

# Madison Survey

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## REMEMBRANCES

### ONE PERSPECTIVE

It is my understanding that I stand here this evening for two primary reasons, 1) I am a woman and 2) I grew up at *Madison*!

This does not really set me apart in any way as there are many women (some in this room tonight) that are more qualified to speak, and there are many who grew up at *Madison*. I consider it an honor to have been singled out, a special joy to be a woman, and a privilege to have lived my enchanted childhood on this campus. I would like to thank those family and friends who encouraged me to accept. I have no profound messages but ask you to be kind and generous to a lady speaking for the first time. My remarks this evening, then must naturally be about my own personal recollections of my formative years and of the enormous positive influence cast on me by the founders, workers, and teachers of the college. I'm just taking it for granted that most of you know of the persons I will mention and you would most likely be able to recount your own remembrances, if given a chance.

To give you a little background, I shall back up in time to a few years before the Goodge family came to *Madison* from Evansville, Indiana.

After my brother, Roger, was born in 1915, the doctor told my mother she would not have any

more children, so it was a great surprise ten years later when she suspected his prediction was inaccurate! When her suspicions were verified, she exclaimed, "But doctor, I have 4 children already--I can't have another child at my age!" "Well, how old are you, Mrs. Goodge?" "I'm 33!" she answered. Roaring with laughter, the doctor said, "Why, my dear, I've known women to get married at your age, and proceed to have a round dozen."

So it was that a feminine bundle of "red flannel" (as mother described the newborn) arrived in 1925 on the hottest September 9 ever recorded in Evansville. She joined her four siblings, Bayard Jr., 17, Kenneth 16, Alice 12. Roger 10, adding much excitement to the home of her parents, Samuel Bayard, and Clara Davenport Goodge. They named her Sarah Ann and I've been told that my brother, Ken, who was attending school in Cicero, said, "Have you run out of names?"-- and thereafter called me Mary Lou.

Mother and daddy were active members of the Olivet Presbyterian Church in Evansville, daddy an elder and mother a soloist with the choir. She also sang at many civic and cultural events in the city. One day, in 1928 a Seventh-day Adventist friend, who was sick, asked mother to fill in for her by singing at a tent meeting that evening. Daddy was

not in favor of this, but finally agreed after mother promised it was only a one time thing. The sermon that evening was on the state of the dead. She was spell-bound with this new concept as it had troubled her when her father died that she was told if he didn't go to heaven that he was in a burning hell. She was drawn back to the meetings, night after night. After hearing the Sabbath presented, she went to her minister, thinking he could show her, in the Bible, where it said to keep Sunday. Of course, he could not.

One evening she came home and told daddy she wanted to join the Seventh-day Adventist church. "The children can go with you on Sunday also." "No", he replied, "I will never sicken the children on religion." So the children were given a choice and they chose to go with mother. Even tho' daddy did not then embrace the faith, he supported mother in her decision, and every Friday, he would say, "Now children, don't worry your mother, help her get ready for the Sabbath." (I will add at this point, that six years later, daddy was baptized at *Madison*).

At the time of mother's conversion and changing churches, I was too young to be aware of what was going on, but I was taken to Sabbath School and Church, and have been told that Alice and Roger sometimes argued over who would

push my carriage. I received lots of love and attention and to his dying day, my brother, Bayard, liked to tell me how spoiled I was.

1929 was a year of financial hardships for many families, my family--no exception. Through another friend in the Adventist church, Mrs Louise Kuiken, who ran the Bethel Sanitarium, my brother, Ken, was sent to *Madison* to school. Also at Mrs. Kuiken's suggestion, Dr. Edward Alexander Sutherland, Miss DeGraw and Mr. Rocke came to Evansville to invite the Goodge family to move South.

Tho' times were hard, mother had come from a wealthy family and had lovely crystal, china, silverware, and linens and she served the group from *Madison* in a gracious way. Miss DeGraw took her aside afterward and tried to delicately point out that things would be somewhat different at the struggling self-supporting school.

At this time, another child, Billy, had joined the family, and with six children to educate, the program at *Madison* seemed a God-send to the family, and they accepted the invitation. Previous to our arrival, Ken had told all his friends, "Wait 'til you see my little sister. She has these beautiful long brown curls." But mother had decided it would be a lot less trouble if my hair was short. When we arrived, Ken took one look and exclaimed, "What have you done to her?" I'm told he refused to speak to mother for several weeks.

Our family first moved to Gotzian Home. My father, having graduated from Lockyear Business College, was given a position in the Business Office. Miss DeGraw came up to Gotzian Home in a day or so and assigned some housekeeping duties to mother. I

recall mother telling she was also asked to help measure the length of the students' dresses! Many of the rules and regulations were foreign to her as a relatively new Adventist, but she fell into step in many ways.

However, one area she had trouble adjusting to was the faculty having considerable say in the lives of her older children. Mother and daddy were used to being solely in charge. I remember hearing of one incident that occurred at a faculty meeting. It seemed that Kenneth had made some minor infringement of the rules and so was up for discipline. Mr. R. B. King asked, "Mrs. Goodge, I would like to ask you--just where was Kenneth at 9:00 o'clock last night?" Mother stood up and in a voice loud and clear said, "And I would like to ask you, just what business is it of yours?" There was an overwhelming silence as she strode to the door, then stumbled and fell. Before anyone could come to her aid, she was up and gone. The next day, Dr. Sutherland came to her about the matter and related his well known story "Now Mrs. Goodge, you understand I'm not calling Mr. King a skunk, but if you were on your way to a party and met a skunk on the path, you could kick him out of the way, but you wouldn't go to the party."

Mother and Mr. King, the post-master, did become good friends. To illustrate-as many of you know, she taught voice, directed the choir and often sang solos on campus.

One day there was an unpost-marked envelope in our mail box. Inside was a cartoon showing two hens talking outside a house. In the upstairs window of the house was a large bosomed lady, obviously vocalizing. The one hen said to the other, "She's been cackling like that

all morning and hasn't laid an egg yet!" Mother immediately suspected Mr. King and when she questioned him about the matter, he didn't admit his guilt but the grin on his face rather obviously said it all.

We did not stay in Gotzian Home long, soon moving into one side of Miss DeGraw's house (now Heritage House). She was most gracious from the start, and not having a family of her own, very quickly took us into her heart. Billy and I had a definite rule that we did not go into Miss DeGraw's side unless we were invited, but she often invited us, and we stood in awe of her.

The house was small, and Alice and I slept in the attic which was entered into via a pull-down ladder in the hall between the two sides. The older boys lived in a small house up the hill just past the Tolman house.

One traditional activity our family had and continued while living in Miss DeGraw's house was making root beer. It was carefully made of water, flavoring and yeast, then bottled and capped. We had a special gadget that capped the bottles, then the finished product was stored in the basement under Miss DeGraw's side. It stayed cool in the summer. Some time after one of our root beer making activities, Miss DeGraw knocked at our door. She appeared somewhat alarmed and told mother there were loud bangs periodically coming from the basement. Upon investigation, it was discovered that evidently too much yeast had gone in the recent batch and one by one, the pressure was shooting the caps off the bottles. Mother was so embarrassed, but Miss DeGraw thought it was delightfully funny and assured her the episode was one



she would long remember with pleasure.

And I do remember with pleasure, love, and appreciation. I have never ceased to feel the quiet and dignified Christian influence that seemed to flow from her.

On an equal par in my memory is Mrs. Lida Funk Scott—a dear and loving woman who conveyed to me time and time again her one overwhelming desire to be alive when Jesus returned. Mrs. Scott's brother, Wilfred Funk and his wife Eleanor, came to *Madison* to visit Lida. Their father, Isaac, founded the Funk and Wagnall's Publishing Company. Mrs. Scott would ask my mother to come do the cooking, as Miss Julia Payne, her house-keeper and cook, was not up to the task. Billy and I would tag along and entertain ourselves outside. How all we kids loved the old well out back that still pumped water.

Wilfred and Eleanor had three children, John "Brud", Peter, and Joan. I remember Mrs. Funk, at Mrs. Scott's suggestion, sending a box of clothing her daughter had outgrown and I became the recipient of some of these clothes. I can recall feeling somewhat like a celebrity, wearing Joan Funk's clothes.

Those of you acquainted with the Reader's Digest know of a monthly feature entitled "More Word Power" by Peter Funk. I have had a mini-correspondence with Peter recently as a result of sending him some Funk family photographs and articles regarding Mrs. Scott that I fell heir to. He has fond remembrances of his visits to his Aunt Lida's.

The year after I finished high school (at Little Creek Academy) I returned to *Madison* to take my pre-nursing classes, and lived behind

Mrs. Scott's house with Florence Fellemente. Mrs. Scott invented a job for me that school year as a secretary of sorts. I was genuinely under-qualified. I could already type but had no shorthand skills. Mrs. Scott very patiently "dictated" letters at a snail's pace so I could take it down anyway I could. One thing I remember doing was typing all the letters she received from her nephew, John, while he was in the service.

We had morning worship together every week-day morning.

As I begin the years above "three score and ten" I, too, would like to be alive when Jesus comes, but whether I am or not, at that time there will be a joyous reunion with Mrs. Lida Scott—to tell her how her life influenced mine and to thank her for being so kind to a young girl.

Another member of Mrs. Scott's household was Miss Tahlina Elza, the Foundation Bookkeeper. She most faithfully carried out her duties, and to her dying day was always kind and good to me.

Mrs. Kathryn Bertram lived in a small house between Miss DeGraw's and the Druillard Library. There were two large Mulberry trees between the houses and I can still taste the pies mother made. I loved to visit Mrs. Bertram's house. She had such lovely paintings and other art objects in her house and seemed always to have time to sit down and visit, giving you the feeling you were very important to her. I can also visualize her art room down in the Demonstration Building. How I loved the days we had art class. She so patiently guided us in whatever project we were involved. I treasure a painting she gave Buddy and me in 1952 for a wedding present and for forty-four years it has hung in every home in

which I have lived. I thank her for her calm Christian spirit that sweetened my childhood and teen years.

From my Elementary School years two teachers stand out in my mind, Florence Taylor and Zona King. I will never forget Mrs. Taylor's smile—I thought she was so pretty, however she could be a bit stern if needed. I remember having to stay out in the dark cloakroom for some long forgotten indiscretion.

Mrs. King was always willing to give extra time, if needed, and would invite me to her home to explain anything of which I was unsure.

She encouraged us all to commit Bible verses to memory—always referring to them as memory gems.

I must mention one other favorite, Mr. George Cothren. He wore more than one hat as he was also an anesthetist.

Every month, at school, we had a visit from Mrs. Droll who spoke to us on Temperance and Nutrition. We signed little pledges not to drink or smoke, and I'm certain this had a large role in my never even being tempted to do either one. We were taught all the elements of good nutrition and I've been told that one day I came home for dinner (we never called it "lunch") and as I walked all around the table, big tears rolled down my cheeks.

"What's the matter, dear," mother asked, and I sobbed, "We don't have a green leafy vegetable." Needless to say, she scurried around and found something to fill the bill.

As a small child, I was mortally afraid of Mr. Richard Walker, as were most of the other children. He had this terrifying gruff exterior, but as I grew up, it dawned on me that anyone who had landscaped so

beautifully must be soft and mellow inside and so I gradually discovered this side of him. I visited him often through the years and he would go to great lengths to take me around and show me different things he was growing. I learned you cannot always judge a book by its cover. He was to me a wonderful friend.

Our family eventually moved from Miss DeGraw's house to a house up on Sanitarium drive, next to the water tank. Daddy now operated the little store which was next to the post office. Across the street from us were the Stewarts, McDonalds, Juhls and the Kendalls. The P. A. Webber family lived in the house to our right before they went to Japan and when they returned, they lived around the corner. Dr. Julius Gilbert White then lived in the house to the right where he directed his "Learn How to Be Well" seminar activities. We lived in the house on the hill 'til we moved to Little Creek in 1942.

Three years ago, my dear childhood friend, Lyle Marie Wallace Stockdale and I were here together for *Madison Homecoming*. We rode around the campus and noted that both of the houses the Goodge family lived in were still standing and both the houses the Wallace family lived in were gone. Other lifelong friendships are Helen Bush Van Boer, LaVerne Wilson Dodd, Alice Slater Harris.

There were two other very special Florences in my life at *Madison*. The first, Miss Florence Hartsock. She had this helter-skelter appearance, her unruly, straight white hair was always out of place, even as she stepped out of the beauty shop. Despite the age difference I loved to go places and do things with her. She was a fun

loving Christian woman and I have never forgotten her kindnesses to me.

The other Florence, Miss Florence Fellemente, was Mrs. Scott's and the Layman Foundation's secretary. She actually was part of our family in Evansville, having come to live with us as a teenager and then moving to *Madison* with us. Her life at *Madison* was totally dedicated to the welfare of the Units. For the uninitiated, the Units were small schools and/or medical facilities operated in the *Madison* manner. Miss Fellemente traveled many miles, annually, sitting in on all the Board Meetings of such places as El Reposo, Fletcher, Scott Sanitarium, and Hurlbutt Farms, Pisgah, Pine Forest, Chestnut Hill, and Little Creek to name a few. She was always "Florence" to me and I can vouch for her Christian character as I actually lived with her one year. When I was a child she lived in one side of the Lingham sisters' house, I counted it a big event to spend the night with her.

She was born with a physical handicap, a severe speech impediment, but rose above it, making a large contribution to the Self-supporting phase of God's work. She has been gone for twenty-five years, but I still find it hard to speak her name without tears. She was indeed a major influence in my life. Some may remember in her later years she married Arthur Jasperson—sort of like Miss DeGraw and Dr. E. A.

Speaking of the Lingham sisters, Miss Ruth and Miss Gertrude, they lived in the house just the other side of Mrs. Scott's house. Both of them were very special to me, also, as they always had kind and cheerful words for me. I have yet to figure

out why Miss Gertrude sat on the lawn in the summer time with her head back and her mouth wide open. I guessed it was for some health benefits from the sun, but I never presumed to ask. In 1950 I rode all the way to General Conference in San Francisco in the same car with her and she only drank unchilled grape juice all the way. In spite of what I deemed a few oddities, Miss Gertrude had a positive influence in my life.

Three summers ago, I learned Miss Ruth was living in Inverness, Florida and I was privileged to make a visit to her home. At ninety some odd years she seemed to me the same as I remembered her fifty years ago. She gave me a little book of her poems.

One other person I must mention is Mrs. Susan Ard from Chestnut Hill Farm School. She also had a profound influence on my life. She took me and Lyle Marie, under her wing and tenderly nourished a lifetime friendship. She never failed to send me a birthday card, up to the year she died.

The list could go on and on, Dr. E. A. & Sally Sutherland, Dr. & Mrs Bralliar, Dr. & Mrs. Rimmer, Jim and Betty Blair, Pearl and Nis Hansen, and Dr. & Mrs Lew Wallace, who treated me as another daughter. I look back and wonder if I ever told them how much their kindness meant to me. I always thought Dr. Wallace was somewhere next to God, performing medical miracles every day! Lyle Marie and I loved to play doctor and patient and I'm told I had to be rescued on day as Lyle Marie had a can of dust and was shaking it in my face pretending to give me an anesthetic.

Many of you remember, Miss Elizabeth Windhorst, who we



affectionately referred to as Miss Breeze pony. She worked in the pharmacy, where she usually managed to appear quite stern. But this exterior disappeared outside of work and I loved to visit her little home on around the corner (past the water tank) and especially loved to ride in the rumble seat of her "30 something Ford". I'm sure my grandchildren never heard of a rumble seat.

Every fall, the month of October, I think, was the Annual Laymen's Extension League Convention. The leaders of all the Southern Units converged on the Mother Institution for a week-end of sharing and receiving spiritual rejuvenation. I really loved seeing all these people, and looking back, I'm sure this was the only vacation many of them ever had. Our family did not take vacations either, so it was exciting for me to see and hear the stories that were told. Mother would always invite someone to stay with us or eat with us, and I guess, if I were truthful, child like, I chafed a little at the extra work around the house. Still, I'm certain these yearly gatherings had a great deal to do with my love for the Self-supporting work and the people who sought to live its principles.

In meandering down memory lane this evening, it is my prayer that you have perceived the depth of my gratitude for what *Madison* and all the dear people I have mentioned gave to me so many years ago. All of these people, without exception (my family included) must have had short comings, faults that needed correcting, and human frailties of a wide scope, but I am sure God chose them for their overwhelming love for His word and their desire to serve their fellow men.

My greatest hope is that in my

past thirty-five years of teaching at Little Creek School and also in whatever time remains for me on this earth, I have passed on and will continue passing on to others a little bit of the love and caring that was shown to me by the *Madison Family*.

I have in my hand a small dog-eared and heavily underlined booklet, belonging to my mother. It is a compilation of quotes from Ellen White on the importance of voice culture, a subject very near and dear to her heart. All of her students were given frequent words of wisdom from this booklet and in her memory I would like to read three short quotes: "*The human voice is a precious gift of God; it is a power for good, and the Lord wants His servants to preserve its pathos and melody. The voice should be cultivated so as to promote its musical quality, that it may fall pleasantly upon the ear and impress the heart.*"

"*Jesus met the people on their own ground, as one who was acquainted with their perplexities. He made truth beautiful by presenting it in the most direct and simple way. His language was pure, refined, and clear as a running stream. His voice was as music to those who had listened to the monotonous tones of the rabbis. But while His teaching was simple, He spoke as one having authority.*"

"*It is not loud singing that is needed, but clear intonation, correct pronunciation, and distinct utterance. Let all take time to cultivate the voice, so that God's praise can be sung in clear soft tones, not with harshness and shrillness that offend the ear. The ability to sing is the gift of God; let it be used to His glory.*"

I grew up listening to mother sing

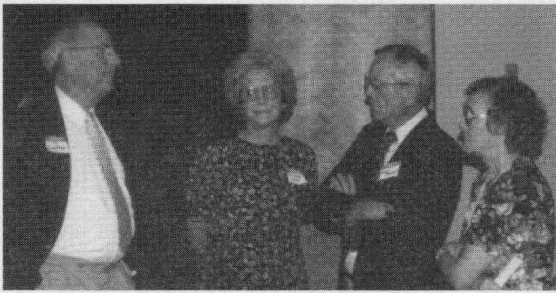
so many beautiful songs, especially those based on scripture. Many Bible texts I hear today still touch off in my mind the melodies they have been set to. True memory gems. To close I would like to sing one of my favorites that she used to sing. "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings, based on Psalms 84. I have asked my sister Alice Straw to accompany me. I would also like to thank her and Leland for their loving interest in my life, and especially for the education and tender family atmosphere that Little Creek Academy provided my three fatherless children during their childhood. May all of us here tonight strive to be ready to inhabit the "Lovely Dwellings" God has prepared.

### Homecoming 1997

#### Sooner than you think!

Homecoming will be June 20-21, 1997. **There are no on campus rooming facilities unless you are staying with friends.** The are ten (10) motels within 6 miles of the campus church where the meetings are held. For your convenience they are listed here: Budgetel 615-851-1891, Comfort Inn 859-5400, Downtown Inn 859-2861, Econo Lodge Rivergate 859-4988, Economy Inn 859-0190, Friendship Inn 859-1416, Motel 6 859-9674, Red Roof Inn 859-2537, Shoney's Inn 851-1067, Madison Square Inn 865-4203 (ask for the new part down in back.) These motels are at Exit 97 on I 65 N. The last is in Madison. There are 2 KOA's too. Reserve early as the music industry has "Fan Fare" all that week and rooms will be hard to get if you wait. There are more motels currently under construction at Exit 97. Hampton Inn is one of them.





Left to right : Charles "Buddy" Harris, Mrs. Harris, Dr. Wilfred Stuyvesant, Dr. Florence Stuyvesant



Left : Sarah Ann Goodge McNeilus  
Right : Elsie Brownlee - President



Left : Dr. J. C. Trivett, Edith Brost  
Right : George Kelly



Left to right : Genevieve Martin, Doyle Martin, Dr. Ralph Moore



Left to right : Dr. Ralph Moore, Leland Straw, Ralph Bailey



Left to right : Deryl Christensen, Elmer Fast, William Campbell



Left : Ralph Baily  
Right : Conn Arnold



Left to right : Wally Welch, Sarah Ann McNeilus, Lloyd "Joe" Wilson





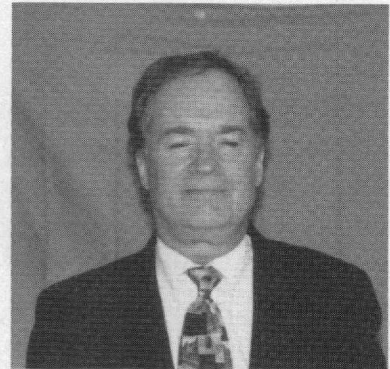
Left : Charleyann Holland Cantrell  
Right : Mary VanCampen Thompson



Nursing Class of 1946  
Left to right : Vera Jensen, Mary Siewart Pereault, Dorothy Jensen Moore, Ethel Overdorf, Shirley Drury



Class of 1936  
Left to right : Stanley Hall, Violet Goodge, Anna Pearson Simpson, Alice Goodge Straw



John Moore  
Anesthesia '77



Chow time



Left : Viola Salsgiver Knight, Linda Walters



Nursing Class of 1942  
Left : Mary Belle Ramsey Martin, Raymond Harold



## HONOR CLASSES

1934

### Ralph Davidson

"I always was the shortest one around. I am Ralph Davidson. I graduated in 1934. I didn't know about Madison although my mother had gone to school at Battle Creek College when Dr. Sutherland was president of Battle Creek College. She knew about Dr. Sutherland and what he was doing down south but I didn't know anything about it.

I had canvassed and earned a scholarship and was planning to go to Washington Missionary College where all of my friends from Ohio were going to go. At campmeeting time they always allowed the students that were out selling books to come to campmeeting. They gave us our food and we had to set up the chairs and pass out the song books and this sort of thing for a whole week.

I was ready to go back and deliver my books. The car didn't have any top. It was a model, "T" Ford. Unbeknownst to any of us, including the driver, it didn't have a taillight either. One of the boys had a straw hat, flat on top. When you had a good breeze they would sail off your head. That happened and it sailed over a fence. We had to stop. He jumped out and climbed the fence to get his hat. There was a car load of us. All were in the car except the one after his hat. I was in the backseat. It was just at dusk and there was a car coming from behind with its bright lights on. There was a car coming from the front with

bright lights on. With no taillight the car behind never did see us. Of course they hit the back of our car full force. We jumped across the road and hit the on coming car. There was a three car smash up. Only one was hurt. The newspaper came out "One Killed", that was me. I went out of that car like a bullet, went down the road about thirty feet and landed on my head. I guess that's what has been wrong with me ever since. I didn't know anything for two days. This happened on Sunday evening.

My brother had attended campmeeting with me. My folks had just moved from Ohio to Battle Creek, Michigan. They knew he was there so the colporteur leader for the Ohio Conference sent a police car to the camp ground to get him. They brought him up to where the accident happened and to the little hospital. I didn't wake up until Tuesday afternoon. They told me I would come to and then pass out again. I ate nothing. They didn't have IV's in those days. Tuesday afternoon, when I came to, my brother was there and I asked him, "Where are we?" He told me we were in a doctor's office upstairs. The doctor had his office downstairs and he had four or five beds upstairs. I was in one of those beds. I said, "All right how much is it costing me?" He said, "I don't know." I said, "Well you find out how much this is costing me." By Wednesday afternoon he knew. He said, "Ralph it's costing you so much a day." I said, "I don't have that kind of

money, we've got to get out of here." I asked the doctor, when he came, when I could go." He smiled and said, "We'll talk to you about that later." That later meant more money. I said to Howard, "It's Wednesday night, tomorrow you go down and buy us a railroad ticket, (I had some deposit money in my pocket), back to Battle Creek, Michigan. I said, "Friday you go down and hire a taxi cab and you tell him to park outside this doctor's office at 4 a.m. sharp, don't do anything but wait for an hour and we'll be out there." Sunday at 4 o'clock, Howard got me out of bed and got me dressed. I put my arms around his neck and we left. We didn't say anything to anybody, we just left. When we got back to Battle Creek my folks hardly knew me. I hadn't shaved for several days and I didn't look very good. In a few days I began to feel better and I wrote a card to every one that I had sold books to and told them what had happened and that I would be back and deliver those books. I told them the approximate dates I thought I would be there. I delivered every book except two. Those two people had moved away.

I took my money and went back to the doctor's office where I had stayed. When I walked in the door the nurse said, "How's your brother?" Now my brother happens to look like me, same height and weight. His hair is a little darker than mine. At times we are still mistaken for one another. I said, "I guess he's all right." She said, "You're not the



one upstairs sick!?" I said, "Yeah, I am." She went right out and got the doctor. He came in, sat down behind his desk and said to me, "Son, I never expected to see you alive again, I thought you would die." The Lord had a hand in that.

My scholarship was gone. What was I going to do? I kept talking to my mother and she said, "We will go to Berrien Springs and get you into school there." We got in the car and started for Berrien Springs. We burnt out a bearing in the car on the way over there. We had to turn around and limp home. Eventually I got a ride with somebody and went over to Berrien. I saw the business manager and told him I wanted to go to school. He said, "How much money have you got?" Being truthful I told him, "None." He said, "Son, We have no place for you." I went back home pretty discouraged. I told my mother that the Lord wanted me to go to school. I had a scholarship, then I had an accident and spent it all. The Lord wanted me to go to school. What was I going to do?

One day I was telling that to a man by the name of Leroy Hunter. He was an RN. He had just graduated from the nurses course at *Madison* and was up at Battle Creek. He heard my tale of woe and said, "Why don't you go to *Madison*?" *Madison*? I had never heard of it! He gave me the address and I wrote to them. I got a letter from Miss DeGraw and she said, "Don't come." I showed the letter to

Leroy, he looked at it and just smiled. He said, "This isn't going to make any sense to you, but don't write back, just go. Just show up." I wasn't used to doing that but that's what I did.

I won't take time to tell you about all that happened on the way down there, like spending all night in jail. How I ate bananas they had thrown off a truck because they couldn't sell them any more. I sat down and ate myself full of bananas. How somebody gave me \$3 for a meal but I didn't eat. I bought stamps that I used after I got to *Madison*.

Any way I came and they sent me in to see Miss DeGraw. She said, "I thought I told you not to come." I said, "You did." She said, "We can't send you away hungry, you will have to eat at least once." She told someone in the business office to make me out a meal ticket. She said, "He's got to eat before he goes back." They gave me a \$5 meal ticket and in those days that would last a month! I said, "Wait a minute, they gave me a \$5 meal ticket, I'm not going back home. I'm going to use up this meal ticket." I had \$15 that I had borrowed from my sister, you were supposed to have \$25, I put it in the business office.

They told me to go out to the garden and pick beans. I had worked on a farm all my life so I went out and picked beans. I think I picked more beans than any two other students did that afternoon. That was the only time I ever worked in the garden or on the farm. The very next day they sent me down to the

Food Factory to work for Capt. Bush and we got along fine.

The next job they gave me was that of night watchman. They gave that job to me because they knew I needed the money. They gave me twelve hours credit for ten hours work. They never did tell me to leave and they never told me I could stay. I just stayed and graduated. I could tell you a lot more. I really do think that everything I have and am I owe to *Madison* and my mother, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Bralliar, Dr. Webber and Mrs. Webber, Nis Hansen, and Miss DeGraw. I could name a lot.

The Wheelers were there too. I never will forget the boating trip they took us on down at the river. We crawled through barb wire fences and you know what happened to my britches! Mrs. Wheeler saw what I had done and said, "Ralph, don't worry about it. Come by the house and I will fix them." She put me in a bedroom while she fixed them and then I put them on. What a place, *Madison*! But really, I owe everything to the Lord and what *Madison* did for me. They sent me to get my master's degree and then I came back and taught. Then I got my CPA.

We developed an accounting Major in all the schools. The last count I had, there are two hundred and fifty Adventist CPAs that have graduated from the business departments of our colleges. The Lord has been good to me. Very good, and I thank Him."

1936

**Stanley Hall**

I'm Stanley Hall. I don't know where to start. Nineteen thirty six, that's sixty years ago! As we were contemplating coming out here we wondered how many of our class might be here. That's quite a stretch back. I had the privilege of growing up with *Madison* to quite a degree. My family came from Mountain View, California. Both parents were workers at the Pacific Press. They were married there. Over a number of years my father went through all the departments in the Pacific Press. He was not content to stay and work in any one department. He became proficient in bookbinding, the composing room, and the press room.

In 1915 the General Conference sent him to Japan to manage the publishing house there and also be treasurer of the Mission. He passed away about six months later from a virulent tropical infection. Mother stayed there about another six months to take care of the work of the Mission and then we came back to Mountain View.

She went to work in the Pacific Press and we started to school there when I was eight. After a few years mother realized that on the income she received from the Pacific Press she wouldn't be able to give us the education she wanted us to have. She heard about *Madison* so in 1924 we boarded a train headed east and came to *Madison* in August 1924. You know what August weather is in Tennessee!

A few days after we arrived the powder works in Old Hickory blew up and burned. They had a powder factory over there. That was our big experience after we got to *Madison*.

Up at the corner of the hill where Neeley's Bend road came in and

then turned and went up to Kinne Kitchen there was a row cottages. The first one had four rooms. Our family was assigned to one of those rooms. It had four iron cots in it. Each of us was given a big sack. They said, "Take this sack and go down to the barn and fill it with straw. This is your tick to sleep on." We went down to the barn and got some information on how to do it. They said, "You fill it up so that it is perfectly round and then you lay it down and walk on it so that it is flat enough that you don't roll off of it at night." This was our mattress! Each room had a little upright coal stove. Down the way a little was the coal house, you would go down and pickup your coal. The facilities were across the road in the basement of the Assembly Hall. That's where we took our baths and took care of our needs. We lived there for several years and then another cottage opened up that had a little more room.

Later mother was able to acquire the old Roby house which was beside the food factory. Those were the places where we lived at *Madison* in those days.

I was 12 years old, wore knee pants, a city boy. I learned fast. The first job I had was herding cows which was down the road back of the sanitarium. There was a big hill and I was to keep the cows out of the vegetable garden. Later I worked in the garden under Brother Jones. Worked there all winter. One of our jobs was to go out in the morning and dig the vegetables for Kinne Kitchen. These vegetables were frozen in the ground. There were Parsnips, Carrots, Greens etc. We would dig them up, bring them up to the greenhouse, wash the ice and dirt off, and take them to Kinne Kitchen. I remember my hands used

to get so sore from that ice and cold. Those were the days!

The first two years in the seventh and eighth grades we had school for six weeks and then we worked full time for six weeks. In a year we covered four main subjects, six weeks on and six weeks off. I liked that! You could concentrate on one class and really master it. Then go out and work in the garden. In the academy we had four years of agriculture. We had farm crops, garden crops, animal husbandry, and maybe fruits. I don't remember. Anyhow we had four years of agriculture. A. J. Wheeler was the agriculture teacher and I really enjoyed that. I appreciate the education that we got in that field.

Mother worked in the food factory for awhile and then they needed some help in the sanitarium office so she went up there and worked with Miss DeGraw receiving patients etc.

When I was fourteen Walter Wilson came by and tapped me on the shoulder and said, "We need someone to drive the jitney to *Madison*." They had an old model T Ford. I said, "I don't know how to drive!" He said, "I'll show you." He took me out and I learned to drive that Ford. No license or anything required so I became the jitney driver. I would go meet the train and bring the patients out to *Madison*. One day Walter Wilson caught me with the head off of the Ford because it was cranking badly. I was scraping the carbon out of it. He said, "What are you doing?!" I said, "I understand that if you get this carbon off the car will run better." He kind of looked at me, gave me a few pointers and we put it back together. A few weeks later he asked me to come down and work at the auto shop. So I changed



vocations.

At that time they were running a cafeteria and treatment room in Nashville. It befell my lot to drive the Studebaker bus down to Nashville every day. I drove them down and then picked them up in the evening as I remember. That winter, '27 or '28 Madison had two feet of snow. I had to dig that bus out every morning, fill it up with hot water from Brother Brink's dairy barn, load it with laundry and vegetables and try to get up and down the hills to Nashville. These are a few of the things that I remember.

I used to work with Mr. Putman on the farm. He taught me how to hitch up mules and horses to the wagons and so on.

In the Academy in the summer time we all had projects. One year I had corn as my project. It was in the river bottom and those rows must have been a half mile long. I would take a mule, a stone boat, and a little cultivator to the bottom and go up and down those rows of corn. An everlasting job! I had a good corn crop.

The next summer they varied things a little bit. You controlled your project entirely. You had to buy the seed and you paid so much for the use of the implements. The kitchen contracted to buy every thing that you produced. At the end of the year you saw whether you came out or not. This was a business deal. I had about an acre of okra and pepper. I had a good crop. You know okra grows up high. Towards the end of the summer they had something else they wanted me to do so I hired one of the young students to pick okra for me. Well, he didn't do a very good job. Some of the pods got so big that nobody would buy them. It was

a good experience, I came out ahead on that project so I had a little cash to show for it. That was one of the principal ways of teaching in those days, by actually doing.

We played in the band and the orchestra. Later I worked in the print shop under George McClure. I learned to be a Linotype operator, set type etc. I have always appreciated the experiences that I had. I graduated from high-school. When I left school, I went to work at Pacific Press for twenty-two years and that experience stood me in good stead in those years.

My first year of college I had an uncle who was the publishing secretary for the General Conference and he wanted me to go to school "at one of our schools", you understand. He prevailed upon me to come to Washington Missionary college. He put me in the dormitory and got me a job in the printshop at twenty-five cents an hour. I took my freshman year there. I took Physics and some of the other freshman classes. The dean of men was Eric Jones, who later became president of Atlantic Union College. We had a good year that year. As I remember, I worked forty hours a week at the printshop and took full class work. At the end of the year I had earned \$300 and my tuition was \$600. My uncle paid the balance for which I am grateful. It covered all school expenses. A side light on that. I was ready to graduate years later from *Madison* and Eric Jones came to *Madison* and asked me if I'd come and teach for him at Atlantic Union College.

While I was there in Washington Herbert White came through with his China lectures. One of the projects that I got involved with, at Washington Missionary College,

was photographic editor. They looked over some pictures and said, "You're the photographic editor for this year." I said, "I don't know anything about it." They said, "Look at the good pictures you took." We got the idea of taking pictures of all the undergraduates. The graduates had their pictures taken professionally. We set up a little studio in the administration building and we took pictures of all the under-graduates.

I came back to *Madison* and established a photographic department called Associated Lectures. They started making slides and I became involved in that and had to take over on it for Julius White. He hired Elveda Burdick to come down and be his secretary and we got involved and later we were married. So that's the way it goes at *Madison*. I had the privilege of being Dr. Sutherland's chauffeur. I used to take him out to some of the Units and he was such a busy man we would go in the evening or at night. I would drive and he would go to sleep in the back seat. This was a model "A" Ford sedan. It had a nice cushioned seat and he would sleep there. One interesting incident, we were going down to one of the Units and the roads were not what we would expect them to be. There was a particular chuck hole that I hit at a pretty good speed and it almost bounced Dr. Sutherland into the front seat. He stuck his head up and said, "Stanley, What are you doing?" We had a lot of very interesting experiences. I certainly appreciate Dr. Sutherland and the good counsel he had. I wish there were some way to get all those chapel talks together. Beautiful information in all of them.

I want to express my appreciation for the education that I

got at *Madison*. I worked in the Machine shop, worked on automobiles, worked on the farm, I did practically all the welding and cutting on the steel bridge they put by Central Heat. I got a lot of practical experience in those respects. It is very wonderful to be here and see all you good people. There were four of our class that were here today. I'm glad to be able to represent the class after 60 years."

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1942

**Raymond Harold**

"My name is Raymond Harold. I was here in 1942. I graduated from the Nurses course at that time. I have always felt that with Mrs. Brownsberger and Miss Lingham as heads of the Nursing Department that I got a pretty good all around education. I was more of an "all around" person any how than just in the books. Somehow the "all around" education appealed to me. *Madison* has been very good to me.

Of course when I graduated I was like a lot of others, I had to go to the army. They gave me an urgent invitation and I could not deny it. When I returned I knew what I wanted to do so I wrote to Jasperson and Dr. Sutherland and a friend in Virginia and told them I was looking for a Unit. I had \$500 in my pocket and a GI loan of \$4,000. I thought I had the world by the tail. They said I didn't need any money just come on down, we have a place for you. I was taken to a couple of the Units and was asked which one I wanted. There was Lawrenceburg, Tennessee or Hurlbutt Farm in Reeves, Georgia. I like the country even though I was a city boy. I chose Georgia, they had a medical work going on and didn't have a nurse. Brother Juhl

was in charge and doing a fine job except in the medical work. So they felt that was where I was supposed to be. I made an arrangement with Dr. Sutherland and took over the sanitarium there. I enjoyed it very, very much.

These Units all have little problems and I had a little problem too. I got to thinking about it and asked myself, "Why are you having this problem? What's wrong with Dr. Sutherland? He never prepared me for these problems. He got up there and talked, I took the Nurses Course. I'm not set up for this. Where did I fail?" I think I failed in the spiritual drive that should have been my central focus instead of seeing that we had good chairs, good beds, hot water and all the facilities. I needed to focus more on the spiritual. My good wife, whom I met at *Madison*, one of the best things that ever happened to me, said, "Go to Wildwood, they will give you good spiritual training. I went to Wildwood and they did indoctrinate me with the importance of the *Spirit of Prophecy*. I didn't like some of the ways they managed, it was some-what different. I remember when Dr. Sutherland came down, after I left Hurlbutt Farm, he said, "Harold, the Lord's shadow is moving here is it?" He said, "How do you like Wildwood?" "Well", I said, "As far as I am concerned, Wildwood is a place of high ideals and low standards." "I just couldn't get it. We had some patients in a little cottage and a big pot bellied stove. We put the patients in there and said, "Bye bye". Wildwood was just in it's formative stages and they didn't know how to take care of patients, it seemed to me. They did have a good spiritual program and I really enjoyed the blessings that I got at

Wildwood. From there I went to various institutions including one in Mississippi and that's where I ended up and I'll end up here on that point. One thing that I would like to emphasize, as I look at the Alumni and hear what they have to say about *Madison*. I hear over and over again, "I was poor, I didn't have anything, I came to *Madison*, I got an education, I went out and became a success." Very few do I hear say, "I came to *Madison*, I got the "Bug", I got the inspiration, the vision Dr. Sutherland talked about and I carried it on." I feel somehow, someway the students, myself included, didn't quite know how to grasp what Dr. Sutherland was trying to get across, in following the "Blue print", in education, as well as in the medical work. My plea, most of us are old, I am too, is that somehow we can inspire our children, inspire those who will take the *Spirit of Prophecy*, will take the books Dr. Sutherland put out and try in someway in our homes, in our schools, in our communities and in our medical work. And I don't mean this thing over here, God bless it for what it is. Just like Battle Creek. We must stand behind our institutions but it is not what the *Spirit of Prophecy* said it should be. May we rededicate our lives. If we can do nothing else but pray for the medical and educational work. God speaks of them as prisoners of hope, let us do what we can with prayers and with tears to bring back the original spirit of *Madison*."

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1946

**Shirley Drury**

"My sister and I came to *Madison* in 1942 and took nurses training. I appreciate all the good teachers and all the help we had. I have retired now. I worked forty-five years, of



course, in nursing. Most of the time in Tennessee but I have worked in California, Iowa, and South Carolina. Of all the good teachers, I especially remember Margaret Brown, she sort of took me under her wing. She had the motto, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Ph.4:13. I use this as my motto too."

#### Ethel Overdorf

"I am Ethel Overdorf. I came to *Madison* in 1942 to take the Nurses training and was here through 1946. As I think back I know I would not have had an education of any kind if it had not been for what *Madison* offered me. When I remember how I got here it seems miraculous. It wasn't my pastor but the pastor in the next district that brought this pamphlet from *The Reader's Digest* and sat down and told me what kind of letter to write to *Madison*. I wrote and was accepted. I will always be grateful for that. Like others who have been here, I feel that I would not have anything had it not been for *Madison*. I have to tell a little funny about my mother and I. We came out of the Pennsylvania mountains, dirt poor. The only thing good about our trip to *Madison* was that my father was a railroader so we got to come by pass. That was a big thing. I had never been beyond the county line before so you can imagine what a big trip that was. We arrived in August, the heat was stifling, there was an odor which was terrible. I remember there was a water fountain down by the Assembly Hall and mother and I went to the fountain about every thirty minutes and drank all of the water we could possibly hold. After a day we were miserable and had learned that was not a wise thing to do in Tennessee.

During one of those excursions to the water fountain we met two girls from Iowa. We exchanged pleasantries and talked about why we were here and several other things. Finally they said, "You girls must be sisters." I didn't say anything, I was shocked. I was very embarrassed I was eighteen years old, my mother was thirty-six years old and I thought it was terrible to have that old lady come to school with me. I can't remember whether it was Shirley or Gladys who asked that but it was instant bonding with my mother. It started a relationship that I have enjoyed all these years and my mother until her death. The relationships that I found at *Madison* have been a treasure. I feel that I wouldn't be in my church today had it not been for *Madison* and my church family who have led me all this time."

#### Mary Siewart Pereault

"I came in 1942 as Shirley and Ethel did. We enjoyed nursing together and had a great time. We went to the Cincinnati Children's Hospital for pediatrics and had a good time there. Since graduation in 1946 I went to the upper peninsula and worked for three and a half years, then I came down to Flint, Michigan and worked there from 1950 until 1984. I had six children. I have seventeen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. It has been real pleasant meeting everybody here."

#### Lillian Gray McKinney

"I am not a graduate of *Madison College* or of the Academy, but I did go to the academy for three years. I came to *Madison* in 1946, a little girl from a little town, Hammond, Louisiana. We were very poor people and my mother

was dedicated to finding some way for her children to have a Christian education. My Sabbath School teacher was equally dedicated to that, Mrs. Joe Perkins. I think Dorothy and Annie Laurie went to school here. Mrs. Perkins had worked on my brother for quite some time trying to get him to come to *Madison*. He was older than I. He wasn't really interested at the time. I was only fourteen years old and had just graduated from the eighth grade. She began to work on me and had talked to my parents and they were willing. One Sunday at the end of May, Mrs. Perkins had gotten myself and two other girls from my home town to come and she brought us here. I don't know how she got us in. I was only fourteen years old and I had no money. Neither did my parents. I don't know what she arranged with Miss DeGraw but they let me enter school. I moved into the dormitory and stayed for the summer. I had appendicitis and was operated on. My dad sent me the money to come home for a couple of weeks and in the meantime I had written my mother letters about this wonderful place. I remember that as we came into Nashville, along the highway where they had cut through the rock that was a tremendous sight. I had never been out of Louisiana. Everything is flat and there are no rocks. This was just wonderful. When we got to the campus I thought that this is the most wonderful place on earth. I wrote home and told mother, "This must be heaven." My mother made up her mind from that day that her children had to be at this place. She made all kinds of sacrifices to make it possible. When I came back to *Madison*, my dad and Leon came up shortly thereafter and went



down to the farm to see if they could get a job. I don't know who they talked to that night but they were turned down. They were told, that they didn't really need any farm help at that time. My dad told me about it and said, "Well, I am going back home in the morning. There is no work here for me and this isn't the place." I got on the phone that night and called Mr. Blair. I told him about my background, my home, and my parents, they were poor and they needed to come here so we children could have an education. Dear Brother Blair was so kind and so sweet with his gentle soft way he said, "You tell Mr. Gray to meet me down at the farm in the morning. I want to talk to him." Before my dad left he went down and talked with Mr. Blair and was hired. Dad went back home, they leased their little farm out to someone and they got us children here to *Madison*. Leon had dropped out of school. He was just going to work but Elder Welch found out about Leon and he called him into his office. He talked to Leon and Leon went back to high school and graduated. He got his B.S. in agriculture, then he went on and took Nurses training. Later he went to Duluth, Minnesota and took anesthesia. Jesse was the youngest child. She was in elementary school. My parents had moved here by this time and we lived in a little house down across from where Don Welch lived at the time behind Dr. Bralliar's place. Later we lived by the Boys' Court next door to the Stuyvesant's. How the teachers put up with me I have never understood. I wasn't interested in school. School was not my thing. I wanted to be a nurse! I didn't recognize and realize that I had to have an education before I could be

a nurse. They let me work up in the hospital. The hospital was my dream. It was my life and I loved that hospital. I don't think that I cracked too many books in high school. I got my Mrs. while I was here. I met "Mac" William McKinney and we were married in Dr. Perry Webber's little garden in 1949.

During the time my parents were here my mother had a late in life child. He was the dream of our life. We sisters always wanted another brother. That little boy was very special.... That little brother has grown up and lives in Arkansas. Leon and Jesse both live in Missouri. Mac and I have moved to Missouri also. Mac maintained the motor pool at Southern College for twenty three years and has retired. We have decided to leave the Adventist commune and have bought a ten acre farm in Missouri where we are trying to start a new church. Our membership is actually in Springfield church but a little church is being started in Mount Vernon. Every Sabbath morning we go out visiting people. There seem to be a lot of Seventh-day Adventist in the area but not attending church. We do a lot of visiting and have church service in the afternoon.

## From Here and There



**Alaska:** Carol Cruzen Schaber, MCA '60, S '60-'61 writes, "Ralph and I have been living in this great "North land" of Alaska for nearly 5 years. We are living way out in the tundra less than 1/4 mile from the ocean...close to the area where fishermen from all over the world come to fish for the King, Red, Chums, and Pink Salmon.

We have a nice new church here in Dillingham, AK. that Maranatha Volunteers International and The Mission Builders From WA. And OR. helped build. Gary Rusk was the building contractor and did a wonderful job.... Many of the fishermen and their families join us to worship on Sabbath. We had 50 visitors on a recent Sabbath. The Aleknagik Church with a membership of about 75 had 25 visitors that Sabbath.

There are several commercial Adventist fishermen that come year after year and fish for a livelihood. Some are friends from college days. We have met many new and old friends while here.

I attended church school, academy and college there at *Madison College*. I did not graduate from the college but I have taken college courses equivalent to requirement for graduation. I wish that I had gotten a degree in Medical Records Technology. Ralph is the director of the Radiology Department. He is an X-ray and Ultra Sound technologist and recently became qualified to do echocardiograms when the physicians request. I have been working in the Medical Records Department (now Health Information Service Management-HIMS). I have filled different positions in the department. Currently I am the Ambulatory Outpatient Analyst, a very busy position. I deal with patient charts from the Emergency Room, Outpatient, Short Stay, and village Field Visits Chart files from the different Health Aides in the villages surrounding our hospital).

Our Kakanak Hospital serves 32 villages that surround the Bristol Bay area. A great many of the patients are native people. The aides



screen them as to what facility they need to go to. The most serious injuries are medivaced by small aircraft or helicopter to Anchorage or even Seattle, WA. Some of the larger fishing tenders have their own helicopter.

Ralph has taught the adult Sabbath School lesson many times over the years and as a church Elder, has preached many sermons in the two churches.

We understand that one of these times James and Judy Culpepper might be making a trip to Dillingham, Alaska to check out the native work that is being done here and in other places in connection with the hospital work.

A few years ago, James was our hospital administrator at Moberly Regional Medical Center in Missouri.

We are looking forward to another year of receiving the *Survey* and also having my mother receive it. Greetings to our many friends there at the *Madison* campus.”(apologies Carol for the heavy editing and paraphrasing)

**Denmark:** Jan Drikkjaer, wrote, “I have read the book, *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*, by Ira Gish and Harry Christman. Before I read it I was interested in establishing a Cooperative Farm like Adventist in Russia did. But now I know I have to try to start something like *Madison*. I wonder if you can help me? I can see in the book, *God's Beautiful Farm* that a sample issue of the *Madison Survey* published since 1919 containing the work of the school and its students, are free! I note the Madison School. Series B No.11 by E. G. White and Madison College: School of Divine Origin 1904-1964 are for sale, perhaps I can afford these later. With

respect.”(I have responded and sent the items mentioned above and others thought helpful)

**Georgia:** Lydia Jo(Bothe) Meissner, N '43, sent D/S and some \$ for office and restoration. She wrote, “Have been on vacation and just got back, we were visiting relatives in Keene, Texas. Had a wonderful time, seeing cousins and friends, which I had not seen in several years. The *Survey* is always so welcome at my house. I hated to hear of Glenn Bowes passing away, things such as this always saddens me. I saw Dorothy and Glenn at the reunion several years back.

Virgie(Reed) Simmons husband Lester, I hated to read of his illness. We never know do we, what will happen to us before we leave this old world?

The Lord is so good to each of us. I am thankful to Him for His rich blessings to me and my family.”

**Michigan:** Violet Kendall, wife of, Richard “Dale” Kendall, N '53, Anes. '55 wrote; “ We were at *Madison* from 1950 through 1955. I worked in the laundry a short time then transferred to Special Diets under Dr. Dittes and Norma Medford. I remember Bonita taking her first piano lessons there. Now she has her Masters Degree in Library Science. Kenneth played a coronet in the band; also with Dr. Kendall's two boys called, “*The Three Kendalleers*”. He is now a commercial truck driver.

When Dale finished anesthesia, we returned to our home in Michigan, and he was anesthetist at Allegan General Hospital for nine years.

We wanted to get into denominational work and prayed about it. One day we received a call from Dr. Caleb Chu, whom some of you may know. His wife, Rebecca,

who took anesthesia with Dale, had just been killed in an auto accident, and they needed an anesthetist. In 1964 we went down to Oneida Mountain Hospital, in the Appalachian Mountains, in eastern Kentucky. Later the hospital was moved to Manchester, Kentucky. Time also spent at Ellijay, Georgia.

Altogether, Dale, worked 23 years in his profession, 15 years in SDA hospitals. He retired in 1980. We celebrated our 50th anniversary in 1988. We spent summers in Michigan and winters in Florida until 1992. His Parkinson's disease had progressed until it was too difficult to make the long trips.

I took care of him in the home many years until he entered a lovely nursing home for his last two years. He was a kind, tender man and the void in my life will be filled when Jesus comes to claim His own. I must be faithful to God day by day. THANK YOU MADISON AND MR. BOWEN.”

**Tennessee:** Lily (Lane)McCorkle, B.S. '39, sent a donation and wrote, “I especially enjoyed the recent issue of the *Survey*. There were so many I knew.

Would you please send me Toshi Hirabayashi's address. Toshi was in my graduating class and we all loved him. I was so happy to hear that he is still among the living.

Now I would like to relate an amusing incident that occurred at *Madison* during my stay there.

After graduating from *Madison* I spent one year interning in Dietetics at Loma Linda. Then I returned to *Madison* to serve as Dietetician at the Sanitarium.

Esther Hornoi, an RN, and I rented a small apartment in the rear of the Sutherland's home. Our apartment was on one side of the back porch, the Sutherland's





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bedroom was on the other side of the porch.

One evening a knowledgeable, persistent, but sometimes boring, faculty member came to the Sutherland home to see the doctor. Mrs. Sutherland graciously let him in and seated him comfortably to await the of her husband who was going to be a little late. After about an hour or so, Esther and I heard a light tap on our door. At the door stood the doctor who said, "Will you let me sneak across your apartment and across the porch to my bedroom. I am tired and don't want to see this man tonight."

The faculty member waited about another hour and a half and finally gave up and left. Tired Mrs. Sutherland turned off the lights in the living room and went to the bedroom hoping her husband would soon be home. There she found her dear husband sleeping soundly and peacefully in the bed.

This was one of my favorite things that happened at *Madison*. I loved it!

**Honor classes for 1997 are:**  
 1927, 1928, 1933, 1937, 1943,

1947, 1957, 1963, 1967, 1972, 1977. Anyone from any earlier class and able to come will indeed be an honor class! All who have attended *Madison* in anyway are invited.

### Resting Until The Resurrection

**Kendall, Douglas W.** MCA '57, died Wednesday July 24, 1996 following an extended illness. Douglas is survived by five daughters, Candace Suzanne Kendall, Maria Holt Kendall and Lindsay Katherine Kendall, Julie Kendall-Potachney, and Esther Marasco; son, Michael Kendall-Potachney; Brother Norman Kendall, M.D. of Murfreesboro, TN., and four grandchildren. Douglas was a member of the Murfreesboro Seventh-day Adventist Church. He attended Madison College, graduating from Peabody College. Douglas graduated from Loma Linda University Medical School. Following graduation he served two years in the Air Force. Dr. Kendall became the pathologist for the Middle Tennessee Medical

Center until 1986 when he entered private practice. He retired from active practice in 1995 due to health problems. He was 56.

**Kunau, Mrs. Orlena**, age 80. Died July 9, 1996. Survived by her husband, John Kunau; daughters, Jackie Small, Mary Wood, Claudia Dustin, Juanita Hanlon; sons, Richard Kunau, Herbert Kunau; brother Charles Bennett; sister, Glory Eaton; 14 grand children and 8 great grandchildren. The Kunaus came to *Madison* from Kokomo, ID in 1953 after they had become Seventh-day Adventist so that their six children could obtain a Christian education. Carol Marie Hilgers is a daughter-in-law.

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