



## An introduction to the Work of Madison

By Lida Scott,  
submitted by Albert G. Dittes

**F**ountain Head, Tennessee"? Thought I, as we stepped from the train, and gazed at the tiny station, a single store, unadorned and sun-illuminated.

"What do you think of our village?" laughed Mr. and Mrs. Whalen, who had come to take us to their hill-school farm. We started on an eventful and thrilling tour. It was a drive of seven miles to the Chestnut Hill Farm School. The buggy strained over boulders, riding "sidlin'-like," to use a hill phrase, and trembled on the edge of deep gullies, and then sped comfortably along on the county pike. We passed some of the hill people, the Mountaineers known also as the Mountain Whites, driving a mule or a mare, or both, and always with unfailing courtesy, they greeted us with a gentle and modest: "How de!" We passed little log cabins with wide-open doors, and wide-open eyes peeped shyly out, and bare-footed children, their legs often covered with sores, gazed after the strangers. We are informed these simply, hardy folk, of Scotch-Irish extraction, the Lord will call out some of His strongest workers.

"This is our place," announced Mrs. Whalen, as we turned sharply to the left down a steep grade. Old Red, the mule, was very cautious. We reached the brook, however, with a thud, and Old Red, with startling alertness, sprang up another hill, sometimes missing the stumps, swinging around the trees, until on the summit, we reached, in a sudden clearing, first the new barn and then the new bungalow. The original old leaky cabin had burned mysteriously to the ground a year ago and this cheerful, little home had been veritably carved out of the

timber of the farm. From the porch we had a fine view of the surrounding country, the sorghum fields, in the midst of which were girdled trees, stripped and bare, the tobacco growing on the hill side, and the corn, but not a single house.

"There are 60 families within the radius of a mile," explained Mrs. Whalen, "living in valley homes hidden by the trees."

Nearly everything needful for the table is grown on the farm. The Lord has brought prosperity to this beautiful place, and the neighbors are convinced that other things besides tobacco can be made to grow.

About 30 pupils are receiving a Christian education in the school house, gaining among other things, an increasing knowledge of physiology which is bearing fruit on improved sanitation that will someday put them on vantage ground with the hookworm and the typhoid germ.

We visited the people in such out-of-the-way places as: Simpson's Gap, Dry Slick Creek and Buttermilk Hollow, driving through dense woods or along the creek beds. In one of the log cabins, I sat by a large, open fireplace, in a cozy room, visiting a dear old lady who had the "rheumatiz," a hip out of joint, and I think something the matter with her heart, and on the whole, was "feelin powerful bad." We were talking about the "Old Master," as she affectionately termed the Lord, when her grown-up daughter, bare-footed, with rustic grace leaning against the jamb of the door, asked with quiet dignity that revealed her good ancestry: "Won't

you take off your hats and have a bite with us?"

We called on a fine, old lady dying with cancer of the stomach. Her lips were brown with tobacco. She took snuff and smoked her pipe when she could. We encouraged her faith day by day, to lay hold of the promises, and after a few days, she died with a bright hope.

Traveling again, we came to Sand Mountain (in northeastern Alabama) overlooking Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge near Chattanooga. Brother Tolman drove us up the steep mountainside, 1100 feet above sea level to a plateau 23 miles across. Upon this plateau we have three companies of workers. There had been a long drought this summer. Everything was dried up. Then they prayed for rain, for clothes, for shoes. The rain came at last, also the best crops they ever had, and the clothing. Here and there, on clearings live the Sand Mountain people, and when they are sick they suffer for the lack of care and are often afflicted for life because they are unable to get the care they need in sickness or accident. The distance is great and the ascent so difficult that the doctor refuses to come, or charges the impossible fee of \$25. But Doctor Haywood has put his whole soul into the work of helping these people, traveling over terrible roads by day or by night. The other workers as well are kept busy nursing the sick, teaching the school, bringing the orphans to their homes, and giving them a mother's care.

Leaving Sand Mountain in a rain, we drove down a dangerous road blasted out of the rocks. I wondered if our stout hickory wheels could stand the pounding down the mountain side. Several times the harness gave way. This is the difficult feat that these workers must accomplish every time they visit a store or city.

Naturally, after these experiences, my curiosity was whetted to know more of Madison itself, the central Industrial Training Institute, where such a spirit of self-reliance, economy, sacrifice and faith are born and nurtured. Madison is a farm of 400 acres near Nashville, Tennessee. It raises on its land a crop large enough to supply the table of both the school and the sanitarium throughout the year. The Hurlbutt School at Reeves, Georgia, is also a training center after the same order.

Convention is the great event of the year when the

workers assemble at Madison from more-than-30 out-schools. On October ninth we watched the travelers arrive. Hillcrest, our training school for colored workers, sent their jubilee singers., Hawk Ridge was represented, a district where formerly there were 20 murders within a mile of the school every year, and now there is not one within six miles. Professor Alden also came in with his hill people, a company of new Sabbath keepers, two of whom told how the school stood between them and persecution like a bulwark.

All the workers had a fascinating story to tell of rich experiences during the year. Suggestions for enlarging and strengthening their medical work were eagerly received from the doctors present; and Dr. Ogden West and Dr. Neal, two United States (government) officials, gave valuable suggestions to those who were working out agricultural and human problems.

The program closed with a practical demonstration by the nurse of resuscitating a drowning man, caring for a fainted woman, the care of sores, and lessons in bandaging.

Quoting from the Spirit of Prophecy, we read: "The Lord is grieved with the woe of the Southern field. Christ has wept at the sight of this woe. Angels have hushed the music of their harps as they have looked upon a people unable to help themselves."

Madison with it's out- schools, nurses, teachers, and farmers has gone to the rescue.



## HOME COMING 2002

June 21,22

Honor Classes are the years:

1932, 1938, 1942, 1947, 1952, 1957, 1962 and

anesthesia class of 1967.

All other graduates and attendees are invited to come home and be with us.



The welcome spring days of March '01 found Jim Culpepper, Paul H. Blankenship and Bob Sutherland out about the campus busy with pick and shovel, bags of concrete, forms and lengths of pipes cut in four foot lengths.



What were they doing? Well, having heard several people, returning at home-coming, say that they couldn't tell where any of the buildings had been, the Alumni Board voted to erect

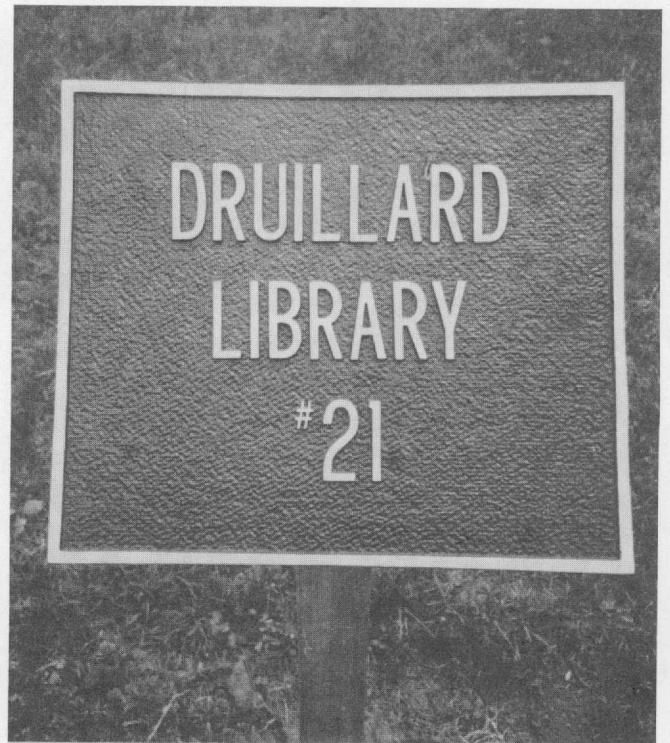
signs at the approximate places where the major buildings had been. The task fell to the above.

Working as a team, Jim and Paul dug and set forms and pipes while Bob mixed the concrete in a wheel barrow.

The result was an eighteen inch square concrete pad with a pipe in the center on which to mount the numbered signs with the name of a building on them. This was done on another day after the concrete had hardened.



A brochure has been prepared with a picture and description of each building to match the signs to be used as a walking tour.



The signs are made of cast aluminum

## Vespers June 2001

## Homecoming

Bob and Shaen Sutherland and Bernard Bowen spoke for several minutes about early memories at Madison.

Bob: "Bowen's the oldest. He was born here before I was, we ought to let him go first. Some of you may wonder about grandpa's death. Bernard was with him for the surgery that he had undergone and they were taking him back at the time he died. Bernard can tell you about that."

Bernard: "The first time they brought the doctor in up there I went out to the parking lot and walked in with him. I said to him, "Doctor, who do you want to give your anesthesia?" He said, "You'll do fine." I said, "I'll get anybody you want to come out here." "You'll do fine." Roy Bowes was going to do the surgery. Roy had called in Oscar Knowles to help him. He was a surgeon downtown. They thought he had an acute appendix. They opened him up and it was a little bitty thing - it wasn't his appendix so they sewed him up and took him to his room. They brought him back a second time and he was morbid. Everybody was gravely concerned. I had him on the Gurney fixing to put him over on the table to put him to sleep. The doctors were scrubbing in the next room. I was just giving him oxygen. He started to go bad and I said, "Roy, I think you had better come on back in here." He died there on the gurney with me giving him oxygen. I was so thankful. I see Ruben and Pat sitting out there. If you had been there and given him

Pentothal and he died, you would have felt like you had killed him and I would have too. Thank the good Lord he died there on the gurney, if he was going to die. My birth certificate was signed by Dr. E. A. I was telling Viola that my mother said that I was born under a tree down by the Assembly Hall. They cut the tree down last year. I went down and counted 200 rings on the stump."

Bob: "Is that how old you are?"

Bernard: (Laughing) "I feel like it when I try to get up these steps. I have one more thing I would like to tell while I have the mike and that is about Dr. Bralliar. When I was a kid here on the campus, he was the cock of the walk and everybody got out of the way when he came along. They were scared to death of him. He met me one day coming up from the Assembly Hall and he said, "Bernard, do you see all those candy wrappers out there?" (We weren't supposed to have candy. We'd eat candy and throw the wrappers down on the ground.) He said, "You get out there and pick up all of those candy wrappers." "Yes, sir." I picked them up but I stayed out of his way."

When I came back here in 1950 I was walking up through the Sanitarium, this old man was hobbling down the hall and when he saw me coming, he stopped and got out of the way. I stopped and looked. It was Dr. Bralliar. I couldn't believe that he would stop and get out of my way.

When Dollie and I got married, we lived in the brown house on

sanitarium drive next door to Dr. Bralliar. He had his radio turned up loud all day long-playing hillbilly music. I couldn't believe it. Times had changed. I went over there one day. There was something wrong with some flowers in my yard. You know he had Parkinson's but his mind was still sharp. "I said, Doctor, what do I do to these flowers?" He said, "Put some water on them." It was really simple but it helped the flowers.

Bob: "Shaen, What do you remember?"

Shaen: "I was kinda young when grandpa was around. I was raising some white leghorn chickens and grandpa stopped by and said, "Shaen, did you know those white leghorns have a factor for black?" I told him I didn't think so but he said they had a genetic factor for black. I remember that one thing about him. He did pay attention to the little things that we were doing. I remember listening to him when I was very small in chapel. We attended chapel quite regularly at least and I went with the adults. You know, when you are small you don't pay much attention to what's being said. My wife will tell you I still don't pay much attention. I began to pay attention. I thought here are all these people sitting here and he's up there talking. I thought something important was being said or they wouldn't be sitting there listening like that. I found out his talks were extremely interesting and I really enjoyed them from that point on. He had a lot of humor too.

I remember Sally was a very fine lady. She was a good teacher. She

tutored Robert and me. Whenever we went into her house, she always had candy corn. She had a huge fish pond and a lot of gold fish. She must have had 300 fish in that pond. She would make a trilling sound and those fish would come from all directions. She threw oatmeal to them and taught us how to do it and we enjoyed going to grandma's house.

Another thing I might mention about grandpa. We were driving along Campbell road. It was foggy and he was driving on the left side of the road. I said, "Why are you driving on the left side of the road in this fog?" He said, "Well, I can see better with my left eye."

Bob: "We had our individual experiences. Actually I didn't have a whole lot of contact with grandpa. He was a busy man and away much of the time. When he was here, he was busy at the office doing things that didn't involve us. I had more contact with grandma. In those days things were different. They didn't have air conditioning. As you came into his house the door was on the left and you stepped into the living room, immediately went through a door on the right, kind of a sitting room. From there you went to the far end of the room and through a door into the kitchen. From there you could go to the left to a screened in porch. That was the way they kept cool and they slept there winter and summer. In the winter grandpa had a little knit cap that he wore. He was bald, you know. The only way I ever saw him was like the picture that hangs in the administrative hall at the hospital. I never saw him when he had hair like the picture of him as a

young more slender man. He was about as big around as he was tall in those days.

He usually wore a light-colored suit and a panama hat in the summer. He liked lemon drops and oatmeal raisin cookies. He kept those around. I would go to Sabbath School and then shag over to their house. They took the Saturday Evening Post and allowed me to spend my Sabbath during church service reading the Saturday Evening Post. They never criticized me or told me I shouldn't do that. In fact grandpa was a great fan of the west. He like to read western stories to take his mind out of gear. He liked Zane Grey's stories. Zane Grey wrote very factually.

One of the experiences that I had with him involved his car. When I became sixteen and got my driver's license, it was just as important as it is now. More important as there were not that many people around with cars on the campus. There was Mr. Kinsey, Dr. Rimmer who had the first cruise control you ever saw. He made his own and had it on his Packard. It consisted of a rod that extended to the accelerator and a crank on a cog wheel. Grandpa finally gave in to my pleas to wash his car. It was a new Ford. I was coming up the road from the direction of the Girls Dorm to Scott's corner and intending to go up faculty row. I was driving a little too fast for a new driver and as I turned that corner I got over into the bushes a little bit and put some scratches on his new car. Of course when I brought it back those scratches were still there. I couldn't wash

them off. I had to work to pay for that."

Shaen: "I didn't have anything to do with that did I?" It wasn't like that other time with dad's car?"

Bob: "No, this was after I learned to drive. What Shaen is referring to is that one day the family car was sitting in front of the house, dad was at the hospital, mother was somewhere and dad called for her to come pick him up. Since mother wasn't home, I offered to come pick him up. (I had never driven before) He said, "No, that's all right I'll walk home. You just leave things like they are." I had been watching him and mother drive. I decided to help him any way. It was a stick shift. I couldn't manage the clutch and the gears all at the same time. I got Shaen down to work the emergency brake. So he was down on the floor working the emergency brake and we were going around the square. Dad wasn't in the parking lot so we went around the square again down Sanitarium Drive, to Larkin Springs, to Neeley's Bend and up faculty row. It 's a wonder we weren't killed turning the corners because the only way we could slow down was Shaen pulling on the brake. By the time we went around twice there was smoke coming out from under the car. I could see dad standing out in the parking lot talking to somebody. It was time for us to go to school so we pulled into the parking lot, left the car and went to school. The cause of the smoke was that Shaen hadn't released the brakes all the way and we were burning them up."

Shaen: "You're blaming it on me."



Bob: "That's how I learned to drive and it was after that I was driving grandpa's car and scraped it up a little bit. Grandma on the other hand was kind of my favorite. She and I would bake cookies and peanut brittle at Christmas for family members. Their life was simple. Some of you may have had classes under grandmother. I never had any classes under her. My educational experience began in California at the age of six when dad was going to medical school. When we came back, I had Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Ard, Mrs. Mathews, who were some of the teachers at that time. They had an influence on my life. Especially Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Ard. I spent some summers at Chestnut Hill helping Mr. Ard on the farm.

Do you have any questions that we might try to answer?"

Question: "Where is Chestnut Hill?"

Bob: "Chestnut Hill is a self-supporting institution about ten miles north of Gallatin. It was started by the Whalens, who were the parents of Susan Ard. It is under Wildwood's leadership. They have been hanging on for years trying to keep a work going there. If you know anyone interested in being involved in self-supporting work, they and other institutions would like to know about them. We are trying to hold onto Stone Cave in Dunlap, Tennessee and have a work there. It seems that no one wants to make the sacrifices related to self-supporting work. Rather than having a work program the students want to play.

When Madison was taking students

they were taking older students that were serious about an education and they were willing to do almost anything to get it. After the article in the Reader's Digest in 1938 they had five thousand applications from around the world."

Bob: "Another question?"

Question: "Where were the Sutherland house and fish pond located on campus?"

Bob: "It was just above the Science building and the fish pond was between the house and the Science building. My grandmother took me to town-remember the old Interurban? There was a street car track that came out from Nashville to Inglewood. I forget how far out it came- but on my sixth birthday grandma and I went to town on the Interurban and I got to buy a gold fish. A goldfish that had a tail like an airplane. It had a rudder type fin and then elevator fins. Just ahead of these fins there was a brighter gold band encircling the tail.

We had a normal childhood. We didn't see a whole lot of the grand parents because of the nature of their lives and what they were doing, struggling, sacrificing that you all could have an education, keeping Madison running and those things.

An interesting thing to me was that in going through papers at the office I found a copy of the autopsy report that Bessie DeGraw Sutherland wrote as she took it over the phone. Of interest to me was that he had some cancer in a shoulder and I think another locus

of cancer, that no one knew about, she didn't know about. He had a little discomfort in that shoulder, I understand. Dying the way he did was actually a blessing in disguise. In 1955 cancer treatment or dying of it wasn't pleasant so it was kind of good that he went the way he did.

Bowen: "I want to mention one more thing. If you met Doctor anywhere on campus and said, "Good morning doctor. How are you he would reply, "I'm better today. It was always "I'm better today" and I never forgot that."

Shaen: "There were a couple of sad times in grandpa's life. One was when Sally died. The other was after she had become disabled. They had taken her down to Pine Forest at Chunky, Mississippi. Her mind was going bad and eventually she didn't recognize grandpa when he came. He still went to see her but he said, "That's the day she died to me. When she didn't recognize me anymore." Another thing, Madison was tied in with Loma Linda quite intimately you might say. They sent Doctor Magan and money out there. Grandpa was trying to use his influence to get my father into medical school. They made a trip out to California. While they were gone the grandson, our older brother, was trying to climb up on a horse drawn wagon and got his leg caught in the spokes. Austin Bush was with him. It nearly tore his leg off and he bled a lot. He died. After he was prepared they had him in grandpa's front room in a casket. They tried to get in touch with grandpa and dad. They were on their way back from Loma Linda. They kept trying but

couldn't get them. They blocked the door the best they could so that they couldn't get in without making noise letting those inside know that they were there. They came in at night and sure enough, they got in! There was Eddy in the casket and that was a sad time for grandpa and dad."

Bob: "That was just before we went to California. I remember his being laid out in the living room."

Bowen: " You know my father and mother went to school here. Father graduated in 1919. He was a great student of Doctor Sutherland's. I grew up being imbued with the thing. I went to school here and I learned it. When I started the anesthesia school they still had the philosophy here. Madison College in 1950 was still going pretty strong. I tried to run the anesthesia school with the same philosophy that Doctor had. The anesthesia school today is still going. It is the remnant of Madison college. Madison College is not dead, it's still here. We've got the finest anesthesia school in the world over here today. We are giving the Master's degree. We are free standing. We aren't beholden to anybody. We have students lined up wanting to get in. They have accepted a class of forty-five to start this summer. Ikey DeVasher, one of my students, is Dean of the school and she has the same philosophy that I had. Doctor Sutherland's philosophy is still in the school and it is still going here."



Homecoming 2002 will be  
June 21- 22, 2002  
[madison2@earthlink.net](mailto:madison2@earthlink.net)

### FROM HERE AND THERE



**California:** J. Wayne McFarland MD, MCA '32, JC '34, Sent this letter: "Dear Friends of Madison,

I thought I should let you know that Wayne McFarland, who finished many years ago at Madison, is still around. Recently, I was made Chaplain of our Class of 1939 of the School of Medicine of Loma Linda University.

Plus, I thought maybe the following would be of interest to your readers if you want to use it.

One of the stories that we certainly enjoyed when I attended Madison was about one of our teachers – Mrs. Sutherland. Sally Bralliar Sutherland was her full name, and we as students thoroughly enjoyed her classes. One day she came into the classroom and she was still chuckling to herself as she said, "Well, students, I just must tell you something that has happened to me. I was coming down the sidewalk and I met somebody that made a nice complimentary remark, and I answered them, 'Oh, thank you so very much,' and I discovered I was throwing my hands up, using the same inflections in my voice as my mother. That was one thing I would never do when I became a grown woman. I made that vow when I was your folks' age.

"So don't forget that environment and genes both work together, you may find yourself doing some things you vowed you

would never do like your parents." "Now for your English lesson for the day."

**Florida:** Elenia Portalatin, N '61 & John Lancaster, S '61, '63, sent dues, office help and this note:

Hope to see you this summer, as we plan to attend homecoming.

I finally retired in November and John will retire in June '01, so we will have time to visit family and friends all over Tennessee. See you all soon.(sorry ya'll didn't make it)

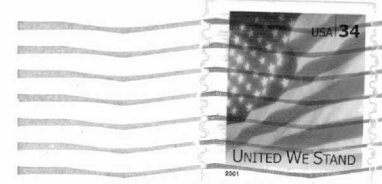
**Oregon:** Orville R Thompson, MD S '39-'42, 45-46, BS '51, CME '51 wrote: "After the death of my wife, Laura 'June' Folkenberg, I was introduced by a mutual friend to a lovely lady, Rosemayne Whitney Burden.

After nine months of communication we married on March 10, 2001 in the Sunnyside Church in Portland, Oregon. I sold out in Calistoga (Napa Valley) California and moved to the country outside Boring, Oregon, about twenty miles southeast of Portland.

It's a good place to enjoy gardening activities. I retired from medical practice in 1985, and now have a great outlook in life

**Tennessee:** Mary Mansfield, S '61-'64, I still live in the area and work at TCMC. In July I started to work in Home Health. I have enjoyed the past 42 years here and value the education I received at Madison.

Madison College Alumni Assoc.  
P O Box 6303  
Madison, TN 37116



Change service requested

Patricia Hall Black  
PO Box 501  
Angwin, CA 94508-0501  
|||||

**Wisconsin:** Zoe Cruzen Nelson, MCA '59, MR '60, sent dues and this note: Looking forward to attending Madison homecoming again this year.

**Utah:** Verle, N '44, & Harlan Brown, BS '52, sent dues and a little extra and this note: Just a few quick line to let you know we are still here and still together after 52 years of marriage. The Lord has been good to us even with infirmities to keep us humble and each day thankful for His mercy in giving us life, health and strength for a new day. Teaching us of our need.

The spirit of Madison College is still with us and the happy times together there and now. We are "pressing toward the mark", as Paul said. We are looking forward to the soon coming of Jesus.

Our greatest joy comes in helping others all we can and to encourage them in any way to be

94508+0501 |||

ready to meet Jesus.

Our seven children are scattered from Arkansas to Australia and several states—each striving for the goal in Christ.

Jude verses 20 to 25 and Col. 3:1-4 comes very strongly to us. There is a song that starts, "Are you ready for Jesus to come?" More and more we realize how much we have fallen short of His perfect example. Our prayers go out to you all. Let's press toward the high calling in Christ Jesus.

With Christian love, Harlan & Verle.



### Resting Until the Resurrection

**M. Lucille Cline Tolles**, N '43, died May 21, 1999 at 80 years of age. She was the widow of L. Grant Tolles who died August 30, 1984.

They met and married at Madison College. Following WW II they

moved to Middleboro, MA and bought a nursing home which they operated eight years and then built another. Lucille was very active in her community and church.

She was a charter member and founder of the Massachusetts Federation of Nursing Homes.

*Lucille was the niece of Mrs. Pearl Hansen and cousin of Delbert Andrus.*

#### 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 Mavis Savage Sutherland  
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