

Madison Survey

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A Madison-style Approach to the City

by Albert Dittes

The Madison pioneers used to encourage the presence of vegetarian restaurants in cities in the past.. The Wildwood Corporation in Georgia is now operating a vegetarian restaurant in downtown Chattanooga, Tenn., at 809 Market Street, right in the heart of the business district.

Just go there and you will find an attractive Country Life Restaurant with orange walls inside and some green tiles on the floor. They serve Adventist vegetarian food, cafeteria style, with free water and a rich selection of fruit juices. A salad bar, two entrees and a selection of vegetables awaited me the day I visited there.

“We serve all vegan foods, meaning no dairy products or eggs,” says Marc Roy, manager of Country Life. “Most of our clientele are people on their lunch breaks.”

The restaurant serves lunch only, Sunday to Thursday from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. and closes at 1:30 p.m. on Friday, according to its web site. My granddaughter and I arrived after the noon hour rush,

but customers were still socializing there at three or four tables.

Roy says Sunday is the big day, attracting people after church and Adventist off work. Graduation weekends are always good for business, and participants in the 10-day positive lifestyle course at Wildwood eat a meal there.

Wilbur Atwood, president of Wildwood, knows of “thinking people” such as pastors and lawyers from the community who eat there. Roy says major institutions such as Blue Cross, Cigna and TVA have offices nearby.

Roy estimates that three or four dozen restaurants grace that area of Chattanooga and so doesn't know how they can attract so many customers, but they come.

“We cook from scratch, and some of the chain restaurants franchise their food,” he says. “Our people may like home cooked food.”

A staff of five operate the restaurant. “They are technically volunteers at Wildwood getting a stipend and a place to live,” he says.

(Continued on page 4 column 1)



Center for Adventist Research
Andrews University

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How NOT to Start Outposts

What a Contrast — Those who gave heed to the Prophet and those who did not.

Sutherland's Story
About the Hurlbutts

It was in April of 1908 that Sister White took me with her to visit the Hurlbutts, who owned a 500 - acre cattle farm in Humboldt County in northwest California. Although they lived too far from the cities of Oakland and San Francisco to sell milk and cattle, they were able to churn and sell a lot of butter.

Mrs. Hurlbutt was an Adventist, and her husband, though not a professing Christian, was favorably inclined. Through diligent work and frugality, and through an inheritance from her mother, the Hurlbutts became quite wealthy, and had requested Sr. White's counsel regarding how they could best help the Lord's work. Mrs. Hurlbutt repeatedly expressed a desire to start an orphanage, but Sr. White counseled against it, because she knew that the Hurlbutts did not have the qualifications to succeed

in running an orphanage. They had zeal, but not the characteristics necessary to operate a successful home for orphans.

But Mrs. Hurlbutt had gone ahead and purchased a large tract of land at the south end of Clear Lake, and had spent over \$10,000 in putting up a building, and had been bringing orphans from the streets of Oakland and San Francisco to their farm.

The Hurlbutts had strong personalities, and soon the children were running away because they could not tolerate the program which the Hurlbutts put on them.

Now, on April 19 (EGW Bio, Vol. 6, 167-168) Sr. White took me with her to visit the Hurlbutts, and endeavored to persuade them that instead of trying to operate an institution themselves, they should sell their properties and move to Madison and help Magan and me to make a success of our school and sanitarium there. Sr. White urged them to invest their means and their lives in helping us.

Well, they took some of her advice. They cleaned up their Humbolt property and sold it, and moved to Madison. Mr. Hurlbutt was suffering from arthritis, so we put them up in the sanitarium that winter, and they watched the work we were doing there. Soon, as Br. Hurlbutt grew better they became so enamored with our work there at Madison, that they decided they could go somewhere else and start another Madison. They thought of Sr. White's counsel to them about not running an orphanage, so they

gave that up. But they became so infatuated with the idea of starting another Madison, that there was nothing we could say to dissuade them from leaving Madison. They refused Ellen White's counsel that they should turn their money and talents over to help us.

They scouted around the south and found some property at Reeves, between Atlanta, Georgia, and Chattanooga. Then Sr. Hurlbutt went back to Clear Lake and persuaded a Br. John Wilson (N.C. Wilson's brother) to join them and become their farm manager. Then they persuaded Dr. Hayward who was trying to start a medical work on Sand Mountain near Chattanooga to join them. And they got Professor Boynton from San Fernando Academy to come be their business manager, Bible teacher, and principal of the school.

Sr. White again tried to dissuade them against striking out on their own, and urged them to help the workers at Madison. But they felt well qualified to go ahead. We, at Madison, had to let them go. They would not listen to us.

They bought 500 acres for \$25,000 a lot of money in those days and then spent another \$100,000 building a large sanitarium. Dr. Hayward was an A#1 doctor, but had been struggling with a small general practice on Sand Mountain, and so it felt like velvet to him to have so much money to spend on building up a sanitarium practice at Reeves.

Professor Boynton was a splendid teacher and as principal at

San Fernando Academy he was able to recruit several faculty members and students to come with him to Reeves.

Sr. Hurlbutt had very large plans and felt that with such a team and all their money they could do as good as Madison and maybe even a little better. (Madison was not known for having much money in those early days.)

As for me and Madison, they felt the Lord had been kind to send them to counsel with me at Madison, and appreciated staying with us in the sanitarium all winter, but they were set against helping us there.

Sr. White urged them to counsel with us, but they went ahead and left us and never called on us again for counsel. There was nothing we could say or Sr. White could say to change their minds.

Well, they got started, and then Br. Wilson took sick and died of tuberculosis of the throat. Then the sanitarium burned down, and Prof. Boynton left with some of the staff and started a school at Flat Rock near Atlanta.

When news of the fire got around, it was soon disclosed that Dr. Hayward had indebted the sanitarium \$25,000 and the creditors began demanding their money. Then it was that Sr. Hurlbutt came to me and asked for my counsel. She reminded me that Sr. White had urged her to seek my counsel, and so now that she needed it, I must not refuse to help her. I thought back on how the

Lord had been merciful to Magan and me when we had needed counsel. I called our attorney, a Mr. Parsons, and we wrote letters to every creditor. We explained what had happened. The Hurlbutt Farm Corporation had only \$20,000 fire insurance, so I offered to pay each creditor 75% immediately if they would forgive the balance. But if they wanted full payment they would have to wait a year so as to give me time to get more money. All except one wrote agreeing to accept 75% as payment in full. One man was owed \$15 which he wanted in full, so we were able to pay off all the creditors.

Well, Sr. Hurlbutt got a Br. Loren to try to continue the school, but to no avail, so she got discouraged with Reeves and moved to Delonigan. Someone there had some property with a spring and creek on it and a grist mill which she thought could make a profit from the wheat farm. So she bought the farm for \$12,000 and invested another \$10,000 on it. But it all blew up in her face, so she left it.

Reeves was still in her possession, but since the sanitarium fire and loss of Wilson, Boynton, and Hayward, she was unable to attract a team to do anything with it. So the Hurlbutts went to Birmingham and teamed up with a colored man, Jim Pierson, who was a nurse and had a treatment room. He was having real success with the wealthy people of that city, and was also rescuing juvenile delinquents whom the city's police department turned over to him. They

recognized him as a wise and godly man.

Mrs. Hurlbutt thought that if they could work together and build a sanitarium for the wealthy colored people of Birmingham, and a school and farm for the delinquents of that city, their efforts would be successful, like at Madison. So Sr. Hurlbutt went to Mother "D" (Druillard) and persuaded her to give Jim Pierson \$15,000, and then got Sr. Lida Scott to donate thousands more for their project, and I was afraid for a while that Sr. Hurlbutt would suck up all the resources of the Laymen's Foundation.

They found a property near Sterretts south of Birmingham, and started construction. But their buildings were not built well. The foundations and roofs gave way, and thousands of dollars were sucked up from the self supporting work to help them.

By this time Sr. Hurlbutt was so old that she could no longer promote her dreams, so Jim Pierson put her into a one-room cottage where she could live with her six cats and all her things piled high in one room.

One day I got a letter asking me to come down to see her. I must not refuse her. She called my attention to all that Sr. White had said about her need to look to me for advice and counsel. Mother "D" told me not to go, but I recalled how God had been so good to me, and I must be good to other people. So Mother "D" and I went down to Birmingham to see her. There we found her in a dying

condition. There was nothing we could do but relieve her needs, and take her back to the Madison Sanitarium.

After a few days of care she felt well enough to call me in and tell me what she had done. She confessed that she had been ugly and rebellious and that she had hated the very sight of me because the Lord had told her what to do and she didn't want to do it. She was angry and didn't want a thing to do with me or Madison. Then she told me she was sorry and repentant and that she must make things right before she died.

She told me to go to Florence, Alabama, to a certain bank, and get her will and have it changed so that everything would come to me and Madison.

I told her, "No, that would be terrible if the word ever got out that I had taken her property away from the General Conference and turned it over to Madison. I can't afford to jeopardize my reputation with the General Conference, which isn't any too good anyway."

Well, she insisted that she was afraid to die and that the Lord had convicted her that she must turn her property over to Madison, "I must clean up and straighten up before I die. I must do what Sr. White told me to do, or I will never get to heaven. I have done everything except what the Lord told me to do, and I have been afraid to die. I have had a mean spirit in me."

So I told her we would be willing to help. Sr. Scott, Mother

“D”, and I counseled her, “If you want your property to be used as Sr. White told you to use it in the beginning, then turn it over to the Laymen's Foundation.” So she sold their property!, I think, for \$1 to the Laymen's Foundation, and then there wasn't anything left to burden the General Conference.

Well, with her coming back like the Prodigal Son, there wasn't anything we could do but to put the “royal robes” upon her and welcome her back.

She said, “I can't understand myself. All these years the devil has been leading me to rebel and run like Jonah, but here I am right where I said I would not be, doing the very thing which the Lord through Sr. White told me to do.”

Transcribed from a wire recording of E. A. Sutherland made in about 1951 at Wildwood, edited by David J. Lee.

This is a very good example of why we need to follow the advice of the Spirit of Prophecy in our movements; otherwise, we will meet with much disappointment. Also, it is not wise to start a ministry just because a person wants to start one. It must be called by God. It is best to work along with those who are already doing God's medical missionary work.



(Continued from page 1)

A Madison Style...

“They live on campus and drive in to work. Half of our staff are students and the other half

volunteers.”

The students work at the restaurant during part of the day to help pay for their housing. Some will work at Wildwood six months after they graduate, dividing their time between the campus and community.

Atwood says the restaurant is operating under the Wildwood Corporation. ASI helped with the initial funding, and he hopes it can start breaking even financially by the end of the year. At present, it suffers a \$2,000 to \$3,000 shortfall each month but is very busy between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.

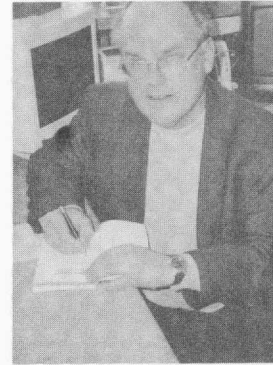
Roy says they receive requests for cooking schools but have not conducted any yet during the first year of the restaurant being in operation. People take free literature and send in cards asking for Bible studies from the American Bible School at Wildwood.

“We don't really have the time to conduct cooking schools but intend to work with the school of evangelism at Wildwood,” Roy says.

Atwood says they have spent the past year working hard to get the restaurant operating and hope in the future to devote themselves more to follow up. He plans to use cooking schools as lab training for students working with the teachers. “We are organizing for that now and want this to be a soul winning agency for the city,” he says.

To find out more about the restaurant, its menus and a map to

its location, go to the Wildwood web site at wildwoodlsc.org and click on Country Life.



This is a picture of Albert Dittes, our Alumni Association president, at a book signing of his new book

Portland (Tenn.) Grows Up, Celebrating 100 years as a City.

The signing took place May 2, 2005 at the Portland City Hall.

Copies may be obtained by contacting him at 123 Hood Trail, Portland, TN 37148-1923

He is working on a book about some Madison College personalities and hopes to have it out soon.

He will be at ASI in Sacramento, Calif. in August. Go by booth #429, the Madison College Booth, and meet him in person.



Madison's Influence is Working in Africa

Dear Brethren of like precious faith,

This is to invite you to attend the dedication service of the maiden session of our gospel medical missionary school - **SECOND ADVENT DISCIPLESHIP COMMISSION** (an arm of **THE EVERLASTING ENSIGN MINISTRIES**), to be held on Sabbath, April 16, 2005.

with this email. We are commencing this maiden session in a humble rented facility. As the Lord makes the finance available, we hope to move into a facility we can call our own, that this educational work may continue.

THE EVERLASTING ENSIGN MINISTRIES, together with the school: SECOND ADVENT DISCIPLESHIP COMMISSION, has now transferred its base of operations to Nwajala - Ibaji in Kogi State, a middle-belt region of Nigeria. Our new postal address should be carefully noted for future correspondences: THE EVERLASTING ENSIGN MINISTRIES, P. O. Box 36, IDAH 271001, Kogi State, Nigeria. However, we are going to continue to hold our old postal address (P. O. Box 5289, ABA 450001, Abia State) till the end of this year 2005, and have all mails already sent to that box redirected to the new one by the Nigerian Postal Services. In addition to our present telephone number: +234 805 594 4445, we can as well be easily reached with this new telephone number: +234 804 270 4989. Both of the lines are functional.

Kindly have this new gospel medical missionary school located in the very heart-land of Nigeria, in your prayers. The area of our new base has no electricity supply. Though a very fertile rain forest region, the road from Idah city where we have our post office box to our base in Nwajala - Ibaji, is un-tarred and rough to travel, with transport fare too exorbitant, due to un-constructed road. This baby

school presently lacks and needs an electricity generating set as well as a pick-up vehicle or truck. The cost of a generating set is \$U.S. 1,000. The cost of a strong second-hand truck is \$U.S. 6,000. A truck to aid in the school operations, such as shopping for supplies, conveying agricultural products, going to Idah for postal mails (a distance of about 20 Km) and other needs is not a luxury but a dire need. We, therefore, pray that the Lord would touch your mind to prayerfully, and promptly respond towards assisting with the needs of this new institution patterned after faithful schools such as the old Madison College, Hartland College, Highwood College, Uchee Pines Institute, Eden Valley Institute etc.

May God abundantly bless you is my prayers.

Yours in the hastening of the Second Advent,

THE EVERLASTING
ENSIGN MINISTRIES,

Ogbonna C. Chukwudinma
(Emissary)

Any one that would like a copy of the calender may contact the alumni office, P O Box 6303, Madison, TN 37116



CAPITALIST of the FOREST
By Dr. Floyd B. Bralliar

“Every fall, when I go into the woods, I am impressed by the lesson taught by the great oaks, and by many of the other trees. The oak is one of the trees that has

no way of scattering its own seeds so as to make sure they were planted over a wide range of territory. The willows and the cotton-woods have small seeds provided with a soft cottony down that flutters in the wind. As soon as the seed ripens the pod opens, and the very first dry windy day, the moisture evaporates from this cotton. As the strands give off their moisture they flutter in the wind until at last enough are free to enable the wind to pull the seed from its place. Now it is carried far away by the winds that dried it and tore it loose. As the sun sinks in the west the air cools, the moisture becomes more condensed and the seed drifts lower. Finally it floats over some low damp ground, or near some lake of river, and the abundance of moisture in the air wets the cotton and causes it to stick together and roll up. As this takes place, the seed falls to the ground, and plants itself in just the kind of location where this sort of tree thrives — low ground near water.

But the oak has no such method of scattering its seed. As it lives to such a great age and throws such a dense shade, there is little chance for the young seedlings to spring up and grow near the parent tree. In fact the children of the oak, as all other children worthy of the name, make no attempt to out their own mother. They may spring up and fight for place and existence with an elm or a maple, but not with their own mother. Then how is this tree to get its seed scattered? It is compelled to hire it done. As many men must find themselves in the same state regarding much of their work, God made these trees

to teach us lessons of how we should do it.

The tree sends word to all of the squirrels and birds in its neighborhood, inviting them to come and work for her. This invitation is hung on high in the shape of crimson – and – gold leaves; and the forest dwellers, when they see them, read as plainly as can be something like this, "Come this way. I have plenty of good ripe acorns. You may have all you wish for the carrying away. All you will be asked to do is to drop one occasionally, in some place where it may have a chance to grow and make another tree. The others are yours, as many of them as you wish, without money and without price. Take all you want, but don't forget about dropping one now and then".

Prodigal paymaster ! You will say. Yes , many an oak gives freely a hundred thousand acorns for the privilege of having just one young oak grown. And acorns are the most expensive material, the most exhaustive product, the oak tree knows how to produce. She offers as her wages the very best she knows how to give, with never a complaint if the one hired fails to fulfill his part of the bargain."(an excerpt from a manuscript, *THE VOICE of THE FIELD*, by Dr. Floyd B. Bralliar, Phd)

FROM HERE AND THERE



Arizona: G. Ellis Burcaw, S '39-'41, sent dues and this letter, "Dear Mr. Dittes: You and Bob Sutherland have done me the courtesy of sending me issues of

the enjoyable *Madison Survey* so I must send you some money, and am pleased to do so. Please find the enclosed check.

I was a happy and loyal student at Madison College from May 1939 to April 1941, at which time I left, reluctantly, in order to make 62¢ an hour working on a railroad construction gang near my home in northeastern Ohio. That seemed like a great amount compared with the 10¢ an hour I was making while helping to build the new girls' dormitory on campus, and I needed to save money to transfer to another college. Some of my friends convinced me that we needed to think about getting our bachelor's degrees from an accredited college, especially if we were looking beyond to graduate school. Of the Madison students I know about who transferred to Maryville College in Maryville, Tennessee, in addition to myself, I recall the names of Charles Hildreth, S '40, John Smelcher, S'41, Robert Shalkop, S '40,

Elaine Fichter, S '39-'41, and Charles Brand, S '40-'46. I know there were others thinking of transferring. Any who approached the University of Tennessee were turned down.

Maryville, as you may know, is regarded today as one of the ten best liberal arts colleges in the South. Its administrators sixty and more years ago had respect for the academic quality of Madison College, even though it was not an accredited school, and would accept transfer students from there on probation. After a semester, Maryville would accept Madison

credits. I was always pleased that we Madisonites were good students, doing very well in all respects, justifying the trust put in us, and upholding the academic reputation of Madison College. Elaine Fichter became the May Day Queen one year, a top honor.

I knew your father and your great Aunt Frances Dittes who did such a good job feeding us well in Kinne Kitchen. I occasionally recognize the name of a long ago student among those you print in *Madison Survey*. One that comes to mind is that of a friend, Shirley Throckmorton. Among the Madison students I knew well, one, with a doctorate, became the historian of the U.S. Air Force; one, listed in *Who's Who in America*, was a leading art museum director who headed the Brooks Museum of Art in Memphis among others and oversaw the multi-million dollar expansion of the museum in Anchorage. One was highly placed in military intelligence in this country and in Central America. He created the new national police force in South Korea after the cessation of hostilities and became a colonel in the U.S. Army. His roommate in Cottage 9 had a distinguished career as a physicist at the University of Tennessee. Years ago, I came upon a front-page newspaper report about a significant advance in radar he had made. One of my roommates became a professor of biology at one Adventist college, and later a psychiatrist at Loma Linda. One Madison student I knew was highly successful in the marketing of pharmaceuticals. Another was an outstanding gynecologist, and

yet another published a textbook in museum administration that is still in use in many universities worldwide. He accepted an invitation of the former East German government, expenses paid, to visit that country to lecture and inspect their museums.

My point is not that I had smart friends, when I was at Madison College, but rather that these accomplished, educated people, and many dozens of others I have lost track of, had their academic beginning at Madison. Madison College was the initial impetus for exemplary careers, a solid building block. When I think of the instructors I have had at several colleges and universities, none in beginning level courses were better than the ones I had at Madison College. I remember excellent Madison professors in music, German, English, chemistry, physics, and mathematics. The best field trip I ever had was a long historical and cultural study deep into Mexico in the spring of 1941 led by Madison College history and Spanish professors.

Therefore, it is especially regrettable that Madison College was closed. Perhaps the appropriate term is "obliterated" since all of the buildings were destroyed and removed and the earth was bulldozed. It was a good school and that brings me to my main point. It is very well for *Madison Survey* to praise the religious purpose, founding, and contribution of Madison College. That is an impressive and inspiring story and I know it means much to Seventh-day Adventists. But that

is not all of what needs to be praised. Madison offered a quality education to poor students of good character who could work their way, and who would not have been able to begin their higher education otherwise.

In fact, that was such an important and unusual characteristic it caught the attention of Robert Ripley in his "Believe it or Not" newspaper feature near the end of the Great Depression. That is how I learned about Madison. The article in the *Reader's Digest* impressed others students. My granddaughter, in high school, is wistfully dreaming about attending college but, today, a quality private college education is very expensive, costing more than \$40,000 a year in some institutions. There is surely a place for the well-regarded colleges of Berea in Kentucky and Berry in Georgia, where students can pay a significant part, even all, of their expenses by campus work opportunities. Madison College could be playing a similar role today and achieve the financial base, the accreditation, the faculty, and the student body, as well as the national notice that a good school deserves. I would take my granddaughter back to see it for herself.

Madison College was great. I am sad that it is no more, except as it has remained with many hundreds of former students who have remembered it fondly, and gratefully. I am one of them. George Ellis Burcaw, University of Idaho Professor Emeritus of Anthropology."

North Carolina: Bernhard N., N'51, Anes. '52 and Ann Jensen sent dues and help with this note, "Dear Madison Alumni, What a privilege — What a time we all had at the Madison College 100th."

Such a fine program prepared and the food, pictures and visiting. Seeing Don Owsley looking so young after 50 years and many others.

Thanks so much Bob and Stella and others who worked to make it so!

We are indebted for so many benefits received."



RESTING UNTIL THE RESURRECTION

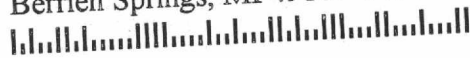
Harris, Eugene C., 87 expired July 18, 2005 He was preceded in death by his wife Phyllis Savage Harris and one son Phillip C. Harris. He is survived by two sons, Brad Harris of Madison, TN and Gregory Harris of Hendersonville, TN. Eugene's vocation had been that of a carpenter. Also surviving, sister-in-law, Mavis Savage Sutherland, BSN '50. He served in military in WW II. Military Internment was at Forest Lawn Goodlettsville, TN.

Zetko, Joe, S '46 – 49, expired June 8, 2005 at the age of 93 years. He met and married Lucy Mae DePas, N '49 here at Madison College. Joe's vocation had been that of a carpenter. He and Lucy lived at Crestwood, KY. They are members of the Pewee

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Valley Seventh-day Adventist
Church. Born to their union was
daughter, Lois Ann Zetko, two
sons, Gary and Allen E.; Joe and
Lucy have 17 grandchildren, 18
great-grandchildren and 1 great-
great grandchild. These all survive
Joe.