteb, Ib Muderspach, John Neff, Bill Hawkes, Harryette Good, Nancy Fletcher, Linda Cherry



Class of 1964

Top: J. Benson, Eugene Glover, J. Brummett, N. Anderson, J. Erwin, T. Schoonard, A. Hudson, L. Johnson, C. Port, M. Hodges, C. Garey, E. Dennis, N. Sigler. Middle: T. Jackson, Cynthia Palmatory, G. Wagner, Harvey Cross, G. Anderson, J. Berkey, Sheila Allin, I. Carney, B. Lewis, S. Pierson, Y. Cartledge, S. Beverley, Peggy Baldwin. Bottom: A. Martone, G. Ham, C. Kidd, R. Smith, G. Roe, S. Muckenfuss, L. Sutton, L. Fletcher, J. Sutton, J. Dickinson, V. Worley, V. Lawton, T. Meister



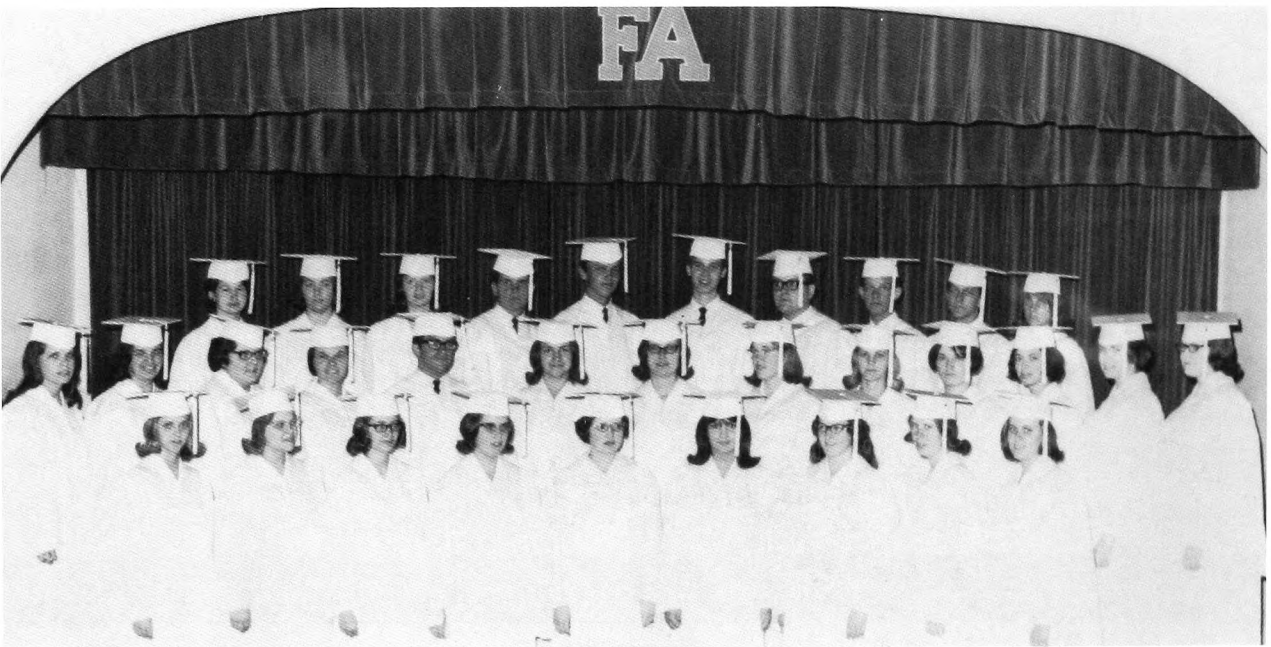
Class of 1965

First Row: Jane Sylvester, Jerrie Hardy, Renee Kidd, Brendy Dewey, Betty Harris, Joyce Jenkins, Wanda Branch, Louise Bruce, Barbara Harris, Beth Drake, Joyce Lyner, Joyce Hawkes, Ruth Cranston, Beth Rhoney, Reginn Townsend. 2nd Row: Joy Brantley, Benda Cook, Becky Ferrell, Elizabeth Jackson, Gail Hewitt, Shirley Underwood, Vivian Holloman, Janet Segur, Regina Hughes, Marian Brown, Robert Mackey, David Brown. 3rd Row: Janice Cornealy, Terry Taylor, Wallace Strawder, Kenneth Houck, Harriet Darr, Dale Harper, Paul Thompson, Leonard Kepler, Ted Bloomfield, Keith Heatherly, Ruth Newlon, Julia Hansen. 4th Row: Jeff Winters, Alfred Bennett, Ken Bounds, Don Allen, Charles Crisp, Kerry Byrd, Steve Fuller, Kim Ham, Brad Ingram.



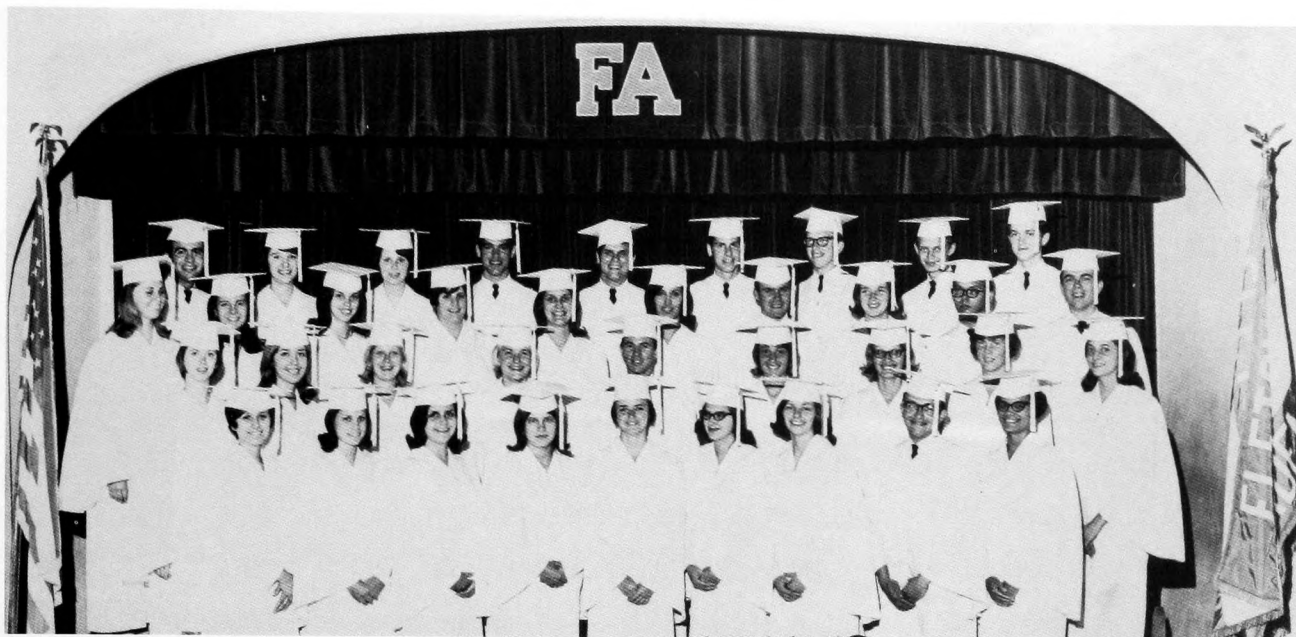
Class of 1966

1st Row: Marsha Drake, Linda Feagin, Judy Stinchcomb, Diane Watkins, Paula Wilkerson, Carlene Bremson, Sandra Pate, Barni Malkiewicz, Brenda Lewis, Lynda Davis, 2nd Row: Carol Newguard, Linda Martone, Linda Ray, Danny Henson, William Waters, Roger Milligan, Rusty Jones, Jay Gallimore, Tommy Glover. 3rd Row: Cookie Black, Myron Dobbs, Carol Chandler, Frances Falls, Candy Hardy, Heinz Weigand, Vic Silva, Sharon Bates, Sharron Anderson, David Johnson, 4th Row: Joe Byrd, David Brown, Richard O'Brien, Chuck Jones, Larry Martin, Stanley Pervis, Raymond Wagner, John Reese, Robert Hale, L. T. Tyson, Theron Taylor.



Class of 1967

1st Row: Brenda Martone, Elaine Sherer, Vicki Conway, Frances Harvey, Susan Gardner, Jean Sutton, Nancy O'Brien, Sharon Ingram, Diane Kincart. 2nd Row: Sharon Cantrell, Rosemary Segur, Cindy Lenz, Billie Jo Davenport, Kent Barber, Janet Carswell, Darlene Joiner, Martha Kendall, Dollena Denton, Neta Clements, Sharon Pendleton, Jean Curran, Joan Curran. 3rd Row: Debbie Johnson, Sandy Satterfield, Mary Seeley, Garry Lenz, Gary Collins, Robin Cooper, Roger Philbrook, Jim Underwood, Clarence Blanchard, Diane Wiegand



Class of 1968

1st Row: Brenda Kennedy; Cheri Taylor, Marilen Munoz, Gladys Hair, Terrie Idol, Paula Livingston, Donna Joiner, Melvin Jackson, Martha King. 2nd Row: Sheira Houck, Marion Freck, Alice Fleming, Peggy Jester, Danny Cox, Sharon Swilley, Shirley Allmon, Donella Hunt, Connie Thore. 3rd Row: Linda Ryals, Barbara Jean Bryant, Peggy Falls, Gail Chandler, Linda Williams, Beverly Vernon, Nelson Thoresen, Patti Worden, John Cherry, Jr., Allen Kennedy. 4th Row: Mehrdad Ansari, Donna Rush, Susie Meissner, James Callicott, Marty Smith, Jones Moore, John Smith, Lerry Cash, Fred Bischoff.
Missing: Robert Hales, Stanley Johnson, John Foley.



Class of 1969

1st Row: Cheryl Oliver, Marilyn Jolly, Judy Flerl, Steve Gallimore, Leslie Walters, Danny Benson, Anne Freeman, Ron Koester, Violet Williams, Ellen Williams, Ginger Harvey, Shireen Hess, Shirlee Hess. 2nd Row: Sonja Wiegand, Rence Rebman, Patti Beard, Jere Bradwell, Bobby Taylor, Tommy Pressley, Carol Jones, Linda Dodge, Kathy Kummer, Wes Barber, Charlotte Crowe, Jeannie Cherry. 3rd Row: Bob McClendon, Bill Moore, Raymond Livingston, Cindy Rentfro, Ron Fortune, Buddy Brinson, David Pendleton, Lars Tornlov, Bill Norwood, Darrell Cantrell, Larea Bumgardner, Joy Daniel, David Gardner, George Whitsett, Rodney Grant.



Class of 1970

Front Row: Bonnie Metzger, Pam Maeda, Carolyn Coleman, Wanda Joiner, Pam Satterfield, Jack Freck, Micky Chapman, Heidi Williams, Linda Gadd, Naomi Lawrence, Evelyn Chapman Second Row: John Huskins, Kathy Belknap, Cynthia Byrd, Hanna Coffey, Susie Bremson, Donna Dover, Joan Waggonner, Sharon Beard, Debbie Johnson, Carol Palmer, Cathy Halvorsen, Judy Marquis, Bob Metzger. Third Row: Ken Halvorsen, George Moncrief, Kay Satterfield, John Kendall, Gary Pyke, Allen Turner, Tommy Bischoff, Phillip Thore, Steve Zollinger, Bob Houghton, Marshall Wagner, Patsy Jones, Karen Ryals, David Witt, Greg Dearing

NOTICE: WE REGRET THAT NO GROUP PICTURES COULD BE FOUND OF CLASSES OF 1971-1972.

Class of 1971

Susan Anderson, Nancy Baker, Vernon Banks, Donna Beddingfield, Harry Best, Sammy Brammell, David Bryant, Michael Cauley, Sue Collins, Stephen Fleming, Jeanne Freeman, Virginia Gadd, Robert Grant, Susan Hallman, Deborah Hess, Scotty Hodges, Linda Holbrook, Michael Howard, James Huddleston, Glenda Jones, Mary Lou Ledford, Darrell Livingston, Charles Lovelady, Laurie Lynes, Sue Marquis, Keith McDonald, Neal McDonald, Nancy Montanese, Robert Moore, Larry Morris, Steven Potter, Glinda Ramsey, Sharon Singletary, Judith Walker, Franziska Wiegand, Christine Williams, Jackquenet Williams, Robert Zollinger.

Class of 1972

Carolyn Eileen Belknap, James Michael Bryant, Cheryl Lee Byrd, John Wendall Carlton, Linda Caulder, Peggy Marie Chapman, Joseph Ronnie Cooper, Judith Marie Crabtree, Cosby Menniffee David III, Anna Jeanette Freck, Melissas Ann Genton, Terry Lee Hawkins, Stephen Eugene Hefner, Barbara Kay Huskins, Susan Annette Keppler, Connie Ann Knight, Joyce Susanne Knight, Kenneth Randall Lane, Mary Ann Longshore, Elizabeth Ann Mason, Lore Ann Mercer, Garry Monroe Myers, Barbara Palmer, Janet Lee Parker, Alice Mae Pendergrass, Michell Pescara, John Clyde, Phillips, Denise Elizabeth Porter, Ronda Lynn Pyke, Charles Michael Reed, Margaret Kathleen Reid, Cathy Marlene Robertson, Denise Schroerlucke, Marlene Diane Stines, Claudia Beth Story, Ruth Annette Story, Jocelyn Gay Styron, Paul Leland Thorp, Milton Harold Turner, Lucinda Ann Williams, Flora Mae Williams, Judy Ann Wuttke.



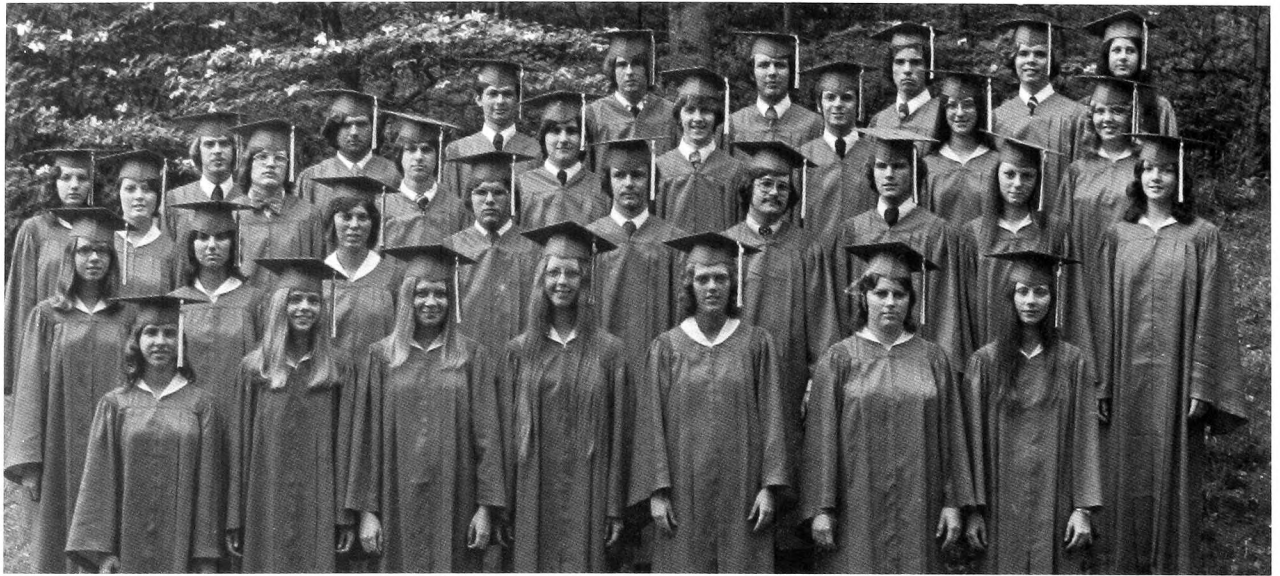
Class of 1973

1ST Row: Mary Sager, Sharon Harkins, Paulette Strathearn, Denise Knight, Delyne Higginbotham, Deborah Sulo, Rhonda Fleming, Theresa Hefner. 2nd Row: Sandy Parman, Brenda Daniel; Nancy Blades, Debby Livingston, Lucretia Moore, Mary Ann Millard, Deanie Ewton, Karen Taylor, Cheri Bennett. 3rd Row: Bessie Kendall, Nelda Denton, Rachel Autry, LouAnn Moon, Marcia Pendleton, Terrie Huffman, Charese Pelham, Jim Cherry, Gail Walker, Sylvia Hair, Kathy Neufeld. 4th Row: Lars Gustavsson, Bob Gadd, Heather Cutts, Chuck Sherer, Bill Wilburn, John Thomas, Linda Lovelady, Ronald Harper, Clark Higginbotham, Chuck McDonald, Lewis Belknap, Leonard Wagner, Bob Sudduth.



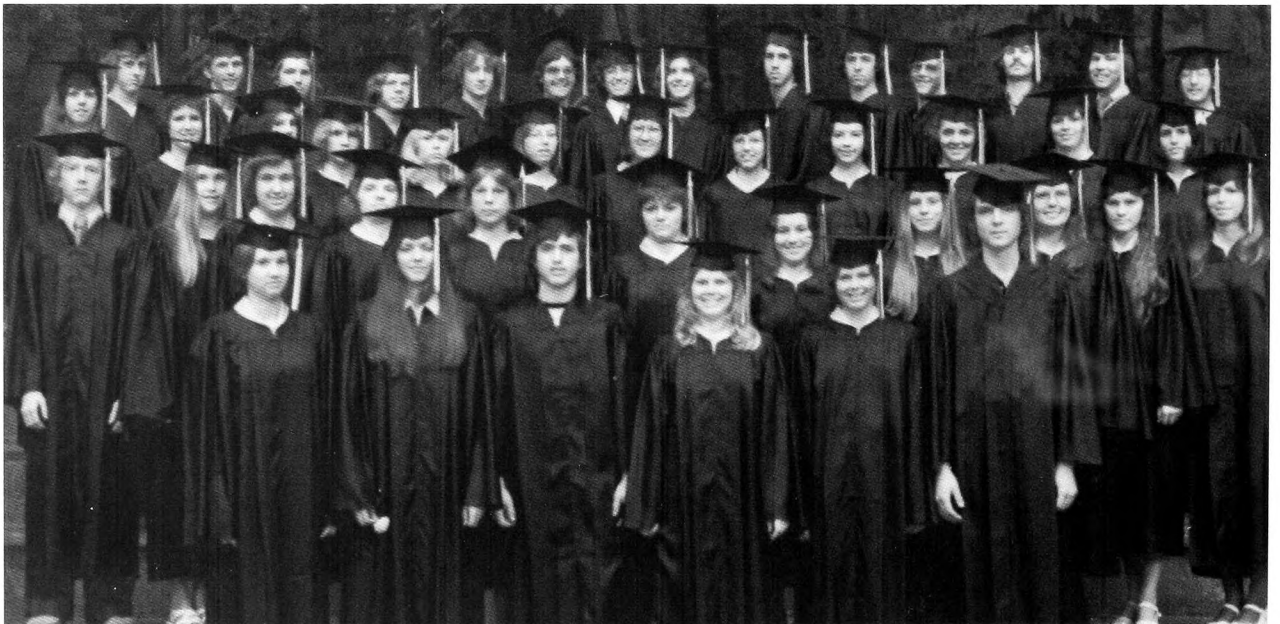
Class of 1974

1st Row: Debbie Leeper, Joyce Cookson, Barbara Johnson, Becky Fritts, Donny Gadd, Cindy Seeley, Joan Hart, Karen Davis, Cheryl Feagin. 2nd Row: Vera Kelley, Carol Hansen, Janna Bennett; Mary Stevens, Jeanie Benson, Kirby Gray, Delphia Garey, Sandy Stubbs, Sharon Harrison, Cathy Jones. 3rd Row: Donnie Hunt, Richard Howard, Mark Anderson, Richard Grant, Bill Worthen, Hamilton Bowen, Alan Mathieu, Tom Pyke, Scott Seeley, Mike Witt, Terry Stone.



Class of 1975

1ST Row: Joy Evans, Lynn Cranshaw, Elaine Kuutti, Jo Ellen Council, Sandy Sloop, Mary Ellen Forbes, Janet Thomas.
 2nd Row: Amanda Rogerson, Deborah Page, Sandy Grant, Clifton Waters, Jim McLamb, Dan Denler, Dan Pichler, Phyllis Meyers, Darla Leeper. 3rd Row: Amanda McCauley, Kevin Hodges, John Metcalf, Roger Cook, Tim Clark, Mike Stone, Virginia Elliott, Katie Calandra. 4th Row: Debbie Van Hoesen, Jon Crabtree, Rick Watkins, Wayne Moon, David Sloan, David Marchant, Robert Davis, Bob Gustavsson, Sandy Benson.



Class of 1976

1st Row: Jannet Green, Dale Stepkoski, Debbie Harris, Debbi Wilson, Beth Stout, Karen Davis, Sandie Lehn, Nancy Gibbons, Joy Edwards, Faye Martin, Sheri Coates. 2nd Row: Brian Pendleton, Allison Maston, Kim Asher, Marlyn Kellogg, Caren Jones, Roben Smith, Bruce Williams, JoAnne Hudson, Debbie Davis Terry Button, Peggy Dickerhoff, Beth Whidden, Eddie Longshore. 3rd Row: David Huggins, David Workman, Sandy Prest, Jeanene Leach, Curt Watkins, Kevin Ewing, Jim Jones, Allen Sangrey, Will Conner, Brian Hickman, Dan Kittle, Susan Spaulding, Charles Sarr.
 Not Pictured: Kent Campbell, Leonard Conley, Milton Conley, Tania Cutts, Chuck Garey, Judy Lovell, Robbin Miller, Ray Moon, Fred West, Tom Worthen.



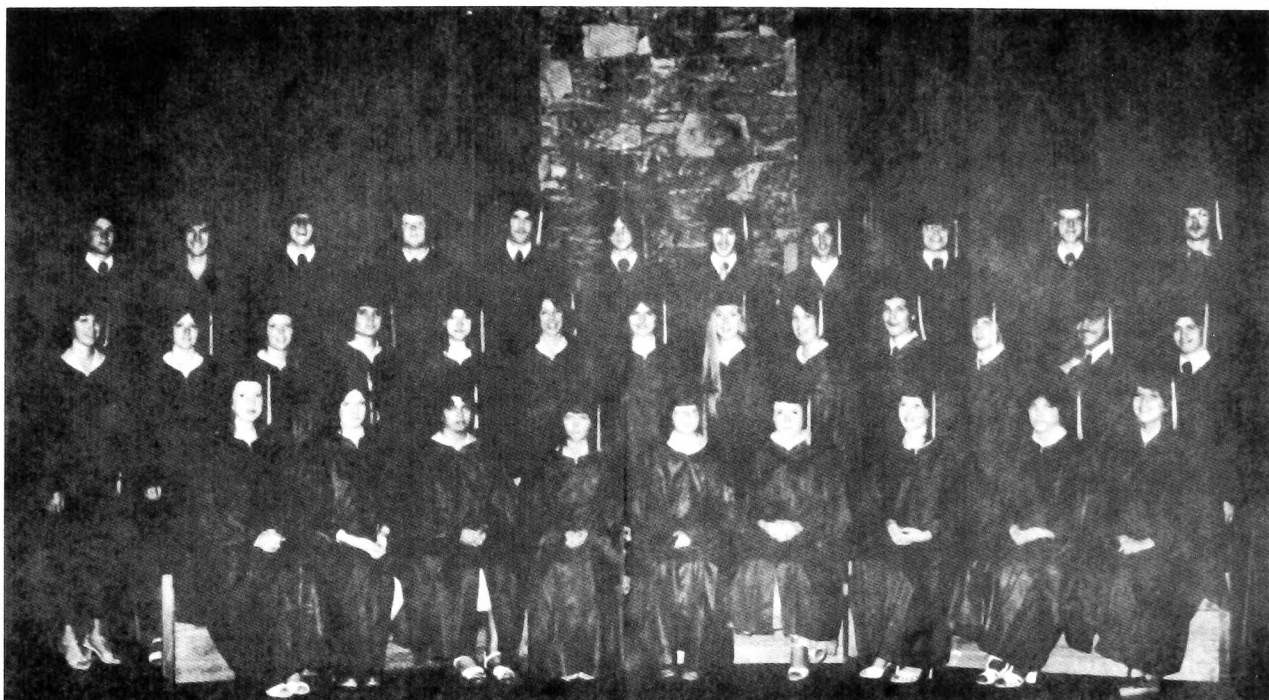
Class of 1977

1st Row: Mathew Cutts, Joel Hightower, Dennis Wilson, Steve Cook, Dale Grant, Chuck Jenkins, Greg Shouck, Ken Port, Earl Kuutti, David Moore 2nd Row: Tamithia Holland, Linda Kuist, Lynette Krum, Bernice Robertson, Dan McDonald, Rick Edney, Chris McLeod, Martha Pierson, Mary Wheeler, Joanie McLamb. 3rd Row: Gail Layton, Kati Donald, Karen Bennett, Lois Allman, Pam Watkins, Debbie Quick, Vicki Schroader, Pam Haney, Donna Freeman, Tami Schermerhorn.

NO CLASS PICTURE

Class of 1978

1st Row: Regina Bryant, Anna Hedger, Doris Barnes, Suzie Harrell, Vicki Vogel, Chris Lee, Kim Reddeck, Ken Caviness, Tammy Furr, Penny Hill, Terri Ball, John Vreeland, Shirley Morton, Joanne Metcalf. 2nd Row: Janice Huggins, Jenny Pierson, Marji Conner, Renita Minor, Sandy Harrison, Pat Franklin, David Spencer, Tom Hunt, Mark Hyder, Becky Finley, Gerald Peel, David Hutchins, Julie Apsey. 3rd Row: Wally McClendon, Tracy Robinson, Ron Freck, Derrick Watkins, Dana Cookson, Scott Johnston, David Lovell, Rick Wurster, Sally Easton, Paul Wuttke, Steve Krunich, Tom Haney, Robert Vreeland.



Class of 1979

1st Row: Claryce Sarr, Sharon Sanders, Jeanie Eberhardt, Linda Hallock, Rhonda Hallock, Susan Wolbert, Lisa Port, Dianne Walter, Kay Armstrong. 2nd Row: Lina Crews, Carol Kuist, Kathy Shumate, Melinda McLeod, Brenda Bradford, Teresa Wuttke, Fran Hales, Teresa Walker, Debbie Moffitt, Bobby Finley, Kirk Schermerhorn, Dale Kimbro, Ray Greene. 3rd Row: Ric Spaulding, Randy Wynn, Alan Grant, Kip Clark, Mickey Harrison, Ken Hodges, Steve Esh, Kevin Sherbert, Dwight Gillham, Keith Hunt, Dan Workman.

NOTICE: WE REGRET THAT NO GROUP PICTURES COULD BE FOUND OF CLASSES 1980-1990.

Class of 1980

Karen Bass, Sharon Burris, Sue Benoit, Patricia Benson, Frederick Callicott, Cynthia Cook, Larry Cottrell, Terry Cottrell, Edwin Eberhardt, Sherri Esh, Tammy Eubanks, Lori Eytcheson, Eric Driscoll, Dawn Ferree, Lori Harrison, James Huggins, Kenna Jones, Ricky Kimbro, John Krum, Marilyn Metcalf, Cynthia Minesinger, Kevin Osborne, Richard Padgett, Donald Parker, Michael Peel, Kristy Prince, Jeffrey Raible, Kathleen Reynolds, Teria Riffel, Mary Severt, Richard Smith, Lisa Walters, Melissa Watkins, John Watts, Jr, Joseph Weaver, Janet Wolfe.

Class of 1981

Brenda Blankenship, Delores Brown, Gloria Campbell, Kathleen Carroll, Jerald Conner, Paula Crews, Brian Crissup, Michael Davis, Rosa Eberhardt, James Estrada, Laura Falkowski, Tamara Friedrich, Kevin Haesche, Harold Haffner, David Henderson, Gregory Hoover, Pamela Huddleston, David Jenkins, Stephen Johnson, John Kent III, George Kline, Robert Lee, Linda Llewellyn, Rebecca Love, Debra McCray, Jay Merrifield, Barbara Merritt, David Minesinger Jr., Theda Mulligan, Karen Neff, Randy Oxentenko, Cindy Peters, Daniel Retz, Lemuel Rikard, Ronald Rogers, Bonnie Rowe, Debra Sellby, Marlene Stepp, Lily Vreeland, Alice Warren, Denise Weaver, Louise Wells, Donna Wolbert, Wesley White, Debora Yoakam.

Class of 1982

Marla Ayers, Richard Bankhead, William Bass, Carlton Boudreaux III, David Brackett, Frank Brown, Donna Cogdill, Henry Cowen, Melissa Cox, Teresa Davis, Penny Eberhardt, David Edwards, Jeffrey Eytcheson, Richard Green, Karen Haesche, Lisa Hamby, Stephen Haupt, Bonnie Holt, Melanie Jackson, Lori Johnson, Ira Jones, Stephanie Krishingner, Ann Lothian, Shelly McClellan, Dale Montgomery, Sue Pedersen, Bruce Pendleton, Lori Port, Joseph Robertson III, Michael Sandborn, Juliette Smith, Barbara Stone, Cheryl Talbot, Luther Walker III, Timothy Watkins, Robert Wells, Annette Whitmill, Patricia Willingham.

Class of 1983

Brent Adams, Marcella Ayers, Renata Ballard, Roy Bame, Michael Battistone, Eric Benson, Marjorie Blackburn, Teresa Brockway, Leonard Brown Jr., James Buchanan IV, Michael Buckner, Jon Carithers, Diana Carlson, Sherri Clark, Mary Collins, Debora Drews, Scott Esh, Cherie Gant, Robert Gentry, Brenda Goff, Delaine Heinlein, Richard Hill, Donna Hodges, Julie Holyoke, Joseph Joiner, Sharon Lockhart, John Milholm, Philip Morton III, Cindy Peel, Maryann Penkala, Brenda Roberts, Melanie Roberts, Pamela Sadler, Johnita Summerton, Ivy Vreeland, Robert Wall, Juanita Weaver, Marva Willis.

Class of 1984

Janel LaRae Adams, Traci Rae Allen, Kelley Marian Baldwin, Loucretia Marie Ball, Kristin Julia Brown, Dawn Elaine Burger, Stephen Ray Burris, Philip Garland Chappell, Christopher Dale Cox, Melinda Gae Crissup, Sonia Joanne Eberhardt, Daniel Leslie Edwards, Marjorie Dene Edwards, Denise Lynn Foster, Carol Marie Goodwin, Robert Ashley Haight, Adrian Claude Hensley, Angela Sue Holdsworth, Gary Edward Hoover, Paul Gardiner Jenks, Jr., Wendy Jane Jongema, Rebecca Ann Krishingner, Charles Kevin Lockhart, Rachel Leah Mulligan, Michael Anthony Newsome, Kim Lorraine O'Guin, Robert E. Olds, Shannon Lee Parker, George Willis Pendleton, Daphene Katrina Rakestraw, Kyle Larry Root, Donnakaye Lorraine Scarlett, Robyn Patrice Schwalm, Dale Sikora, Timothy Alan Smith, Salli Lynn Spaulding, Robert Gregory Stepp, Dennis James Strack Jr., Cherri Blossom Summerton, Pagett Lynn VanHooser, Thomas Lee Whidden, Angelia Michelle Wynn, John Walter Zill.

Class of 1985

Gary Bradley, Karen Keaton, Paula McCray, Myrlene Marsa, B. J. Smith, Becky Rowe, Romana Petrovich, Steve Willis, Roxanna Benson, Amy Burger, Reggi Diggs, Kim Fuqua, Juanita Hayes, Bill Holt, Sheri Hunt, Teddy Huskins, Sally Keller, Dawn Lippert, Scott Mahrle, Karla Olson, Debbie Reynolds, Diane Ringer, Monica Sandborn, Jeff Wilkie, Sarah Wolbert, Alra Heinlein, Becki Kyle, Scott Larson, Jimmy Rathof, Wade Sutherland, Kevin DeSilvia, Tita Rivera, Ellen Stanley, Sharon Fish, Shelley Hughes, Julie Matter, Heidi Reid, Angela Shockley, Sheri Vera Cruz, Tommy Warren.

Class of 1986

Sonya Anderson, Judy Arnold, Kerry Brockway, Mark Brunner, Carmen Carrillo, Cynthia Clark, Jeffrey Collins, Steve Coon, Keith Courtney, Nona Doerner, Stella Duncan, Jennifer Elkins, Edith Farmer, Edna Gentry, Randy Goodwin, Vince Griesman, Colleen Harrington, Chandra Heinlein, Chris Hodges, Trinity Holt, Dave Huckle, Theresa Johnson, Ricky Jongema, Walter Krafft, Gene Krishingner, Pam Krishingner, Leland Krum, Roger Krum, Sherie Kwentner, Robert Kyle, Samiris Leonor, Lisa Levangie, Kathryn Lothian, Lisa Lugus, Priscilla Morrison, Jon Nash, Esther Parkins, Rick Pendleton, Mark Petitt, Lora Polivka, Kathryn Quick, Tim Shumate, David Vaughn, Julie Whitesides, Bryce Wilkie, Stacey Yurth.

Class of 1987

David Benjamin Ringer, Michelle Ann Foster, Heidi Sue Walker, Jack Harding Ritterskamp III, Stephen Patrick Forrester, Robert Lee Marsa, Becky Ann Robinson, Craig Edward Mahrle, Penny Anna Atherton, Rochelle Louise Battistone, Amber Linae Bradford, Michelle Yvonne Brown, Janesta Faye Bryant, Angela Christine Earnhardt, Cathy Lynn Edwards, Vicki Lynn Hayward, Troy Darrin Hollenbeck, Kerry Jean Jongema, Todd Joseph Jenks, Timothy John Kroll, Laura Diane Kuist, Kelly Denise Leazer, Heather Lucille Naiman, Kellie Michelle Norton, Phillip Edwin Roberts, George Leonard Sermersheim, Connie Renee Thompson, Shannon Renee VanHooser, Judi Lynn Vogt, Michelle Dianne Williams, Kenneth Uriah Zill, Shawn Bryant Collins, Maya Elizabeth Donohoe, Quinten Fred Huggins, Brooke Cornel Schlatter, Joyce Annette Sikora, Gregory Merrill Broughton, Lisa Annette Griffin, Suzanne

Noele Harpine, Patricia Lynn Luke, Rodney Chadd Reese, Josheph Craig Shealy, Gina Diana Bennett, Kristi Rae Horn, Patricia Lee Richie, James Arthur Petty II, Anissa Leigh Johnson, Walter Jackson Settlemeyre, II.

Class of 1988

Melissa Leazer, Kenny Brown, Julie Hayward, Laura Freeman, Scott Krishingner, Keith Jones, Robby Gettys, Samuel Leonor, Jeannie Bradley, Danny Coon, Carla Elkins, Dawn Polivka, Iris Rilea, Amanda Stanley, Billy Vogel, Stephanie Zalabak, Chuck Brooks, Ray Gearhart, Trixie Jones, Norma Neff, Teena Davis, Jennifer Hamilton, Ron Martinez, Tammy Parker, Esther Sanchez, Bob Sayler, Chris Sepulveda Richard Tudor, Tammy Boyko, Pamela Boyko, Amy Ashmus, Melissa Baggett, Eric Kent, Bruce White, June Hawkes, Tina Quick.

Class of 1989

Brenda Arnold, Pelicia Bethea, Eddie Brinson, Malcolm Boyko, Greg Bush, David Collins, Cynthia Coolidge, Tamatha Collson, Todd Collson, Billy Cundiff, Michelle Duckworth, Shannon Freeman, Christine Hamilton, Jeffrey Hatley, Michelle Hayes, Moneefa Jones, Kimberly Kyle, Katie Linderman, Rosellen Martinez, Patrick Mathiesen, Brian Mazat, Cassandra McKenzie, Dallas Morisette, Ted Naiman, Marianne Paul, Michael Powers, Jeffrey Skaggs, Cindy Smith, Marie Smith, Ray Smith, Rob Taylor, Debbie Thompson, Karen Thompson, Denise Wolf.

Class of 1990

Carlos Acosta, Damien Albarelli, Christine Boyd, Michelle Brannan, Kevin Brown, Angela Byrd, Shelley Campbell, Bill Coolidge, Tamara Coon, Beth Curran, Jeremiah Curtis, Lorie Evins, Heidi Hatley, Edwin Hodges, Marcus James, Brian Johnson, Ayumi Kamata, Dwight Kingry, Heather Land, Susan Lee, Linora McIntyre, Omar Miranda, John Neff, Juli Nicholson, Marie Pallett, Becky Patrie, Julie Ringer, Kathy Powers, Danielle Sawtell, Sky Wack, Meretle Wilson II, Melanie Wyatt.



Class of 1991

1st Row: Paul Landers, John Krishingner, Ricky Mesaric, Jerry Bradford, Loren Darnell 2nd Row: Holly Adams, Ann Marie Jones, Trudi Hullquist, Danielle Johnson. 3rd Row: Kevin Stanley, Malaika Jones, Billy Hawkes, Cheryl Sullenburger, Roxana Colon 4th Row: Tanya Cochran, Roy Thompson, Matthew Whitaker, Jennifer Stanley, Shannan Gray, Dayna Taylor. 5th Row: Carl Wyatt, Danny Hefner, Andy Im, Rafael Rivera, Ray Im. 6th Row: Beth Mills, Ashlee White, Carmon Elrod, Patty Carey, Renee Taylor, Mark Robinson.



Class of 1992

1st Row: Chris Michaud, Scott Boyd, Joseph Schmehl. 2nd Row: Chad Mashni, Ben Johnson, John Gentile, Jane Teague, Angela Cobb. 3rd Row: Tonya Sermersheim, Sherri Young, LaVonda Jackson, Andrea Small, Izumi Kamata, Kim Holland. 4th Row: Jeff Mercer, Eric Wolf, Grant Andrew, Jennifer Mitchell, Tami King. 5th Row: Amy Linderman, Mariam Thomas, Emily Bennett, Eric Borgersen, Shawn Harrison. 6th Row: Heather Socol, Julia Tillman, Brandon Reese, Jon Williams.



Class of 1993

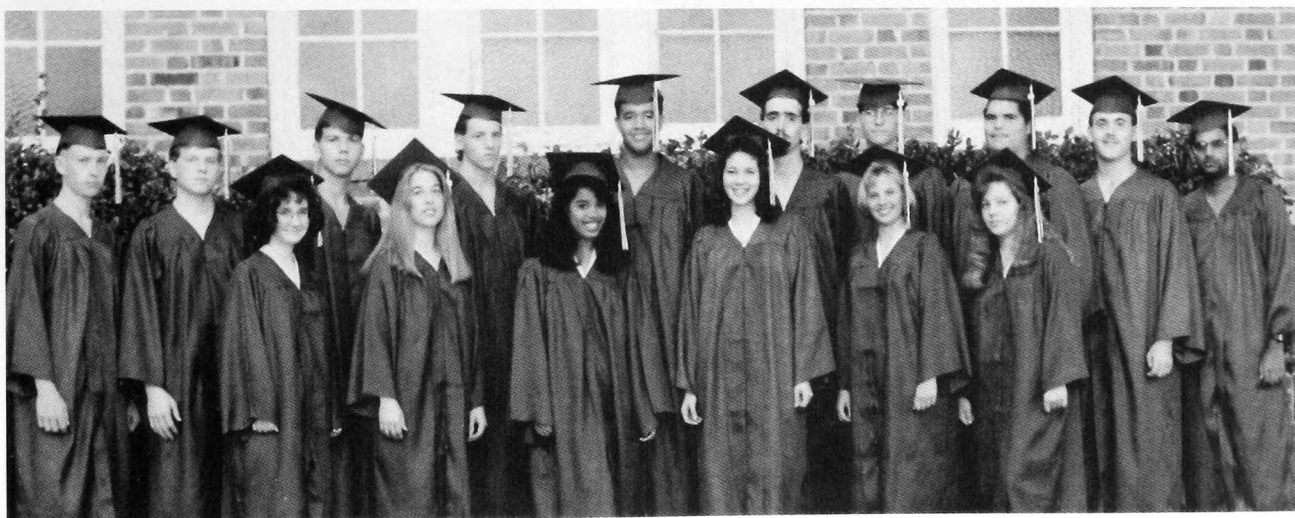
1st Row: Misty Tucker, Chris Hammonds, Bobby Socol, Renee Majors, Richie Polivka, Allison White, Judy Dotson. 2nd Row: John Sullenburger, Jennifer Vaughn, Jason Suelzle, Dwayne Kingry, Andy Meyers, Eric Hullquist, Heather Smith, Tanya Taylor, Becky Mills. 3rd Row: Jay Karolyi, Steve Arany, David Darnell, James Harrison, Dwayne Young*, Tim Meyers, Russell Herman, Tisa Kimbrell, Jon Oxentenko, Jennifer McMeans, Nicholas Resla, Candice Baker.

* did not graduate

NO CLASS PICTURE

Class of 1994

1st Row: Tara Pearce, Cynthia Cochran, Jennifer Clement, Wendy Anders, Kelly McCutcheon, Kristin Rabain, Petra Richie, Matthew Meyers. 2nd Row: Rain Siim, Jennifer Norwood, Christy Frost, James Falsnes, Jeff Wetmore, Matthew Lawter, Leslie Powell, Maria Cordwell, Heather McMichel, David Pendleton, Lewis Tessier, Jamie Tillman. 3rd Row: Todd Mace, Arli Subi, Cheryl Stokes, Chris Cobb, Michelle Hodges, Trevor Kinne, Jeremy Bartholomew, Kenny Wetmore, Jonathan Nicholaides. 4th Row: Jeff Hollenback, Charlie Williams, Mandy Freck, Mishael Pine, Joshua Korson, Nicky Sweeney, Derek Leazer.



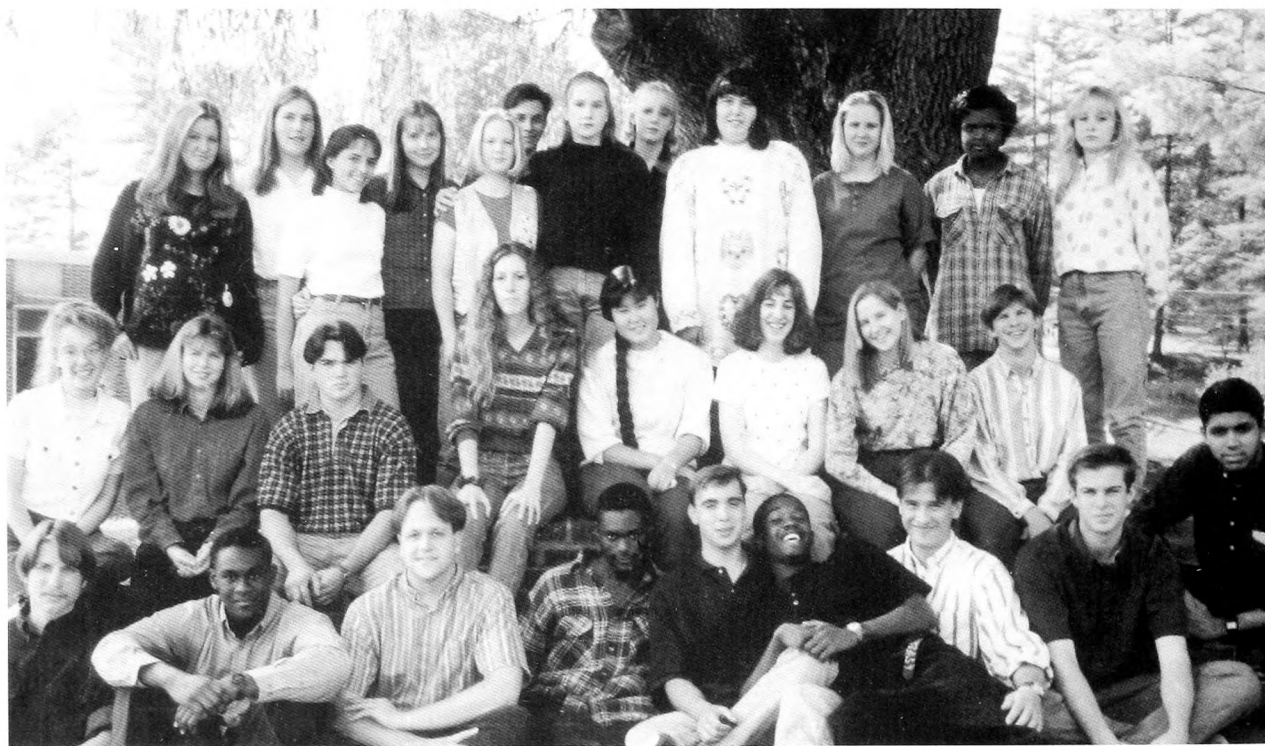
Class of 1995

1st Row: Sarah Bandy, Patty Tessier, Heidi Guthrie, April Goldman, Andrea Ciesielski, Susanna Nicholaides. 2nd Row: Jeremy King, Shane Teague, Andy Merritt, Eric Simmons, Paul Pine, Leigh Cox, Scott Perry II, Christopher Gibbons, John Cully, David Leonard.



Class of 1996

1st Row: Kurt Borgenson, Andy Mitchell, Russell Wickham, Jason McDonald, Scott Hege, Erick Young, Jeffrey Wickham, Scott Kinzer. 2nd Row: Michelle Gosselin, Nicole Threadgill, Julie Wetmore, Tami Trace, Trisha Worthen, Becky Pendleton, Brenna Houser, Christy Yingling, Erin Syfert, Kimberly Courtney, Michelle Grivas, Jennifer Crago, Julie Doudikin, Nichole Baker, Rosalind Jones.



Class of 1997

Standing L to R: Ashlee Sackett, Katy Roberts, Monica Tucker, Amy Ham, Stacy Emanuel, Jeremy Boulanger, Alisa Moore, Christina McMullen, Holly Worthen, Stacy Moss, Karen Eason, Amber Lieggi. Sitting on Wall: Amy Henion, Tricia Kinzer, Steven Milks, Susan Armstrong, Kiyomi Sato, Kristen Wolf, Jessica Hance, Fred Miles. Sitting on ground: Ronnie Hanna, Jr. Abiose, Peggie Watson, Danny Fignole, Jon Coon, Jay Milline, David Zalabak, Mark Nicholson, Jon Leonard. Not Pictured: Noah DeStefano, Kelly Dale, Victor Zill.

ACADEMY TEACHING STAFF

Ambs, Margarete	1935-1937	Drauault, Mrs. Henri	1952-1953
Anderson, Delmar	1944-1946	Dunham, Kim	1989-1991
Anderson, Enok	1953-1954	Dunn, Roy	1982-1985
Arnold, Charles	1950-1951	Dunn, Diane	1984-1985
Ashlock, Carl	1981-1983	Durichek, E.	1962-1963
Atkins, Rachel	1952-1954		
		Easton, Peter	1975-1980
Baker, Mabel	1960-1961	Entz, David	1957-1958
Barnes, Edna	1968-1971	Entz, Marguerite	1955-1959
Bass, Bill	1987-	Erwin, Dian	1978-1979
Beagles, Gary	1988-1989	Evans, Doreen	1973-1975
Bender, U	1938-1939	Evers, Gene	1939-1943
Benfield, Ginger	1987-	Evers, Paul	1939-1943
Black, Marylou	1949-1951		
Boggs, Dorothy	1941-1957	Fillman, Rita	1973-1975
Bradley, Stella Duncan	1990-1996	Fink, Jerrell	1964-1966
Brown, Gordon	1952-1985	Flerl, Dawn	1989-1991
Brown, Mary	1953-1959	Follett, Penelope	1978-1982
Brownfield, Goldie	1960-1962	Follett, Wesley	1978-1982
Bryant, Regina	1979-1980	French, Dee	1992-1993
Burks, Mike	1985-1987	French, Lindi	1995-1996
Burnham, James	1996-		
		Geach, Robert	1949-1950
Campbell, Kirk	1969-1972	Gettys, Robert	1995-
Cann, Kaye	1987-1994	Gish, Ira	1966-1968
Cann, Leonard	1987-1994	Good, Emma	1962-1963
Carey, Jack	1953-1956	Grecian, Jerry	1973-1974
	1958-1961	Griffin, Ruth Frye	1931-1933
	1970-1973		1953-1958
Cherry, John	1965-1969		
Choi, Joseph	1995-1996	Haffner, Carol	1969-1970
Coble, John	1962-1964	Hall, Diane	1969-1973
Cochran, Tanya	1996-	Hall, Howard	1983-1986
Cone, Jesse	1975-1980	Hall, John	1980-1984
Conerly, Donna Wolbert	1985-1995	Hall, Roger	1969-1973
Cooper, Gloria	1981-1982	Hannah, Spencer	1991-1995
Courter, Lucy	1959-1960	Harrison, Jack	1990-1991
Cox, Randy	1982-1986	Hass, Gene	1982-1985
Culveyhouse, Marie	1954-1955	Heilman, Mary Jane	1976-1977
		Heilman, Randy	1976-1977
DeLumban, Paulette	1971-1972	Herr, Gaylan	1990-1991
Dennis, Waunita	1982-1986	Hewitt, J.R.	1946-1947
DeVasher, Bernard	1960-1966	Hodges, Clayton	1943-1949
Dicken, Dianne	1973-1975		1961-1964
Dickerhoff, Beverly	1984-1988	Hodges, Silas	1968-1969
Drauault, Henri	1952-1953	Hoffman, Ray	1989-1991

Holt, Ronald	1979-	Mehrman, Mary	1938-1939
Holt, Sue	1996-	Mixon, Myron	1988-1994
Horn, Kristi	1994-	Moore, Lois Hilderbran	1976-1978
Hudson, Earle	1953-1955	Moore, Robert	1975-1978
Hunt, Donald Carlton	1966-1982	Morgan, Violet	1963-1964
		Musgrave, Bonny	1976-1983
Ingersoll, Becky	1982-1989	Musgrave, Paul	1976-1983
Ingersoll, James	1982-1989	Myers, Carol	1977-1978
		McClung, Mike	1985-1994
James, Jackie	1995-	McCorkle, Wynelle	1963-1966
James, Marcus	1994-1995	McCoun, Ed	1960-1962
James, Sam	1982-1987	McCoun, Ramona	1960-1962
Jasperson, Marguerite M.	1925-1953	McDonald, Debbie	1994-1996
Jenkins, Sallie	1930-1937	McDonald, Lois	1957-1964
Johnson, Ronald	1974-1975	McFarland, Gloria	1972-1974
Jones, Karen	1976-1977	McKinney, Eva	1965-1967
Jones, Sue	1981-1982	McNeilus, Tom	1984-1994
Jordan, Judy	1982-1984		
Jorgensen, R.A.	1932-1956	Nash, Chad	1994-1995
Jorgensen, Roy	1978-1982	Negron, Dennis	1985-1988
		Nestell, Inez Beck	1939-1946
Keith, Beatrice	1944-1951		1948-1969
	1958-1963	Nestell, Lewis	1931-1981
Kent, George	1954-1957	Nicholaides, Mitchell	1973-1974
Kangaroo, Jean	1987-1989	Nielsen, Richard	1979-1994
Klause, Morvel	1956-1957	Novak, Janet	1977-
Krishingner, John	1995-		
Kulisek, David	1956-1960	Otto, Arnold	1951-1953
Kupjian, Haig	1967-1968	Otto, Grace	1951-1953
Kuutti, Raymond	1973-1977		
		Patterson, Michael	1977-1978
Leedy, Ginger	1991-1995	Peel, James	1961-1981
Lewis, Linda	1978-1981	Pendarvis, Ella	1934-1939
Lewis, Sharon Champ	1975-1984		
Lewis, Vernon	1955-1966		1946-1949
Little, Shirley	1988-1990	Phillips, Irene	1963-1964
Lorenz, Oliver	1946-1948	Pierson, Beverly	1954-1955
Lydick, Ann	1964-1966	Powel, Bessie	1950-1963
Lydick, Harry	1964-1966	Puterbaugh, Lolita	1973-1976
Macomber, Douglas	1980-1984	Rebman, Donald	1963-1969
Marsh, Joyce	1951-1952	Richardson, Linda	1989-1990
Martinez, Frank	1976-1980	Riley, Tom	1986-1987
Martone, Winifred	1962-1963	Robertson, James	1994-
	1966-1967	Robinson, Hilary	1975-1976
Mathis, Donald	1980-1988	Rodriguez, Nilza	1988-1989
Mathis, June	1980-1988	Rogers, Elouise	1949-1950
Mattison, Sharon	1987-1988	Rogers, Kenneth	1980-1981

Rogers, Wava	1931-1940
Rolle, Theodore	1969-1970
Rust, Helen	1956-1979
Sarr, Clarence	1943-1944
Sauve, Retha	1970-1976
Schermerhorn, R.E.	1990-1992
Schill, Jean	1973-1975
Shafer, Stella	1969-1970
Shaw, Debbie	1995-
Simmons, Lois	1981-1987
Skaggs, Jeffrey	1974-1976
Smith, George	1991-1994
Smith, Jon	1942-1943
Smith, Sue	1995-
Snow, Margaret	1975-1976
Solomon, Ruth	1935-1936
Spicer, Marie	1940-1941
Stevenson, Richard	1941-1942
Strickland, Florence	1978-1979
Tallman, Douglas	1941-1943
Taylor, Charlotte	1979-1980
Turner, Donald	1985-1990
Turner, Nancy	1966-1969
VeraCruz, Stanley	1966-1969
Visser, Claude	1966-1969
Vollmer, Nina	1966-1968
Wallace, Marguerite	1980-1982
Watson, Alfred	1954-1956
Watson, Lanier	1943-1945
Westbury, Milton	1983-1986
Wheeler, A.J.	1975-1976
Wheeler, Olive	1957-1958
Wickham, Steve	1938-1939
Wier, Glenda	1938-1943
Wilbur, John	1994-1995
Wilson, Teckla	1981-1982
Wilson, William	1948-1949
Yingling, Brent	1964-1969
Yingling, Sue	1958-1963
Youngburg, David	1968-
Zollinger, Leland	1984-1989
	1994-
	1969-1971

PRESIDENTS OF THE INSTITUTION

1910-1920	Sidney Brownsberger
1920-1953	A. A. Jasperson
1953-1958	Kent Griffin
1958-1959	C. G. Marquis
1959-1963	William Wilson
1963-1964	C. G. Marquis
1964-1966	A C. Larson
1966-1975	Jack Williams
1975-1985	Herbert Coolidge
1985-1986	Roy Dunn
Feb. 1986-May 86	Van Camp
June 1986-Mar 89	Brent Yingling
Feb. 1989-	Gerald Nash

ACADEMY PRINCIPALS

1925-1952	Marguerite M. Jasperson
1952-1969	Lewis Nestell
1969-1971	Leland Zollinger
1971-1972	Gordon Brown
1972-1975	R. E. Schermerhorn
1975-1980	Jesse Cone
1980-1982	Craig S. Willis
1982-1985	Roy Dunn
1985-1989	Brent Yingling
1989-1991	Ray Hoffman
1991-1994	Spencer Hannah
1994-	Jon Smith

CHURCH PASTORS

1953-1954	A. D. McKee
1954-1957	John "Jack" Everett
1957-1961	Lewis A. Wynn
1961-1965	Hugh E. Leggett
1966-1973	Donald E. Kenyon
1973-1976	Robert G. Beck
1976-1983	Joseph J. Battistone
1984-1991	Paul E. Anderson
1991-	E. John Lorntz

LIST OF FLETCHER ACADEMY GRADUATES

Abbott, Betty Jo	1950	Ayers, Marcella	1983
Abiose, Junior	1997	Ayers, Marla	1982
Abston, Irene	1942	Baggett, Melissa	1988
Acker, Katherine	1942	Bailey, Annette	1952
Acosta, Carlos	1990	Bailey, Bill	1951
Adams, Brent	1983	Bain, Ada	1933
Adams, Holly	1991	Baker, Candice	1993
Adams, Janel LaRae	1984	Baker, Nancy	1971
Adkins, Marvis	1942	Baker, Nichole	1996
Akers, Sarita	1953	Baker, Pat	1954
Akers, Thelma	1949	Baldwin, Kelley Marian	1984
Albarelli, Damien	1990	Baldwin, Peggy	1964
Allen, Barbara	1951	Ball, Loucretia Marie	1984
Allen, Don	1965	Ball, Terri	1978
Allen, Traci Rae	1984	Ballard, Renata	1983
Allin, Sheila	1964	Bame, Roy	1983
Allman, Lois	1977	Bandy, Sarah	1995
Allmon, Shirley	1968	Bankhead, Richard	1982
Anders, Wendy	1994	Banks, Vernon	1971
Anderson, Ava	1961	Barber, Kent	1967
Anderson, Delmar	1939	Barber, Wes	1969
Anderson, Elaine	1961	Barnes, Doris	1978
Anderson, Gary	1964	Bartholomew, Jeremy	1994
Anderson, Glenn	1958	Barto, Helen	1937
Anderson, Kenneth	1959	Barto, Loren	1937
Anderson, Mark	1974	Bass, Karen	1980
Anderson, Norman	1964	Bass, William	1982
Anderson, Sharron	1966	Batchler, Charles	1956
Anderson, Sonya	1986	Bates, Sharon	1966
Anderson, Susan	1971	Battistone, Michael	1983
Andrew, Grant	1992	Battistone, Rochelle L.	1987
Ansari, Mehrdad	1968	Bean, Nancy	1959
Apsey, Julie	1978	Beard, Patti	1969
Arany, Steve	1993	Beard, Sharon	1970
Archer, Margaret	1954	Beaty, Jane	1963
Archer, Marie	1953	Beaty, Roberta	1962
Armstrong, Kay	1979	Beck, Inez	1932
Armstrong, Kenneth	1962	Beck, Marguerite	1940
Armstrong, Susan	1997	Beck, Ruth	1936
Arnold, Brenda	1989	Beddingfield, Donna	1971
Arnold, Gharles	1943	Behre, Brenda	1961
Arnold, Judy	1986	Behre, Jane	1958
Asher, Kim	1976	Belknap, Carolyn Eileen	1972
Ashmus, Amy	1988	Belknap, Kathy	1970
Atherton, Penny Anna	1987	Belknap, Lewis	1973
Autry, Rachel	1973	Bendall, Richard	1950

Bennett, Alfred	1965	Bounette, Aletha	1950
Bennett, Allie	1936	Bowen, Cynthia	1956
Bennett, Cheri	1973	Bowen, Hamilton	1974
Bennett, Emily	1992	Boyd, Christine	1990
Bennett, Gina Diana	1987	Boyd, Scott	1992
Bennett, Janna	1974	Boyko, Malcolm	1989
Bennett, Karen	1977	Boyko, Pamela	1988
Benning, Marguerite	1933	Boyko, Tammy	1988
Benoit, Sue	1980	Boynton, Paul, II	1962
Benson, Eric	1983	Boynton, Sue Anne	1960
Benson, James	1964	Brackett, David	1982
Benson, Jeanie	1974	Brackett, Edith	1938
Benson, Patricia	1980	Braddock, Janice	1959
Benson, Roxana	1985	Bradford, Amber Lin	1987
Benson, Sandy	1975	Bradford, Brenda	1979
Bentz, Jerry	1963	Bradford, Jerry	1991
Berkey, Joyanne	1964	Bradley, Gary	1985
Best, Harry	1971	Bradley, Jeannie	1988
Bethea, Pelicia	1989	Bradwell, Jere	1969
Beverley, Sylvia	1964	Brammell, Sammy	1971
Bischoff, Carolyn	1963	Branch, Carol	1962
Bischoff, Fred	1968	Branch, Mary Sue	1960
Bischoff, Tommy	1970	Branch, Wanda	1965
Bishop, Betty	1960	Brannan, Michelle	1990
Bishop, Charles	1948	Branson, Harry	1960
Bishop, Sandra	1961	Brantley, Frank	1956
Black, Cookie	1966	Brantley, Glenda	1958
Black, John E.	1941	Brantley, Joy	1965
Blackburn, Marjorie	1983	Brantley, Judy	1962
Blades, Nancy	1973	Brass, Harriett	1933
Blanchard, Clarence	1967	Breedlove, James	1951
Blanchard, Melvin	1958	Breeland, Betty	1963
Blankenship, Brenda	1981	Bremson, Susie	1970
Blankenship, Mary Jo	1959	Briesmister, Ilene	1960
Bliss, Grace	1935	Brimson, Carlene	1966
Bliss, Marthine	1942	Brinson, Buddy	1969
Bloomfield, Ted	1965	Brinson, Danny	1969
Boggs, Dorothy	1947	Brinson, Eddie	1989
Boggs, Lois	1948	Brizendine, Cordia	1930
Boggs, Phyllis	1947	Brock, Doris	1946
Boley, Mary Ann	1958	Brockway, Kerry	1986
Boley, Sylvia	1957	Brockway, Teresa	1983
Bonner, Dianne	1959	Brokke, Jean	1946
Borgenson, Kurt	1996	Brooks, Cathy	1961
Borgersen, Eric	1992	Brooks, Chuck	1988
Boudreaux, Carlton, III	1982	Broughton, Gregory M.	1987
Boulanger, Jeremy	1997	Brown, Alice	1963
Bounds, Ken	1965	Brown, Anna May	1941

Brown, David	1965	Byrd, Kerry	1965
Brown, David	1966	Calandra, Katie	1975
Brown, Delores	1981	Caldwell, Joy	1942
Brown, Dora	1942	Callicott, Frederick	1980
Brown, Douglas	1943	Callicott, James	1968
Brown, Frank	1982	Cameron, Glenna	1936
Brown, Frank	1959	Camp, Lucas	1955
Brown, Karen	1962	Camp, Vaun Dorne	1954
Brown, Kenny	1988	Campbell, Gloria	1981
Brown, Kevin	1990	Campbell, Kent	1976
Brown, Kristin, Julia	1984	Campbell, Shelley	1990
Brown, Leonard	1956	Cantrell, Darrell	1969
Brown, Leonard, Jr.	1983	Cantrell, Sharon	1967
Brown, Marian	1965	Carey, Jack	1961
Brown, Martha Jo	1940	Carey, Marilyn	1962
Brown, MichelleYvonne	1987	Carey, Martha	1948
Brown, Ruth Hilda	1943	Carey, Patty	1991
Brown, Scotty	1960	Carey, Robert	1952
Brown, Sharon	1960	Carithers, Jon	1983
Bruce, Louise	1965	Carlson, Diana	1983
Brummett, Jimmy	1964	Carlton, John Wendall	1972
Brummett, Shirley	1963	Carneal, Maxine	1945
Brunner, Mark	1986	Carney, Irene	1964
Bryant, Barbara Jean	1968	Carriger, Robert	1954
Bryant, David	1971	Carrillo, Carmen	1986
Bryant, Dora	1951	Carroll, Dorothy	1954
Bryant, James Michael	1972	Carroll, Jack	1957
Bryant, Janesta Faye	1987	Carroll, Kathleen	1981
Bryant, Regina	1978	Carswell, Barbara	1963
Buchanan, Carolyn	1963	Carswell, Janet	1967
Buchanan, James, IV	1983	Cartledge, Mary Sue	1961
Buckner, Michael	1983	Cartledge, Yvonne	1964
Bumgardner, Larea	1969	Case, Earle	1935
Burger, Amy	1985	Case, Kenneth	1935
Burger, Dawn Elaine	1984	Case, Kenneth Kayo	1936
Burris, Sharon	1980	Cash, Lerry	1968
Burris, Stephen Ray	1984	Casteen, Charles	1943
Bush, Greg	1989	Casteen, Frances	1940
Bush, Lewis	1958	Cates, Brenda	1963
Butler, J. D.	1941	Caulder, Linda	1972
Button, Terry	1976	Cauley, Michael	1971
Byers, Louella	1956	Caviness, Ken	1978
Byrd, Angela	1990	Cecil, Charles (Sego)	1948
Byrd, Bonnie	1955	Champion, Claire	1952
Byrd, Carolyn	1947	Chandler, Carol	1966
Byrd, Cheryl Lee	1972	Chandler, Gail	1968
Byrd, Cynthia	1970	Chapman, Evelyn	1970
Byrd, Joe	1966	Chapman, Micky	1970

Chapman, Peggy Marie	1972	Conner, Will	1976
Chappell, Philip Garland	1984	Conway, Vicki	1967
Charron, Dorothy	1961	Cook, Anita	1960
Charron, Steve	1960	Cook, Bill	1952
Cherry, Jeannie	1969	Cook, Brenda	1965
Cherry, Jim	1973	Cook, Cynthia	1980
Cherry, John ,Jr.	1968	Cook, Roger	1975
Cherry, Linda	1963	Cook, Steve	1977
Cheshire, McKinley	1942	Cookson, Dana	1978
Chumley, Helen	1938	Cookson, Joyce	1974
Ciesielski, Andrea	1995	Coolidge, Bill	1990
Clark, Alex	1951	Coolidge, Cynthia	1989
Clark, Cynthia	1986	Coon, Danny	1988
Clark, Dwight	1959	Coon, Jon	1997
Clark, Kip	1979	Coon, Steve	1986
Clark, Lester	1961	Coon, Tamara	1990
Clark, Sherri	1983	Cooper, Ann	1953
Clark, Tim	1975	Cooper, Joseph Ronnie	1972
Clement, Jennifer	1994	Cooper, Kay	1955
Clements, Neta	1967	Cooper, Robin	1967
Coates, Sheri	1976	Cordwell, Maria	1994
Cobb, Angela	1992	Cornealy, Janice	1965
Cobb, Chris	1994	Cottrell, Larry	1980
Cobb, Gary	1959	Cottrell, Terry	1980
Cochran, Cynthia	1994	Couch, Alex	1956
Cochran, Tanya	1991	Coulter, Ruth	1957
Coffey, Hanna	1970	Council, Jo Ellen	1975
Cogdill, Donna	1982	Counter, Lucy	1956
Coleman, Carolyn	1970	Courtney, Keith	1986
Coleman, Karen	1961	Courtney, Kimberly	1996
Collins, David	1989	Cowen, Henry	1982
Collins, Gary	1967	Cox, Christopher Dale	1984
Collins, Jeffrey	1986	Cox, Danny	1968
Collins, Marcella	1961	Cox, Glenn	1959
Collins, Mary	1983	Cox, Leigh	1995
Collins, Nancy	1952	Cox, Melissa	1982
Collins, Patty	1954	Crabtree, Jon	1975
Collins, Shawn Bryant	1987	Crabtree, Judith Marie	1972
Collins, Sue	1971	Crago, Jennifer	1996
Collson, Tamatha	1989	Cramer, B. J.	1960
Collson, Todd	1989	Cranshaw, Lynn	1975
Colon, Roxana	1991	Cranston, Ruth	1965
Conibear, Mary Lou	1951	Crews, Lina	1979
Conibear, Robert	1953	Crews, Paula	1981
Conley, Leonard	1976	Crisp, Charles	1965
Conley, Milton	1976	Crissup, Brian	1981
Conner, Jerald	1981	Crissup, Melinda Gae	1984
Conner, Marji	1978	Crittenden, Rebecca	1959

Cross, Harvey	1964	Dickinson, Cathy	1963
Crowe, Charlotte	1969	Dickinson, Jean	1964
Cully, John	1995	Dietz, Ronald	1955
Cundiff, Billy	1989	Diggs, Reggi	1985
Curran, Beth	1990	Dobbs, Myron	1966
Curran, Jean	1967	Dodd, Flora	1936
Curran, Joan	1967	Dodge, Linda	1969
Curtis, Jeremiah	1990	Doerner, Nona	1986
Cutts, Heather	1973	Donald, Kati	1977
Cutts, Matthew	1977	Donohoe, Maya Elizabeth	1987
Cutts, Tania	1976	Donovan, Margaret	1938
Daily, Peggy	1953	Donovan, Mary	1936
Dale, Kelly	1997	Doolittle, Carol	1957
Dalton, Louise	1942	Dotson, Judy	1993
Daniel, Brenda	1973	Doudikin, Julie	1996
Daniel, Joy	1969	Dover, Donna	1970
Danner, Becky	1956	Drake, Beth	1965
Darnell, David	1993	Drake, Marsha	1966
Darnell, Dwayne	1962	Draper, Ardyce	1958
Darnell, Loren	1991	Draper, Joyce	1949
Darnell, Nolan	1959	Draper, Martha	1953
Darr, Harriet	1965	Draper, Phillip	1963
Davenport, Betty	1955	Drews, Deborah	1983
Davenport, Billie Jo	1967	Driscoll, Eric	1980
Davenport, Mary	1959	Duckworth, Michelle	1989
Davis, Cosby Menniffee III	1972	Dunagin, Bertha	1930
Davis, Debbie	1976	Dunaway, Clarice	1939
Davis, Eunice	1958	Dunaway, Kenneth	1943
Davis, Karen	1974	Duncan, Stella	1986
Davis, Karen	1976	Dunnagin, Gayle	1957
Davis, Lynda	1966	Durocher, Allbert	1941
Davis, Michael	1981	Earnhardt, Angela C.	1987
Davis, Robert	1975	Eason, Karen	1997
Davis, Teena	1988	East, Mabel	1932
Davis, Teresa	1982	Easton, Sally	1978
Dearing, Greg	1970	Eberhardt, Edwin	1980
Dees, Dottie	1963	Eberhardt, Jeanie	1979
Dempsey, Betty	1949	Eberhardt, Penny	1982
Denler, Dan	1975	Eberhardt, Rosa	1981
Dennis, Edward	1964	Eberhardt, Sonia Joanne	1984
Denton, Dollena	1967	Echols, Walter	1938
Denton, Nelda	1973	Edney, Rick	1977
DeRosia, Sharon	1963	Edwards, Cathy Lynn	1987
DeSilvia, Kevin	1985	Edwards, Daniel Leslie	1984
DeStefano, Noah	1997	Edwards, David	1982
Deverell, Cathy	1961	Edwards, Herndon	1947
Dewey, Brenda	1965	Edwards, Joy	1976
Dickerhoff, Peggy	1976	Edwards, Marjorie Dene	1984

Elkins, Carla	1988	Fletcher, Laura	1964
Elkins, Jennifer	1986	Fletcher, Nancy	1963
Elliot, Virginia	1975	Foley, John	1968
Elrod, Carmon	1991	Forbes, Mary Ellen	1975
Elrod, Vester	1950	Forrester, Stephen Patrick	1987
Emanuel, Stacy	1997	Fortune, Ron	1969
Erwin, James	1964	Foster, Denise Lynn	1984
Esh, Scott	1983	Foster, Michelle Ann	1987
Esh, Sherri	1980	Fox, Florence	1958
Esh, Steve	1979	Fox, Silas	1938
Esteb, Neil	1963	Franklin, Juda	1958
Estrada, James	1981	Franklin, Pat	1978
Eubanks, Marie	1941	Franz, Maisie	1940
Eubanks, Tammy	1980	Freck, Anna Jeanette	1972
Evans, Arthur	1953	Freck, Jack	1970
Evans, Joy	1975	Freck, Mandy	1994
Everett, Blanton	1940	Freck, Marion	1968
Everett, Edwin	1948	Freck, Ron	1978
Everett, Joan	1949	Freeman, Ann	1969
Evins, Lorie	1990	Freeman, Donna	1977
Ewing, Kevin	1976	Freeman, Jeanne	1971
Ewton, Deanie	1973	Freeman, Laura	1988
Eytcheson, Jeffrey	1982	Freeman, Shannon	1989
Eytcheson, Lori	1980	Fricks, Betty A.	1941
Falkowski, Laura	1981	Fricks, Mary Jane	1948
Falls, Frances	1966	Friedrich, Tamara	1981
Falls, Peggy	1968	Fritts, Becky	1974
Falsnes, James	1994	Frost, Christy	1994
Farmer, Edith	1986	Fuller, Steve	1965
Feagan, Linda	1966	Fuqua, Kim	1985
Feagin, Cheryl	1974	Furr, Tammy	1978
Felder, Patsy	1956	Gadd, Bob	1973
Ferree, Dawn	1980	Gadd, Donny	1974
Ferrell, Becky	1965	Gadd, Linda	1970
Fields, June	1954	Gadd, Virginia	1971
Fields, Mildred	1957	Gallimore, Jay	1966
Fignole, Danny	1997	Gallimore, Steve	1969
Fildes, Jane	1944	Gallman, Bruce	1957
Finley, Becky	1978	Gant, Cherie	1983
Finley, Bobby	1979	Gardner, David	1969
Fish, Sharon	1985	Gardner, Roger	1962
Fisk, Joan	1938	Gardner, Susan	1967
Fisk, Winifred	1939	Garey, Chuck	1976
Fleming, Alice	1968	Garey, Clyde	1964
Fleming, Rhonda	1973	Garey, Delphia	1974
Fleming, Stephen	1971	Garey, James	1959
Flerl, Judy	1969	Garey, Mary	1962
Fletcher, Judy	1960	Gearhart, Ray	1988

Gentile, John	1992	Grimes, Ellen	1955
Genton, Melissa Ann	1972	Grivas, Michelle	1996
Gentry, Edna	1986	Gustavsson, Bob	1975
Gentry, Robert	1983	Gustavsson, Lars	1973
Gettys, Robby	1988	Guthrie, Heidi	1995
Gibbons, Christopher	1995	Haesche, Karen	1982
Gibbons, Nancy	1976	Haesche, Kevin	1981
Gilbert, John	1937	Haffner, Harold	1981
Gillham, Dwight	1979	Hagan, Frances	1961
Gilliam, Pat	1955	Haight, Robert Ashley	1984
Gilliland, Evelyn	1937	Hair, Gladys	1968
Glover, Eugene	1964	Hair, Sylvia	1973
Glover, Tommy	1966	Hales, Fran	1979
Goddard, Dan	1941	Hales, Marion	1966
Goff, Brenda	1983	Hales, Robert	1968
Goldman, April	1995	Hallman, Susan	1971
Good, Harryette	1963	Hallock, Linda	1979
Goodner, Ada Marie	1945	Hallock, Rhonda	1979
Goodner, Carol	1950	Halvorsen, Cathy	1970
Goodner, Travis	1952	Halvorsen, Ken	1970
Goodwin, Carol Marie	1984	Ham, Amy	1997
Goodwin, Randy	1986	Ham, Dolores	1959
Googe, Norma	1956	Ham, Glenda	1964
Gosselin, Michelle	1996	Ham, Kim	1965
Grant, Alan	1979	Hamby, Lisa	1982
Grant, Bernice	1938	Hamilton, Christine	1989
Grant, Dale	1977	Hamilton, Jennifer	1988
Grant, Esther	1940	Hammonds, Chris	1993
Grant, Richard	1974	Hams, Betty	1965
Grant, Robert	1971	Hance, Jessica	1997
Grant, Sandy	1975	Haney, Larry	1956
Grant, Rodney	1969	Haney, Midge	1960
Graves, Dorothy Jean	1946	Haney, Pam	1977
Graves, Otis	1943	Haney, Peggy	1956
Graves, Sanford	1942	Haney, Phyllis	1963
Gray, Cleo	1937	Haney, Tom	1978
Gray, Kirby	1974	Hann, Joe	1938
Gray, Shannan	1991	Hanna, Ronnie	1997
Gray, Vergie	1941	Hansen, Bob	1956
Green, Jannet	1976	Hansen, Carol	1974
Green, Richard	1982	Hansen, Dennis	1960
Green, Sarah	1937	Hansen, Diane	1963
Greene, Ray	1979	Hansen, Donald	1952
Griesman, Vince	1986	Hansen, Edwin	1949
Griffin, Betty	1963	Hansen, Julia	1965
Griffin, Kent	1941	Hanson, Nina	1953
Griffin, Lisa Annette	1987	Hardy, Betty	1945
Grimes, Doris	1950	Hardy, Candy	1966

Hardy, Hope	1948	Hege, Scott	1996
Hardy, Jerrie	1965	Heinlein, Alra	1985
Harkins, Sharon	1973	Heinlein, Chandra	1986
Harper, Dale	1965	Heinlein, Delaine	1983
Harper, Ronald	1973	Henderson, David	1981
Harpine, Suzanne Noele	1987	Henion, Amy	1997
Harrell, Suzie	1978	Hensley, Adrian Claude	1984
Harrington, Colleen	1986	Hensley, Hazel	1945
Harris, Barbara	1965	Henson, Danny	1966
Harris, Betty	1949	Herman, Russell	1993
Harris, Debbie	1976	Hess, Deborah	1971
Harris, Glenn	1952	Hess, Shireen	1969
Harrison, James	1993	Hess, Shirlee	1969
Harrison, Lori	1980	Hewitt, Gail	1965
Harrison, Mickey	1979	Hibben, Arthur	1943
Harrison, Sandy	1978	Hickman, Brian	1976
Harrison, Sharon	1974	Higginbotham, Clark	1973
Harrison, Shawn	1992	Higginbotham, Delyne	1973
Hart, Joan	1974	Hightower, Joel	1977
Harvey, Frances	1967	Hildreth, David	1955
Harvey, Ginger	1969	Hileman, Nancy	1961
Hatley, Heidi	1990	Hileman, Walter	1960
Hatley, Jeffrey	1989	Hill, Pauline	1959
Haupt, Stephen	1982	Hill, Penny	1978
Haviland, Alice	1954	Hill, Richard	1983
Haviland, Maellene	1953	Hines, John	1944
Haviland, Melinda	1953	Hines, Rose	1945
Haviland, Merritta	1953	Hintz, Hanna	1951
Haviland, Wanda	1949	Hodge, Shelva Jean	1955
Haviland, Wilmer	1950	Hodges, Chick	1961
Havley, Jean	1954	Hodges, Chris	1986
Hawkes, Bill	1963	Hodges, Clayton	1937
Hawkes, Billy	1991	Hodges, Donna	1983
Hawkes, Jeannie	1963	Hodges, Edwin	1990
Hawkes, Joyce	1965	Hodges, Floyd	1953
Hawkes, June	1988	Hodges, Joe	1961
Hawkins, Terry Lee	1972	Hodges, Ken	1979
Hayes, Juanita	1985	Hodges, Kevin	1975
Hayes, Michelle	1989	Hodges, Lester, Jr.	1962
Hayward, Julie	1988	Hodges, Margaret	1953
Hayward, Vicki Lynn	1987	Hodges, Michelle	1994
Heatherly, Clifton	1963	Hodges, Mike	1964
Heatherly, Ernestine	1958	Hodges, Scotty	1971
Heatherly, Keith	1965	Hodges, Sue	1954
Hedger, Anna	1978	Hodgin, Jennie Mae	1945
Hefner, Danny	1991	Holbrook, Linda	1971
Hefner, Stephen Eugene	1972	Holcombe, Velma	1957
Hefner, Theresa	1973	Holdsworth, Angela Sue	1984

Holland, Kim	1992	Hutchins, David	1978
Holland, Tamithia	1977	Hutchinson, Ann	1942
Hollenback, Jeff	1994	Hyder, Karen Hodges	1961
Hollenbeck, Troy Darrin	1987	Hyder, Mark	1978
Holloman, Vivian	1965	Idol, Terri	1968
Holt, Bill	1985	Ihrig, Ronald	1954
Holt, Bonnie	1982	Im, Andy	1991
Holt, Trinity	1986	Im, Ray	1991
Holyoke, Julie	1983	Ingram, Brad	1965
Hoover, Gary Edward	1984	Ingram, Sharon	1967
Hoover, Gregory	1981	Jackson, Elizabeth	1965
Horn, Kristi Rae	1987	Jackson, George	1961
Horton, Pauline	1941	Jackson, LaVonda	1992
Houck, Kenneth	1965	Jackson, Melanie	1982
Houck, Sheira	1968	Jackson, Melvin	1968
Houghton, Bob	1970	Jackson, Pat	1961
Houser, Brenna	1996	Jackson, Thomas	1964
Howard, Michael	1971	James, Marcus	1990
Howard, Richard	1974	Jasperson, Bob	1937
Hoyt, Joe	1933	Jasperson, David	1942
Hucke, Dave	1986	Jenkind, Janice	1959
Huddleston, James	1971	Jenkins, Chuck	1977
Huddleston, Pamela	1981	Jenkins, David	1981
Hudson, Arthur	1964	Jenkins, Joyce	1965
Hudson, Billy	1958	Jenks, Paul Gardiner, Jr.	1984
Hudson, Cora	1939	Jenks, Todd Joseph	1987
Hudson, Florence	1935	Jensen, Mabel	1942
Hudson, JoAnne	1976	Jester, Peggy	1968
Hudson, Louise	1951	Johann, Lela	1959
Hudson, Parnell	1956	Johann, Phyllis	1956
Huffman, Terrie	1973	Johnson, Anissa Leigh	1987
Huggins, Buster	1960	Johnson, Barbara	1974
Huggins, David	1976	Johnson, Ben	1992
Huggins, James	1980	Johnson, Brian	1990
Huggins, Janice	1978	Johnson, Charlotte	1951
Huggins, Quinten Fred	1987	Johnson, Danielle	1991
Hughes, Regina	1965	Johnson, David	1966
Hughes, Shelley	1985	Johnson, Debbie	1967
Hullquist, Eric	1993	Johnson, Debbie	1970
Hullquist, Trudi	1991	Johnson, Larry	1964
Hunt, Donella	1968	Johnson, Lori	1982
Hunt, Donnie	1974	Johnson, Lorraine	1961
Hunt, Keith	1979	Johnson, Roberta	1955
Hunt, Sheri	1985	Johnson, Stanley	1968
Hunt, Tom	1978	Johnson, Stephen	1981
Huskins, Barabara Kay	1972	Johnson, Theresa	1986
Huskins, John	1970	Johnston, Granville	1954
Huskins, Teddy	1985	Johnston, Lloyd	1960

Johnston, Marshall	1948	Kenyon, Gerald	1948
Johnston, Sara Alice	1944	Kepler, Leonard	1965
Johnston, Scott	1978	Keppler, Susan Annette	1972
Joiner, Darlene	1967	Kidd, Carol	1964
Joiner, Donna	1968	Kidd, Renee	1965
Joiner, Joseph	1983	Kilgore, Beverly	1962
Joiner, Wanda	1970	Kimbrell, Tisa	1993
Jolly, Marilyn	1969	Kimbrow, Dale	1979
Jones, Ann Marie	1991	Kimbrow, Ricky	1980
Jones, Betty	1957	Kincart, Diane	1967
Jones, Caren	1976	King, Jeremy	1995
Jones, Carol	1969	King, Lynelle	1949
Jones, Cathy	1974	King, Martha	1968
Jones, Chuck	1966	King, Tami	1992
Jones, Glenda	1971	Kingry, Dwayne	1993
Jones, Ira	1982	Kingry, Dwight	1990
Jones, Jim	1976	Kinne, Trevor	1994
Jones, Keith	1988	Kinzer, Scott	1996
Jones, Kenna	1980	Kinzer, Tricia	1997
Jones, Malaika	1991	Kirkwood, Jennie	1935
Jones, Moneefa	1989	Kittle, Dan	1976
Jones, Patsy	1970	Kline, George	1981
Jones, Paula	1951	Kloc, Helena	1952
Jones, Rosalind	1996	Knight, Connie Ann	1972
Jones, Rusty	1966	Knight, Denise	1973
Jones, Trixie	1988	Knight, Gloria	1949
Jones, Vienna	1955	Knight, Joyce Suzanne	1972
Jongema, Kerry Jean	1987	Koester, Carl	1963
Jongema, Ricky	1986	Koester, Ronald	1969
Jongema, Wendy Jane	1984	Korson, Joshua	1994
Jorgensen, Alfred	1945	Krafft, Walter	1986
Jorgensen, Eugene	1950	Krishingner, Gene	1986
Justice, Mildred	1945	Krishingner, John	1991
Kamata, Ayumi	1990	Krishingner, Pam	1986
Kamata, Izumi	1992	Krishingner, Rebecca Ann	1984
Karolyi, Jay	1993	Krishingner, Scott	1988
Keaton, Karen	1995	Krishingner, Stephanie	1982
Keller, Sally	1985	Kroll, Timothy John	1987
Kelley, Vera	1974	Krum, John	1980
Kellogg, Marilyn	1976	Krum, Leland	1986
Kendall, Bessie	1973	Krum, Lynette	1977
Kendall, John	1970	Krum, Roger	1986
Kendall, Martha	1967	Krunich, Steve	1978
Kennedy, Allen	1968	Kuist, Carol	1979
Kennedy, Brenda	1968	Kuist, Laura Diane	1987
Kent, Eric	1988	Kuist, Lee	1953
Kent, John, III	1981	Kuist, Linda	1977
Kenyon, Donald	1946	Kummer, Kathy	1969

Kuutti, Earl	1977	Linderman, Amy	1992
Kuutti, Elaine	1975	Linderman, Beryl	1942
Kwintner, Sherie	1986	Linderman, Joyce	1946
Kyle, Becki	1985	Linderman, Katie	1989
Kyle, Kimberly	1989	Lippert, Dawn	1985
Kyle, Robert	1986	Lipscomb, Betty	1957
Laedly, Josephine	1950	Littell, Charles	1945
Lambeth, Burnese	1960	Livingston, Darrell	1971
Lambeth, Louise	1960	Livingston, Debby	1973
Land, Heather	1990	Livingston, Odille	1942
Landers, Paul	1991	Livingston, Paula	1968
Lane, J. B.	1958	Livingston, Raymond	1969
Lane, Kenneth Randall	1972	Llewellyn, Linda	1981
Larson, Scott	1985	Lockhart, Charles Kevin	1984
Lassater, Jamie	1947	Lockhart, Sharon	1983
Lawrence, Naomi	1970	Long, Danny	1963
Lawter, Matthew	1994	Long, Loraye	1959
Lawton, Vivian	1964	Longshore, Eddie	1976
Layton, Gail	1977	Longshore, Janice	1963
Leach, Beatrice	1938	Longshore, Mary Ann	1972
Leach, Jeanene	1976	Lothian, Ann	1982
Leazer, Derek	1994	Lothian, Kathryn	1986
Leazer, Kelly Denise	1987	Love, David	1957
Leazer, Melissa	1988	Love, Rebecca	1981
Ledford, Mary Lou	1971	Lovelady, Charles	1971
Lee, Chris	1978	Lovelady, Linda	1973
Lee, Robert	1981	Lovell, David	1978
Lee, Susan	1990	Lovell, Judy	1976
Leeper, Darla	1975	Lowder, Bob	1954
Leeper, Debbie	1974	Lowder, Genella	1942
Leggett, Hugh	1963	Lowder, Gladys	1935
Lehn, Sandie	1976	Lowder, Lois	1947
Lenz, Cindy	1967	Lowder, Marilyn	1952
Lenz, Garry	1967	Lowe, Don	1958
Leonard, David	1995	Lowe, Hobart	1959
Leonard, Jon	1997	Lugus, Lisa	1986
Leonard, Kay	1957	Luke, Patricia Lynn	1987
Leonor, Samiris	1986	Lynes, Edith	1957
Leonor, Samuel	1988	Lynes, Joyce	1965
Leukert, Klaus	1960	Lynes, Laurie	1971
Levangie, Lisa	1986	Mace, Todd	1994
Lewis, Billy	1964	Mackey, Robert	1965
Lewis, Brenda	1966	Maeda, Pam	1970
Lewis, Harland	1933	Mahrle, Craig Edward	1987
Lewis, Jimmy	1962	Mahrle, Scott	1985
Lewis, Vernon	1936	Majors, Renee	1993
Lieggi, Amber	1997	Malkiewicz, Barni	1966
Limberis, Nicholas	1953	Maples, Karen	1963

Marchant, Bertie	1953	McDonald, Keith	1971
Marchant, Bonnie	1955	McDonald, Neal	1971
Marchant, David	1975	McElmurray, Estelle	1938
Marchant, Herbert	1958	McGhee, Earl	1941
Marchant, Margie	1952	McIntyre, Linora	1990
Marchant, Wayne	1963	McKenzie, Cassandra	1989
Marquis, Grace	1932	McLamb, Jim	1975
Marquis, Judy	1970	McLamb, Joanie	1977
Marquis, Robert	1941	McLeod, Chris	1977
Marquis, Sue	1971	McLeod, James	1954
Marsa, Myrlene	1985	McLeod, Melinda	1979
Marsa, Robert Lee	1987	McLeod, Richard	1962
Martin, Donna	1961	McMeans, Jennifer	1993
Martin, Faye	1976	McMichel, Heather	1994
Martin, Larry	1966	McMullen, Christina	1997
Martinez, Ron	1988	McNeil, Nettie	1932
Martinez, Rosellen	1989	Medford, Mary	1937
Martone, Arlene	1964	Meinken, Norma	1959
Martone, Brenda	1967	Meissner, Susie	1968
Martone, Linda	1966	Meister, Trudy	1964
Mascunana, George	1958	Melven, Margaret	1958
Mashni, Chad	1992	Mercer, Jeff	1992
Mason, Elizabeth Ann	1972	Mercer, Lore Ann	1972
Maston, Allison	1976	Merrifield, Jay	1981
Mathiesen, Patrick	1989	Merritt, Barbara	1981
Mathieu, Alan	1974	Merritt, Andy	1995
Matson, Terry	1960	Mesaric, Ricky	1991
Matter, Julie	1985	Messer, Jeanette	1957
Mattingly, Charles	1942	Messer, Judy	1963
Maxson, Susie	1939	Metcalf, Joanne	1978
Maxwell, Grace	1944	Metcalf, John	1975
Mazat, Brian	1989	Metcalf, Marilyn	1980
McAlexander, Arvel	1935	Metzger, Bob	1970
McAlexander, Albert	1946	Metzger, Bonnie	1970
McAlexander, Arlene	1941	Meyers, Andy	1993
McAlexander, Catholene	1937	Meyers, Daryl	1961
McCauley, Amanda	1975	Meyers, Matthew	1994
McClellan, Shelly	1982	Michaud, Chris	1992
McClendon, Bob	1969	Micklewright, Ed	1952
McClendon, Wally	1978	Miles, Fred	1997
McClung, Will	1962	Milholm, John	1983
McCorkle, Nancy	1956	Milks, Steven	1997
McCray, Debra	1981	Millard, Mary Ann	1973
McCray, Paula	1985	Miller, Ada	1936
McCutcheon, Kelly	1994	Miller, Anne	1961
McDonald, Chuck	1973	Miller, Marolyn	1957
McDonald, Dan	1977	Miller, Robbin	1976
McDonald, Jason	1996	Miller, Virginia	1935

Milligan, Roger	1966	Myers, Garry Monroe	1972
Milline, Jay	1997	Myers, Phyllis	1975
Mills, Becky	1993	Myers, Tim	1993
Mills, Beth	1991	Naiman, Heather Lucille	1987
Minesinger, Cynthia	1980	Naiman, Ted	1989
Minesinger, David, Jr.	1981	Nash, Jon	1986
Minor, Renita	1978	Neff, John	1990
Miranda, Omar	1990	Neff, John	1963
Mitchell, Andy	1996	Neff, Karen	1981
Mitchell, Jennifer	1992	Neff, Norma	1988
Mitchell, Paul	1960	Neff, Rose	1961
Moak, Kathleen	1945	Neff, Ruth	1958
Moffitt, Debbie	1979	Nestell, Anna	1960
Moffitt, Max	1959	Nestell, Bill	1936
Molnar, Violet	1961	Nestell, Clifford	1959
Moncrief, George	1970	Nestell, Glenn C.	1941
Montanese, Nancy	1971	Nestell, Louella	1946
Montgomery, Dale	1982	Neufeld, Kathy	1973
Moon, LouAnn	1973	Newguard, Carol	1966
Moon, Pauline	1952	Newlon, Ruth	1965
Moon, Ray	1976	Newsome, Michael A.	1984
Moon, Wayne	1975	Nicholaides, Jonathan	1994
Moore, Alisa	1997	Nicholaides, Susanna	1995
Moore, Bill	1969	Nicholson, Julie	1990
Moore, David	1977	Nicholson, Lillian	1961
Moore, Jones	1968	Nicholson, Mark	1997
Moore, Lucretia	1973	Noble, Ada	1942
Moore, Robert	1971	Norton, Kellie Michelle	1987
Moore, Verna	1938	Norwood, Bill	1969
Morgan, Hazel	1942	Norwood, Jennifer	1994
Morisette, Dallas	1989	O'Brien, Nancy	1967
Morris, Larry	1971	O'Brien, Richard	1966
Morrison, Priscilla	1986	O'Guin, Kim Lorraine	1984
Morton, Phillip, III	1983	O'Kain, Irma	1947
Morton, Shirley	1978	Olds, Robert E.	1984
Mosely, Dara	1961	Oliver, Cheryl	1969
Moss, Stacy	1997	Oliver, John	1949
Mosteller, Phyllis	1951	Olson, Karla	1985
Motes, Selma	1946	Orders, Wilma	1963
Muckenfuss, Susan	1964	Orenduff, Novella	1930
Muderspach, Ib	1963	Orr, Roy	1962
Mulligan, Rachel Leah	1984	Orr, Roy	1962
Mulligan, Theda	1981	Osborne, Kevin	1980
Mullinax, Doyle	1943	Oxentenko, Jon	1993
Munoz, Marilen	1968	Oxentenko, Randy	1981
Murphy, Drew B.	1940	Padgett, Aline	1957
Murphy, Wayne	1955	Padgett, Richard	1980
Murray, Mary Lou	1958	Padgett, Ruth	1942

Page, Deborah	1975	Peterson, Anna	1951
Pallett, Marie	1990	Peterson, Evelyn	1940
Palmatory, Cynthia	1964	Peterson, Ruth	1939
Palmer, Barbara	1972	Petitt, Mark	1986
Palmer, Carol	1970	Petrovich, Romana	1985
Parker, Donald	1980	Pettigrove, Margrie	1947
Parker, Janet Lee	1972	Petty, James Arthur, II	1987
Parker, Shannon Lee	1984	Philbrook, Roger	1967
Parker, Shirley	1953	Phillips, Charles	1957
Parker, Tammy	1988	Phillips, John Clyde	1972
Parker, Wilma	1948	Phillips, Richard	1960
Parkins, Esther	1986	Phillips, Susan	1955
Parman, Sandy	1973	Philpott, Gertrude	1943
Pate, Sandra	1966	Philpott, Olive	1946
Patrie, Becky	1990	Pichler, Bill	1943
Paul, Marianne	1989	Pichler, Dan	1975
Payne, Margaret	1958	Pichler, Floyd	1941
Pearce, Tara	1994	Pierson, Jenny	1978
Pearson, Gary	1957	Pierson, Martha	1977
Pederson, Sue	1982	Pierson, Sharon	1964
Peel, Cindy	1983	Pilcher, Billie	1941
Peel, Gerald	1978	Pilcher, Hilda	1939
Peel, Michael	1980	Pine, Mishael	1994
Pelham, Charese	1973	Pine, Paul	1995
Pendarvis, Ella	1930	Polivka Dawn	1988
Pendergrass, Alice Mae	1972	Polivka, Lora	1986
Pendleton, Becky	1996	Polivka, Richie	1993
Pendleton, Brian	1976	Poole, Shirley	1957
Pendleton, Bruce	1982	Poole, Zelma	1959
Pendleton, David	1969	Port, Clifford	1964
Pendleton, David	1994	Port, Forest	1932
Pendleton, George Willis	1984	Port, John	1960
Pendleton, Marcia	1973	Port, Ken	1977
Pendleton, Rick	1986	Port, Lisa	1979
Pendleton, Sharon	1967	Port, Lori	1982
Penkala, Mary Ann	1983	Porter, Carroll	1952
Pennington, Don	1955	Porter, Denise Elizabeth	1972
Pennington, Jean	1952	Potter, Steven	1971
Pennington, Lois	1943	Powell, Jack	1939
Pennington, Mary Frances	1948	Powell, Janet	1959
Perkins, Annette	1958	Powell, Peggy	1951
Perry, Margaret	1957	Powell, Leslie	1994
Perry, Scott, II	1995	Powers, Kathy	1990
Perry, Virginia	1938	Powers, Michael	1989
Pervis, Stanley	1966	Pressley, Tom	1969
Pescara, Michell	1972	Prest, Sandy	1976
Peters, Cindy	1981	Prevatt, Verna Beck	1947
Peters, Gwen	1938	Price, Jack	1948

Priechs, Marjorie	1947	Ricks, Jo Ann	1960
Prince, Kristy	1980	Riffel, Teria	1980
Pritchard, Daine	1961	Rikard, Lemuel	1981
Pusey, Paul	1942	Rilea, Iria	1988
Pyke, Gary	1970	Ringer, David Benjamin	1987
Pyke, Ronda Lynn	1972	Ringer, Diane	1985
Pyke, Tom	1974	Ringer, Julie	1990
Quick, Debbie	1977	Ritterskamp, Jack H, III	1987
Quick, Kathryn	1986	Rivera, Rafael	1991
Quick, Tina	1988	Rivera, Tita	1985
Rabain, Kristin	1994	Roach, George	1953
Raible, Jeffrey	1980	Roach, Robert	1955
Rakestraw, D. Katrina	1984	Roberts, Brenda	1983
Ramsey, Glinda	1971	Roberts, Katy	1997
Rathof, Jimmy	1985	Roberts, Melanie	1983
Ray, Danny	1962	Roberts, Pat	1961
Ray, Lalah	1937	Roberts, Phillip Edwin	1987
Ray, Linda	1966	Robertson, Bernice	1977
Ray, Merwin	1940	Robertson, Cathy Marlene	1972
Ray, Ruth	1935	Robertson, Joe	1938
Reagan, Donna	1959	Robertson, Joe	1946
Rebman, Rence	1969	Robertson, Joseph, III	1982
Reddeck, Kim	1978	Robertson, Wanda	1960
Reece, Winona	1958	Robertson, Winona	1941
Reed, Charles Michael	1972	Robinson, Becky Ann	1987
Reed, Lucille	1943	Robinson, Grace	1945
Reese, Arleva	1954	Robinson, Mark	1991
Reese, Betty	1958	Robinson, Tracy	1978
Reese, Brandon	1992	Roe, Gloria	1964
Reese, Elizabeth	1948	Rogers, Ronald	1981
Reese, Flora Mae	1952	Rogerson, Amanda	1975
Reese, John	1966	Root, Kyle Larry	1984
Reese, Rodney Chadd	1987	Rottmiller, Lillian	1939
Reich, Wilbur	1950	Rouse, Elva	1966
Reid, Heidi	1985	Rouse, Eugene	1949
Reid, Margaret Kathleen	1972	Rowe, Alice	1955
Reilly, Jerry	1961	Rowe, Becky	1985
Rentfro, Cindy	1969	Rowe, Betty	1961
Rentfro, Edna	1932	Rowe, Bonnie	1981
Resla, Nicholas	1993	Rowe, Cathy	1958
Retz, Daniel	1981	Rowe, D. H.	1960
Reynolds, Debbie	1985	Rumley, Yvonne	1932
Reynolds, Kathleen	1980	Rupard, Gladys	1940
Rhoney, Beth	1965	Rush, Donna	1968
Rhoney, Delores	1959	Russell, Ray	1947
Rhoney, Ieda	1955	Rust, John	1959
Richie, Patricia Lee	1987	Rust, Sandra	1961
Richie, Petra	1994	Ryals, Karen	1970

Ryals, Linda	1968	Shepherd, James	1942
Ryan, Gladys	1943	Sherbert, Kevin	1979
Sackett, Ashlee	1997	Sherer, Chuck	1973
Sadler, Pamela	1983	Sherer, Elaine	1967
Sager, Mary	1973	Shockley, Angela	1985
Sanchez, Esther	1982	Shook, Barbara	1953
Sandborn, Monica	1985	Shouck, Greg	1977
Sanders, Sharon	1979	Shrock, Cecil	1938
Sangrey, Allen	1976	Shrock, Deloris	1940
Sarr, Charles	1976	Shumate, Kathy	1979
Sarr, Claryce	1979	Shumate, Tim	1986
Sato, Kiyomi	1997	Sigler, Niel	1964
Satterfield, Kay	1970	Siim, Rain	1994
Satterfield, Pam	1970	Sikora, Dale	1984
Satterfield, Sandy	1967	Sikora, Joyce Annette	1987
Sawtell, Danielle	1990	Silva, Vic	1966
Sayler, Bob	1988	Simmons, Eric	1995
Scarlett, Donnakaye L.	1984	Sinclair, Lamar	1963
Schermerhorn, Kirk	1979	Singletary, Sharon	1971
Schermerhorn, Tami	1977	Sisson, Lauretta	1956
Schlatter, Brooke Cornel	1987	Skaggs, Jeffrey	1989
Schmehl, "Doc"	1936	Slaughter, Eugene	1961
Schmehl, Joseph	1992	Sloan, David	1975
Schneider, Edward, IV	1962	Sloop, Sandy	1975
Schneider, Grace Marie	1941	Small, Andrea	1992
Schoonard, Ted	1964	Smith, B.J.	1985
Schroader, Vicki	1977	Smith, Cindy	1989
Schroerlucke, Denise	1972	Smith, Cordie Lee	1936
Schutte, Harold	1952	Smith, Dorothy	1958
Schwalm, Robyn Patrice	1984	Smith, Ernest	1936
Schwartz, Dennis	1961	Smith, Harold	1958
Scroggin, Catherine	1938	Smith, Heather	1993
Seeley, Cindy	1974	Smith, John	1968
Seeley, Mary	1967	Smith, Juliette	1982
Seeley, Scott	1974	Smith, Marie	1989
Segur, Janet	1965	Smith, Marty	1968
Segur, Rosemary	1967	Smith, Mildred	1940
Selby, Debra	1981	Smith, Ray	1989
Self, Helen	1942	Smith, Reni	1964
Sepulveda, Chris	1988	Smith, Richard	1980
Sermersheim, George L.	1987	Smith, Roben	1976
Sermersheim, Tonya	1992	Smith, Sara	1955
Settlemyre, Walter J.,II	1987	Smith, Timothy Alan	1984
Settlemyre, Walter	1955	Smith, Winifred	1937
Severt, Mary	1980	Snow, Virginia	1936
Shafer, Mary	1955	Socol, Bobby	1993
Shanko, Ann	1957	Socol, Heather	1992
Shealy, Joseph Craig	1987	Spaulding, Ric	1979

Spaulding, Salli Lynn	1984	Suelzle, Jason	1993
Spaulding, Susan	1976	Sullenburger, Cheryl	1991
Spencer, David	1978	Sullenburger, John	1993
Springer, Carolyn	1962	Sullivan, William	1940
Spurgeon, Nina	1947	Sulo, Deborah	1973
Stagg, Adelbert	1939	Summerton, Cherri B.	1984
Stanley, Amanda	1988	Summerton, Johnita	1983
Stanley, Ellen	1985	Sunderland, Ava	1953
Stanley, Jan	1957	Sutherland, Wade	1985
Stanley, Jennifer	1991	Sutton, Jean	1967
Stanley, Kevin	1991	Sutton, Joyce	1964
Stanton, Archie	1937	Sutton, Linda	1964
Steele, Allen	1962	Sweeney, Ellen	1959
Stepkoski, Dale	1976	Sweeney, Nicky	1994
Stepp, Marlene	1981	Swilley, Sharon	1968
Stepp, Robert Gregory	1984	Syfert, Erin	1996
Stevens, Alta Mae	1938	Sylvester, Jane	1965
Stevens, Edward	1954	Sype, Minita Belle	1939
Stevens, Mary	1974	Talbot, Cheryl	1982
Stevens, Nancy	1959	Tate, Herbert	1952
Stevens, Polly	1947	Taylor, Bob	1969
Stilwell, George, III	1962	Taylor, Cheri	1968
Stinchcomb, Judy	1966	Taylor, Dayna	1991
Stinchfield, Ellsie	1945	Taylor, Karen	1973
Stine, Jean	1956	Taylor, Renee	1991
Stines, Marlene Diane	1972	Taylor, Rob	1989
Stinson, Vickie	1956	Taylor, Tanya	1993
Stokes, Cheryl	1994	Taylor, Terry	1965
Stone, Barbara	1982	Taylor, Theron	1966
Stone, Mike	1975	Teague, Jane	1992
Stone, Terry	1974	Teague, Shane	1995
Story, Claudia Beth	1972	Tessier, Lewis	1994
Story, Ruth Annette	1972	Tessier, Patty	1995
Stout, Beth	1976	Thomas, Eloise	1962
Strack, Dennis James, Jr	1984	Thomas, J. L.	1941
Straight, Betty	1944	Thomas, Janet	1975
Straight, Bill	1949	Thomas, John	1973
Straight, Eddie	1958	Thomas, Mariam	1992
Straight, Tommy	1958	Thomas, Mary Ann	1953
Strathearn, Paulette	1973	Thomas, Virginia	1953
Strawder, Wallace	1965	Thompson, Connie Renee	1987
Stubbs, Bill	1951	Thompson, Debbie	1989
Stubbs, Sandy	1974	Thompson, Karen	1989
Sturgis, Frances	1947	Thompson, Paul	1965
Sturgis, Logan	1945	Thompson, Roy	1991
Styron, Jocelyn Gay	1972	Thore, Connie	1968
Subi, Arli	1994	Thore, Phillip	1970
Sudduth, Bob	1973	Thoresen, Nelson	1968

Thorp, Paul Leland	1972	Vogel, Billy	1988
Threadgill, Nicole	1996	Vogel, Vicki	1978
Throckmorton, Jane	1953	Vogt, Judi Lynn	1987
Tillman, Ann	1962	Volkov, Jacob	1951
Tillman, James	1960	Vollmer, Richard	1957
Tillman, Jamie	1994	Vreeland, Ivy	1983
Tillman, Julia	1992	Vreeland, John	1978
Tipton, Josie	1963	Vreeland, Lily	1981
Tornlov, Birgitta	1963	Vreeland, Robert	1978
Tornlov, Lars	1969	Wack, Sky	1990
Townsend, Lolita	1961	Waggonner, Joan	1970
Townsend, Regina	1965	Wagner, Gene	1964
Trace, Tami	1996	Wagner, Janet	1962
Tripp, Alfreda	1940	Wagner, Leonard	1973
Trivett, Andrew	1933	Wagner, Marshall	1970
Trivett, Gladys	1939	Wagner, Raymond	1966
Trivett, J. C.	1932	Walker, Gail	1973
Trivett, Jeanette	1937	Walker, Heidi Sue	1987
Tucker, Misty	1993	Walker, Judith	1971
Tucker, Monica	1997	Walker, Luther, III	1982
Tudor, Richard	1988	Walker, Teresa	1979
Turner, Allen	1970	Wall, Robert	1983
Turner, Milton Harold	1972	Wallace, Ann	1956
Turner, Patricia	1962	Wallace, Carleton	1948
Tyson, L. T.	1966	Wallace, Lyle Marie	1943
Ulloth, Barbara	1946	Walter, Dianne	1979
Ulloth, Barry	1961	Walter, Leslie	1969
Ulloth, Dana	1959	Walters, Lisa	1980
Ulloth, Jean	1944	Walters, Ralph	1939
Ulloth, Sharon	1961	Ward, Opal	1953
Underwood, Floyd	1946	Ward, Steve	1957
Underwood, Jim	1967	Warren, Alice	1981
Underwood, Sharon	1961	Warren, Tommy	1985
Underwood, Shirley	1965	Waters, Clifton	1975
Van Hoesen, Debbie	1975	Waters, William	1966
Vance, Gail	1959	Watkins, Curt	1976
Vance, Ileta	1939	Watkins, Derrick	1978
VanGinhoven, Dan	1951	Watkins, Diane	1966
VanGinhoven, Don	1951	Watkins, Jo Ellen	1949
VanHooser, Pagett Lynn	1984	Watkins, Louise	1943
VanHooser, Shannon R.	1987	Watkins, Melissa	1980
Vaughn, David	1986	Watkins, Pam	1977
Vaughn, Jennifer	1993	Watkins, Rick	1975
Veltman, Fred	1945	Watkins, Timothy,	1982
Veltman, Marie	1946	Watson, Reggie	1997
Vera Cruz, Sheri	1985	Watts, John, Jr.	1980
Vermillion, Betty	1943	Weagle, Robert	1939
Vernon, Beverly	1968	Weaver, Denise	1981

Weaver, Joseph	1980	Williams, Jacquenette	1971
Weaver, Juanita	1983	Williams, Jon	1992
Webb, Virginia	1942	Williams, Linda	1968
Weech, Nancy	1959	Williams, Lucinda Ann	1972
Welch, Elizabeth	1957	Williams, Michelle Dianne	1987
Welch, Patsy	1952	Williams, Sara	1932
Wells, Louise	1981	Williams, Violet	1969
Wells, Robert	1982	Willingham, Patricia	1982
West, Fred	1976	Willis, Marva	1983
Westbrook, Patricia	1948	Willis, Steve	1985
Wetmore, Jeff	1994	Willmott, Mary	1950
Wetmore, Julie	1996	Wilson, Benita	1951
Wetmore, Kenny	1994	Wilson, Debbi	1976
Wheeler, Gladys	1941	Wilson, Dennis	1977
Wheeler, Mary	1977	Wilson, Lela	1954
Whidden, Beth	1976	Wilson, Meretle, II	1990
Whidden, Thomas Lee	1984	Wilson, Pat	1956
Whitaker, Matthew	1991	Wineland, Doris	1937
White, Allison	1993	Winters, Freddie	1962
White, Ashlee	1991	Winters, Jeff	1965
White, Bruce	1988	Witt, David	1970
White, Carol	1962	Witt, Jean	1930
White, Wesley	1981	Witt, Mike	1974
Whitesides, Julie	1986	Wolbert, Donna	1981
Whitley, Donna	1963	Wolbert, Sarah	1985
Whitmill, Annette	1982	Wolbert, Susan	1979
Whitsett, George	1969	Wolf, Denise	1989
Wickham, Jeffrey	1996	Wolf, Eric	1992
Wickham, Russell	1996	Wolf, Kristen	1997
Wiegand, Diane	1967	Wolfe, Janet	1980
Wiegand, Franziska	1971	Wolters, Bill	1956
Wiegand, Heinz	1966	Woodall, Helen	1946
Wiegand, Sonja	1969	Woodall, Peggy	1950
Wiik, Alfred	1957	Woolsey, Lloyd	1943
Wiik, Geraldine	1944	Worden, Patti	1968
Wiik, Harriett	1954	Workman, Dan	1979
Wilburn, Bill	1973	Workman, David	1976
Wilkerson, Paula	1966	Worley, Vicki	1964
Wilkie, Bryce	1986	Worthen, Bill	1974
Wilkie, Jeff	1985	Worthen, Holly	1997
Willett, Joy	1954	Worthen, Tom	1976
Williams, Bruce	1976	Worthen, Trisha	1996
Williams, Charlie	1994	Wright, Adrian	1937
Williams, Christine	1971	Wright, Sara	1947
Williams, Ellen	1969	Wurster, Rick	1978
Williams, Flora Mae	1972	Wuttke, Judy Ann	1972
Williams, Heidi	1970	Wuttke, Paul	1978
Williams, Jack	1936	Wuttke, Teresa	1979

Wyatt, Carl	1991	Young, Sherri	1992
Wyatt, Melanie	1990	Young, Thelma	1955
Wynn, Angelia Michelle	1984	Yurth, Stacey	1986
Wynn, Elouise	1941	Zalabak, David	1997
Wynn, Joyce	1963	Zalabak, Stephanie	1988
Wynn, Lowell	1955	Zanes, Connie	1961
Wynn, Randy	1979	Zerbee, Georgette	1956
Wynn, Raymond	1956	Zerbie, Richard	1954
Yingling, Christy	1996	Zill, John Walter	1984
Yoakam, Deborah	1981	Zill, Kenneth Uriah	1987
Young, Bernice	1951	Zill, Victor	1997
Young, Erick	1996	Zollinger, Robert	1971
Young, Martha	1960	Zollinger, Steve	1970
Young, Mary	1951		

Appendix A

Biographical Sketch of Major Author

Lewis E. Nestell arrived in the world on May 6, 1906 in Sanlah County, Michigan, near the little town of Rhodes, where his parents had a small farm. It was here he learned the dignity and value of labor, as well as the importance of a job well done.

He learned what life in a boarding school was like when he attended Cedar Lake Academy, graduating in 1927. Lewis continued his education at Emanuel Missionary College after his marriage to Ruth Baker on May 13, 1927. After college graduation in 1931, they moved to Fletcher, North Carolina, where he became a teacher and Dean of Boys. Other positions were print shop manager, and principal of the school for 18 years. He obtained his Master's Degree from Western Carolina University in 1956. The Nestells' three children, Merlynd, Clifford, and Anna were born at Mountain Sanitarium. On March 20, 1950 Lewis married Inez Beck. He died on June 17, 1992.

Sources of Information

Personal experiences

Institutional Records—Board Meetings,
Faculty Meetings, etc.

Fletcher newsletters

Institutional correspondence

Interviews

Taped interviews

Publicity

Newspapers and Church papers

Institutional promotional literature

School calendars

Student and personal correspondence

Recommended Reading for Those with Continuing Interest

Mission to Black America, Edson White

From So Small a Dream, L. A. Hansen

Captains of the Host, A. W. Spaulding

A Fire in My Bones, Elizabeth McFadden

Men of the Mountains, A. W. Spaulding

Hills O'Ca'liny, A. W. Spaulding

Mississippi Girl, Anna Knight



The Old Sunken Garden

Daily Free Press
"America's Premier Small City Daily"
H. Galt Braxton, Editor
July 1, 1949

Fletcher, N. C.
June 23, 1949

Dear Mr. Braxton:

The Mountain Sanitarium is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen, settled in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Fletcher, N. C., in a section which is one of the nation's most famous and beautiful play grounds. It is the biggest, little place I have seen. The airport is just over the mountain and a few months ago a patient flew here from Los Angeles, California. Later a patient was taken by plane to the Baptist Hospital at Winston-Salem, N. C. Cars come in from many states. It is what you might call a miniature edition of the Washington Sanitarium at Takoma Park, Maryland, which is the Denominational Headquarters of the Seventhday Adventist Church, though the largest sanitarium is at Skodsborg, Denmark.

The Community and people here are so different from the outside world that it seems unreal, something like an Utopian dream. They have a small sanitarium, a small hospital, a small drug store, a small general store, laundry, farm and dairy, and other necessary buildings. I am enclosing a picture taken from the air which will show you the layout. One thing they need to complete the picture is a carillon to ring out the gospel message in heavenly anthems through these beautiful mountains, the echo of which would some day reach to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The stores do not sell coffee, except Sanka, tea, coca-cola or cigarettes. None of the girls here use lipstick or rouge. As I wrote my distinguished brother-in-law, Dr. Barnard W. Spilman, these people actually practice those principals which will bring about the only solution to the world's problems today, the most dangerous period of the world's history, that is, healthy, happy and Godly living. Their Sabbath (Saturday) is observed as it should be. A solemn stillness pervades the air. No work is done which can be avoided. My observation is that the standard of morality is very high.

They are conscientious tithers and, in addition, support missionary activities. If all the Christian churches of the world would follow the example set by these people, the ingathering would be so great that it would stagger the most fantastic imagination, and the world might be saved.

There are patients here from all parts of the U. S. and workers and nurses from almost every state in the union. They have a doctor from Sweden, a Danish nurse, a Spanish nurse,

and a worker born in France. Missionaries come here from all parts of the world and give programs in their native costumes. I think it is worth anyone's time to come here and feel the religious atmosphere and see the situation. Their system of work, training, education and evangelization is wonderful. They believe in the second coming of Jesus Christ and that it will be soon. I do not think they will miss it much. The last chapter of the world's history will be written by a conflict between two ideologies, Communism and Socialism.

If you come up this way, I will be pleased to have you visit me. It will do you good. With kindest regards to all, I am

Most sincerely yours,

J. Herman Canady
Kinston, N. C.

Our School Song

Down in the southern mountains, where the French Broad flows, in the
hills of North Ca--ro--lina, Where the Lau----rel grows, Ther's a school where lads and
lass--ies come from far and near; Ther's a school of closest friendship that we
all hold dear. School of the mountains, School of standards high,
I-----deals and courage Faith and lo--yal--ty. School of the
moun--tains School of standards high, FLETCHER! our School!

AUTOGRAPHS OF SCHOOLMATES

AUTOGRAPHS OF SCHOOLMATES

