

Madison Survey

and
ALUMNI NEWS



VOL. 80 NO. 1

March 1999

DEC 19 2000

37th Annual Home-coming! June 25 - 27, 1999

How many more will there be? How many have you attended? Are you waiting for a better time or for a certain number of years to pass before you come home? If you put it off longer will you be able? There is no better time than this year. Some of those you would see may not be here next year. Come home!

Yes, it hurts when you see things as they are now but the people are what count.

My wife, Stella, and I recently visited the Zeiglers in their home in Collegedale, Tennessee. They are 90 and 95 and they plan to come this year! *The Madison Survey*, February 1962, page 8; "It has been a long, long time since we have had a home-coming for Madison College graduates, teachers, and former students (or have we ever?). The alumni usually had their meeting in connection with the annual Convention of Southern Self-supporting Workers in October; but there is not much time on that occasion for the alumni, so it has been felt that plans should be laid for a home-coming at a separate time."

The first Annual Madison College Alumni home-coming occurred June 15, 16, 17, 1962. The association executive officers were, President, James Herman, '47, Secretary-

Treasurer, Freda Zeigler, '48, Vice-President, Bernard Bowen '56, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Jean Sharpe Lowder, '50, Executive Secretary, Mable H. Towery.

Ralph M. Davidson, '34 was the president of the college and Homer Lynd was the Dean.

Among those taking part in the various aspects of the program were Louis J. Larson, '38, Jack Just, James E. Zeigler, '35, Elinor Steen Dittes, '43, Bernard V. Bowen, '56, Laura Mae Slattery Zollinger, '60, Bernhard N. Jensen, '52, Worth Lowder, '50, Lorraine Fields, '62, William V. Campbell, '53, Edwin Martin, '46, Connie Rimmer Tiffany, Robert Sutherland, Carol Hilgers Kunau, '61, William Wilson, Edythe Cothorn, '47, Jean Wallace Hassenpflug, '58, Pat Mitzelfelt Silver, '60, Shaen Sutherland, '49, Wayne Hayes, '62, Homer Lynd, Harry Mayden, '57, and Robert W. Morris hospital administrator.

The Sabbath Sermon was presented by E. L. Marley, '42. Subsequent to the home-coming above this report was written in *The Madison Survey*, June, 1962, page 1, "The middle of June marked an historic "first" for Madison College--annual home-coming, June 15-17. From the trumpet notes of Pat Silver on Friday evening until the

Sunday noon luncheon, those who were privileged to be present proclaimed the occasion as most profitable and successful. Many were the expressions of delight and enjoyment--and regret that many more of Madison's own could not have been there. There were 200 from off campus in attendance."

Knowing that this will not reach you in time to be of much help in 1999, I apologize for my delay. Please consider it in planning for home-coming in 2000.

Highlights From the 1962 Madison Survey

In January, Dr. Raymond S. Moore, once President of Japan Missionary College, is quoted, "After the war, the Japanese did not like to eat any kind of dark food, because they felt genmai rice (brown rice) and black bread were prisoners' food. This is what they had to eat during the war, and they did not want any part of it. So the former administrators felt they were forced to feed the

students white food. When we came along with the idea of eating brown rice again, there was some rebellion. Sam Yoshimura, B. S. '41, who is now with you as production manager of Madison Foods, agreed to try it with me.

The whole program was projected over five years! A little more whole wheat was added each time to the bread, and a little more white flour was taken out. But he also had to think of the people downtown who were buying our products. Finally through a little ingenuity by Sam Yoshimura (Whom I consider the best health food man in the denomination) and cooperation with some of our American friends at the air base, we got to selling a few loaves to the air people. They were delighted to get loaves of whole wheat bread. As soon as the Americans started eating it, everybody else did, including the students....The rice problem was a little harder to solve. ... In the process we brought a world famous rice specialist, who told the students that the outer 15 percent of the rice by volume contained 98 percent of the vitamins and minerals of the grain. This impressed them. But they said they could not eat their food fast enough in the time we gave them. So we had to change our whole schedule. Instead of a half hour for lunch, we gave them an hour and a half. Finally the brown rice program was accepted.

Excerpt from the obituary of W. E. Straw, April 1962, "He had almost continuous touch with Madison College, having served as president, dean, and teacher. He was the young student who packed E. A. Sutherland's bags in Michigan

when he came South to found Madison College. This was the year in which Mrs. Olga Lorenz and James G. Rimmer expired.

In September Madison Hospital learned that it was the recipient of a \$500,000 grant from the state Hill - Burton Committee which would allow the hospital to build both wings of the new hospital simultaneously. (Ground was broken in October 1963).

Madison Memories

By Bernard V. Bowen, D Sc.

I came back to Madison College in the mid 1930's as a student in the academy. Coming from a farm, the work manager put me to work on the farm, where I was most comfortable. Soon I had a string of cows to milk each morning and evening. We got up at **TWO** a.m. and went to the barn where we each had a string of cows that we milked. In the morning we had to be finished by daybreak so that the cows could get to the pasture and in the evening we had to finish in time to get to chapel by 7 p. m. as we had assigned seats and record was taken.

The milk was run through a separator, to get the cream for use at the Sanitarium and to sell. We kids could have all the skim milk we could drink. The usual thing was to buy a loaf of bread at Kinne Kitchen and stash it in the milk shed. We could get a glass of milk and eat bread and milk for supper. I tried a few times to hold my glass under the cream spout but Brother Jacobsen put a stop to that.

On the farm we had a tractor

that was used to plow the fields. It was set - up to run on kerosene, or "coal oil" as we country folks called it. The tractor had to be started on gasoline and run until it got hot, then we could switch over to kerosene, which was more powerful and cheaper. We also had horses and mules that were used to plow and harvest the crops.

At one time I worked for Grandpa Charles Kendall, who was the father of Dr. Cyrus Kendall and Edna Face. He had his own wagon and team of horses so that he could go at his own speed. He would take several of us boys, to haul hay and other things. It was hot, hard work and we were never happy to be assigned to him.

I got tired of working on the farm. One day while shoveling manure in the barn I told Ben Brost, my supervisor, that I could go home and shovel manure for my dad. He got me transferred to Central Heat. This was really hard physical work, shoveling coal and keeping the furnaces going twenty-fours a day. We had to dump the clinkers and ashes each shift, which was a tough job. The cart under the furnace had to be properly placed on the track or the clinkers went onto the rack and not in the cart and they had to be cleaned up before we went home or to school. Try staying awake in English class after working twelve hours in the furnace room!

Running the generators was the easy job. Just sit there and listen to the generators hum, make sure the voltage stayed level and steady. Marvin Meeker was my supervisor in Central Heat and always treated me and the others fairly.

I spent some time in the San Kitchen. The big job there was

washing the dishes. We set up the trays before each meal and as the trays were prepared by the dietician, we would take them to the patients rooms. We soon learned to carry a tray in each hand and walk briskly. After they ate we had to pick-up the trays and bring them back to the wash room. There several of us took turns washing and drying the dishes. After several hours of this we all had "clean hands"!

In order to earn a bit of extra income, I asked for extra duty, and ended up in the San working for Mrs. Lydia Sutherland Droll, wife of Dr. George Droll. He was a dear old fellow and we all loved him, but she was a taskmaster. I could never get a bathroom clean enough to suit her, get down on my hands and knees and scrub, soon she would be back and point out to me some spot I had missed and needed to go back and do over.

Some part of my janitorial duties were in the operating room and were more enjoyable. I remember Alice Faudi, a student nurse, who always tried to cheer us on. Dr. Lew Wallace, who was a nursing classmate of my dad, took my tonsils out on one of these stints in the OR. He had me sit in a chair. He gave me some local anesthetic and clipped them out. We were promised ice cream afterwards, but that was a scarce item for students in those days. Dr. Bernard V. Bowen lays claim to having been the first baby born on the campus. He left again and returned in the 1950's to start the school for nurse anesthetists. He still teaches a class in history.

Celery

Dr. Floyd Bralliar, Ph. D
1875 - 1951

When I was a small boy celery was not to be found in every market as it is today. In fact the only way most people could get it was to raise it themselves. We grew it at home in our garden and when it was in season we had it on the table, at least when company came, for it was considered a rare treat by most people.

My brother-in-law was very fond of celery. He was a railroad conductor and had never lived on a farm nor had the opportunity of learning how to grow a garden. He visited us early one winter when we had an abundance of especially fine, crisp celery. At dinner one day he lamented the fact that much of the time he was unable to buy celery and when he could it was never crisp and good like ours. Mother suggested that he grow it for himself. He fell in with the idea at once and during the next two or three days he was at our house he learned all he could about its culture and went home very enthusiastic over the celery he was going to grow the coming summer.

The ground was not frozen yet so as soon as he got home he borrowed a spade from a neighbor and spaded up the back end of his lot for a celery garden. He lived on the banks of a river where the soil was sandy, rich and deep, just the kind of soil for celery to do its best. Although unaccustomed to this kind of work he carefully picked out every stone and worked the soil, down into perfect condition for a garden.

In the spring he filled a seed box with the best soil he could find

on his lot and sowed his seed. Every time he got home from a "run" the first thing he did after greeting his family was to go to his seed box and see if the celery was up. In only a few days plants of all kinds began to appear. Some of these he knew must be weeds but surely the thrifty green plants that looked so sturdy were his celery. He painstakingly pulled up all the rest. He was very careful not to bruise or injure his precious celery plants and always felt anxious when he found the smell of celery on his fingers, as he often did, lest he had injured some of his plants. However, they continued to grow sturdily so he was not very much disturbed.

When he thought his plants were large enough to transplant he carefully reworked his garden, making sure to kill every weed, for his celery plants must have a chance to get well started before they could be smothered by weeds. Finally, he set his plants at just the right distance apart, according to the directions that mother, who was the authority on gardens at our home, had given him.

He watered every plant as soon as it was set and carefully shaded it from the sun. He left instructions that the shades weren't to be removed until he returned from his next "run" in about three days, by which time the plants should have started to grow. When he got home he removed the shades at once and to his delight every plant was alive and most of them showed new growth. He hoed them well and, at least once a week, he hoed them again. He derived great pleasure from watching his precious plants grow and truly he did have a beautiful, thrifty garden.

As the plants grew the leaves did not look as he had expected them to look and no thick fleshy stems were forming; but there was plenty of time for that as celery takes all summer to grow and it would develop strong, fleshy stem when the proper time came. It did seem queer however, that the plants did not have a celery odor. One day after hoeing his garden he decided to taste a leaf. It did not have a trace of celery flavor but his wife, who had been a schoolteacher and had no interest in gardens, assured him that even a tomato leaf does not taste like a tomato. It would taste all right when it was ready to eat.

Finally, father and mother came for a visit. They had scarcely arrived when John, my brother-in-law, asked them to come out and see his fine garden. He proudly led them to his celery patch. Father gave one look and then stopped and looked again in amazement. "But son", he said, "that is not celery; that's foxtail." "Where is your celery?"

Poor embarrassed, chagrined, disappointed gardener. He had worked all spring caring for and cultivating one of our worst weeds, the worthless "Black Sheep" member of the millet family.

"But", you will say, "that was not fair". He was honest in what he did. He thought he was growing celery. He worked faithfully and hard. He did not intend to pull up the young celery when they came up and leave the foxtail that grew from seed he did not even know was in the soil he put on the seed box. Surely the good Lord would not keep him from having celery when he wanted it so badly and worked so hard to raise it."

But he might have known that he was not growing celery had he asked an experienced gardener. The information was available had he gone to the trouble to get it. God did not punish him, for growing foxtail by making him eat it, but just the same when it came time to eat celery, he had none.

~~~~~

#### FROM HERE AND THERE



**Arkansas:** George, X-ray '58, & Joan Perkins Roach, N '58, sent dues.

**California:** Patricia Hall Black, MCA '31, S '31-'33, sent Dues and some for office help and restoration fund.

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

**California:** Ethelyn Jacobsen Reddig, N '45, sent dues.

**California:** Jack Weeks, S '40-'41, sent dues.

**California:** Sumi Yeno Yoshimura, B. S. '59 and Sam, B. S. '41, sent dues and office help.

**Georgia:** Irma Jackson Trivett, B. S. '37 & James C., MCA '33, S '33-'34 & '39, B.S. '47 sent dues and wrote, "...So many of us were penniless. It must have tried the heart of the faithful teachers there to keep food on the table and heat in the classrooms.

Some of these young couples going to the mission fields nowadays are calling for more money per family than Madison had to run a college. Of course money values vary but fifty - sixty years ago real sacrifice was needed to carry on. When I think of the humble little college of Madison

and the good it did for hundreds like you and me I can't help but wonder why the Lord ever let such a school get away from us. Industrial Education is still greatly needed.

Stone Cave seems to be growing slowly.

We have reopened the chapel and school building again and the cafeteria. Brother Lance has done a good job leading out since taking over sponsoring the school. We had thirty-one at Friday vespers recently.

The deep water well that Madison Alumni had put in a few years ago is a wonderful help in irrigation of crops as well as a source of campus faucet water. There seems to be an inexhaustible source of water from the floor of that valley.

We think of Madison almost every time we irrigate, which is quite often in dry weather.

We hope to see you in June at homecoming. I never tire of visiting Madison even though many changes have occurred in recent years."

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

**Kansas:** Elder O. J. & Millie Mills, Sent dues and office help. O. J. was pastor of the campus church '55-'59.

**Louisiana:** Mary McComas Lester, MCA '50, S '52-'53, & husband Albert E. sent dues and office help.

**Maryland:** Carlos, MCA '45, B. S. '48, & Betty Burk McDonald, N '50, sent dues and wrote, "We just recently realized that either the Madison Survey is



out of business or else we forgot to send in a renewal subscription. Seems like the last one in our folder is dated September '97. That really makes us far behind on any news from down Tennessee way. We would really appreciate your keeping us up to date with any of the back issues that might be around and reinstating our dues for the coming year.

Some of the people we knew at Madison and are alive and well in the Washington, D. C. area are Oscar and Lila Salazar, Sue (Townsend) Potts, Paul Hillebert, Mary (Tamura) Lee. I know they say time flies when you're having fun, but I didn't realize it had been that long since the last Survey had shown up in our mail box, time really goes by. Hope to hear from you soon."

**Maryland:** Jean Gray Smothermon, B. S. '61, sent dues.

**Michigan:** Mrs. Violet Kendall, widow of Richard Dale Kendall, N '53, Anes. '55, sent dues.

**Missouri:** Amos L. Coffee, N '46, CME '56, sent dues.

**Missouri:** John E. Dodd, S '39, sent dues.

**Missouri:** Wm.(Mac) S '47-'49 & Lillian Gray McKinney, sent dues.

**North Carolina:** Shirley Hancock Carter, N '59, sent dues and purchased the *Madison Pictorial History* and *Madison, God's Beautiful Farm*. She wrote, "...I plan to share the Survey with my aunt, Hallie Thomas. She graduated from Nursing('42) and the Anesthesia program('60) at Madison.

She is still in the nursing home in Okeechobee, Florida. She is improving but still has to be on Oxygen twenty-four hours per day.

She is still in a wheelchair but is able to stand and walk about some. She is able to go to Sabbath School and Church most Sabbaths.

I graduated from Nursing at Madison in 1959. I thank the Lord for the training that I received at Madison. This training proved invaluable many times.

I retired from Nursing in 1977. Nursing was always more than a job. It was a calling. If I had it all to do over again, I would still go into Nursing.

My husband is semi retired, and when he needs help in his garage, I pitch in and help him.

Now in my spare time, I enjoy drawing and I am teaching myself to play the piano. With God's help I feel that I am doing well in both areas.

I have two boys and seven grandchildren. I would like to see my family more often than I get to do. One son is in South Florida and one son lives in Ohio....Hope to see you at homecoming in June. I plan to be there if at all possible.

**North Carolina:** Bernhard Jensen, N '51, Anes.'52, sent dues and wrote, "I appreciated so much getting the Survey and the date for homecoming this year, sure do hope to be there.

You and Stella and others too have kept the torch glowing there at home base. Wonderful Madison college.

All the dear people who labored in our behalf, officers, teachers, doctors and spiritual leaders. And Bernard Bowen who came and started our anesthesia school. He really taught us well, encouraged us, inspired us to achieve so we could compete ably in a high tech anesthesia - surgical arena. I honor

his diligent efforts in our behalf.

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

**North Carolina:** William D.,MCA '57, S '60 & Marie King Sandborn N '61 sent dues and office help.

**Oregon:** Henry R., BSN '50, & Pauline Burk Knapp N '41, sent a donation.

**Oregon:** June Davidson Hendrickson, N '61 sent dues.

**Oregon:** Frieda Brunner Tanner, N '45 sent dues and this quote, "Every soul whom God has made willing, is a channel through which Christ will reveal His pardoning love." D. A. p 438

**Oregon:** Kenneth B. Trussell, B. S. '51 sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Charlotte Smith Athey, N '64 sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Ralph Davidson, B. S. '34, sent dues, office help and purchased the *Pictorial History*.

**Tennessee:** Albert G. S '33 - '36, CME '41, B.S. '44 & Elinor Steen Dittes B. S. '43 sent dues and office help.

**Tennessee:** Alice Slater Harris, sent a donation in memory of Dorothy Sutherland.

**Tennessee:** Vera Jensen, B. S. '46 & sister Dorothy Jensen Moore, B. S. '46 sent dues.

**Tennessee:** Eileen Gill, S '43 - '47 & David R. Manzano, S '47, sent dues, office help and some for restoration fund.

**Tennessee:** Mary Moore McConico, daughter of the Everett R. Moores sent her dues. Tennessee: Jim VanBlaricum, J.C. '37 sent dues and change of address.

~~~~~

Leaders Take Heed!

"The greatest fault I find with you who are leading in the work at Madison is the fact that you are not training workers to take your places. Do you want this work to die with you? This question was asked by Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, the well known writer, who was spending a few days at the Madison Sanitarium. Miss Daviess rather prides herself that she was one of the first patrons of the institution. She has done more or less literary work in the Madison atmosphere, and as she says, has watched the development of the institution with intense interest. She touches a vital point when she says that we should be training men and women to carry forward this work when some of those who have been leading find it necessary to lay down their burdens. Her feeling that this work should be perpetuated is expressed in the following words by another guest of the sanitarium, a woman closely connected with the federal organization for national defense through food preparedness. She writes, "The practical education for which you have so long stood is just what the world is needing. And the Madison school certainly has a mission as an example in these reconstruction days. It is a type that should be copied many, many times."



Since the "Madison Order" was somewhat of a departure from the denominational institutions, the leaders felt the need for an annual get-together. So in 1908, the self-supporting conventions for Southern workers was started... for refreshing fellowship and

inspiration to continue for another year...

After Dr, E. A. Sutherland died in 1955, leaders from the "units" assembled at Madison in the 45th annual convention laid plans to further strengthen the work of the sisterhood of Southern self-supporting institutions, and decided to call their organization the Laymen's Extension League. (It was organized the next year and not to be confused with The Layman Foundation or ASI.)

At the 63rd self-supporting convention, October 4 - 6, 1973 held at Little Creek School Dr. Frank Knittel, then president of Southern Missionary College, now Southern University, was the Sabbath Speaker and the following is excerpted from his sermon. "...God's work with the remnant church in 1844 began as a self-supporting work, and it is my conviction that His work to the end of time will end on the same note... I believe God's church and people will go on to the end of time, but at the end of time God's work and church organization will have given way to self-appointed, self-directed, self-energized, self-sustaining units on a self-supporting individual basis. I cannot believe that in the days of trouble that most assuredly lie just ahead, the world that persecutes us will allow a General conference or a Union or Local Conference to direct group activities...."

Most of you, in one way or another, in earlier years were identified with Madison College, and to a large extent your gathering today here is an extension of the work that once went on at that school and that now is continued in your individual endeavors..

First of all I would like to consider the medical work. You may not realize that the Southern Union has more Seventh-day Adventist hospital beds than any other union in the world, including the Pacific Union. Moreover, except for the Pacific Union, the Southern Union has more Seventh-day Adventist medical personnel than any other union in the world. Moreover, more than any other place in the world. Seventh-day Adventist medical personnel who originate in the South, come back to the South to practice their profession. This simply means that of all the people in the Southern Union who leave the Southern Union for medical training of various sorts, a larger percentage return to the Southern Union than is true in any other union in the world.

I am firmly convinced, and with some statistics to prove this, that Madison College has had more to do with this than any other single factor in the history of the cause of God in this part of the United States. The early graduates of Madison College returned to their homes and they have constantly encouraged their followers to do so. It is unfortunate but true that a large number of Seventh-day Adventist who have graduated from Loma Linda medical and dental schools through the years have tended to stay on the affluent West Coast, however statistics clearly demonstrate that the number of people from the Southern Union who do this is much, much smaller on a count and on a percentage basis than is true of any other place in the United States. And you people right here before me, together with those who preceded

you in your work, are largely accountable for this.

...It is no secret that students which have come from self-supporting schools in the Southern Union have been some of the finest academicians which are going to Seventh-day Adventist colleges at the present time.

I had not heard of most of the Self-supporting schools located in the Southern Union until I went to Andrews University in 1959. I shall never forget when a young man walked into my class the first day of school and, since he and I were both a bit early, I chatted with him for a few moments in order to get better acquainted. He told me he was from Little Creek School, and I asked a bit incredulously "Little Creek? Where on earth is that?" I learned that this school was in Tennessee and at Little Creek the students helped build houses and raised their own food. I envisioned lopsided log houses and barefoot boys in overalls guiding the plows behind Tennessee mules. I remember thinking to myself, "What can a school like that produce?" Well it produced that year a young man who ran away with the freshman English class. I discovered very quickly that he had pretty well left off where the others were beginning, and it took me only ten days to discover that he was the most articulate, most creative, and the most productive student in the class. All of a sudden I came face to face with the fact that I had a real student on my hands, not just an innocent rustic who could follow a furrow behind a mule....He worked on our farm at Andrews and he was the only student that year to whom the farm manager totally, completely, and implicitly entrusted

every piece of farm machinery which we owned. Because, you see, he was the only one who could operate it. I am not sure he had ever followed a mule. What I am saying in all this, is that you people have reason to take a deep sense of pride in the people that you have produced.

Another feature of your endeavors that is very heartening to me is your very firm insistence and practice of declaring to us all that you are not separate from God's work but indeed a part of it. So frequently in our own church when individuals move into a circumstance outside of the organizational mainstream, they do so because they have an axe to grind not because they have a real burden of accomplishment. It has been so very heartening for me to see through the years that you people are doing what you are doing because it is for the furtherance. You have embarked on no ego trips and your relationship with every feature of the organized church work is cooperative and supportive and in every dimension most beneficial. I have been particularly aware of this since coming to SMC.

It is no secret, for example, that in our self-supporting schools there is a more conservative approach to life in general, and for this our self-supporting schools are to be commended....But what I have appreciated so very much about our self-supporting leaders in the South is the fact that they do not stand by and take pot shots at the various academies or colleges because of some of the differences that exist. And I will tell you why. You have been too busy doing your own good work to be concerned about the weaknesses in other

institutions...

The young people in your schools are creative, bright, quick to observe, keen of judgement, and unafraid of work....The self-supporting work is no place for the indolent, the floater, the goldbricker, or the rider...My friends, our self-supporting work in God's church demands people who are vigorous, not lazy; people who stimulate themselves mentally, not idle dreamers; people who have a vision, not daydreamers; and people who distinguish between the voice of God and the whisper of temptation....

The resounding success of the Southern Union, without any question at all, rests firmly and squarely upon the foundations which our early self-supporting workers laid, and for this I am truly grateful.

One final postscript. We must not leave the service this morning without paying special tribute to the school that has ultimately brought all of you together here — Madison College. There was a time when Madison College had the finest roster of teachers found anywhere within the denominational educational system. There was a core of teachers at Madison College which, with their training and experience, represented a greater assembly of advanced degrees than the rest of the Seventh-day Adventist colleges put together....

It always bothers me when some people say Madison shall live again. My concept is that Madison does live it has never died. Just as surely as God has honored the endeavors of that school and its people in the past, he will honor the conscientious endeavors of those who have been influenced by it and

and who continue God's work on this earth."

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 TN. 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

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

Baymont Inn, 120 Cartwright Ct. 1-800-301-0200 September 2, 1999

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

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

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

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.

Did You Know

The Postal Service delivers approximately 43% of the world's mail volume; Japan the closest runner-up delivers only 6%.

What One Acre of Land is Doing

While a patient at the Madison Sanitarium and Hospital a few years ago, Mr. H. L. Rushing, special accountant for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, became converted to the rural idea. He purchased an acre of rocky land on "Home Acres" near the college and is converting it into an ideal little country home. In a recent report of activities at the Rushing "farm," Mr. Rushing writes: "Summarizing one's blessings gives new strength.

Yesterday we had the following foods on the table, all of which were produced on the little farm: sweet milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, butter, lettuce, onions, radishes, mustard greens, cabbage, honey, strawberry shortcake. And

yet the acre has not been scratched, as far as possible development is concerned. Sixty healthy grapevines give promise of a plentiful harvest of grapes. Twenty wagon loads of fertilizer were put on the land last January. The land is as level as a floor. The soil was leveled by the use of a spirit level, spades and a wheelbarrow. The boys get great sport from the old mother dog and three pups. Our birds and squirrels are delightful neighbors. A wren built her nest in an improvised curtain close by the house. The boys transferred the nest to an old overshoe which seemed very acceptable, and now we have three tiny wrens.

Our bees are doing well. They were well cared for last winter, and in late February the hives were jammed with young bees. Young bees are what we want, but they took us by surprise and we did not have hives for all of them. We hope to arrive at a plan of manipulation for handling such rousing colonies. We will then give you the benefit of our findings." There are hundreds of families crowded in cities who would profit by following Mr. Rushing's example in getting out into the country where they can raise their own food, have the benefit of fresh, pure air and a wholesome, happy environment for their children.

Madison Survey, June 12, 1935, page 67

Our Neighbors of Home Acres

Lida F. Scott

The other day Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Rushing entertained some of the younger faculty members of the Madison College at their home on

Home Acres, a subdivision adjacent to the Madison Campus, where owners engage in subsistence farming on acre lots. The object of this dinner was to demonstrate to the guests how much Mr. Rushing was able to raise on one acre of land while at the same time carrying on his business in the city. While somewhat out of the range of youth, I was glad to be included in the invitation to dinner.

About five years ago Mr. Rushing was a patient at the Madison Sanitarium, suffering from nervous exhaustion. His wife had also come to the brink of a breakdown. After spending some time in resting and changing their habits of living, they accepted the advice of Dr. Sutherland to move out of the city and adopt the simple life. They had the courage to try the experiment and bought an acre of land on Home Acres, a convenient location from which they send their children to the Madison school, at the same time training them in intensive gardening. They terraced the sloping surface back of the house and numbered the terraces one, two, three, and four. The whole family work the soil with keen interest. The result is that sufficient fruit and vegetables are raised to furnish the table for a family of six with the exception that less than ten dollars a month is being spent for groceries. This ten dollars, however, is earned from the sale of honey from their hives. The dairy products are supplied by the one Jersey cow. The surplus of vegetables and fruit are canned for winter use.

How unique was our entertainment! The guest were enthusiastically escorted from terrace to terrace while the city

farmer, a veritable apostle of David Grayson, proudly demonstrated his scientific methods of cultivation.

Afterwards we rested in comfortable chairs on the friendly lawn and watched the setting sun from under the wide vault of heaven. As the chill of evening settled we entered the little home. The house is of box construction with tongue and groove siding. The reverse side of the vertical boards serves for the inside wall. There is no plaster or wallboard, but the boards are held firmly in place by two-by-fours running laterally around the wall surfaces. The living room, facing the east extends the full length of the building with windows on three sides. It is commodious, hospitable, and attractively furnished. The bed rooms, bathroom, and kitchen are on the west side. A dining table is at the north end by the kitchen, and there it was we were served the following home products:

Tomato Cocktail
Muffins with Butter
Stuffed Peppers Honey
Creamed Corn Tomato and
Cottage Cheese Salad
String Beans
Browned Egg Plant
Pumpkin Pie a la Mode.

It was a dinner fit for a king, cooked by the capable wife and served by the children with a quiet air of accomplishment. All agreed this is one way to rise above economic depression and to overcome a "spell of nerves." It would be an escape from the dole and relief for many. The home cost less than \$400. "What if it should burn down." exclaimed the host. "Why, we would just get busy and build another." "Are you warm enough in winter?" "Never more

comfortable in my life," came the reply.

One of the causes of Mr. Rushing's breakdown was the discouragement occasioned by trying to pay off two mortgages on his expensive city home after the depression had gripped the country. Now, by virtue of industry and economy, the second mortgage has been paid and the first mortgage will take care of itself from the rent. Mr. Rushing says that this little sunny spot has been an inspiration and joy to the whole family, and it is something to look forward to each evening as he returns from his city office in the N.C. & St. L. Building, where he holds the position of cost accountant.

Living in the open, digging dirt, working with bees, caring for the cow, stepping out of the kitchen and picking tomatoes of your own vines, yields a crop of exuberant spirits and robust health, an imparts to the whole countryside the contagion of the friendship and hospitality of true neighbors."

Madison Survey, October 23, 1935, page 143, 144

~~~~~

## An Intimate Talk With Students

Sally Bralliar Sutherland  
1871-1953

Ample opportunity is afforded Mrs. Sutherland, dean of women and college instructor, to know the inner workings of the minds of many on campus. Recently she contributed an article to *The Peptimist Crier*, a student periodical published monthly on the campus, which we pass on for the benefit of prospective students.

Students, what have you brought with you to school this year? I am not thinking of cash, nor

of clothes, books, and furnishings for your room, nor even of your excellent recommendations. These things are necessary and are taken for granted. Too often they are thought to be the only things necessary. The faculty, however, is more interested in the attitudes and objectives which the student brings with him than in more material things. These attitudes and objectives are not so easily identified and checked when a student enters school as are blankets and cash deposits.

Have you brought with you a sincere desire to learn? Or do you only wish someone to teach you? Your attitude in this matter means much to your success as a student. The faculty is here with the desire to teach that which they have prepared for you at the cost of much time, labor, and expense. But they cannot deliver knowledge to you. They can lead you to that which you can gain only by your efforts. They cannot always make the process of learning an experience of thrilling interest, nor is it desirable that they should do so. A wrong conception of this matter of learning often leads to an attitude of criticism on the part of the student who is expecting everything to be made interesting and easy for him. Have you brought with you the expectation that you will have to give honest effort and hard work for everything that you get? This attitude on your part will go far in making even a dull teacher enthusiastic and interesting in the classroom.

Are you willing to change your mind, or are you only looking for arguments to prove that you are altogether right? Are you willing to adopt better habits, better ways of

doing things, when you see that which is better? Are you willing to teach others those things that you have proven to be good, even at the cost of time and effort and patience? In other words are you willing to give as well as to receive?

If your objective in getting an education is to get only that you may have more to give; if you are ambitious to be *somebody* in order that you may be able to do *something* of real worth in the world, then you are the kind of student that will be a blessing to any school, and we welcome you most heartily to N. A. N. I.

The lack of proper objectives and attitudes is less easy to supply than is the lack of money, and if those held by the student are not good they cannot be changed so readily as can clothing that is unsuited to the requirements of work and of the classroom. So be sure to make a careful inventory for yourself at the beginning of the year and see if you are really ready for school.

“For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.”

Madison Survey, October 30, 1935, pages 147, 148

~~~~~

Did you know?

Mr. Bisalski was a shoe salesman before he came to Madison.

1935 was the year Fletcher graduated their first 12th grade.

~~~~~

## RESTING UNTIL THE RESURRECTION

**Beckner, Vida**, wife of the last

president of Madison College, died February 24, 1999 at the age of 89. For sixty-five years she was wife, mother and help meet. Her husband Horace Ryan Beckner survives. One son, Horace S., and one daughter, Janet Beckner Brock, three grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

**Bowes, Roy R., M. D., S '38, BS '47**, graduating from medical school in 1943 Roy joined the Navy and served as an officer on the USS Lawrence during his tour of duty in the South Pacific.

He and his growing family moved to Madison in 1946 and practiced medicine in the Madison - Goodlettsville area until 1963. Somewhere along the way he earned a Ph d in History and a law degree. Roy was always a prime sponsor and persistent advocate of a multitude of mission projects in Honduras, Mexico and elsewhere.

In the past three years, his health began to fail. Vascular disease and non-Hodgkins lymphoma, including major surgery and chemotherapy, reduced his ability to function fully. He died in his sleep March 26, 1999 He is preceded by his younger brother Glenn. He is survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, Dena Kay Bowes; two sons, Robert and Larry; two daughters, Karen and Elizabeth and eight grandchildren. **Coon, Marjorie, S '63-'64**, died December 24, 1998 at age 75. She served her church in Korea and Russia. She is predeceased by her husband Miles Roy Coon.

**Grow, Julia Muir "Grandma"**, BSN '56, BS Ed. died February 24, 1999. She was Founder-President and Director of Cave Springs Home for Handicapped in Pegram,



Tennessee. The first and only school of its kind operated by Seventh-day Adventists, She wanted to be remembered for her complete faith in God. She is survived by son-in-law Charles DeArk; four grandchildren; four great-grandchildren.

**Johnson, Phillip G.**, Age 56, died January 18, 1999 from apparent heart attack. He is survived by parents, Reed and Thelma Johnson, wife, Jewell Phelps Johnson, daughters Cheryl Joy Marshall, Janis Joy Johnson, and Jennifer Jill Johnson. Son James Leland Johnson. Three step children, Harry Phelps III, Kenneth Moulton, and Melinda Thomas. Sisters, Marilyn Transue, Maxine Young, and brother Daniel Johnson. Ten grandchildren

**McAleavy, John C., MD.** Former anesthesia students that studied under him will be saddened to learn that he died in 1997 at the age of 68. The conference room at the school has been named after him and his portrait hangs there.

**Nielsen, Albert K.**, B.S. '53 died February 6, 1999 at age 79. He was born to missionary parents in Liberia West Africa. He married Mabel I. Ruffner in 1950 in Virginia and soon moved to Tennessee. He worked 12 years in lab and x-ray and later was employed at Harbert Hills Academy serving as a teacher, Nursing Home chaplain and manager of the radio station. He is a veteran of WW II.

He is survived by a brother, Armond, two sons, Karl and Hal, a daughter, Dorothy, four grandchildren and three step grandchildren.

**McColpin, Marvin R.**, S '58-'61, died January 31, 1999. Marvin was very active in missionary projects.

He was a board member of Mission Projects and Company. He was a member of ASI, the Professional and Business Association. Survivors are wife, Faye McColpin, one son, Daniel, daughters Rosalene Everhart, Brenda McColpin, and Dora Hallock, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

**Riffel, William R.**, Died March 19, 1999 at age 101. 1898-1999

**Thomas, Allen Gene**, S '40, died March 27, 1999 following a lengthy illness, he is survived by wife, Geraldine (Gerry) Thomas. We have no other information.

**Self, Amos, Anes.** '55. Died July, 10, 1999. He was 81 years old. He had been ill for about three years with Alzheimer's.

The Alumni officers and Board extend their condolences to the families in the loss of their husbands, fathers and companions. We share your pain because these loved ones are a part of the "Madison Family". We have this hope, Jesus, is coming soon!

### Things Not Always As They Appear

Dr. Floyd Bralliar  
1875-1951

When I was twenty-seven years old I attended a camp meeting that lasted over a week. Through the kindness of a wealthy man, the camp was pitched in a beautiful park that bordered on and led directly away from his own large, well kept lawns.

No sooner was the camp pitched when it started to rain; seven full days and nights of rain and it was no drizzle, neither was it just a shower. The rain poured day and night for a week without a let

up. The night of the eighth day, Saturday night, the rain stopped and Sunday morning the sun came out bright and clear. By noon the water had run off enough to permit one to walk over the lawns without getting either wet or, muddy, so just after the noon meal it seemed everyone, preachers and all, went for a walk. Groups were strolling in every direction and no wonder, for no one had been able to get any out-of-door exercise for over a week.

After attending to a few necessary things I also started for a stroll. Soon I saw a group of ministers standing on the lawn near a large empty, crystal bowl that rested on a beautiful brass and marble pedestal. They seemed to be very earnestly discussing something about the bowl. They called me to come and join them.

When I arrived one of them said, "You are a scientist. We want you to explain a mystery. You see this bowl is standing half in the sun and half in the shade. Mr.----- touched it awhile ago and the part in the shade is hot and the part in the sun is not." Then they insisted that I touch both sides of it and, surely enough, it was as they said. The part in the shade was decidedly warmer than the part in the sun. "Now, they said, "explain how this can be."

Before I could think of an explanation one of the youngest ministers saved me from making a dunce of myself by launching upon a learned explanation. He called attention to the fact that bright sun rays were falling on the polished brass metal and reflecting into the bowl, making a very bright spot on the glass. "The heat rays are longer than the light rays," he said, "and so



Madison College  
 Alumni Association  
 PO Box 6303  
 Madison, Tn. 37116

Address Service Requested

U.S. Postage  
 Paid  
 Non-Profit Org.  
**PERMIT NO. 7**  
 Brushton, NY 12916

are bent more when they are reflected and therefore pass into the bowl on the shaded side." "The shaded side is heated while the sunny side is only lighted." He then went into a rather lengthy dissertation on burning lenses and mirrors. He no sooner paused for breath when someone else who considered himself a budding scientist objected to this explanation. He insisted that heat rays are bent less than light rays and would not hit the bowl at all. Others said that since there was neither a lens or prism on the pedestal, the rays would all be reflected at the same angle and not be separated at all.

I was fortunate in having the opportunity to listen and keep still while trying to figure out an explanation. Finally, an older man who had some reputation for learning came by. They called him over and put the problem to him for a solution. "Oh, that is easy", he said, "I came by here just before you folks did and stopped to admire the beautiful bowl. The side in the

sun was so hot I was afraid the unequal heating would cause it to break, so I turned it around. It is pretty well cooled now."

It was surprising how quickly the crowd lost interest in the mystery of the bowl. But I learned a real lesson from the experience. How many of our scientists form their own theories just as these men did? They find something interesting and unusual and at once set about concocting an explanation for it.

Just as these ministers did not know that one of their fellows had passed that way before and turned the bowl around, these learned men know nothing of a thousand things that may have produced the conditions they have found. They have good minds, are keen observers and may be good reasoners but their conclusions are often entirely wrong. Much of our "science so called" is like that of one of my own sons when he was about three or four years old. It was late autumn and we had been having a good many

pumpkin pies of which he was very fond. One morning his mother trying to get him ready for church and he was fussing about having his ears washed. Finally, she had him put the end of the towel over his finger and wash his own ears. He dug for a few minutes and then looked at the towel, there was some yellow wax on it. He stared at it very intently for a moment and then burst out with, "pumpkin pie."

Toll Free Phone 1-888-254-1615

**Coupon**

1. SURVEY & dues 1 yr. (\$25.)\_\_\_\_\_.
2. Sending \$\_\_\_\_\_ for Office help.
3. New Madison Book (\$25)\_\_\_\_\_.
4. God's Beautiful Farm (\$10)\_\_\_\_\_.
5. Sending \$\_\_\_\_\_ for  
Heritage House Restoration

MADISON SURVEY & ALUMNI NEWS  
 President Jim Culpepper  
 Editor & Executive Secretary Bob Sutherland  
 Home PH: 615/859-5181 PH: 615/865-1615  
 (ISSN 32524000) is published quarterly.  
 Non-profit postage paid at Madison, TN.  
 POSTMASTER: Send Address changes to:  
 PO Box 6303 Madison, TN 37116