

# Madison Survey

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William (Bill) H. Wilson

## The Power of Influence

Last year I was here on Friday night. I said if I ever come here on Friday night and speak there is one thing that I'm not going to do. I'm not going to stand up on that platform half a mile from the audience. If I can get the folks on the outside to move on the inside and this microphone works. I'm serious, I just feel too far away. I'm not a preacher. No body has ever accused me of being a preacher. That's all right, stay where you are. I'm not going to be hard to get along with.

Some of you folks are preachers. I used to feel a little guilty preaching in front of preachers. Then I went to the General Conference for three years. They have worship every morning at the General Conference and I would go to worship. I was a good boy.

Important people would have the devotional. Then I noticed that some of the important people weren't so important. I said I hope they never ask me to have the devotional. They did. They said, "Bill Wilson, you have devotional all week." So I said I'm not going to worry about those preachers. Those guys that travel around the world. I'll just do my thing and if it works fine and if it doesn't fine..

I'm not a preacher. That's not an apology. I took my B.A. from Union College. When I came back from the army I was here at *Madison* a year. Decided that I wanted to be a preacher, and I went to Union College. My uncle was a preacher. He was my role model. Some of you may have known N. C. Wilson. One of the few people I remember, is Dr. Leslie Harding. Any of you ever hear Dr. Leslie Harding? Tremendous, teacher. Don't blame him for any of my bad habits. One thing I remember he said, "Don't ever apologize in the pulpit. Don't. I mean get up there, I don't care if they asked you the night before. Do what you can do and be thankful for it." When I say I'm not a preacher that's not an apology!

You just need to know who I am. I'm more like a lawyer than I am a preacher. I'm neither one, of course. I decide what my issue is and then I build a case for it. That's what a lawyer does.

We had a case at Florida

Hospital, where I still work four days a week and one day off. We dropped a doctor from our staff. He was in his seventies, a fine doctor. He had earned his right to retire gracefully and honorably and should have but he didn't. So we said, "You've done your thing." And dropped him from the staff. He sued us and we felt bad about it because he was a fine gentleman. He took us to court. My job in those days as vice-president, of the Florida hospital, was risk management. I sat in that courtroom for two weeks watching this process. The judge, early on, mentioned that the preponderance of evidence is what wins the case. So what the lawyer does is build his case point by point. That's what I do. I build my case point by point.

Saturday night, last year at home coming, we were talking and they held court right here. They said, "Bill Wilson, you're guilty and next year you are speaking. Do you want Friday night or do you want Sabbath morning?" A piece of cake, I'll take Friday night. Friday is not as formal. It's kind of a quiet family affair. You don't have to preach, you just talk. And besides that there weren't very many people here last year. I came to night and look at all these people! We're glad you're here.

Last year, Friday evening, after Gladys Duran finished speaking, we got to talking about influence. Remember? In fact Bob put some of

that in the paper. When I am asked to speak, immediately, I start thinking what am I'm going to talk about. I don't care how many months or whatever it is, I need to decide that quickly and start working on it. I did, that night, and decided to talk about influence.

Father's day is just past. My youngest son is somewhat of a character. He's his own person, like his mother. He almost always picks out cards that are humorous and there's nothing wrong with humor. "*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine*" *Prov. 17:22*, it's from the Bible. He sent me this card, it says, "Dad, thanks for your lectures I never change horses in the middle of a job worth doing. I know the squeaking wheel gets the worm, and I never count my chickens until I walk a mile in their shoes." You get the idea don't you? And on the inside it says, "And you thought I wasn't listening." That's influence.

Now this has been a long time in coming, this influence thing. But it finally got to me and I've got to build my case there. God works with us as we are. If we are slow learners then He takes it slow and I'm a slow learner.

Some years ago I started collecting little quotations, paragraphs, stories. I have thick files in my office of these things that I have saved. You know how preachers do. Some years ago I found this quotation, "*Example is not the main thing in influencing others, it is the only thing.*" By *Albert Schweitzer*. I thought, well I'm not sure, that sounds a little strong. I don't think I can buy that but I put it in my files. The ingredients didn't mean a lot to me because I didn't know a lot about him. I just had heard his name. Then

about three years ago we were at Collegedale. My grandson was six years old. Friday we were going to our cabin on the mountain, my whole family, wife and I, Kevin and his wife and two grandkids. We couldn't go in one car because we weren't going in the same direction when we left to return home. Kevin is a warm family kind of guy. Some of you know Kevin. Everything has got to be done together with the family. I told him Bea and I would drive on up and meet them at the cabin. Kevin said, "No, we are a family, we've got to drive together." Knowing Kevin quite well, I said, "Kevin, if you promise me that you will leave at twelve o'clock exactly I will wait for you." Kevin said, "Why sure dad." Well I should have known better. You don't change someone in the middle of the stream. At a quarter of twelve I am rushing around getting things packed. Ten minutes to twelve I am all over the house. Let's get this show on the road. Five minutes to twelve I am rushing around and my voice is raised a little. "Come on, it's almost five of the goal, grab something and carry it out to the car." It's twelve o'clock and I'm out in the car. Somebody said I blew the horn but I don't know if I did or not. I don't think I would. But I was ready to go!

Sometime that weekend at the cabin my little six year old grandchild said to me, "Grandpa, are you impatient?" That got my attention! He didn't think that up by himself. He heard some adult say that. I'm sure he did. But it sent a signal here. (Pointing to his temple) Bill Wilson, there's a little fellow that follows you. You need to think about your influence! Then the

thing that really capped it off was about a year after that, a young lady, who is like a daughter to us, grew up with our kids, went to school with them, had stayed in our home, came up one day with a boyfriend. (This is a woman now in her forties) We met her and went places with her and the boy. He didn't even know Adventists before hand. I don't know if he went to church or not. He was a good guy but not a churchy fellow. One time she came by the house alone. I think they were married by then. She said, "I need to talk to you, dad." She said, "This new man of mine takes offense at something about you. He misreads you. I know you and everybody else knows you but he doesn't know you. He's a brand new fellowship sort of a person in the church." She told me about it and I just wanted to crawl under the carpet. Not because I had done something wrong but because he took offense at it.

It made me think about my life and I hope tonight as I build my case, it isn't anything new. You've known these things all of your life, but we need to look at our lives to see how important, serious and far-reaching our influence is. We don't know who's watching us. I don't care how old you are, or how young you are, somebody is watching you. So let me give you the text. Probably about time I got to the text, isn't it? Good text. "*Example is not the main thing in influencing others, it is the only thing.*" *Albert Schweitzer*. That finally took on it's real meaning to me. It's not the main thing, it's the only thing. If you think that's too strong, it's probably because you don't know anything about Albert Schweitzer. Now, I'm sorry, I've only read a

*Reader's Digest* condensed form of his life. If you think it isn't important, then go read Albert Schweitzer's life. Then maybe you will give him a little standing room. It's the only thing.

*"In the training of the disciples the example of the Saviour's life was far more effective than mere doctrinal instruction."* *Desire of Ages* 349. This was Jesus, the man that raised the dead, healed the lame. The example of His life was far more effective than anything He said. Did you ever read that? Still building my case. *The officers who were sent to Jesus came back with the report that never man spoke as He spoke. Ministry of Healing* 469 Try to imagine these officers, I don't know how many there were, three or four. They were policemen. They were pagans. We don't know how much they knew about Jesus. We do know they were probably there when these officers from the church came to the office of the officers and said, "There is a fellow around here preaching who needs to be arrested and put out of the way. He's creating all kinds of problems for us." So these officers were sent to get Jesus. If that's all they knew about Jesus, they didn't know anything good about Him. So they came to find Jesus. He is surrounded by a group of people. Probably they infiltrated the group to wait for the proper moment to take the man without making a big fuss. I think they were smart enough to do that.

They listened to what Jesus was saying while waiting for the right moment. "Turn the other cheek, love your enemies". Probably the leader said, "Wait a minute, we heard bad things about this guy but here he is peaceful, loving, all these

people are listening to him." They lost their courage. I don't know whether that's the way it was but something happened. They had to have listened to him because they came back and told their officers that, "No man spoke like He spoke. But the reason for that was that never man lived as He lived. Had His life been other than it was, He could not have spoken as he did." *ibid* We call that What? Walk the talk, you've heard that expression?

I was at a breakfast honoring a number of businesses that had made their work place comfortable for their employees. I don't know what the word was but they had done things in their business to help people that had problems. You know kind of adjust, made the rules so that they could live with them and still get their work done. And this young lady, a senior vice-president of the Barnett Bank, one of the big banks in Orlando, got up. She told how their bank did these good things for their employees. She said, "I went to our bank president, Tom Yokum. (He happens to be on the hospital board. I've met him but I don't know him real well. He's a nice guy) and said, "Tom, if we don't do it in administration, they're not going to do it down there on the first floor. If we don't walk the talk nobody else is going to walk the talk." If you can't walk the talk, then don't talk because nobody is going to listen to you. What we do speaks so loud that they can't hear what we say. We are at center stage all the time.

Think about it, how much of your life is spent influencing others? What do you say or do that doesn't intentionally or unintentionally have an influence on someone? You can sing in a shower and nobody is

listening. When you are out in the garden working and you hit your toe with the hoe you may say something nobody hears. When you stop to think about it most of your life is not spent alone. Even those things that you do alone react on yourself. You know sometimes your kids come out looking guilty. We still do that as adults. We did something alone that nobody knows about, it affects you and that's influence at work. So we don't have much time that we are not influencing people.

At home, just my wife and I, I'm influencing my wife, right? I mean I try. She influences me. It works, we influence each other. One evening, in Orlando, we were driving home and I remembered that we didn't have any milk. It was too late to go to the grocery store and I remembered that the ABCs were selling milk. Now you all know that the ABC is not the Adventist Book Center. If you think that you're not in the real world. So I said, "I've heard that the ABCs have now started selling milk and ice along with the happy hour stuff. Honey I'll stop at the ABC and we'll get some milk." And honey said, "Oh no you won't." "Why?" "It's obvious, somebody might see you there or coming out of there and they will not know what you have in your sack." Right? It doesn't take a Ph.D. or a lawyer to figure that out. I'm not belittling my wife's thinking, why didn't I think of that? So husbands guess what I didn't do that night. I didn't go to the ABC. Not because it's wrong to buy milk there but because of that influence that could have happened.

By my watch it's 9 o'clock, I hope it's wrong. If Paul were standing here and he had a watch on

his wrist and somebody questioned the watch as being jewelry; what would Paul have done? He would have put it in his pocket or thrown it away. I know a woman very well who bought a watch on a ring. She would say to me, "What's the difference whether I wear my watch on my ring or on my wrist?" Paul would have said throw them both away to avoid the appearance of evil. You know there are several things that Adventists didn't used to do. Adventists don't smoke or drink. As far as I know that is still pretty stable. As far as coffee, Coca Cola and some other little hot potatoes things are getting a little shaky. Well, anyhow our group was talking about coffee. One of them said, "What's the difference between drinking a cup of coffee and taking a pill?" We were dealing with what's right and wrong. I am sure some of you drink coffee. Some of my best friends drink coffee. They used to drink coffee when they were alone and no one saw them. I'm not here to tell you what to drink. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not passing judgement on what you wear or what you eat or drink tonight. I am just illustrating a point.

I ask you, isn't it more important what my influence is? We're all going to have a little list of right and wrong and we're all going to be different, aren't we?

When my three kids were at home we had just one list about what was right and wrong and daddy wrote it. We don't swim on Sabbath. We don't ride our bikes on Sabbath. There are four lists now, three kids, each one has a list and I have mine. Mine is still a little conservative. It's all right to have those lists. What I would like to

suggest to you tonight, and I'm sure this isn't new, but after we decide what is right and wrong we need to decide what it's influence will be. Because I think that's just as important.

Now some of us older folks can take that strong argument by Paul about avoiding the appearance of evil. Everything we do should make a clear easy to read statement that reflects God's will and His character. I know that is too strong for some of the younger generation. A young pastor I was discussing this with, here within the year, thought I was a little old fashioned. And I may be, but I think that everything I do is being scrutinized by somebody. The world takes it seriously, folks, this business of influence.

A year ago last January there was a football game played somewhere in the United States called the Super Bowl. I probably watched part of it. The people who ran that game decided that there was going to be 27 minutes on television for somebody who wanted to have an influence on the millions of people who would be watching that game. Advertising is influence in case you haven't figured that out. Advertising is on there for one reason and that is to influence you on how to spend your time and money. Simple and successful or they would not be spending their time and money on it, folks. They said if you would like to influence the millions of people who will be watching that game we will sell you one minute for two million dollars. They made almost 60 million dollars just on the advertising on television for that Super Bowl game. You tell me those manufactures don't take

influence seriously. Maybe more seriously than you and I do. That's how important it is to them.

I read an article about advertising several years ago. I was surprised that Coca Cola had to spend two million dollars on advertising every year. I said, "what in the world are they doing that for? Everybody knows Coca Cola, they don't have to advertise anymore." Yes, they do. They keep it before you, they don't want you to forget it.

I was reading an article in the U.S. News and World Report somewhere in the recent past. This article was about Las Vegas. I am trying to build my case, folks, about influence. They told how those gambling dens plan their activities. Any of you been to Las Vegas? You ought to go by there. We went by there with our two boys, after we left Hinsdale in 1976, driving out to see Candy in California. I had never been there before and I wanted to see Las Vegas. I wanted to go into one of those dens and see what happened. Our two boys were 18 and 19, big strapping guys. We walked into the Golden Nugget and looked around. We weren't there two minutes, when a plainclothes man, who looked like he was mad at the world, came up with my two boys in tow. He said "Are these your boys?" I said, "Yes they are." "Get them out of here. They are not 21." I said, "Yes sir." I didn't see anybody smiling in there either. We got out.

While we were in there we noticed there were no windows. Do you know why? Because they can't control the outdoors. They control everything in that room. It's a science with them; it's not an

accident. They want to influence you to put your money on the table and in the machines. They don't want any outside light. They control the light and know just how much light makes you feel comfortable. What colors make you feel comfortable and what noises make you feel comfortable so they can influence you. That's how serious they take their business.

I don't know how seriously you take your influence. Let me give you a little simple formula. We don't have to hire people to write these ads for us. People pay thousands of dollars getting ads written that will get your attention and influence you. This is simple, *"Kind words, pleasant looks, a cheerful countenance, three things, throw a charm around a Christian that makes his influence almost irresistible."* Isn't that simple? That's what we are here for, isn't it, to influence people? And if we can, do a few other things while we are doing it, but we are here to influence people to look at Jesus Christ. We need to make a science out of it, like these other people of the world do. *"Kind words, pleasant looks, a cheerful countenance throw a charm around a Christian that makes his influence almost irresistible"* *In Heavenly Places, page 180.* I read that to myself often.

I read about a professor of psychology at the University of Maryland. This is a true story. He got a bright idea for this class of sociology. He decided he would give them an assignment so he sent them to a school in a not so good part of Washington D.C. He said, "I want you to pick out a couple of students and do a case study on each one. At the end of the case

study, I want you to write the prognosis." So they did, they went down to this tough school. They picked these kids, about two hundred of them. They turned in their papers and on everyone of those students the prognosis was exactly the same. Guess what it was. Zero. These kids don't have a fighting chance to amount to a hill of beans. Their environment, the influences around these kids will never get these kids off first base, if they get that far. He was kind of impressed that that had happened.

Well, a number of years later, another professor at the University looking through files found this project report and he said, "That's interesting. Why are none of those kids going to turn out good? I'm going to try and find out what happened." He assigned his class to find the kids and find out what they were doing. The second class found around 178 of the almost 200 students, a remarkable number. Guess what these kids were doing? Serving time in the pen, right? They weren't serving time in the pen, those kids were contributing to society in a positive way. Teachers, doctors, nurses, people that had amounted to something. When they asked these kids, "Why aren't you a failure?" Every kid said, "Ms. Blank, our teacher in the 4th or 5th grade, that's why I have amounted to something." So, they found the teacher, who was retired, and asked her "How come these kids say you are the reason they did not fail in life? She said, "Well, I just loved them." The power of the influence of that teacher is just alarming to me.

Titus 2: 7, 8 reads, *"In everything set them an example so that those who oppose you may be*

*ashamed because they have nothing bad to say about you."* I love that little text. Live in such a way that your enemies don't have any evidence. Like Daniel, those guys searched everywhere to find something on Daniel, even his expense report. Some of you know about expense reports. I have a friend in hospital administration who said, "More people will miss heaven over expense reports than any other thing."

*"In our associations it should be remembered that in the experience of others there are chapters sealed from mortal sight. There stands registered long hard battles with trying circumstances perhaps troubles in the home life that day by day weaken courage, confidence and faith. Those who are fighting the battle of life at great odds may be strengthened.* (We are talking about the people around us, not the heathen on the other side of the world. We are talking about the people in our church. Aren't we?) *May be strengthened and encouraged by little attentions that cost only a loving effort. To such the strong helpful grasp of a true friend is worth more than gold or silver. Words of kindness are as welcome as the smile of angels. MH 158* We are not talking about something that is complicated, are we?

I was walking down the hall of the Florida Hospital, several years ago. I know a lot of people in the hospital because I go around the hospital a lot. I don't like to stay in my office. I was in a hurry one morning going down this nursing unit and saw the head nurse talking to one of her nurses. I did not want to interrupt them, but as I passed by I just slowed down enough to pat

this nurse on the shoulder. You know, you have got to encourage them a little. I went on my way and a couple of weeks after that this little nurse saw me and stopped me. She said, "Mr. Wilson, I just want you to know how much that little pat on the shoulder meant to me." Isn't that something? Our influence, the little things that we do.

*"Isn't it strange that princes and kings and clowns that caper in sawdust rings and common people like you and me are builders for eternity? Each is given a bag of tools, a shapeless mass, and a book of rules, and each must build ere life has flown a stumbling block or a stepping stone." Author unknown*  
That's influence, that's what you and I are doing everyday." ❀

If you have an E-mail address please share it with us. Some Madison friend may be looking for you! ❀

## Home coming 1999

June 25 - 27

Honor classes are:

1931, 1935, 1939, 1945, 1949,  
1959, 1965, 1969

### FROM HERE AND THERE



These are letters that we were unable to include in the last Survey.

**Arizona:** Leonard, N '41 & Beatrice (Birch) Parfitt, N' 45 sent dues.

**California:** Patricia (Hall) Black, MCA '31, S '33, sent dues and help for office and Heritage House.

**California:** Roy, S '36-'38, CME '42, BS '46, & Dena (Haegar)

Bowes, BS '57, sent a donation and wrote, We have not forgotten *Madison*. Our catastrophe has drastically changed our lives. Dr. Roy has had surgery for a large lymphoma (neck) followed by chemotherapy and a slight stroke with memory loss. He has lost 100#. Two weeks ago took him back to Loma Linda for another scan which revealed an aortic aneurysm, and the anxiety increases. Our hope is in the Great Physician. The memories of our 59 years together keep us going "a day at a time". Hope this finds you all in good health. Greetings to all who remember us

**California:** Jane (Jansen) Douthit, BSN '56, sent dues and office help.

**California:** Rupert E. Graves, S '40, sent dues and office help.

**California:** Wesley Graves, S '31-'33, sent dues and office help.

**California:** Robert Kellar, S '33 - '36, sent dues.

**California:** Shirley (Burk)

Newhart, BS '59, sent dues and support for the Heritage House.

**California:** Robert (Bob) Register, S '40-'51, '54-'55 sent dues.

**California:** Louise (Johnson) Rymer, N '43 sent dues.

**California:** Stephen, X-ray '65 and Eva (Campbell) Weesner, S '61-'63 sent dues and office help.

**California:** Samuel, BS '41 & Sumiko (Yeno) Yoshimura, sent dues and office help.

**Florida:** Marlowe Coppage, N '63, Anes. '64 sent dues.

**Florida:** O. R. & Mary (Riley) Henderson, both LPN '48 sent a donation.

**Florida:** Sylvia Maltby, BS '51 sent dues and wrote: "Thank you so much for keeping the Alumni Association and *Madison Survey* going and the reunions. How intensely I wish I could be there

with all of you this weekend! No way I can describe what reading the *Survey* does for me. It almost seems that the Holy Spirit thrills me and renews those wonderful principles instilled in us for life - life changing ones - as I read the reports by Elder Hegstad, Dr. Trivett and others. I have loaned it to a few people and am now waiting to get it back... .

All of the teachers, other staff, and students whom I still love and respect so deeply are still very important to me but I have neglected them badly and hope to remedy that situation soon. I wish I had a computer.

Here is a check for my dues.

I am thankful for the privilege of living in Dayton Beach. We just moved into our lovely new church."

**Florida:** Mark Nivison, S '35 -'37, sent dues.

**Florida:** James (Pat) BS '40 & Paula (Reinholtz) O'Callaghan, S '35-37 sent office help.

**Florida:** Imogene (Lemacks) Shepard, N '59, sent dues, office & Heritage House help.

**Florida:** Imogene (Meeks) Ward, N '56, BS '57, sent dues and help on the Heritage House.

**Florida:** Archie Weems, BS '56, sent his dues and support for the office and Heritage House.

**Georgia:** Bessie (McCorkle) Callahan, S '33 - '36, sent dues.

**Georgia:** Kenneth Tilghman, S '36 - '37, '39 - '40 sent dues & bought a copy of *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*.

**Georgia:** Jack Weeks and wife, Eola, sent dues and office support.

**Hawaii:** Laura Mae (Slattery) Zollinger, BSN '60, sent dues and wrote: "I will be forever grateful to *Madison* for my RN & B. S.

training. Along with ingathering on snowy days in Nashville and choir

tours, and walking "Old General", dear *Madison* shaped my destiny from a "poor" start in life to a more abundant one."

**Hawaii:** Toshi Hirabayashi, BS '39, sent dues and office help. He made a gift of the pictorial to his friend, J. P. (PAT) O'Callaghan, BS '40. Toshi wrote, "Pat and I are keeping in touch with each other on Email. I enjoy the Survey and look forward to each new issue."

**Idaho:** Rhea Harvey, MCA '57, S '40 & wife, Susan, sent dues and support for the office and Heritage House.

**Indiana:** Eugene Carris, Lab '60, sent dues and office support.

**Indiana:** Ishmael Combs, B. S. '59 sent dues and support for Heritage House.

**Kentucky:** Raymond, N '42 & Betty (Peek) Harold B.S. '45 sent dues and office support.

**Maryland:** Martha Sue (Townsend) Potts, Sec Sci '51 sent a change of address. (*I thank her very much for that.*)

**Maryland:** Jean Smothermon, '63 sent her dues and address change. (*Thank you*)

**Michigan:** Violet Kendall, widow of Dale Kendall, N '53, Anes. '55 is paid up through 1999!

**Missouri:** Jessie Mae (Gray) Burger, S '50 - '53 sent dues and wrote: "I still continue to meet people who went to *Madison*. They seem to be strong leaders for end time activities. May God help us all to do what we can."

**Missouri:** Mary (Gonzales) Maloney, Anes. '70, sent a donation.

**Montana:** Evelyn Emerson, S '46 - '48 sent her dues.

**Nebraska:** Lois (Hanson) Winters, S '56, sent dues.

**New Jersey:** Helen Rademann, BS

'34, sent dues, office support and wrote, "I am sorry I couldn't make it to the homecoming, especially as my class of 1934 was an honor class. Beatrice Shafer of Chestnut Hill wrote to me about it. She said that the most remote year represented was 1938. (Ellen (Low) Hammond, MCA '32, N '35 was there) and I wonder if there was anyone present whom I would know. My particular friends, Betty Nicholson Johnson, Dorothy Mathews, Betty Doub, Susan Ard and others, are all gone and perhaps I might have felt lonely had I been there.

I'd wanted to attend *Madison* ever since I first heard of it, but I was from a non-Adventist family who had some prejudice against SDA institutions, so it wasn't until I reached the (then) legal age of 21 that I declared my independence and attended for my senior year.

Let me tell you that I am thankful for that year. Sixty four years later, it's all as clear in my mind as if it were yesterday. My first job was in the cannery (I liked that the best), my next job was working in the laundry working for Mrs. Kinsey (I liked that too), the months I spent cleaning rooms in the old San (Which I hated but endured so I could stay in school). Doing work you loathed was supposed to be good for your character. The strictly forbidden "conspicuous association" (i.e, girl walking from the dining room to the chapel with the same boy too many times). Washing our own dishes after meals in Kinne Kitchen. My room over the old Assembly Hall, where the showers were in the basement reachable only by going outdoors. After my messy cleaning job I liked to shower before lunch and I became known as the girl who

took a bath every day - unusual? Later, living in Gotzian Home, considered more upscale, but the showers there sometimes got so hot that there was danger of being scalded. Fruit crackers, a bag available for seven cents off our meal tickets whenever a run was burned, underdone or lacked salt and so couldn't be sold commercially. Making a \$5 meal ticket last a month. And the obvious distress of the labor distributor when he announced in chapel that the standard wage of ten cents per hour, already reduced to nine, would have to be cut back again to eight cents. (I think the loss was reimbursed later - but remember, it was in the depths of the Depression and even a self-supporting school felt that).

A few years later, all this changed, probably partly because of the effect of the *Reader's Digest* article and the number of non-Adventist students it produced. But in my mind, *Madison* is forever sealed in 1933 - 1934. And I'm so thankful I was there just then.

**North Carolina:** Doris Clough, Nursing Education Dept. '52 - '63, and Harry E. S '50, sent dues.

**North Carolina:** Carolyn (Central) Hansen, S' 59-'60, sent dues and purchased the pictorial book and a copy of *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*.

**North Carolina:** Bernhard Jensen, N'51, Anes. '52, and wife Ann sent dues.

**North Carolina:** Gladys Lowder, N' 32, sent dues.

**North Carolina:** William (Billy) , MCA '57, Loma Linda '65, and Marie (King) Sandborn, N '61, sent dues and Heritage House support.

**Oklahoma:** Olga (Burdick) Speer, BS '41, sent dues & office support.

**Oregon:** Rae Anna Brown, Anes. '64, sent dues and office support.

**Oregon:** Kenneth B. Trussell, MCA '47, BS '51, sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Newell Brown, N '63, Anes. '64 and wife, Jane, sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** John P. Brownlee, Eldest son of Elsie, sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** William V. Campbell, MCA '51, X-ray '53 and wife, Darlene (Riffel) sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** Don Cantrell, MCA '57, S '57 - '58 sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Albert G. S '33 - '36, CME '41, BS '44, & Elinor (Steen) Dittes, S '34 - '37, BS '43, sent dues and Heritage House support.

**Tennessee:** La Verne (Wilson) Dodd, MCA '43, S '43 - '44, sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Carol (Taylor) Hite, N '63, sent dues, support for office, Heritage House, and purchased *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*.

**Tennessee:** Dorothy (Jensen) Moore, BS '46 and Vera Jensen, BS '46 each sent in dues.

**Tennessee:** Merle, S '40 - '41 and June (Hunt) Kirkwood, N '44 sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Lynn Jones, Anes. '71 and wife, Marcie sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** Viola (Salsgiver) Knight, BS '45, sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Gladys (Rippy) Martin, MCA '45, N '49, sent dues and subscription for Jane (Turpin) Fuqua.

**Tennessee:** Mary Lou (Sommerville) Mansfield, S '61 - '64, sent dues and purchased a copy of Mrs. Rimmer's cook book.

**Tennessee:** Russell Myers, MCA '36, BS '40, sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** Henry Steinmuss, S '52 - '54 & '60, sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Leland S '31-'33 & Alice (Goodge) Straw, MCA '30, BS '36 sent dues and office support.

**Tennessee:** Orvan, S '39-'42 & Evelyn (Ingram) Thompson, S '40-'42, sent dues and support for the Heritage House.

**Tennessee:** Lloyd (Joe) Wilson, MCA '48, S '50, sent dues and office help and bought a copy of *Madison, God's Beautiful farm*.

**Tennessee:** Edwin, (Eddie) S '62- and Patricia (Culpepper) Young, MR '61- '62, sent dues.

**Tennessee:** James, BSN '35, and Freda (Davis) Zeigler, S '32 -'35, N '48, sent dues and office support and wrote, "I was nearly startled when I received a large thick, nicely decorated notebook full of around a hundred letters and cards which Freda handed to me July 19 at my birthday party. (His ninetieth).

"Your letters provided many precious memories of our friends and relatives which we have known for many years which included classroom teaching and field experiences at Madison College and Fall Creek Falls which extended into later years at Southern .

Freda and I are looking forward to meeting all of you

**Texas:** Thelma (Holweger) Slater, N '53, Anes. '63, sent dues and support for the office and Heritage House. (We hear from Thelma monthly and we greatly appreciate it. Maybe you would like to follow her example)

**Texas:** Esther (Robey) Bischoff, S '34-'35, N '38, sent dues and purchased *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*. Esther and husband, Joe, had a double wedding with James and Laura Rimmer.

**Texas:** Mae (Keith) Warren, N '33

wrote, "Dear Friends at Madison, I am not as young as I used to be, 89, but my stay of three years at Madison were all happy ones. There were four of us girls in a nursing class that sort of made a click. We were all in the beginners Nursing class me, Mae Keith, and three girls from Wisconsin, Thelma Campbell, Virginia Shepler and Vivian Taylor. I came from Kansas. Vivian Taylor could read her lesson over and know it. We studied hard, worked hard and enjoyed Madison to the fullest. Girls Court was built at that time and we all moved there. I lived in Davidson Cottage at first. I was fresh out of high school.

My three dear friends are all gone now. I am in a rest home in Perryton. My son lives here and I thought I was coming to their home but I got fooled.

This is a very nice place. They plan trips and programs for anyone that cares to go. Several, me included, are in wheel chairs, but they have a nice van to take us wheel chairs and all! Then we have a nice ride to acquaint us with Perryton.

My son works in the oil field and goes wherever they send him. Now he has moved to Liberal, Kansas, which leaves me here,

I have a nice room mate. She and her hubby are both residents here. She has Alzheimer's Disease. She leaves the room early and doesn't come back very often."

**Texas:** Laura (Rocke) Winn, S '20s, wrote, in response to an inquiry regarding her current address, "I have discovered from time to time that the U. S. Mail can be greatly mixed up....

I will be very happy to receive those back numbers of the Survey. I still find mention of some



acquaintance from time to time, and enjoy keeping up with the general news, my own stay there was rather brief. My aunt and uncle joined the work in 1910, I understand and lived out their long lives there. My brother, Alfred and sister Irma, both spent several years there as students. Both are now gone and I believe I wrote you an account for your news. I am now approaching birthday 96, so my dry bones may be due to be gathered at any time. But who would announce the news? (As if it mattered much). You could consult your Keene mailing list of former students, and I could perhaps tell you which ones I know, and arrangements might be made for a report if and when the time for need comes.

My eyesight is poor, and walking is at a very slow snail's pace, due to metal implant in one leg that was broken in a fall.

I enjoyed and appreciated your letter and I would enjoy hearing from you again altho I hate to impose on you."

**Washington:** G. Lee Stagg, MCA '31, JC '33, sent dues.

**Wisconsin:** Zoe Nelson, MCA '59, MR '60, sent dues. ✨

## ♥ Congratulations ♥

To Larry and Lois Bales Cheever on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, which they celebrated in Florida on August 30, 1998.

## RESTING UNTIL THE RESURRECTION

**Ackerman, Richard Eugene,** S '51-'53, May 23, 1933 died August 23, 1998. He was preceded by wife, Nelda Faye Vest

Ackerman, in 1990 or 1991.

**Comstock, Marie Graham,** N '36, October 15, 1910 - Spring 1998.

Marie and husband, Ray, entered mission service in Costa Rica. After leaving there they founded the mission hospital at Yerba Buena in southern Mexico and gave most of their remaining years to its development. Ray died in January 1997. Their son Burton preceded them in death. Marie's brother, Willard Graham, 91, and daughter Anita Comstock Franklin survive. It was Marie's desire that any memorial gifts be for Yerba Buena. Contact: Anita Franklin, 2400 Limp Creek Rd. Grants Pass, OR 97527,

Phone 541-471-8901

**Guier, Donna Naneen,** S '54-'58, died December 1990. *Her father notified us this May.*

**Mary Charles (Scott) Jones,** BS '50, lost her battle with cancer on September 25, 1998. She is predeceased by son, Scott. Her husband, Stanley R. Jones survives. Other survivors are daughter, Theresa and her husband Bryan Darrough and two granddaughters, father, J. Fred Scott, brothers Fred O. Scott and Jim Scott. A close friend, Sarah Ann (Goodge) McNielus remarked, "She made her corner of the world a better place."

**Parker, Mabel Robertson,** N '44, passed to her rest June 2, 1997 at the age of 80. She was predeceased by husband, Cecil M. Parker, N '42, BS '45. She is survived by daughters, Annette Wiles of Redlands, CA, and Dianne Ruckle of Portland, TN and one son, David of Charlotte, NC.

**Rudd, Gertrude Carleton,** N '38, S '42-'43. The following was an E-mail sent by Gert's son, Roger Rudd, "Hi, this is in response to

your recent note sent with the Madison Survey. My mom, Gertrude, passed away on June 5, 1998. She had a stroke on May 12. She had been very active working at the SDA Community Center and wasn't feeling bad to our knowledge. She had been living alone since Viola, N '37, passed away in December 1993, and my dad in August 1993.

I live about four miles away and saw her on Mother's Day which was Sunday. It appears that the stroke occurred in the morning and she missed a church ladies group luncheon so my wife ran over to check on her. She was conscious but couldn't speak. I saw her when she arrived at the hospital, but there really was no response after that. Her brother, Art, BS '40, and his wife, Darlene flew up from Sonora, CA. and stayed for the first weekend. They are doing well.

Anyway, she had a full life and would have been happy to go quickly. Since she had worked as a rehab nurse, she often mentioned how she would hate not being able to take care of herself. She was also a little lonely since dad died, and often expressed her desire for the Lord's soon return. The wait for her is over and I am certain I will see her again someday. Well I wish I had better news, but know she appreciated her training at *Madison* and many friends there."

**Speaker, Eleanor Rosendahl,** N '36, BS '45. She obtained a Master's Degree in education at Vanderbilt University and later was certified in anesthesia in Alabama. At one time she was Director of Nursing at Madison Hospital. She was interested in promoting the development of others and held classes at one hospital where she

worked so that all nursing staff were either LPNs or RNs. She shared her talents if singing, playing the marimba, violin, piano and organ bringing joy to many lives. She was predeceased by husband, Dr. Other Speaker. Daughter, Penny Speaker Janke, survives. It is suggested that memorials be to the Ellijay SDA Church School, P O Box 581 Ellijay, GA 30540 or other educational institutions because of her strong commitment to advancing each person's abilities. **Stephens, Beatrice Leach, S '40**, died March 7, 1998. Her sister, Jewell Leach Turman, N '45, wrote, "Bea had a major stroke with paralysis on her right side. She never lost her voice or memory. Other complications caused her death. Her husband, George Roland Stephens predeceased her July 21, 1977. She was a sister-in-law to Thelma Puckett Stephens, S '41-'44 Bea is survived by daughters, Sue and Nancy and a granddaughter, Stephanie."

**Williams, David C., Born** September 17, 1915. Died April 15, 1998 after a long fight with cancer. David was employed for years in the environmental department at the hospital. He leaves wife, Lorene Kirkwood Williams, a son, Edward E. Williams (Eddie) and daughter Linda Williams Harris and her husband Ronald T. Harris, three grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

**Wright, Adrian L., D.O., S '39-'41**, age 83, of Lutz, FL., after a four month illness died July 8, 1998. He practiced medicine for 45 years but reluctantly retired in 1995. He was Board Certified in Internal Medicine. He is survived by wife, Evelyn Marley Wright, S '37-41, a daughter, Gail Morgan, Cleveland,

TN and eight brothers and sisters. Evelyn wrote, "My house has lost it's soul: Adrian is not here!" ❀

## HONOR CLASSES

1934

**Helen Marie Rademann, BS '34**: {Helen was unable to attend but the following is something that she wrote after graduation when she spent a year at Chestnut Hill. Read by Mrs. Beatrice Shafer)

**Christmas Crowns Are Here** "During the depression years of the 1930s when it was a real achievement to step out of school and right into employment I had the distinction of a job waiting for me upon graduation. To be sure the compensation was going to be heavy on experience light on money but let's start at the beginning.

I had almost finished my senior year at a small southern college. There I met Mrs. Susan Ard who had come to attend classes during the summer term. She was of a family well known and highly respected at the college. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walen had come south from New England about thirty years before seeking a country environment for their children and eager to be good neighbors in the rural area where they visited. (That's where they settled) Their farm became known as Chestnut Hill and soon after moving in Mrs. Walen, a former teacher, started a little home school for the children of the household. Soon other children were asking to be admitted and the school grew. Mr. Walen, who had had some training occasionally performed simple nursing services for whoever might need such help. This life style, was of necessity, somewhat Spartan but they were devout Seventh-day

Adventists with a strong sense of Christian Service and they were satisfied with their life.

Miss Susan, as she was known in the community, had grown up to become the teacher of the school but now she wanted to take more college work. When she suggested that I replace her for the coming year I didn't hesitate long although my motives were mixed. I respected the work that the school was doing and since it was only forty miles from the college I hoped for an opportunity of going back to visit friends now and then. Besides, what else was there to do? With so much competition for every job if I should return to my home in a suburb of New York City. So, yes, I would accept Miss Susan's offer.

I thereby plunged into the most hectic eight months of my life. Things started out pretty well. I was given a pleasant room in the north gable of the Walen house. From my window I could look across the wide lawn to a white frame building perched on the highest point of the farm. It was the local Seventh-day Adventist Church, attended by everyone in the house, the Walens, their son-in-law, Mr. Ard, who managed the farm, aged invalid Mr. Banta and his wife who had become permanent residents there. A six year old orphan boy whom the Walens had taken in because he needed a home and me. Some of the neighbors were members too. Also in this building was the school room which was furnished with a stove, a blackboard created by covering a hard surface with a shiny green paint and about fifteen desks of assorted styles. There were just enough pupils to fill the desks and they were distributed through grades one, three, four, six and nine.

The children were friendly and at lunch time when a hot meal was sent to me from the house we all ate together on the lawn. Sometimes being joined by a curious cow.

Although the school was private it was open to all comers and the only tuition seemed to be an occasional few hours of assistance on the farm or in the house by some of the pupil's parents. Although it was the custom then in that region, even in public schools, for students to provide their own equipment that was another impossibility for most of my little flock. We had a scarcity of everything, books, pencils, paper, and the fancier adjuncts to education, art materials, athletic equipment and the like were absent altogether.

But the year was 1934, the place was rural Tennessee and a universal condition was lack of money. The Walens were helping to the limit but they were not strangers to hard times either so books were shared. Occasionally somebody brought an egg to exchange for a pencil and spelling and arithmetic were done on the backs of calendar pages. We managed. As the weather got a little colder and the farming season slackened more pupils appeared and still more. In addition, at the request of a friend, the Walens accepted two teenagers, Lorna and Eldon, who came from Virginia and were to be boarding students with Lorna sharing my, by now chilly, bedroom. Seating was a problem with every available old chair and table pressed into service. Keeping the little tots busy and the bigger ones out of mischief from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon was taking on the aspects of a nightmare.

As November progressed even

the hardest stopped coming barefoot. The old stove had to be lit and tended by the big boys since I had no idea how to operate it and winter was close upon us.

Now the children presented me with an innocent sounding request, "Can we have a Christmas tree?" Well, Why not? There were plenty of evergreens in the surrounding woods and certainly there must be scraps of something around that could be made into ornaments if it would make them happy. "All right", I said. Too late I found out that this was one of those instances where their vocabulary and mine did not synchronize. To me a Christmas tree was a piece of decorated vegetation. To them it was that and a whole lot more, a whole festival with presents. But I had committed myself and there was no escape.

In desperation I wrote to a neighbor back home known for her generosity and a cousin teaching in New Jersey. In setting forth my crisis, implored their help. Both wrote back with promises of assistance. Meanwhile the older children began making gifts for each other. My mother mailed a supply of tiny calendars and some construction paper to paste them on. These adorned with pictures cut from old magazines, became works of art to be presented proudly to parents. The bigger girls loved to perform so we planned a program complete with recitations, carols and a short play written by me setting forth the joys of Christmas in the country.

The first carton from the North arrived and contained all sorts of treasures. There was clothing, toys, and needed school materials. I managed to find enough paper to wrap everything.

Our Christmas tree was scheduled for the last day before a very brief winter recess. The tree brought in from the woods by one of the boys looked fine in its handmade paper ornaments. The school room overflowed with children unusually docile for this awesome special occasion. Present too were parents, little brothers and sisters and the Chestnut Hill household. The small pupils recited their pieces carefully. The big ones gave their all to acting and everybody sang the carols joyfully. Then the older girls handed out the gifts. Even though the second promised shipment hadn't arrived there were enough for each child to receive several packages. I expected a great and noisy ripping off of wrappings but to my amazement not one package was opened! Instead each child gathered up his little store and quietly left with it. I mentioned this remarkable reticence to Miss Susan later. "Those were probably the only gifts that some of them got," she said.

That weekend I paid a quick visit to the college and returned by train on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. I tried in vain to call for someone to drive the six miles to the station to pick me up but got no answer because Lorna, who was alone in the house, had never spoken on a phone before and was having trouble managing her end of our primitive instrument.

I discovered that there was a second huge carton waiting for me at the station. During the long afternoon, while I was stranded, I unpacked everything spreading it all over the waiting room. Such riches! But here was another problem, how would I get all these to the intended



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recipients when tomorrow was Christmas?

At closing time the obliging station master drove me home. I explained my dilemma to Lorna, who by now had become my close friend and gave her the choice of being surprised the next morning with something from the shipment or helping me wrap everything that night. To my gratification she elected to help. We worked like beavers but nevertheless our oil lamp burned until a very late hour. The next morning the Chestnut Hill household had it's own celebration. Among my gifts was a little bottle of perfume that Eldon had somehow found the money to pay for and the time to hike to a distant general store to buy. Though it was not Shalamar the memory of it drifts down the years with a special sweetness. Lorna had managed, between school and household chores, to make me a pretty handkerchief bag which I still have and cherish.

Miss Susan had early counseled me to visit the peoples homes but I had been diffident about making

such calls to strangers. Now however I had a reason to do it. By mid- morning Lorna, Eldon and I set out laden with packages marked with the school children's names and began searching the hills and byways for their scattered houses. Too soon, Eldon regretfully left us to return to the inevitable farm chores but Lorna and I pressed on finding courtesy and hospitality wherever we went.

It was nearly dusk when we wearily dragged ourselves home empty handed. We had missed the special holiday dinner but Mrs. Banta warmed up the portion she had saved for us and then we collapsed into bed. Our Christmas had been a success. Miss Susan must have been right about the need for visiting. Things did seem a little easier after that. There were the inevitable dropouts due to bad weather and then to spring planting but those pupils who continued until the end did very creditably.

Conditions in Tennessee are vastly different now. The area around Chestnut Hill now contains attractive new homes and a modern

consolidated school system. Chestnut Hill's Church still carries on not too far from a fine large new Seventh-day Adventist Church. My little school has become a thing of the past. The pupils have gone their separate ways into their world and excellent reports have come from many of them. Lorna and several other girls became nurses. Some of the boys are now successful business men. Eldon served the Seventh-day Adventist Church for some years as a representative of it's publishing department. They are the living proof that Chestnut Hill did not live in vain. ❀

#### Coupon

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