

# Madison Survey

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## Madison Memories

My parents moved to Madison when I was eleven years old and in the fifth grade. We had recently become Seventh-day Adventist in Thomasville, Georgia. Some Madisonites in the military, Curtis and Gladys Wheeler Morton, suggested that Madison was the right place to educate the four Culpepper children.

My dad borrowed an Army surplus truck from someone and moved us to Madison. He then returned the truck and rode the bus back to Madison. We did not own a car at that time and still did not own a car when I graduated from Madison College Academy. We walked, rode with someone, rode the bus, and sometimes borrowed someone's car.

Working! I remember always working someplace. Starting before I was a teenager, for fifteen cents an hour, in the gardens and orchards on the farm. In the dairy, the milk plant, delivering milk around the campus, mowing the grass, driving the trash truck, and firing the boiler in Central Heat eleven at night until seven in the morning, my senior year in academy.

Actually, I earned one dollar, cash per load, unloading the semi-trailer load of coal the year I worked in Central Heat. I used this

cash to purchase my first car, a 1938 Pontiac, from Bill McKinney for thirty-five dollars. I spent another thirty-five dollars to get it going and had my first transportation. This represented unloading seventy loads of coal.

The student body was made up of people from all over the United States and many foreign countries. My grade school teacher, Evelyn Emerson and her husband were from Montana, my partner on the trash truck was from Washington State. I had girl friends from New Mexico, Iowa, North Carolina, etc. We had students from Germany, South America, Inter-America, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Scandinavian countries. It was an education just being around and talking with students from so many different places.

Life was simple, things you did were simple and your clothes were simple. You did not make much money living and working at Madison. When you were not working, there was some social life, like Saturday night marches in the gym, a night hike to the Wilson pasture and a bonfire. A hay-ride, or a lyceum program that had been carefully screened by a select committee that might include a carefully selected student representative.

We all got our education, including some college for all the

Culpepper family, me, Maurice, Elaine, and Rebecca. My mother got into the act, upgrading her eighth grade education, by passing the GED examination.

I remember my mother always being home, even though the extra money from her working would have helped our tight family budget. Mom always had clothes ready to wear, food ready to eat, and the house clean. She encouraged us regarding work, school or play.

Dad seemed to work all the time. I don't remember many vacations in those days. Dad would take his vacation time and work for Mr. Slater in construction to pick up some much needed cash.

What I remember about Madison is the opportunity to develop a strong work ethic and at the same time to get an education that was possible because of your work.

My early years at Madison prepared me well for a life of service.

Jim Culpepper, MCA '52, S '53, '54  
Past president of Alumni Assoc.

We want to make this column a regular feature but it will only be as successful as you make it with your contributions. We invite you to submit your memories to share here. I solicit your comments on any aspect of the Survey.

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 The fat of walnut meats is nearly three fifths, and the protein content is nearly 28%, giving a nutritive value three times that of meat. A pound of walnuts, in fact, contains nearly fifty percent more protein than the same quantity of beef, and two-thirds as much fat as a pound of butter" *Kellogg*

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**A School of Simplicity**

By A. W. Spaulding

Taken from *The Men of The Mountains*

Ten miles above Nashville the yellow flood of the Cumberland curves itself into a bottle form known as Neeley's Bend. Across the narrow neck of this bottle, touching the river on either side, lies an ancient estate, a part of the original grant to the Neeley family after whom "the bend was named." The blue-grass and limestone of its upland furnished pasture for the cattle and intermittent labor for the slaves, as testify the long lines of solid stone fence yet standing. The bottom lands along the river were magazines of fertility that bore long and patiently the drain of a corn and wheat monotony; while, rounding the angles and taking possession of the shaley spots, buck brush and oak fought with the blue-grass that claimed proprietary interest in the limestone soil.

Far back in the estate, behind its locus avenue and surrounded by a massive limestone wall, stood the old farm house. Its cedar log walls, piled up in early days, had later received a garnish of clapboard and paint, until nothing bespoke its age as well as the massive stone chimneys at either end, whose hewn and squared blocks have darkened

under the storms of more than half a century.

To this estate, in the summer of 1904, came a little company of teachers and students to begin a training school for Christian workers among the mountaineers. Whatever the fame of the Nelson Place in ante-bellum days, they found its splendor faded. The rich but shallow soil of the upland had washed until in many places only bare rock greeted the sun. Weeds and briars were over-running the pastures; the clay of the bench land was baked hard; and only the river bottoms still upheld the old dynastic pride. Buildings were in disrepair; and the old tip-hatted log barn, sitting among its pig-sties by the wide stone gate, and shaking its leery finger at every passer-by, seemed typical of the state of dissipation at which the place had arrived.

It was not the first choice of the company of educators who had come to establish the school. The previous May, Doctors Sutherland and Magan, who had long been interested in the educational problems of the South, were prospecting for a location. With them were their friends Elder J. E. White, president of the Southern Missionary Society, and for many years a director of work among the colored people of the South; his brother, Elder W. C. White; and their aged and revered mother, Mrs. Ellen G. White

Mrs. White had been from early life an earnest worker in the ranks of reformers. As a temperance lecturer she had labored throughout America, and in Europe and Australia, and was widely known as a speaker upon religious and moral topics. Her writings in a score of

languages were sown throughout the world. She had been one of the founders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and during the sixty years of its existence her teachings had been most influential in the spread of the religious, the medical, and the educational work of that small but active people. The principles of physical, mental, and spiritual health and power which she and her co-laborers advocated, had been formulated into a system of education whose aim was the highest perfection of the workers' physical and mental powers for the service of their fellow-men.

Her interest in the problems of the South had been long and deep, and her presence and counsel were highly prized by those who were launching this new enterprise. Their plans, indeed, were much too modest for Mrs. White to endorse. Influenced partly by the smallness of their resources, they intended to go back into the mountains and buy a small place, and give their attention for a while at least to the local needs. But Mrs. White declared that their experience in training teachers and other Christian workers should not thus be buried in a napkin, and that they would do well to locate near to Nashville, in contact with the important educational interests centering there, and in touch not only with the mountains but with other rural sections of the South. She had seen the Nelson Place, and felt it to be favorable in location and character for their work. To their objection that they had not enough money even for the purchase price, to say nothing of development, she replied, "Have faith in God. The Lord has led you through some hard places, and given you deep experiences, and if you will trust



him, he will give you more. You will get the money, and I will help you." To the objection that the land was poor and rocky and the fertility of the soil depleted, Mrs. White inquired: "Brethren, whom have you come here to help?" The answer was, "These poor people in the hills."

"And do you think it becoming for you to have the best piece of land in the State to train yourselves to help these people with very *poor* land in the hills?"

The argument was closed, and the place was bought. It lies ten miles north of Nashville and two and a half miles east from the little station of Madison.

Four teachers long associated together in school work, were the founders of the Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute, or, as it is more popularly known, The Madison School. They were Dr. E. A. Sutherland, Dr. P. T. Magan, Miss M. Bessie DeGraw, and Mrs. N. H. Druillard. With them, by twos and threes throughout the summer, came eleven students from Emmanuel Missionary College in Michigan, some of whom were to act as instructors. The first to occupy the place was Mr. E. E. Brink, with two students. Mr. Brink had been an instructor in industries at Emmanuel Missionary College; and at the Madison School not only was he the pioneer, but he has remained as a valued teacher and worker in the industries.

Teachers and students alike, they came with no temptation of money or other worldly advantage. They were to have what they could make; and living depended upon their making it. The dean gathered up the reins of the mule team. The

lady secretary, in a one-mule cart, drove once a week to town with the butter made by the president in the lean-to creamery. The treasurer, a veteran in finance in institutions home and foreign, laid her hand to the skillet and the broom.

When Mrs. Sutherland came, with Baby Joe and some lady students, the question of lodging became acute. The chief building was the "Old House," but the former owners had not yet given possession, and the next best shelter was the servant quarters in the carriage house, above the horse stables. Into this went the ladies, to be followed in later years by successive relays of new students. The ability of fresh recruits to endure these rough accommodations before receiving better, was something of a test of character; and thus among the students the little old weather-beaten barn came to bear the affectionate title, "Probation Hall."

In October the company took possession of the "Old House." The school was a family; its first classes were morning and evening worship, followed by practical studies of educational conditions in the South, how to make the farm pay, how to bring the stock through the winter, how to get money for furniture, machinery, buildings, etc. The genial, one-sided warmth of the north room fireplace fell nights on the forum of a young democracy, that mingled discussions of folklore and pedagogy and balanced rations with needlework and knitting and administration of bran poultices to chapped hands.

The Madison School was born under conditions that approximated those of pioneer days. Their tables were of plank, their dressers of dry-

goods boxes. Their food was largely restricted to what they found in their fields and the products of their dairy. This condition of enforced economy, if not exactly the choice, was at least within the plans of the founders. They knew that to train themselves and their students for service to the poor, there was nothing more effective than privation and sacrifice. Not only in the first days of hardship, but throughout its history their school must be a school of simplicity. The body must be accustomed to hard work and simple diet; the reins of the mind must be girded up by self-control and zealous purpose. The closer the living conditions at the school approached those to be met when students should have become teachers, the more adaptable and efficient would those teachers be. No steam-heated, electrically-lighted buildings, no intricate and expensive machinery, no wealth of imported foodstuffs, were appropriate for men and women in training for service to the mountains.

Vegetarians by principle, they omitted from their diet the most costly food staple. While seeking to provide from the farm and garden and orchard a nourishing and sufficiently varied diet, they denied themselves the world-wide variety in which many families of today indulge. It is the idea of the founders to keep the farm machinery equipment as simple as possible. The student farmer trudges in the furrow behind his mule team. In the laundry, the women rub out the clothes in the hand tub. Few institutional facilities are introduced, and the greatest possible simplicity is maintained in all departments, that the student may not separate himself

by too great a chasm from the conditions with which he must deal in his future work.

Buildings there must be; for though the "old House" and "Probation Hall" were crammed for recitation and dining and lodging requirements, the second comers promptly overflowed into the barns. What should be the form of the new buildings? Should they be large and expensive and equipped with all modern conveniences? If such should be provided here, what would be the wishes and strivings of the graduates who should later go out to establish their own work? The management of the school from the first adopted the principle of making every study, every industry, every improvement, educational not in theory only but in practice, and so suited to the needs of the people to be served as to require little modification when applied to their conditions. The building, then, should be small, simple and inexpensive, yet models of neatness and good workmanship. As the students with their teachers should engage in erecting these, they would receive a practical elementary training in the art of building, a training suited to their afterwork. ...So the cottage plan of housing students was adopted; and the institution, instead of being comprised in a few large buildings, is composed of a score of small, neat cottages and a few public buildings slightly larger, patterns of simplicity for the smaller schools to be operated in the hills and mountains. The large buildings are Kinne Hall (the boarding department), Gotzian Hall (the main school building), and the Rural Sanitarium. To these is to be added the new hospital, provided through

the generosity of Mrs. Josephine Gotzian, a long-time friend of the school, designed, with its treatment rooms and wards, to minister to the needs of sick students and others who may not be able to pay the rates of the sanitarium.

The Madison School has attempted the solution of a problem which most schools have declared incapable of solution; that is, how a school without endowment may give its students an education without payment of tuition.... It is of interest, therefore, to see how the Madison School, without endowment, enables its students and itself to meet current expenses and avoid deficits.

Strictly speaking, the school has an endowment, but it is not an endowment in the usual sense---a capital from the interest of whose extraneous investments there is a steady income of cash. Instead, the "endowment" is a working capital in the form of industries, which by student labor are made profitable enough to meet expenses. Subscriptions were asked from interested friends for the purpose of stocking the farm and equipping it with necessary barns, stables, and machinery. It was believed that these would furnish productive labor by means of which the student could earn the greater part of his livelihood while obtaining his education. It will also be clear that such a system could only live and succeed where there was a spirit of the utmost self-denial and self-sacrifice upon the part of the instructors.

This theory, of course, is neither original nor untried. But as every industrial teacher knows, student labor, and in the matter of profit cannot often be reckoned on the

average labor basis. This is one of the facts that has seemingly proved the incapacity of the industrial school to make its expenses.

The other chief factor of this incapacity is that the system of literary education so occupies the time of the student that he is unable to devote enough hours to the earning of his expenses. And so long as he is possessed with the common idea that he must not be expected to pay his way while getting his education, he will not strive very hard to do it. If, however, the student can be inspired with the belief that normal life involves the getting an education while supporting oneself, if the curriculum can be so adjusted as to give proportionate time and thought to mental, physical, and spiritual matters, and if the student's energies can be so controlled and directed as to make his labor profitable, then by careful management the student and the school (given equipment) can be self-supporting.

Such a school, obviously, must depart from some cherished ideals of the popular school. It must lay emphasis upon the neglected phases of education. It must exchange a scholarly leisure for an intense activity of body as well as mind. Such a school requires the services of self-sacrificing teachers and students. Over all, it requires for its sustenance an incentive so deep and all-embracing that it shuts out all other motives and allurements. Such an incentive is the love of Christ, intensified by the knowledge of his soon coming in power and glory to close the age-long controversy with sin and Satan. To the heralding of that coming are these workers pledged. Not to that alone, but to





see him on alternating Christmas times —when it's not so hot down there. He is not married so has no family. Often he comes home at Christmas time.

We noticed so many obituaries. It is so sad to see these wonderful people leave us, but we're glad you put them all in, otherwise we might not know.

We enjoy reading the Madison Survey so much! It is our only contact with many we knew at Madison. We read it from cover to cover each time it comes. It is surprising how many people, my husband Harold knows, even though he never attended Madison!

I'll try to write some "news" of Madison Friends - next time when I send my dues."

**Tennessee:** Naomi Jensen Fillman, sister of Bernhard Jensen, N '51, Anes. '52, sent a copy of a newspaper clipping regarding Bernhard's retirement in April 1998. Excerpts follow: "He was always dependable and always available." He always got them to sleep and always woke them up again." "He has been competent and hard - working over the years." "Hospital officials said that he had safely performed more than 9,000 procedures at Swain County Hospital and a total of 17,000 in his career." "Bernhard Jensen had helped make this hospital run, and made the community run." Former hospital administrator, Earl Douthit, said, "The new retiree had been a good anesthetist, a good Christian and a good citizen...who never received recognition for his many efforts in the community. They raised two children, Tracy, a home health nurse in Chattanooga and Brad, who is currently completing

medical laboratory technology training at Southwestern Community College." Early in his career he once put Mickey Mantle to sleep."

**Tennessee:** E. Howard Fisher, X - ray, '49 sent in his dues.

**Texas:** Charles E. Baker, S '48 - '49 stopped by the Heritage House on his way to the Fletcher Academy homecoming and wrote back, "Thanks for the tour of the Alumni House and for the information on Fred and Jean Sego. I went to see his step daughter, Peggy Button in Adamsville, and she gave me a lot of photos and other memorabilia.

I told "Sonny" Wallace that you sent regards and would like to see him."

**Texas:** Correne (Bunch) Belz, N '62 sent dues and wrote, "I always look forward to getting the Survey. Enclosed are my dues.

I'm working as Unit Supervisor of the Newborn Nursery at the Medical Center of Arlington. My youngest son, Randy, works there also in the lab as Supervisor of Hematology. His wife, Susie, works at Allstate Data Center.

My daughter, Tamala and husband George, also work at Allstate Data Center. They have an eight-month-old daughter, Kendall. I'm the proudest grandma in town!

My oldest, Daryl, is a custom Home Builder. All my children live close by which makes it nice for mom.

I just returned from a vacation trip to Branson, MO. Nita (Lanham) Rea, my roommate at Madison, met me there.

We had an enjoyable time together enjoying the shows and talking about the "good ole days" at Madison College."

**Virginia:** Paul Woods, B.S. '39, CME 44-B, sent dues and office help and wrote, "Although retired (?) I still get a lot of mail everyday: medical, religious, solicitations, a few bills, and occasional personal. But of all this: the Madison Survey is always read and appreciated.... My health continues good. I still do the FAA (pilot) exams one or two days each week by appointment. (Over 100 thru June 30)

I will be 80 August 21, 1998 so was just 21 when graduated in 1939 then to Loma Linda graduating in class 44-B. Will plan to come there in June 1999, God willing. (Paul was president of his class 60 years ago.)

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#### OF INTEREST

The following was passed on from the Internet. It is alleged to have been spoken by our Attorney General, Janet Reno. I have also been told that she denies having said it. *"A cultist is one who has a strong belief in the Bible and the second coming of Christ; who frequently attends Bible studies; who has a high level of financial giving to a Christian cause; who home- schools their children; who has accumulated survival foods and has a strong belief in the Second Amendment; and who distrusts big government. Any of these would cause us to look at this person as a threat and his family as being in a risk situation that qualified for government interference". (From an interview on 60 Minutes June 26, 1994.*

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The following was also taken from the Internet. In checking on it I found it to be a real person and they did have this experience! ➔



## GOD KNOWS

Do you believe that God not only loves you, but knows where you are and what you're doing every minute of the day? I certainly do after an amazing experience I had several years ago. At the time I was driving on 1-75 near Dayton, Ohio, with my wife and children. We turned off the highway for a rest and refreshment stop. My wife Barbara and children went into the restaurant. I suddenly felt the need to stretch my legs, so waved them off ahead saying I'd join them later. I bought a soft drink, and as I walked toward a Dairy Queen, feelings of self pity enshrouded my mind. I loved the Lord and my ministry, but I felt drained, burdened. My cup was empty.

Suddenly the impatient ringing of a telephone nearby jarred me out of my doldrums. It was coming from a phone booth at a service station on the corner. Wasn't anyone going to answer the phone? Noise from the traffic flowing through the busy intersection must have drowned out the sound because the service station attendant continued looking after his customers, oblivious to the incessant ringing. "Why doesn't somebody answer that phone?" I muttered. I began reasoning. "It may be important. What if it's an emergency?"

Curiosity overcame my indifference. I stepped inside the booth and picked up the phone. "Hello," I said casually and took a big sip of my drink. The operator said: "Long distance call for Ken Gaub." My eyes widened, and I almost choked on a chunk of ice. Swallowing hard, I said, "You're crazy!" Then realizing I shouldn't speak to an operator like that, I

added, "This can't be! I was walking down the road, not bothering anyone, and the phone was ringing..." "Is Ken Gaub there?" the operator interrupted, "I have a long distance call for him." It took a moment to gain control of my babbling, but I finally replied, "Yes, he is here." Searching for a possible explanation, I wondered if I could possibly be on Candid Camera! Still shaken, perplexed, I asked, "How in the world did you reach me here? I was walking down the road, the pay phone started ringing, and I just answered it on a chance. You can't mean me." "Well," the operator asked, "is Mr. Gaub there or isn't he?" "Yes, I am Ken Gaub," I said, finally convinced by the tone of her voice that the call was real.

Then I heard another voice say, "Yes, that's him, operator. That's Ken Gaub." I listened dumbfounded to a strange voice identify herself. "I'm Millie from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. You don't know me, Mr. Gaub, but I'm desperate. Please help me." "What can I do for you?" She began weeping. Finally she regained control and continued. "I was about to commit suicide, had just finished writing a note, when I began to pray and tell God I really didn't want to do this.

Then I suddenly remembered seeing you on television and thought if I could just talk to you, you could help me. I knew that was impossible because I didn't know how to reach you, I didn't know anyone who could help me find you. Then some numbers came to my mind, and I scribbled them down." At this point she began weeping again, and I prayed silently for wisdom to help her. She continued, "I looked at the numbers and thought, 'wouldn't it be wonderful if

I had a miracle from God, and He has given me Ken's phone number?' I decided to try calling it. I can't believe I'm talking to you. Are you in your office in California?" I replied, "Lady, I don't have an office in California. My office is in Yakima, Washington." A little surprised, she asked, "Oh really, then where are you?" "Don't you know?" I responded. "You made the call." She explained, "But I don't even know what area I'm calling. I just dialed the number that I had on this paper." "Ma'am, you won't believe this, but I'm in a phone booth in Dayton, Ohio!" "Really?" she exclaimed. "Well, what are you doing there?" I kidded her gently, "Well, I'm answering the phone. It was ringing as I walked by, so I answered it."

Knowing this encounter could only have been arranged by God, I began to counsel the woman. As she told me of her despair and frustration, the presence of the Holy Spirit flooded the phone booth giving me words of wisdom beyond my ability. In a matter of moments, she prayed the sinner's prayer and met the One who would lead her out of her situation into a new life.

I walked away from that telephone booth with an electrifying sense of our heavenly Father's concern for each of His children. What were the astronomical odds of this happening? With all the millions of phones and innumerable combinations of numbers, only an all-knowing God could have caused that woman to call that number in that phone booth at that moment in time.

Forgetting my drink and nearly bursting with exhilaration, I headed back to my family, wondering if they would believe my story. Maybe

I better not tell this I thought, but I couldn't contain it. "Barb, you won't believe this!

God knows where I am!"

God also knows where you are. Place yourself in His hands Concentrate on knowing His will for your life, and He will never forsake or forget you.

By Ken Gaub

**Middle Tennessee School of Anesthesia News**

The Madison College School of Anesthesia started in 1950 at, Madison Hospital, under the leadership of founder Bernard V. Bowen and operated until Madison College closed in 1964. Madison Hospital was running other health care educational programs so the school became the Madison Hospital School of Anesthesia. In 1980 the hospital terminated all educational programs and changed its name to Tennessee Christian Medical Center.

Area anesthesiologists felt that the school should continue, so a board of trust was formed to take over the school and the name was changed to Middle Tennessee School of Anesthesia. The school has continued to grow in educational stature and is authorized and fully accredited to grant a Master of Science with a focus in Nurse Anesthesia. In 1994 MTSA became the first specificity and regionally accredited, single purpose, anesthesia specific, graduate degree granting institution in the United States.

At graduation in October forty-one individuals received Master of Science with a focus in Nurse Anesthesia degrees.

Seventy-two students are

currently enrolled..

**Home coming 1999**

June 25 - 27

Honor classes are:

1931, 1935, 1939, 1945, 1949, 1955, 1959, 1965, 1969.

Speakers will be L. Louis Dickman, Principal MCA '59, '60, a Vice President of ASI National and Dr. Kay Kuzma of "Family Matters".

There is no on campus housing unless you are staying with friends. There are several nearby motels and for your convenience I list the motels and the toll free reservation number of each. They are all within a block or two of each other. They are within two miles of a major shopping mall. There are several eating establishments in the area. The Tenn Christian Medical Center(Madison Hospital) is 6-7 Miles away.

Madison Area exit 95, Old Hickory Blvd (State 45)

Madison Inn 118 Emmet Ave. In Madison 1-800-821-4148

Friendship Inn 625 Gallatin Pike North 1-615-865-2323

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I-65 N, exit 97, Long Hollow Pike area

Baymont Inn, 120 Cartwright Ct. 1-800-301-0200

Comfort Inn, Conference Dr. 1-800-228-5150

Econolodge Rivergate, Long Hollow Pike 1-800-553-2666

Hampton Inn, Northgate Cir. 1-800-426-7866

Holiday Inn Express, Conference Dr. 1-800-465-4329

Motel 6, 328 Cartwright, 1-800-466-8356

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Red Roof Inn, Long Hollow Pike 1-800-843-7663

Shoney's Inn, Long Hollow Pike 1-800-222-2222

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Exit 96-Two Mile Pike

Super 8, 622 Two Mile Parkway 1-800-800-8000

I advise early reservation to be certain of having lodging.

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The Madison - ASI connection will be emphasized this year. Some of you may not be familiar with this so I will share with you these words taken from the January - February, 1964 Madison Survey.

"Dr. George T. Harding, medical director of Harding Hospital, Worthington, Ohio speaking at the ASI Convention in Battle Creek. In my mind at least, the individual most responsible for the founding of the Association of S.D.A. Self-Supporting Institutions was Dr. E. A. Sutherland. At the Autumn Council of the General Conference in November, 1945, he was appointed secretary for the Commission of Self-Supporting Missionary Work. The ASI did not come into being until March of 1947. At that time the Association was organized in Cincinnati, Ohio, with a charter membership of twenty-five. Dr. E. A. Sutherland was elected president, Dr. W. E. Malin, vice-president; and Dr. J. Wayne McFarland, secretary-treasurer....It may come as a surprise to some of you to know that private enterprise and self-supporting institutions were not always encouraged, or even looked upon favorably by those who were leading out in the work of the church ...I would like to quote from the ASI Constitution and bylaws of 1961, regarding the objectives of



this Association. 'To encourage Seventh-day Adventist Church members in self-supporting enterprises of various types to unite their efforts with those of denominationally operated enterprises, and thus to serve in an auxiliary relationship for the purpose of aiding in the furtherance and extension of the gospel, ...according to their abilities and opportunities.

I believe that the existence of this Association is proof of the need in our own church organization for individuals who want to be part of the church, but who need to find a more flexible program to express it. There are individuals with talents as well as a desire to serve, who may not be able to join in the organized work and cannot go to some mission field. They can, in their own community, begin or continue a work that is greatly needed, and which can and does strengthen the work of the church, where it might otherwise have no representation at all....Dr. Harding concluded: "We are dedicated to full and complete harmony with the standards and policies of the denomination, so that we in truth serve as auxiliary institutions, contributing to the work of the church, without being dependent on it for management and financing."

*March - April, 1984 ASI News.*

Elder N. C. Wilson in the ASI News twenty years later, "The church was reaching out with a world vision. Lay members were seeking for ways they could serve.

...A feeling existed that the time had come for a greatly enlarged work in which every member was to have a part. It was also felt that some type of organization should be instigated to foster and encourage

those engaged in the operation of privately owned schools, sanitariums, health food activities, and other types of endeavors having the advancement of God's work as their goal...

As a young man having completed the ministerial course at Pacific Union College, my wife and I chose to go South, and I was appointed by the General Conference as Bible teacher at Madison College.

We now come to the nineteen forties when there were a number of active self-supporting institutions and activities working in close cooperation with Madison College. Dr. Sutherland and capable lay leaders with him felt that the time had come when some type of organization was needed to help guide and unite the many scattered activities. Joining Dr. Sutherland in this conviction were such leaders as Elder J. L. McElhany, Dr. P. T. Magan, Dr. George Harding, Elder F. H. Robbins, Dr. Wayne McFarland, Elder H. T. Elliott, Dr. Wendell Malin, A. A. Jasperson and others.

As a result of the growing desire for unity and coordination the ASI came into being as a General Conference sponsored organization, but not without many days of council and adjustment.

The passing of the years have abundantly proven the leading of God in the development of ASI. During thirty-seven years of its leadership great strength and blessing have come to the church of God. I could wish that

Dr. Sutherland, Elder McElhany, Elder H. T. Elliott, and others could witness the blessing ASI has brought to God's church through the present leadership of Neal. C.

Wilson, Harold Lance, Kenneth Livesay, Herbert Coolidge, Roger Goodge and indeed many others--every blessing to ASI as they unite with the church at large in the early completion of the mission assigned to us."

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## A Vision or a Dream

By Melvin Maynard

Brother Sutherland, When you and your wife were at the Kingfield SDA church awhile back we talked about my grandmother that had been guided to your grandfather, Dr. E. A. Sutherland, through a dream or vision.

Let me tell you what I know, and what I have heard.

My grandmother was born in 1875 and died in 1948. She was born Martha Louise Wooten. She married William Booker Hawkins. She was half Cherokee.

I do not know when she first became sick, or what the problem was. I guess I have heard but have forgotten. I remember my mother telling about her being so very sick, and she had lost a lot of weight. My mother would carry her from bed to a rocking chair. Then from the rocking chair back to the bed. She was so very sick, and the local doctors could not help her.

Grandfather thought she would die but my grandmother kept telling him, "Don't worry I am not going to die." Then she had this dream or vision about a place where they could take her and they could make her well. She was shown what this place looked like and she saw the doctor and was told his name.

When she told the family what she had seen and was told in this dream, they thought she was talking "out of her head" as people say.

But she kept on telling them what she had been shown and told.

The family had never heard of this place or the doctor, nor of Seventh-day Adventist for that matter. But they checked into it and found that this hospital and person did exist. So they took her there.

When Dr. Sutherland came into the room she said, "This is the man I saw in the dream." She did get well in more ways than one. She learned about the Seventh-day Adventist Church. After she came home the family and friends would meet each Sabbath at my grandparent's home for Bible Study and Sabbath School.

I guess about the time my grandmother was in the hospital or a short time after, a Mr. Melvin Wells came from Battle Creek and got with my family. I don't remember if Dr. Sutherland had something to do with this or if Mr. Wells was led there through a dream. Seems I remember someone saying he had a dream that told him where to go and whom to contact. Anyway he stayed on my grandfather's place and taught the family a lot about the Sabbath and how to live.

I was named after my grandfather, William Booker Hawkins and Melvin William Wells

From this there has been many from the family that have joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. We are scattered all over the United States now. Some in Tennessee, Ohio, Florida, California, Washington State and else where. Isn't the work of the Lord wonderful?

I have had requests for E-mail addresses of Madisonites. Please send us yours and I will make a

directory available on request

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### A Testimony and Tribute

This is an excerpt of a letter dated May 29, 1928 (Memorial Day) to Dr. E. A. S. And Mrs. Lida Scott.

"And now Ed. I wish it were within my poor power to really tell you how grateful I feel to you for all your kindness and goodness to me. I lay awake thinking of how so many, many times you have made my cause your own, and stopped at no sacrifice to see us through. As I ponder it over in my mind I keep wondering if there is another soul in all the earth who would do that for a brother, and it makes me long to have the same unselfish spirit that I see so beautifully wrought out in you.

It almost brings the tears to my eyes as I contemplate all of Mrs. Scott's devotion to the Medical School, and especially this last witness of her devotion. It all makes me ashamed of myself, and I find myself asking the Lord to raise me to that same plane of selflessness which I see so gently delineated in her life. I can only ask the Good Giver of all to make my life ring as true to my friends as the lives of you two has to the White Memorial and the bit that it is trying to do in the earth.

It all makes me keep wondering if I were in Mrs. Scott's place, with her burden for Madison and its work, whether I would be willing to let its needs bide awhile so that a need outside could go forward. The whole thing has been a great spiritual lesson to me. I am a queer mortal, I know; and I also know, that like Abraham of old, I bear the marks of the pit whence I was digged, but I certainly do feel thankful to you both, and I feel that

the tides of my own life have risen because of the light that has shone forth from yours. What more can I say? Only that you two have made me long to do better myself, and to seek more earnestly that Quest of the Ages who alone can make these wondrous things possible in our beings.

As ever with kindly memories,  
Percy"

### More Honor Classes 1942, 1952

**Doyle Martin:** I remember the day I was coming to Madison College. I came because of one of Dr. Trivett's friends. I was a little shaver down in Louisiana and Vern Kelser said, "If you'll go to Madison I'll give you a suit of clothes. I didn't have a suit. I got permission from the parents and I think they gave me a bus ticket and a five-dollar bill. But squirming around all night on a bus, the next morning as the passengers began to wake up a young black girl tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Is this yours?" and she handed me my wallet. I opened it up and that five dollars was there. I took the bus to Larkin Springs and George Goodner picked me up and brought me to the front of the hospital.

I was told I would have to see Miss DeGraw. She raked me over the coals because I came to college without making an application. Vern Kelser, he had taught here for a little while, had gotten a card from Dr. Bralliar and it said, "Send the young man up. He can work this summer and go to school this fall. When I got here, Dr. Bralliar was off on a fund-raising trip. After Miss DeGraw had talked to me a little she said," Go down and get a meal ticket." She called someone to take me down to Boy's Cabin Court. I



went to the office to get the meal ticket and they said, "That'll be five dollars." What the black girl didn't take from me they took from me in the office. I had a dime left in my pocket. That was my start at Madison.

There are some dangers that we run across at Madison. I think of the dangers we encountered working on building that big barn they built. Scared to death. If we had made a mis-step we could have fallen 30 or 50 feet and broken our neck. I remember big ole Bill Sandborn, we were pouring cement up on the top of the Food Factory and I'm not all that big and a wheelbarrow of cement is about more than I could handle. They wouldn't slack off and give me just a half of a load and two or three times I was so close to the edge I almost went over the side.

Dr. Webber one day asked me to be the monitor at Boy's Cabin Court. I was working under Mrs. Andrus at the linen room. One night, I had already gone to bed, one of the other fellows came in my room and he said, "There's one of the boys that evidently gone crazy. He's running up and down the Board walk. I thought I had better go see about it so I got up and went down. This boy had lost his cool. The mirror in his room was shattered and the room in shambles. He would come running out of his room down to the bathroom and back to his room. I went in and tried to talk to him. I shouldn't have. I got pretty close to the dresser where all the broken glass was and he picked up two pretty good sized pieces and before I knew it he held one in front of me and one behind me. He could have cut my throat. He said, "Now look at yourself,

what do you think now?" The back of my head kind of tingled and I said, "You'd better put those things down you might cut yourself." He said, "You're right and threw them down."

I got out of his room and went to the telephone. We had a telephone but you had to go through the operator. I wanted the operator to call Winton Beaven, the Dean of Men, but he didn't have a phone. I asked the operator to call the acting Dean of the college, Dr. Webber but he didn't want to wake him in the middle of the night. No matter how I tried to persuade him. I went back to check on the boy and he was in the shower. He seemed to be calming down so I went to my room, I was only 18 or 19 at the time, and laid across the bed to rest a minute or two and I woke up at daylight. I went to check on the boy and he was still in the shower with the water running. It was time for me to go to work so I found a responsible person and he said, "I'll go right down now and tell the dean of boys and let him take care of this problem. They took him to the hospital and put him in the psychiatric ward. So there were dangers here but it was all worth while for an education. There's no place like Madison. We all get calls from tele-communicators don't we? They want you to get a credit card or buy something. They aggravated me so I looked for a way to turn these calls to an advantage. When they call and start their pitch, I say, "Excuse me but may I ask you a question? They say, "Well yes." They want to keep on your good side. I say, "Do you go to church?" That surprises them. Most will answer in the positive. I then say, "Well, what day of the week?"

"Well. Sunday." I'll say, "Did you know that's a day late?" "What do you mean?" "Well you've read the Bible a little haven't you? "Yeah." and if they will stay with me I give them a quick study on the Sabbath. If they are interested I offer them the first lesson of the Amazing Facts Bible course. I can't get out as I would like to so now I look forward to getting these calls. You need to know what you believe.

Maybe I shouldn't tell this but June was talking about kissing earlier and I don't know how this happened but I was taking fundamentals of music from Alice Straw and she had us play some things on the piano and she assigned us certain times to practice. I was in the practice room and my time was about up. A young lady came in just a little early and I couldn't get something straight that I was doing. I asked her if she could help me so she sat down beside me and showed me how it went. I turned to thank her, I don't know how it happened, but our lips met. I have never considered myself a Romeo. It sort of floored me. It wasn't a long passionate kiss. It was just a little get acquainted kiss. But I couldn't enjoy it because those practice rooms didn't have any shades or curtains at the windows and I just knew someone would see it. I got up, picked up my books and got out of there. I don't know that girl's name. I don't know that I ever saw her again. I thought, I didn't even thank her for the kiss.

**Larry Cheever, B.S.N. '52, Anes. '54,** "We went down to Mexico to see our son and daughter. Our daughter was in school down at Montemorelos. Our son was the maintenance man at Yerba Buena. We came to the end



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of the road and left the Volkswagen in a field and then followed a little path up and down, up and down. Finally we came to a rise from which we could see a village on the next rise. There was a little white building, the church. When we got to the church and took our seats on the split log pew it wasn't long until someone came and ushered Lois over to the other side with the women. The men and women sit on opposite sides. It isn't only at Madison that they have those rules."



**A Recipe for Whole Wheat Bread** as made in the vegetarian cafeteria run by Madison in Nashville in the early days.

"Nature never made a white grain of wheat." This recipe uses no white flour.

1 Cake compressed or magic yeast

1 Heaping teaspoon each of salt and sugar

1 Quart of warm water

1- 1/2 quarts of whole wheat flour

In a half cup of the lukewarm water soften the crumbled yeast cake, then

add this and the sugar and salt to the remainder of the water. Stir in flour gradually until the mixture is as thick as can be beaten with a spoon, then beat well, or knead lightly. Put into oiled bread tins, cover, and set in a warm place, or in a temperature of about 80 degrees F., until it has raised 1/3 its size. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour. The oven should be hot enough to brown paper in six minutes. That heat will allow the bread to rise during the first ten minutes it is in the oven. Then increase the heat for ten or fifteen minutes until a crust is formed. Decrease the heat, and keep at a steady temperature until the loaf is done.

Remove the bread from the pans and, if desired, brush the top with warm water to keep the crust soft. Do not wrap the bread but let it cool quickly, then keep in a cool place. If the loaf crumbles, too much flour has been used."



Experimenters demonstrate that acetic acid (vinegar) is a poison and produces

in the liver changes identical with those produced by gin. A teaspoon of vinegar is sufficient to destroy the starch digestion of an ordinary meal, lemon juice is a wholesome substitute for vinegar.--Kellog



**RESTING UNTIL THE RESURRECTION**

**Crowder, John E., MD., S '61-'64** died November 4, 1998 of a cerebral hemorrhage. He is survived by wife, Anna Mae Crowder, Laguna Beach, California and sister, Karen Crowder Baker, Madison, Tennessee



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