

The Madisonian

May 28, 1953

Madison College, Tennessee

Vol. 1, No. 13

New A.S.M.C. President Speaks

DEAR FELLOWSTUDENTS:

From the results of the election held Tuesday, May 19, I learn that you have chosen me to shoulder the responsibility of student body president for the school year '53-54. Realizing the honor you have bestowed upon me and the confidence you have placed in me, I have accepted with the desire to make the next school year a year of progress.

My platform shall be complete cooperation with anything that will benefit the student and the school, and a continuation of upholding Christian ideals with the accent upon fellowship.

Sincerely,

—THEO WILLIAMS.

New Student Body Officers State Policies

Tuesday, May 18, was an important date for the students of Madison College—the day of the election of new A.S.M.C. officers. It was a close race throughout the election, the closest being for secretary-treasurer of the A.S.M.C. with Wanda Thomas winning over Imogene Meeks by the narrow margin of seven votes.

How do these officers feel about being elected? Here are quotations from some of them. Let them speak for themselves.

"As vice-president of the A.S.M.C., I plan to work with President Williams to see that we have better student government and better student representation, and to work closer with the faculty. I am sure that with close cooperation between the student government and the administration, much can be accomplished."

—WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

"I want to thank the members of the A.S.M.C. for electing me as the editor of their school paper for the coming year. I feel that it is indeed an honor to hold such an office. As editor I believe that along with the rest of the staff we will be able to make the paper interesting, full of the latest news, and eagerly looked forward to from issue to issue. Also I hope that by means of the paper, Madison College will become better known throughout the country."

—BILL GRAVES.

"Plans are already under way for our 1954 yearbook. While the summer foliage covers our campus, we will be making photographs and outlines for next year's *Cumberland Echoes*. I'd like to take this opportunity to ask



NEW A.S.M.C. OFFICERS

Left to right, First Row: Theo Williams, president; Wanda Thomas, secretary-treasurer; William Campbell, vice-president. Second Row: Henry Steinmuss, sergeant-at-arms; Gene Carris and Ernest Plata, editor and circulation manager of the *Cumberland Echoes*. Third Row: Bill Graves, editor of *THE MADISONIAN*; Beulah Garrard, circulation manager; Donald Fisher, business manager.

for the cooperation of everyone in the coming year as we work on this important activity. With a guarantee of that cooperation, we can promise a book that will be up to par in every way."

—GENE CARRIS.

"I wish to thank the Associated Students of Madison College for electing me as circulation manager of *THE MADISONIAN* for the coming year. I hope that I will be able to carry out my duty well. We anticipate a larger and better paper next year."

—BEE GARRARD.

"Many thanks to the student body for the privilege of serving you as secretary-treasurer of the A.S.M.C. I will endeavor to do my best, and with the help of the administration and the student body, I know that we will have a very prosperous year."

—WANDA THOMAS.

Food Preparation Class Demonstrates Health Foods

In recent food demonstrations by members of the Food Preparation class under the direction of Dr. Frances Dittes, Miss Alva Cadenhead has been exploring the art of foreign cookery while Miss Phyllis Brown has been stepping back to Ezekiel's time to prepare a bread that may have been known to him.

On May 12 a public demonstration was given with the nurses' nutrition class and a number of ladies from the community in attendance. Miss Cadenhead's potato rapure and gumbo with herbs convinced everyone of her ability as a French cook. Miss Brown made "Bible bread," vegetable bologna, and a combination salad.

(Continued on page 2)

Rough Carpenters Affiliate At Laurelbrook School

The Rough Carpentry class, under the supervision of Mr. Charles DeArk, assisted by Mr. Whitcomb Zollinger, recently spent May 6-10 at the Laurelbrook School at Dayton, Tennessee, where they assisted in building an addition to the laundry.

The class consisted of the following students: Bob Whited, Hideo Hamano, Charles Myers, David Entz, and Ali Kavlak. Also in the group were Andy Rimmer from the plumbing class and Mrs. Zollinger, who assisted with the cooking. Her going was much appreciated, for Mrs. Mary Oliver, the school cook, took sick the day before the visitors arrived.

Upon arrival, the group were shown their sleeping quarters—the spacious hay-loft—minus the

(Continued on page 3)

Students Visit South's Self-Supporting Institutions

The Laymen's Foundation and Madison College are sponsoring trips that are being made by students to the various self-supporting institutions in the South. The purpose of these trips is to help the students become better acquainted with the work and problems that confront self-supporting institutions. Recently Mrs. A. A. Jaspersen, secretary of the Laymen's Foundation Extension Service, accompanied by Mrs. Walter Wilson, Hazel Fast, Hershel Hensen, and Donald Fisher, visited the institutions at Reeves and Pine Mountain Valley, Georgia. At a recent chapel exercise this group reported their impressions of the work being carried on in these places.

Nature Club Trek Proves Strenuous But Enjoyable

The Madison College Nature Club began their fourth annual trip to Fall Creek Falls State Park after chapel, the afternoon of May 21. The laughing and singing group loaded bedding, sundry suitcases, a rubber raft and a dozen paddles, entirely too much food, and two jars of peanut butter into the Chevrolet city truck, and headed for this East Tennessee wilderness area which contains the highest falls east of the Rocky Mountains.

The trip was directed by Mr. Earl Barham, club sponsor, and

(Continued on page 3)

The Madisonian Staff

EDITOR Edna Thornton
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR Roberta Null
 Dorothy Aldrich
 BUSINESS MANAGER Harry Mayden
 CIRCULATION MANAGER Ernest Plata
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Elizabeth Cowdrick

COLUMNISTS

Mary Ellen Eaves, Chris Milligan,
 Lillian Azevedo, Geraldine Dickman

REPORTERS

Nayade Cabrera, Laura Taylor, Dale
 Kendall, Wilma Gill, Members of the
 English Composition class.

TYPISTS Ruby Sykes, Wanda Thomas

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The Editor's Pen

Is there anyone—young or old—whose interest is not aroused at the sight and sound of a building under construction? Children enjoy watching and playing around as the building progresses, for their inquisitive natures draw them to such scenes of activity. Adult interest, however, goes even farther—it sees beyond the piles of lumber, the stacks of bricks, and the heaps of dirt to the finished edifice, whether it be home or office-building, church or school. Wherever an excavation is made and lumber and other construction materials are unloaded, there you will see people observing with marked interest the progress of the structure, anticipating its completion and occupation.

Have you ever thought of yourself as being in the construction business? Well, you are as surely as is the contractor who builds homes and schools, churches, and stores. And although the structure which you are building is seemingly intangible, it is nonetheless real and must stand the test of time and eternity. You are building a character. And this most important work entrusted to you and me calls for diligent and persevering effort that there may be constant progress. Every day the edifice must rise a little higher, must resemble a little more the heavenly blueprint. This can be done only by giving attention to the little things day by day, building as it were brick by brick. Some of the "bricks" which we may build into our characters here at Madison as

Proudly We Hail

Geraldine Dickman

Here we are again for another little chat about our service men at home and overseas.

We are glad to welcome Stewart Vreeland on our campus again. He is on leave and is spending most of the time with us. We are glad to have you, "Stew."

All apologies to Clayton and Betty Spady. I guess I just didn't realize your departure. Clayton left for the army about the same time Pedro Ramos did, and his wife has just recently gone to find him at Camp Pickett. Rachel Quevedo has also joined her husband there. Lots of luck to both of you.

We were very glad to hear that Johnny Read received his deferment until September.

Pvt. Howard Davis, formerly of Camp Pickett, has been transferred to San Antonio, Texas, to Dental Technicians School, after basic training at Camp Pickett.

Doris (Iles) McClellan's husband, Pvt. John McClellan, is in Korea, and Doris is in California working.

Pvt. Louis Dickman is somewhere in Korea. The name of the location is so complicated that it

FOOD DEMONSTRATIONS

(Continued from page 1)

In the bread and bologna, the protein content was stressed. At another demonstration held on May 19 Miss Cadenhead prepared a "Model A" dinner, consisting of rice croquettes, green beans, buttered beets, boiled yellow squash, and a tossed salad that, according to Miss Brown, was "out of this world."

Another project of this class was the preparation of the refreshments which were served by the Table Service class at the May 5 meeting of the dietitians of Davidson County held in the Sanitarium Parlor.

Letters to The Editor

DEAR EDITOR:

God bless you and your good paper. I wait anxiously for the paper and I enjoy reading it. It is a pleasure to receive all this nice news . . . of the college.

—JULIA DELGADO.
 New York City

(Mrs. Delgado, Frank Sanchez's mother, included a lovely tribute to Madison which we do appreciate.—Ed.)

we associate with one another are love for others, courtesy, gentleness, meekness, patience, perseverance, self-sacrifice. These are but a few of the essential qualities needed in building a character—the only treasure we can take with us from this life. Fellow students, how are you building? E. T.

is hard to find the point on a map, but at least I know he is O.K.

Richard Rimmer was very glad to receive a letter from one of our former students, now Pvt. Will Patton. We would like to share the letter with you.

"Hi, Richard,

"They finally got me in. Left Wednesday morning. The food is wonderful. For the first couple of nights we had only a few hours' sleep. Believe me, I made up for it on Sabbath. I could get off to go to church Sabbath. All we had to do on Sabbath was to take two shots in the arm and eat one meal. So it wasn't too bad after all. They said we would be out of here in six to eight days. I'm going to Camp Pickett. Haven't had any trouble yet.

"How is everything there? Are you printing the annual yet? Wish I were there. Most likely I'll be back after two years. I will write when I get located at Pickett. Probably I'll be down that way in a couple of months."

—WILL PATTON.

We were glad to have Pvt. Clyde Holland with us over a recent week end. He is through with his basic training and is headed for Seattle, Washington, for overseas shipment. Good luck to you, Clyde.

Campus Personality Sketch

James G. Rimmer

The young man stepped from the steamer in the large seaport town of Boston, U.S.A. One of the first persons he noticed in particular was a street sweeper. He stared with amazement at this street sweeper. He could hardly believe his eyes; the man was smoking a cigar. Presently he saw a policeman, who was also smoking a cigar. This would not seem unusual to most of us, but to James Gordon Rimmer, who had lived all of his twenty-five years in England, this was unheard of. Only the wealthy could afford to smoke cigars there.

Born of well-to-do parents, May 12, 1886, in Southport, England, James Gordon was the oldest of six children. Possessed with a desire for knowledge he studied diligently. His great ambition was to become a mechanical engineer. At the age of sixteen he began to

CHARGE YOUR BATTERY

The man was 90 years old—or young—and healthy and happy. A friend asked him, "How does one keep young?"

Here is his answer:

"Every morning when I open my eyes, I say to myself, 'I—not events—have the power to make me happy or unhappy today. I can choose which it shall be. Yesterday is dead, tomorrow hasn't arrived. I have just one day—to-day—and I'm going to be happy in it.' That's a system that has worked for me for a long time; try it."

earn his own living, continuing his studies at the same time. He studied science, architecture, electrical work, draftsmanship, engineering, and automobile engineering, becoming a designer in the automobile industry. But he was not pleased with working conditions in England. He longed for a country where all men were free and equal. He decided to come to America.

On May 11, 1911, the day before his twenty-fifth birthday, he arrived in Boston. As he was a fine engineer he had no trouble in finding work. He continued to study at night to gain all the knowledge he could. He secured a good job with the Packard Company in Boston, at which he earned excellent wages. Being a thrifty man he soon saved enough money to set himself up in a business called Rimmer Organ Blowers.

Mr. Rimmer had been in America about seven years when he attended a series of meetings held by Elder Elmer L. Cardey. He had always given serious thought to religion, but had never found anything that quite satisfied him. He studied the message presented to him at these meetings and accepted it. He then dedicated his life and his means to the service of the Lord. When a friend told him about Madison College, he decided to come here. After a while he became a faculty member, first in the Hydrotherapy, and later in the Engineering Department. He was later asked to take over the Chemistry Department. As soon as time permitted he received his R.N. and B.S. at Madison, M.A. at Peabody, and Pharm. D. by Tennessee State. He has always been a lover of music and holds the position of Organ Instructor in the Music Department. He is also a teacher of American Red Cross first aid classes. As a teacher he stresses in all his classes the importance of honesty and integrity.

Mr. Rimmer left a life of wealth and comparative ease for freedom to work and worship as he saw fit. He has, by the help of the Lord, worked his way up the ladder of Christian and scholastic success. His philosophy of life is "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

—ELINOR DAVIS.



Resting awhile after some strenuous hiking are Lora Clements, Barbara Houseman, and Alvin Barham. Their smiling faces would indicate their enjoyment at being a part of the large group of Nature Club members who made the trip to Fall Creek Falls.

NATURE CLUB TREK

(Continued from page 1)

Elizabeth Stuyvesant, club president.

After unpacking upon arrival about sundown, everyone dived into the first of a series of sumptuous meals prepared by the genial chefs—Elsie and Alex Brown.

Friday morning saw what was probably the high point of the excursion—descent into the canyon via cable, and a hike down Fall Creek, up Cane Creek, and out again. The trip down the cable was uneventful, and the cool spray from the 260-foot falls invigorated everyone for the thrills about to come.

Leaping from "rock to rock" in the best Browning tradition, the adventurers jumped foaming torrents, and collected an assortment of strained muscles, wet feet and unforgettable experiences.

At one point everyone almost had to turn back. A hastily contrived bridge over the impasse got five or six over, only to be swept away in the deep and swift current. When Dr. Ernest Horsley caught up, he showed unsuspected talent in directing the erection of another bridge, using a long-dead tree lying across one of the gigantic rocks in the stream bed. (After returning to the campus, we discovered that the Academy seniors had dislodged the time-honored log bridge crossing at this point the week before.)

After this strenuous introduction, the more experienced hikers hobbled to dinner. Those who were more brave than experienced missed a few meals from time to time after that!

The men and boys tried vainly to outdo the unladylike appetites of certain young ladies, who evidently needed extra energy! The usual conversation at the table went like this: "Pass the peanut butter and honey; I'm too sore to reach for it!"

Friday afternoon those "who were able" tried the frigid water

of the swimming pool. Others enjoyed the rowboat furnished by the park, and some took out the rubber raft that had provided a cushion in the truck.

The campfire circle vespers on Friday evening found many ready to testify that nature meant much to them. Sabbath school was held in the same place the next morning, and at the church service in the camp meeting hall, Miss Mary Moore of Nashville gave her thoughtful talk on "The Plan of Redemption as Shown in Nature."

After a rest period that afternoon, almost everyone piled into the truck, and started for the fire tower. One group decided to walk all the way, but the truck caught up with them before they could make it.

Those who still had surplus energy took another hike that night between Fall Creek Falls and Cane Creek Falls, and back again. This included the entertaining suspension bridge, and its slippery approach.

Sunday morning there were instructions for preparing to leave that afternoon, but first—another swimming period. Where did you think everyone got that lovely red color?

That morning a small group took the cook and her husband on a 12-mile hike to Piney Falls. A great many deer and raccoon tracks were observed on this trip that the superintendent had described as a "nice long drive." In the blazing sun it was a nice long hike, too! The only trouble was that dinner was a little late!

Parting is such sweet sorrow, or at least so goes the old saying. At any rate, after policing and polishing the camp and cabins, the group bade farewell until another year, to the Park and its attractions.

Singing all the way home, the truckload of happy people arrived about supper time. If you will excuse us now, we will go and scratch our poison ivy.

Delta News Eta

Lillian Azevedo

It's time for more news from Williams Hall.

Well, guess what happened to Ruby Sykes since our last column. Yes, Clyde Holland made a surprise visit, and Ruby was surely glad to see him. She is anxiously awaiting his next return when the wedding bells are sure to be heard.

It seems for the past week a pair of "pink" shoes has been wandering from room to room. Wonder if Virginia Lewis knows anything about them?

Donna Guier and Millie Wieland seem to really want to be on time for worship, or is the parlor couch just better for sleeping?

Mrs. Grow left us for a few days last week for a trip to Indiana. We're surely glad to see you back, Mrs. Grow. By the way were there any policemen on the lookout for you?

Mary Leung is still counting the days until the happy wedding day. Seems she knows the time exactly to the hour, minute, and second. Are we right, Mary?

"Sleepy Time Gal"—that's the famous song at the third floor of Williams Hall. JoAnn Gibbons, are they singing it to you?

Hilda Schneider seems to have found her "Ideal," Wally Cox, or maybe you know him better as "Mr. Peepers."

We were sorry to hear of the recent death of Ruby Alder's grandfather. Our sincere sympathy to you and your family, Ruby.

A grateful "thank you" goes to Nellie Green for the beautiful drapes she made for our parlor. Thanks ever so much, Nellie.

We were happy to have as a recent visitor Mrs. Marie Messinger from Ozone, Tennessee. Come again, Marie; you're always welcome to visit with us. Laura Egger's parents also were recent visitors to our "humble abode."

ROUGH CARPENTERS

(Continued from page 1)

hay—of a large barn; for you see Laurelbrook is still in the "pioneer stage," and lodging quarters for guests are not too plentiful. Most of the class thought that it would be great sport to sleep in a hay-loft. But that's where Ali balked—"Me sleep with cows and chickens? I was an officer in the Turkish army, etc., etc." But he did spend one night in the hay-loft.

The construction work was scarcely begun that afternoon when it started to rain, raining intermittently all night and nearly all of the next day, Thursday. But the workers managed to get in two and a half days of work on the project during the four-day stay.

The Laurelbrook folk held "true to form" by giving all the visitors a part in the week-end services. Charles Myers led the song service

at vespers, and Ali paid tribute to his beloved Turkey. Sabbath morning again found the visitors scheduled on the program, for besides a special musical number Hideo told the mission story from first-hand experience. Bob Whited gave the Sabbath school review, and David Entz conducted the lesson study. In the eleven o'clock service Mr. Zollinger was the speaker, and Andy Rimmer assisted in the service. Sabbath afternoon Mr. DeArk took the class to Collegedale and Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, places which were new to most of the visitors.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, with everyone anxious to get an early start on the job, because they were to leave that night. When the breakfast bell rang, everyone crowded into the dining room—that is, everyone but Ali. You see, he had found more satisfactory sleeping quarters over at the "Boys' House." Work time came and still no Ali; so two of the boys volunteered to go and awaken him, which they did—by tossing him bodily into the creek which ran close by. At any rate he was awakened, and subsequently reported for work.

So a very interesting "laboratory period" was completed, and it might be well to note here that the overall purpose of this trip was three-fold, namely, to give the class first-hand experience in construction from the ground up, to give material aid to the unit visited in the form of specialized labor, and to give the visiting students a "close-up" of a self-supporting unit in action.

Be not simply good—be good for something.—Thoreau.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

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EDITORIAL

Another school year is almost at its end. As we think back over the year, we wonder whether we have got the most out of our time, if we have really gained something worthwhile during the year. If we haven't, it is because we haven't put the most into it.

Is it worth while to spend a year at school, and at the end realize that we have not accomplished anything? No. It is too late now to change this past year, but it isn't too early to start thinking of next year.

From now on let's do all we can to help the school and also better ourselves. Try it, and you'll enjoy the school year much more!

B. C.

Seniors Spend Week End At Fall Creek Park

Yes, it arrived at last—the long-awaited week-end trip to beautiful Fall Creek Falls! At three o'clock Friday morning, May 15, the seniors were getting ready to leave. Cries of "Have we forgotten anything?" "Be sure to take enough to eat," and "I can hardly wait to get there!" filled the air.

At five o'clock they scrambled into the school truck, and after a word of prayer they were on their way. They arrived about 10:00 A.M. Setting up camp was a new experience for most of them, and everyone was glad that some of the boys had had Medical Cadet training. There was plenty to do, including swimming, miles of hiking, playing croquet, and singing around the campfire in the evenings. All the cooking was done over an open fire, and according to the comments, it must have been good.

Living in a pup tent can be quite eventful, especially when it collapses in the middle of the night—as one did! After an adventure-filled week end, the seniors returned, sunburned and sore but very happy. They will not soon forget the feeling of awe that filled them as they came in sight of the majestic 260-foot Fall Creek Falls.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin

Juniors Have Picnic for Seniors at Lebanon

Wednesday morning, May 13, found the juniors and seniors eagerly awaiting a picnic. Only a few juniors knew where they were going, but after they were well on their way, they were told that they were going to the Cedars of Lebanon State Park, about 30 miles away.

It was a beautiful day, and the picnic started off with a softball game—juniors vs. seniors. Then others played ping pong, shuffleboard, and horseshoes. Soon everyone was hungry; so they ate their fill of the delicious food which the juniors had prepared. In the afternoon everyone went swimming and played softball and other games. Enough food had been brought along for supper, and no one had to be called twice to eat it.

In the evening it was a tired but happy group who started back to the campus. On the way home the seniors expressed their thanks to the juniors for the wonderful time they had had.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Senior Class Night

7:30, Thursday evening, May 28. Displaying senior talent. Presenting the class will, prophecy, and history.

Consecration

8:00, Friday evening, May 29. Speaker, Elder R. E. Finney, Jr.

Baccalaureate

11:00, Saturday morning, May 30. Speaker, Elder R. H. Wentland.

Commencement

8:00, Saturday evening, May 30. Speaker, Elder W. A. Howe, Educational Secretary of the Southwestern Union.

High School News Notes

★ Congratulations to Maurice Culpepper, Academy senior who received the Leaders' Publication certificate for being the outstanding student of the year.

★ The high school choir sang for church Sabbath morning, May 23. Their special number was "Praise Ye the Father."

SENIOR SPONSORS



Photo by Bee

Beverly Ann Blair Wilson

Beverly was born on October 22, 1929, and lived near Mason City, Iowa, for the first six and a half years of her life. Then she moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blair and her younger brother, Buddy, to Madison College, where she attended school through the academy. After spending one year at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, she returned here to complete her two-year secretarial course.

"Bea" was married to Billy Wilson on August 22, 1949, and she stayed at Union College while Billy finished his college work. While they were at Pine Forest Academy, she taught typing.

Bea's favorite pet is cats. Once when she was a small girl, her aunt gave her a kitty. Trying to take good care of it, she and her brother gave it a bath, pinning it with clothespins on the fence to dry! The cat died two days later.

Bea's hobby is watching baseball games. She is now working at the Sanitarium medical desk.

★ Ramona Kinsey has been in the hospital. Could it be that the trip to Fall Creek was too much for her?

★ The students haven't had any extra time in the past two weeks—they were getting ready for final exams.

★ An interesting technicolor film depicting the founding of the Dupont Company was shown in chapel last week.

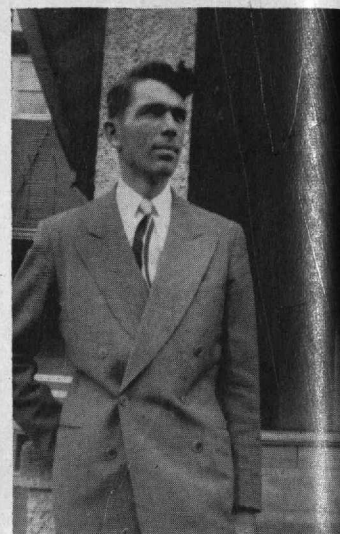


Photo by Bee

William Henry Wilson

William Wilson, or "Billy" as he is known here, was born on August 10, 1926, at Madison College, which has always been his home. He was sent to Fletcher Academy for his senior year of high school, but homesickness got the best of him, and he came back after two weeks. The day of his graduation, Billy came down with the measles, and though he was the class president, he couldn't be there to receive his diploma.

He started college, but the Army called him, and he was sent to Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colorado, where he took the X-ray technician course. Then he was sent to Cairo, Egypt. At the close of his Army career, Billy went back to college taking the laboratory technician course. He also prepared for the ministry and was accepted at Union College. A year before finishing school, he was married to Beverly Blair, his childhood sweetheart.

After graduation from Union College in 1950, Billy accepted a call to be principal and boys' dean at Pine Forest Academy, Chunky, Mississippi, where he spent two years before coming to Madison to act as principal of Madison College Academy. Billy says that his hobby is young people, and he has proved it in all his associations with the academy students.

The 1953 senior class is proud to present to you their sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wilson.



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