

Madison Survey

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82 Healing Experience

By Lida Funk Scott

Submitted By Albert Dittes

Lida Funk Scott had known about the start of Madison College in 1904 and made her first contact with the Laymen's Movement there in 1914 while recovering from the death of her daughter Helen. What she saw made such a profound impression on her that she moved to Madison a few years later, investing her entire fortune in the development of the college and its affiliated institutions throughout the South. In July, 1927, she wrote the following account of what attracted her to the Madison family of Adventist workers and her part in fulfilling its mission

At Vassar College I gave out physically and was perplexed to know the cause. I have been getting light on this, ever since. For the last 30 years or more I have hoped to keep my mind alert for information on the subject of health. My attention was first called to the importance of diet before my baby was born, when I became convinced correct understanding and practice would save a world of suffering. The results of my experiment were so gratifying that I continued to practice my theories, and later, when I visited at Battle Creek Sanitarium I found that I was very sympathetic with the teachings of Dr. J. H. Kellogg. Here I was fed upon the things that I



Lida Funk Scott
1868 - 1945

wanted to learn and my mind was clarified and convictions deepened. I admired the altruistic spirit which led Dr. Kellogg to broadcast his views and the truths he had discovered as fully and freely as people were willing to receive.

Some seventeen years later, I visited in Tennessee, another place where they practiced health principles similar to those advocated by Dr. Kellogg, and where for the last dozen years I have had my home and center my interest.

The Madison institution, comprised of the Rural Sanitarium and the Nashville Agricultural Normal Institute, is situated on a 900-acre farm about ten miles from Nashville. One of the unusual features is that the school and sanitarium are mutually dependent on one another and work cooperatively. Its many industries are

actually carried on by student labor whereby he earns his way through various courses of study. The sick cared for at the sanitarium keep before him the calls of service and the institution aims to inculcate the joy of service irrespective of remuneration. The students need never get out of touch with the real problems of life as they are facing these problems daily, and it is hoped will be prepared to respond quickly to unexpected calls without shrinking or fear. At the time I was speaking of some of the former students were carrying on extension work among the mountaineers in a number of out-stations.

For two-or-three years I came down once a year from my home in New Jersey to Madison to attend the annual convention of these southern mountain workers at the home school. I was fascinated with the simplicity, sincerity, self-sacrifice, energy and enthusiasm of those nurses, teachers, or farmers, etc. as they told the stories of their work. I wanted to help them but cares, responsibilities and sorrow had told upon me and, when I thought I was ready to throw my life into the work, I was forced by an inevitable providence to become a patient instead in this sanitarium. It looked like a calamity at first. My nerves had become exhausted through want of better understanding of their functions and limitations. The

teeming life of the world had left me stranded, marooned, for the flood does not sanction or accommodate itself to the incapacitated. Such are cast out upon its bank, shamed, humiliated; a refugee that must look elsewhere for sympathy, understanding and help.

This place of seclusion among the green pastures, and beside the still waters, apart from the confusion, roar, and rushing activity of city life was very congenial to my state of mind and body.

The sanitarium is a low, rambling and growing structure, put up and added to from time to time by the students while taking their classes in carpentry, and never-the-less homelike and comfortable with a wide porch extending in front of every patient's door. To be a receptive patient is to be a student and is to receive a post-graduate course in the school of sickness. The school atmosphere does not end with the normal department but permeates the sanitarium and every patient is conscious of the fact. As I lay upon my cot beneath the friendly branches of an oak, without any effort on my part I could follow the activity and observe the joyfulness of the nesting birds. I saw their friendships and enmities, watched the caterpillar bent on its mission, the multi-colored butterflies, and on one occasion a great flock of monarchs that were migrating southward by the thousands, the beautiful beetles, the mud dauber whose spread wings shown like burnished gold in the sun and who sometimes made the mistake of building her nest out of fresh cement instead of mud which became a tomb instead of a home. I had a fellow feeling for them all as I lay a silent witness. I was glad of the good pastures for which the honey

bee could return with its nectar to the hive. How strange that the feverish activity of man should tend to make the nerves taut while the rapid, busy life, of wild creatures relaxes this tension.

I must tell you about my friend the squirrel. Since I was very quiet much of the time and fed him nuts he gradually learned to trust me. He became so tame I could even punish him when he was naughty. He learned the meaning of "no, no !" when I slapped him for trying to gnaw his way through my dress to the nuts in my pocket, I took him by the hand and showed him the opening which was the proper entrance to the pocket. He took it good naturedly. He climbed around my head, and as a climax to his boldness and friendship once he crept close to my eyes, the human eyes that wild creatures fear, and looked into them with a caution and timidity of one looking into a deep well. I drank milk from the cows that browsed where I could see them in sun-kissed pastures, or milk from the snow-white angora goat that I watched climb the rocks from where I lay. Great lessons on relaxation and the ways to health are thus learned in this school of the woods where the tiny, wild creatures are members of the faculty.

As I grew stronger I jotted down in verse some of the lessons thus learned as follows: (No verses are on this manuscript.)

Shall I mention the class in philosophy that met all over the sanitarium campus-and I alone on my cot? Our doctor philosopher was one of the outstanding personalities of the institutions. He was a psychologist and educator- of - note long before he became an M. D. So as he went his daily rounds visiting

his patients he was the itinerant educator. How often he put my trolley back on the wire and helped me get the right mental attitude. He believed that right thinking had a great deal to do with health. His visits were brief and his words few and well-chosen, but they always left a seed thought with vitality to grow, not that day only, but to develop into trees with far reaching branches extending into years.

Of course there were treatments by the nurses, hydrotherapy and massage that helped restore vigor to the circulation and tone the organs. The hemoglobin went up and the blood pressure came down and the nerves became quiet, and now I am able to drive my car 200 miles in a morning if I get an early start.

Truths once received in the heart are bound to overflow, and sharing them with others keep them fresh and virile. Consequently it was natural to cast about for avenues through which ideas pertaining to life and health could be passed on to others. I found a very congenial faculty at Madison of about fifty people, whose aims I could heartily share and with whom I threw in my lot. Before I was fully recovered they appointed me field secretary, and I have had charge of the extension work ever since, for about eleven years.

Application of principles

I became convinced that not only must principles of health be disseminated but the ways and means of practicing them must be pointed out, or furnished and demonstrated so clearly that busy people can at a glance see their practicability. Business men and women experience difficulty in obtaining the means of

health they are seeking. It is easier to go the way of the crowd. Many of them have been startled by the revelations of chemists, of the effect of demineralized—and—devitalized foods upon babies, school children, as well as adults and recognize the tragedy of the needless mortality. They feel themselves going downhill physically, but how can they stop to work out a new system of living when it is necessary that they go on and earn. In response to the appeal for help we started our first Vegetarian Cafeteria at Nashville, Tennessee, and this was also run on the cooperative plan by sending students from the farm each day in the school bus. Connected with this cafeteria are hydropathic treatment rooms. Mrs. Sutherland, the teacher of dietetics, supervises this cafeteria and takes her students into the city and shows them how to put their theories into practice. It is surprising how many people seek her guidance on matters of diet. She has saved many from breaking down by rescuing them before they had gone too far. The too-fat and the too-thin appeal to her for relief as well as the diabetic for aid in his dietetic problems. Others suffering from various forms of malnutrition find to their surprise and delight that it is possible to rise above their difficulties while they continue their work. There are some, of course, who have had to be sent to the hospital or sanitarium; many are saved this ordeal.

This type of work has proved so satisfactory that now we are fostering cafeterias in five other cities. I am kept busy making trips to and from these places all of which are at least a distance of 200 miles from the home school. All of these cafeterias are connected with a

country base of their own.

The one in Birmingham, Alabama, is catering to some of the city's finest people. Judges and lawyers say that they like to eat at the Vegetarian because it helps to clear their brain for the afternoon. At the farm 12 miles out, they are raising garden stuff which is brought fresh each day to the cafeteria deck. After the long hours of a strenuous day the workers are glad to drive along the beautiful paved highway to spend the night amid pleasant country surroundings where they meet their co-workers and solve their problems cooperatively. The cafeteria leads eventually to the erection of a rest home or a small sanitarium on the farm. The guests are already making inquiry and urging haste in putting up the buildings. They want a place where they can go and just rest to avoid trouble later on.

Another cafeteria is located in Asheville, North Carolina, and is connected with hydropathic treatment rooms. An interesting and interested patronage is the rewards of these workers who drive daily some fifteen miles back and forth on the magnificent highway that leads to their country base. And on their 500 hundred acre farm there are also many activated as at Madison, garden, dairy, poultry, carpentry, etc., and a growing mountain sanitarium. They have been obliged to build an addition to (another missing sentence at the bottom of the page) stucco building with an operating room and facilities to accommodate about forty patients. It is charmingly located on a knoll some two thousand feet above sea level, in the midst of picturesque valleys and beautiful scenery. A school is conducted here for the

children of the workers and those of the mountaineers of the community, some of them even walking long distances from their coves to the mountain homes.

Another institution may be found in Knoxville, Tennessee, where a small group is ministering to many of Knoxville's people. These people are not all sick by any means but they come because they like the food or want to keep well or want to learn. To satisfy the requests for training we have been conducting a School of Health and offer classes to those who wish to study the science of eating and cooking. Recently, a farm has been secured in a splendid locality and plans are being made to erect a cottage sanitarium among the pines on the top of the hill from whence a view of the surrounding country is commanded.

Similar institutions are in Louisville, Kentucky, (and) Memphis, Tennessee; besides which are a number of schools and sanitariums located in the country too far from the city to have cafeteria connections, and these each in their own characteristic way are meeting community needs. There is in all about twenty centers patterned more or less after the Madison plan. They all aim to avoid unnecessary expenditure of means to value the gospel of simplicity that is consistent with efficiency, the idea being to erect as many small institutions as possible in various places. The greatest difficulty is in securing unselfish workers. Such people can not be picked up everywhere. They seek us rather than we them. Often we are obliged to wait until they come. Our need of this type of young people is always greater than the supply, and we are continually sending out SOS calls for people

who have a vision of the needs of humanity and a desire to have a part in helping the units to respond to this need.

I am quite conscious of the fact that this method of carrying on our institutional work may not seem good business sense, but most people have discovered that it takes more than money to bring joy and contentment into the life. A group of people with an all-absorbing vision in common, who will work together and put up with one another's faults for the sake of the cause they are serving, get a thrill out of life that is not figured in dollars and cents, but in results obtained, in friendship, home and the congenial environment, progressive educational facilities along with abundant opportunities for service. What more could we ask or want? All who take part in this work feel that they belong to one large family with one interest in common, and when they return to their yearly convention at Madison they are coming home to a family reunion.

I will not weary you with the long, long story I could tell. There is one unit, however, I would like to speak of. It is located on a one hundred acre farm about two miles from the county seat of Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. About a year ago, we purchased this farm and have since built this little one story edifice for a sanitarium, containing operating room, treatment room, doctors office, living room, diet kitchen and rooms for patients. The rural cottage sanitarium is located on the branch of Simonton Creek, very scenic as it flows through an avenue of luxuriant trees, and laurel growth among the rocks and boulders along its banks. The sanitarium is built on the bank of this stream so the

patients from their rooms can see its beauty and listen to the rippling of the water. Since this supplies the only operating room and hospital in the county almost immediately the local physicians were bringing their operative and medical cases and the facilities were found to be altogether inadequate. We hastily constructed a two-ward building. The painter had scarcely put on the last stroke with his brush before again we were face to face with the realization that our accommodations were being outgrown. A new contract for a twelve room cottage was made and the carpenters had to unpack their tools. Remember I am describing a very simple sanitarium far away from a large city where we would not ordinarily expect to find such an institution. More-than-twenty physicians are bringing their patients and the accidents and emergencies are putting to the test the efficiency of our nurses at all hours of the day and night.

The county has shown its spirit by improving and straightening the road and putting in a fine concrete bridge across the creek so that the physician and patients can more easily find access when the water is in flood. Recently a patient has written to me regarding this place. I have never met nor even seen her. She is the wife of a prominent Baptist minister and author. She writes, "I was greatly benefitted by my stay at the sanitarium and shall always cherish the memory of the workers who are so wonderfully carrying out the Master's ideal to suffering humanity."

None better than ourselves know how far short of our ideals we fall, and there is a feeling of embarrassment in quoting such words of praise.

I have been talking of my aims and what has been accomplished through the cooperation of many like-minded individuals. It will not help very much to expatiate upon our shortcomings, though we may be conscious of them. However, we believe we have a plan, a system, that is worthy of being worked out in many places, and we are going to keep at it and do our bit.



More From Homecoming 1999

Elsie Stinchfield Brownlee, N'50: Madison has been close to my heart for along time. My brother went to school out here. He drove a car load back and forth to school in the 30's. He brought the Hughes girls and I believe Vera Noss. At that time he met his wife here. She was in nurses training. I have a picture by West Hall of me in Bernice Hiner's, N '38, uniform when I was nine years old.

After I finished Nashville Junior Academy I went to Fletcher and graduated from the academy there and took two years of nursing over there. So I had part of my training there and finished here in the class of 1950.

I have four children. My oldest son is a nurse. He graduated from the Associate Degree program at Collegedale in 1969 and went on and took anesthesia. He now has his JD degree which he has had for two years. My oldest daughter lives in Birmingham, she is an executive secretary and works for a malpractice insurance company started by a group of doctors. My younger son does general maintenance. I live next door to him in Gallatin. He and his partner installed the central heat and air conditioning with humidity control in

the Heritage House. He takes care of mother. He looks after me and right now he has a garden planted that would feed five or six families. Week before last I spent canning beans. If he can get in the garden tomorrow I'll be canning beans this week too. I pickle beets but I manage to get out there and pick them myself. He planted a row about 35 feet long. My youngest daughter has a Nursing Home Administrator's license. She lives in Hartsville and works in Lebanon and works at Sears & Quality Nursing Home. She has three sons. The twins graduated from high school in May. Her older boy is in college and he is going to finish nursing hopefully this next year. I have 10 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. I really feel like Madison has been good to me all the way around.

Dr. Wallace was my doctor here at Madison before he went to Fletcher. I worked with him and his wife was my Director of Nurses at Fletcher. I have had a well rounded experience with Madison folks. I worked with Eunice on OB when I was a student. I worked very little with Mrs. Zeigler because I didn't have to take classes under her when I came here. I had to audit a few of the college classes to graduate.

Madison has been good to me and I enjoy seeing everybody. I enjoyed seeing Shirley Hancock Carter here. I was her supervisor when she was in nurses training. I believe I had Pat and Reuben both in surgery.

I enjoy working with the Alumni Association. I retired from hospital work in 1992. Then I worked for a Home Health agency as a casual RN until a year ago and I work part time off and on in a nursing home in Gallatin.

I will go to work in the morning at 4:45 and leave at 8 o'clock and be down here by 8:30 to eat some pancakes with ya'll if you'll save some for me.

Pray for my family, some of my children are not in the church.

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## My Story

By Louise Smith Guinn, N '50

I came to Madison to complete my nurses training. I was married and had a child. They would not let me return to Greenville, Tennessee (Tacoma Hospital) to complete my training. I lost my husband, Charles, in 1958. I have three boys, five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. They all live near me.

I married again for the second time which only lasted six years. I worked until 1997 the last eight years teaching CNA I & II for the community college. My heart decided to run away, so I have been unable to work since. This is pretty much the story of my life. I hope to make it to our 50th celebration.

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We are What We Eat

The October 10, 1936, issue of Collier's *National Weekly* contained an article by Dr. Victor G. Heiser under the above caption. As a preface to his thesis that the nations of the earth are largely the product of their diet, the doctor says that in the north of India the Sikhs and the Pathans, reared in filth and squalor the same as the Madras in the south, "grow to six-foot healthy manhood while the people of the south are small and stunted."

The tribes of the north eat milk,

a small amount of meat, plenty of leafy vegetables, potatoes, and whole wheat bread. Rice, red pepper, tamarind, and dried fish were the foods of the southern tribe. A member of the Indian Medical Service, Sir Robert McGarrison, carried on an experiment with white rats.

So enlightening is this article concerning the effect of the food a man eats on his character, stature; and disposition, that the following paragraphs are quoted from Dr. Heiser's article as it appeared in condensed form in the March, 1938, issue of *Reader's Digest*.

I saw 12 cages of white rats—offspring of one parent stock. As I approached the first cage a heavy, stocky rat lunged viciously at me. His hair was rough, his whiskers bristled threateningly. He was ready to fight at the drop of a hat. From the time he had been weaned he had been fed on white bread and jam, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled fish, boiled vegetables, boiled tea—the English working man's daily fare. It was apparent that he and his fellows partook of the nature of the Britons, and never, never would be slaves.

Next to them, pink eyes round and placid, were rats brought up on the Sikh and Pathan diet. They were as large as the British rats, but their fur lay sleek and smooth; they were gently disposed.

Little things, healthy but no bigger than large mice, lived next door. These were the Madrasi rats.

In the cage beyond, the rats grew short and wide in the middle, with oily hair, and whiskers twirled to fine points. They were French rats accustomed to *pot-au-feu* rich in fats, meats flooded with fine sauce, and salads drenched in fine dressings.

They had neighbors who were short and wiry, and scurried around energetically. Fish, highly polished rice and occasionally a crab had been the foods of these Japanese rats. It seemed scarcely credible that all the rats were of the same ancestry.

The Japanese, who are sensitive about their small stature, have done extensive research on diet as it affects the size of human beings. The Japanese national foods lack inorganic salts and vitamins A and B. The Director of the Japanese Imperial Institute of Nutrition conceived the notion of drying certain fish in which vitamins and salts occur richly, and grinding them into a powder. This was sprinkled as a seasoning on the noonday meal of a selected group of Japanese school children. After four years of this regimen, the sturdy experimentees suffer fewer childhood maladies, weigh on the average about five pounds more, and are several centimeters taller than the other children.

This experiment opened another gate into the unexplored field of nutrition as related to the development of racial characteristics and the promotion of growth. It showed that probably other factors besides inheritance account for tall parents often begetting tall children. It may be because those households serve foods which make for growth.

Diet can be the cause of many diseases. For example, the stomachs and intestines of many of the inhabitants of southern India are riddled with ulcers. Bad as is the condition in Madras, it is much worse in adjacent Travancore, where the natives consume large quantities of pure starch as found in their tapioca root. The laboratory men put two groups of rats on the respective

diets of these two provinces. Over a quarter of those eating travancorian food and 10 percent of those on the Madras diet presently developed gastric or intestinal ulcers; these figures correspond almost exactly with the incidence of the disease among the two peoples. No ulcers occurred in the control rats fed on balanced rations.

The Japanese in turn discovered that if diets producing ulcers in rats were continued for more than 180 days, the ulcers turned into cancers and were incurable; if the diets were reversed within that time, they disappeared.

Such discoveries offer hope that much human suffering may be prevented. Half the 12,000,000 inhabitants of Sind in northern India suffer from painful stones in the bladder. Dr. McGarrison fed the Sind diet to healthy rats; with dramatic suddenness 50% developed stones, again paralleling the incidence of the disease in the human population. No stones, however, formed in a group of rats fed this same diet with the simple addition of a daily teaspoon of milk. It is probable the same result could be repeated and millions could be saved from pain if every day they could drink just one pint of milk.

In this country the per capita consumption of milk provides an excellent index to tuberculosis. The more milk drunk, the fewer cases. During the World War, in food lacking Germany and Austria, the tuberculosis rate rose rapidly. In the first few years after the war, despite overcrowding in sunless, unsanitary houses, the incidence came down quickly; the populace were once more being supplied with milk, fats and other food essentials.

The person who lacks health

may often lack only some essential food property. "Hog and hominy" with sorghum for sugar has long been the diet in parts of our own South. Result—pellagra. Remedy—an ordinary vegetable garden.

Before the American brought his highly-milled flour, cereals and other foods to Hawaii, strong sound teeth flashed from dark Hawaiian faces. But no sooner had American diet been substituted for taro, the native tuber from which *poi* is made, than an 80 percent tooth decay developed, a high figure, identical with that in the United States. Four years ago 1,000 Hawaiian children were shifted back to the diet of their forefathers. In the very first year tooth decay dropped 40 percent, and now it appears to be about eight, an extraordinary decrease.

Research in Japan has shown that the healing period of appendix operation wounds may be accelerated or retarded according to the amount of vitamin A supplied in the post-operative diet. Mysterious indeed are the powers of vitamins. During the war, many Russian soldiers on night expeditions blundered blindly sometimes to their deaths. Their retinas had lost so much sensitivity, because of lack of vitamin A in their diets, that in semi-darkness they could see nothing.

The average robust adult requires about 3,000 calories per day of properly balanced food. Almost without exception, Americans who can afford it consume 6,000 or more. This results in overweight, and the bloated abdomens of middle age; and it puts too great a strain on the digestive tract.

Curiously enough, overindulgence in improper foods is actually responsible for some of this over eating. Highly seasoned,

sent dues and wrote, "It has been quite a few years since I have written to the Alumni Association. Many years ago I paid lifetime dues, **but am sure that those funds are long gone. Enclosed is my check for dues.**(bold is editors)

A couple of years ago I retired and have been involved at the Kress Memorial SDA Church in counseling, as head elder, and directing the Senior and Men's Ministry. Nancy is retiring at the end of October(99), and we hope to have a little more time to do some traveling. Hopefully, we will see our grandchildren in Texas and Pennsylvania more.

We often think of Madison and the high standard that was held by the college, hospital, and the church. It is good to know that the Alumni Association is alive and well. We saw the display booth at the ASI in Orlando recently.(August '99) May God continue to bless your efforts."

Colorado: Eva Jo Aldrich Tautz, MCA '54, sent dues, office help, and bought The Madison Pictorial History. She wrote, "I am so happy to have been found! I have had news of Madison off and on from Billy and Beverly Wilson when they stop by Denver and I'm always happy to see Jim Culpepper each summer.

I left Madison the fall of 1955 to come to Denver where my parents John '54 & Dorothy '55 Aldrich had moved to work at Porter Hospital following graduation from Nursing. I attended Union College for one year and then came back to Denver.

In December 1961 I married a wonderful man, Donal K. Tautz. We have 3 great kids, Terry, a graduate of Union College and MS from University of Colorado. Pamela graduated from P.U.C. and Timothy

a graduate of P. U. C. and Loma Linda School of Medicine. Also 5 beautiful grandchildren that live a few blocks from us here in Denver

Life is good! Our blessings are many! If I don't see you all before, I'll see you in heaven."

Louisiana: Mary(McComas)Lester, MCA '50, S '51-53, sent a page from the Arkansas-Louisiana section of the Southwestern Record, January 2000, with these words, "Just thought you would be interested in this since I'm a former student of Madison. Keep up the good work there. Maybe some day we will get to come to homecoming one year.

The article is of a presentation of the Citizens Award of Merit from the Shreveport Fire Department honoring the Lesters. The article in part says, "Their ministry, Adventists Caring Through Sharing (A.C.T.S, was directed toward house fire victims. During the six and a half years that A.C.T.S. was in operation, May 1992 to December 1998, 340 families received assistance. Of this number, 318 were families whose homes had burned and 22 families were poor and in need. Each family was given articles of clothing, bed linens, blankets and miscellaneous household items as well as a Bible and a copy of *Bible Readings for the Home*. Albert and Mary always had prayer with them as well."

North Carolina: Doris (Haight) Wilson,

N '52, wrote, Dear Bob, I just talked with you on the phone. Thanks for returning my call.

I think I would like a Madison Jacket in size large to extra large.

I think about Madison a lot. They did a lot for me. I graduated in 1952 in nursing. I am retired now." (We still have a few jackets left-\$40 plus postage. Call toll free

1-888-654-1615)

Missouri: Amos Coffee, N '46, CME '56, sent dues and this note, "Enclosed are my dues for the year.

Madison and Madisonites have had a special place in my heart for many years. Everywhere you go and meet a former student of Madison, it's like a mini-reunion. This year I received Christmas cards from several of my old Madison classmates. It was great! I love every one of them.

I have one request of the Survey readers. I would like to get in contact with a real friend of days gone by. John R. Spencer. MD, N '44. I haven't heard from him for many years.

If he reads this or anyone knows, I would appreciate his address and or phone number. My best to all of you, keep up the good work."

Oklahoma: Olga (Burdick) Speer, BS '41, sent dues and wrote, "It has been a busy year for me. I moved from Ardmore to Summit Ridge Retirement Village in April (99).

I really like my new home. I live about two blocks from the church. I still have a small garden. The people here are fine.

I look forward to getting the Survey. I hope I haven't missed any due to the move. It is good to hear from friends of so many years ago."

Oregon: Charlotte Hunt Alger, N '41, sends dues and these words, "I am writing to give you some information about a former graduate of Madison. Her name is Elsie Josephine Sanford. Her married name is Hamerly. She graduated from Madison N '29. She was active in nursing until she was 70 years old. She had two sons, only one now surviving her. She was born in 1904 and expired September 30, 1999.

This is how I happened to know Elsie, she came to live in the same Retirement Home where I live. We were both delighted to find each other, being from Madison. Elsie was a delightful Christian.

I do enjoy the Madison Survey altho' I don't know many of the people mentioned. I was in the class of '41. I almost missed marching in with my class. Gertha Brost and I had gone to Nashville to hear Leon Cole play the organ in the Park. We arrived back on campus just as the organ in the old chapel was playing and the graduating class was filing in. What a sigh of relief and thanksgiving as we ended up on the tail end of the march.

Audrey Hill and I came to Madison in 1936. Ida Cartwright asked for us to work in the rooming department. The following is a clipping from the *Peptimist Crier*

'Rooming Department'

"One warm Tuesday the rooming department workers started setting up the stoves. By Friday, everyone's stove was ready for a fire. This quick work was due to the labors of Audrey Hill, Charlotte Hunt, Charles Holverstott, Kenneth Case, Joe Sandweiss, two transient helpers, and of course, faithful Mrs. Cartwright.

Since the addition of girls to the Rooming Department crew, the job that usually takes a month, was completed in less than a week. It was a work of a hard type and the workers' faces got many a blacking, but they kept at it with cheerful songs. Mrs. Sutherland said of them, "Their faces were black, but I am proud of them. Who would not be proud of such faithful uncomplaining workers."

As I look back we did have a lot of fun putting up stoves. We also learned how to watch out for black

widow spiders who might be hiding in the stove pipes.

I was active in Nursing for 25 years in hospitals and 10 years as Administrator and Director of Nursing in a 40 bed Nursing Home

Several of my classmates have been laid to rest. God has been very gracious to give me 84 years thus far.

You were a boy when I was at Madison but I remember you and Shaen. Your grandmother Sallie taught our psychology class. I was very fond of her."

Oregon: June (Davidson) Hendrickson, N '60, BS '61, sent dues, and wrote, "It is time again to be sending my dues for the Madison Survey. I enjoy reading it and especially the featured column. Also hearing via the Madison Survey from folks I haven't heard from in years. There are a few classmates I have kept in touch with, but it is nice to read about the others too.

Remembering back over the years I spent at Madison and the education I received there has been a blessing to me. It taught me many valuable lessons which I have adapted into my life all these years.

I was also blessed with wonderful Christian parents, Ralph and Dorothy Davidson, who instilled within me good principles of healthful living and good moral values. My mother is gone now but my sisters and I are grateful to still have our father, who will be 89 this summer(2000)

I'm still living in Echo, Oregon just 12 miles west of Pendelton. My husband and I have a small cattle ranch which keeps us busy year round. This doesn't keep me from working as a Nurse. Wthin the next 3 years, I hope to retire from Nursing so I can spend more time with my husband and so I can have

more time to spend doing church related responsibilities.

My four daughters and their families, live close by for which I am forever grateful. Their father, Ron Schmale, lives in College Place, whom we see periodically. His parents, Mabel and Herb Schmale, who for years managed the Madison Grocery Store, have both passed away and we miss them. They too lived in College Place, Washington.

Thanks again for the Madison Survey. I hope it continues for years to come."

Oregon: Frieda Brunner Tanner, N '45, sent dues and office help. She wrote, "Dear Madison Friends, Your June article about Mamie Uchida brings back memories.

She was my roommate and the day she was baptized was a thrilling day,

Mrs. Webber arranged for Mamie to room with me.

Mamie became an excellent dietician. She was cheerful and very hard working.

I became a nurse and often rubbed her tense neck—as she went at high speed. One day she fell asleep—sitting on the floor against the wall.

Her doctor friend sent a big box of California oranges and she shared them with many.

I always read the Madison Survey right away from cover to cover. Many thanks."

Tennessee: David, N '63 & Kay Kingry sent dues and wrote, "Please note our change of address.(Thanks David) Keep the Survey coming. It keeps us in touch with our "roots" at Madison. I am thankful for the training I received and the friends I made there."

Tennessee: David, S '47 & Eileen Gill Manzano, S '43-'47 sent dues



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Dockman, Dena Marlow, and Janise Edney; brothers James, Don, Marvin, and David and two grandchildren.

Thompson, Laura June, wife of **Orville R. Thompson M.D.**, S '39-'41, '45, died February 26, 2000 after an extended illness. She was 78. They had been married 26 years. There are six children and Orville surviving. Three sons, James, Robert & Jerry; daughters Patricia Ann Robles, Carol Harder, and Mary Simons. Also surviving are her children from her previous marriage, Judith Ann Folkenberg, and Michael C. Folkenberg, two sisters Alice Mulder, and Laura Ann Coffey. She also leaves 15 grandchildren.

Wilson, Wendell W., M.D., Died March 15, 2000 at the age of 82 from a heart attack. Many who worked at the hospital will remember him. He took Dr. E. P. Johnson's practice in Old Hickory

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