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A Journal of Adventist History

Volume 15
Number 3

Adventist **Heritage**



Adventist Heritage

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Other Acknowledgments:

Front Cover Photo: Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England (© RCHME Crown Copyright).

Back Cover Photos: *Above:* Springtime blooms burst out of the woods beside Sylvia's Garden at Newbold College, England. (Photo Courtesy of Dorothy Minchin-Comm.) *Middle:* Three topiary angels blow their leafy trumpets in front of the offices of the Southeastern California Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. (Photo Courtesy of Dorothy Minchin-Comm.) *Below:* The Sanitarium Gardens at the healthfood factory in Christchurch, New Zealand, have, with justification, become perhaps the most celebrated "Adventist gardens" in the world.

Photo Essays: We are grateful for all photo contributions. Please see page 35 for a listing of photo acknowledgments.

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THE EDITOR'S STUMP

A Tribute: "The Fruits of the Earth"

Amid the pressing ecological concerns of our times, it seems proper to inquire into a few of the ways in which the Seventh-day Adventist church has, in times past, related to the husbandry of the earth. Forests, food, and flowers—all have featured significantly in Adventist institutions.

Adam and Eve's first work in Eden was to be a partnership with God in nurturing the Garden (Gen. 2:15), a task designed to combine labor and pleasure in a divinely appointed unit of joy (Ex 24:11). Their commission to tend the Garden lives on in our instinctive efforts to tame the wilderness and to surround ourselves with living nature, be it an elaborately landscaped garden around the house or simply a pot of geraniums on the window sill. And the kitchen garden has traditionally resulted in colorful rows of preserved fruits and vegetables on the pantry shelves and in the hostess's proud summer-time announcement at the dinner table: "Everything here is fresh out of our garden."

Gardening, however, is more than sustenance. It is a mystical combination of sun, earth, water and life itself. It is an art form. The Chinese garden calls for four ingredients: rocks, water, green shrubbery, and one man-made object—perhaps a pagoda. The Japanese celebrate natural greenery with a single splash of color, a pool of water, and ancient moss formations, or with austere beds of gravel and stone designed for Zen meditation. Many Arabs find pleasure in enclosed rose gardens

The formal, architectural gardens of the Italian Renaissance first dominated Europe, creating an artificial setting for nature, a secret and magical universe. Then 17th-century France introduced the garden patterns which turned country houses into miniatures of Versailles, with flower beds laid out geometrically among gravel paths, enclosed by clipped hedges and trees.

Then, in England, Lancelot "Capability" Brown (1716-1783) led a gardening reformation. A highly talented designer and a shrewd and energetic businessman,

Brown rose from an obscure Northumberland village to a royal appointment and the rank of gentleman. In "improving" the estates of the rich and famous, he changed the entire face of England. In response to the Englishman's love of taking country walks, he swept away many of the old cramped hedged gardens, opened up vistas of great parklands, created lakes amid "oceans of lawns" and planted over a million trees to provide woodland margins for his gardens or to form "color-coded" circular or oval clumps along the pathways. (He even invented a tree-moving machine to transport fully grown trees.) Not surprisingly, English landscape gardening and landscape painting developed concurrently.

Against this historical background, *Heritage* introduces you to two remarkable "Adventist" gardens: the prize-winning gardens at the Sanitarium Health Food factory in Christchurch, New Zealand, and historic Moor

Close and Sylvia's Garden at Newbold College, England. We will also visit several Adventist hospital gardens—Kellogg's Palm Garden at Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan, the hillside terraces of St. Helena Sanitarium, California, the fanciful topiary masterpieces which used to preach the gospel at the entrance of Taiwan Adventist hospital, and the traditional flower beds at Sydney Adventist Hospital, Australia—which artfully merge the therapeutic and the aesthetic. Adventist colleges have all kept faith with the beauty of nature, even when struggling against the encroachments of the cities. We take a brief look at the gardens at Atlantic Union College, Massachusetts, the Garden of Prayer at Southern College, Tennessee, and the gardens at the Institute Adventiste Du Salève. Our biographical sketch introduces you to one of our foremost food scientists, Dr. Philip Chen. Finally, Olivine Bohner meets you in *Rendezvous* to share a moment with you among her orchids and to share the tribute our guest editorialist, Vern Andress, pays to these exotic flowers.



Dorothy Minchin-Comm

“What Do Gardens DO for Us?”

I was four years old. He was an old man—a really old man in a small boy’s eyes. He was grumpy, too. Or at least rumor had it that way. “Just don’t bother the old doctor,” my grandmother had warned me. Minding his own business, however, is difficult for a young boy—it was too much to ask of this young boy, at any rate.

It was one of those cold, wintry afternoons in Melrose, Massachusetts, where “cold” can really be an understatement. I’d been let outdoors for a few minutes of relief from being trapped in a stuffy house—probably as much for the relief of my mother as for anything else. Bundled up as if to withstand a blizzard, I wandered into the open doorway of the doctor’s greenhouse. Inside I saw the “old man” examining the most beautiful flower I’d ever seen.

“Whatcha doin’?” I asked.

“Relaxing.” The doctor’s voice was formal but not unfriendly—and boys of four can instinctively tell the difference. “Would you like to look at one too?”

Who could resist an invitation into that warm, green island of life, a subtropical paradise in the middle of a snow-covered winter wonderland? And so I discovered the wonderful world of orchids. The contrast of weather was matched only by the contrast between the “old man’s” severe reputation and the reality of a gentle and genteel garden specialist who allowed the cares of the world to slip through his fingers as he lovingly tended his tropical treasures. I was captivated, “hooked”!

From that day to this I have equated relaxation and the beauty and mystery of the wide variety of flowers that constitute the family orchidaceae. It took thirty-three years for me to realize my dream of a totally relaxing environment, a gorgeous garden of orchids.

As a counselor, I spend many hours listening to the problems of people and the recitals of the ways they can make their lives “ugly.” I often escape the ugliness and recharge my internal batteries by slipping into the fantasy world of the rain forest I’ve produced artificially in my own back yard. Relaxing among the blossoms, I find the weight of the world growing lighter while I concentrate on the “life and times” of my orchids. In my greenhouse I constantly rediscover the true meaning of the New Testament text: “Consider the lilies, how they grow.” I have learned many lessons from my wonderful blooms.

Anyone who has had much to do with orchids knows that the plants themselves are far from pretty. Often dull,

olive gray, they have big leathery leaves that are wrinkled and dry looking. The spindly, white fingers of their roots thrust themselves up over the edge of the pot like repulsive, wiggling worms. They refuse to be tamed into residing inside the confines of their container like other, self-respecting plants. But books should never be judged by their covers. From these ugly plants evolve the most gracious and beautiful flowers in all of the plant kingdom. Where there is ugliness there is actually the potential for beauty. All it takes is a minimum of tender loving care. Which makes me think about human beings.

Orchidists have a saying: “Even when a plant looks completely dead, don’t throw it away.” This is because

orchids sometimes go into a dormant stage when they are particularly stressed. A drought is very damaging to any plant, even epiphytic orchids. Epiphytes have a unique ability, however, to take water from the air through specially designed organs, those worm-like roots that stubbornly refuse to stay inside the pot. In the worst droughts, then, orchids go dormant and take on the appearance of death. They are conserving their energy until they find enough water to survive. Even though they appear to be completely dead, it takes just a little extra attention and water to make them spring back into action. Many times they mark their recovery by producing the most beautiful

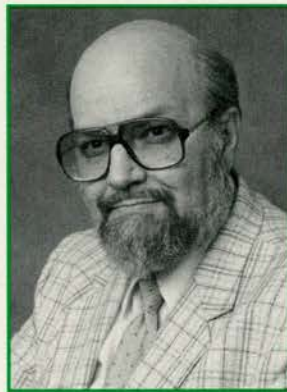
flowers of their lives.

People can do that too. Sometimes they suffer so much abuse and neglect that they wither and die emotionally. The feeling that one is not loved is very stressful, even to the strongest among us, and drains the essence of life out of us. People appear to be almost dead, but how quickly they thrive again with a little of the water of life—love.

So we learn much from the “lilies.” Even though people may look emotionally dead, don’t throw them away. Instead give them that little bit of extra love—and then watch them revive. And, like the orchids, they can develop their most beautiful blooms after they’ve been “stressed to the limits.”

As a lad my curiosity once drove me to breach the forbidding barriers of age. But the flowers turned a grumpy old man into a tender, caring teacher to me. Our common interest, as we centered on the beautiful orchid blossom, restored the essence of life to one whom others had neglected.

What do gardens do for us? First the “fruits of the earth” share life with us. Then the magic of growing things calms our lives. And finally beauty, of itself, heals.



Vern Andress

Relationships Among the White, Harmon and MacDearman Families

By *Lila Jo Peck*

Unlike the names “White” and “Harmon,” household words for generations of Seventh-day Adventists, the MacDearman name will be unfamiliar to most readers. Nevertheless, the progeny of Hiram MacDearman and his wife Melinda Boyden had a significant impact on early Adventist history. They had four daughters—Evaline, Henrietta, Emma, and Harriet. Evaline died in infancy, but each of the three surviving MacDearman daughters married men who attained prominence in the early Advent movement.

In 1868, the eldest MacDearman daughter, Henrietta, married Burleigh Salisbury, a Battle Creek clothier and tailor who had been baptized by Elder James White at the Seventh-day Adventist Conference session earlier that year. Henrietta and Burleigh Salisbury had one son, Homer. The Salisbury-MacDearman line died out with Homer, who had no children. Henrietta passed away in

1974, after only six years of marriage. A year later (1875) Burleigh Salisbury married Mrs. Clara Florence Hurlbut. Because of her frail health, the doctors at the Battle Creek Sanitarium insisted that the second Mrs. Salisbury refrain from wearing corsets. Realizing that some other garment must take its place, the Salisbury’s designed a line of “hygienic waists.” Under the personal and energetic management of Burleigh and Clara Salisbury, the Salisbury Dress Reform System was one of the major successes of early Adventist health reform efforts.

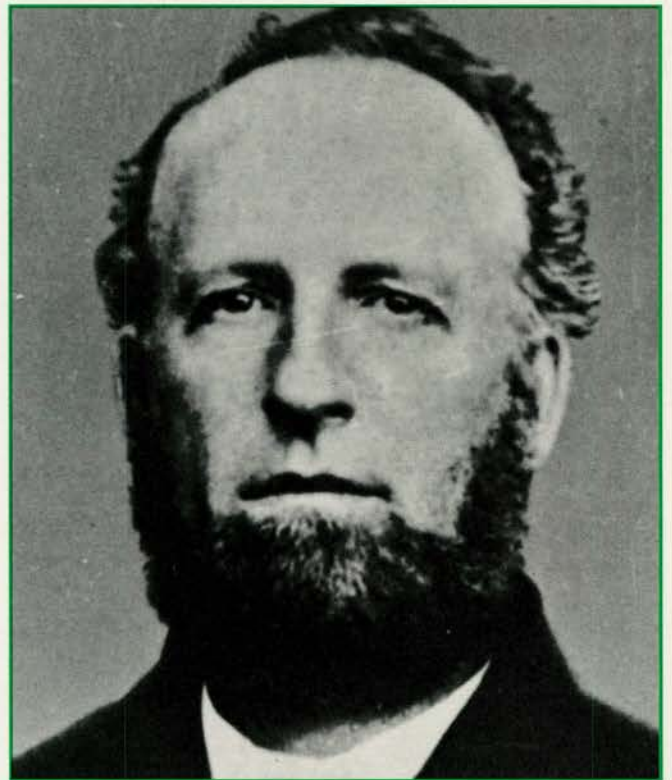
In 1870, the second MacDearman daughter, Emma, married James Edson White in a family ceremony in Battle Creek. The father of the groom, Elder James S. White, again performed the ceremony. During their 47-year marriage, James E. and Emma White pioneered Seventh-day Adventism in the Southern states. They had no children, so the White-MacDearman line also died out.

James Edson White

Edson (July 28, 1849 - May 30, 1928) mastered the printer's trade while working at the *Review and Herald*. He built a missionary river boat, the *Morning Star*, used on the Yazoo River in Mississippi. He was ordained as a minister in 1897, and published many journals and books on the printing press housed in the vessel. In 1900, he founded a publishing company in Nashville, which eventually became the Southern Publishing Association.

The youngest MacDearman daughter, Emma, married Franklin E. Belden—the son of Ellen White's sister, Sarah Harmon-Belden—a worker in the Battle Creek publishing house. Franklin Belden made a very significant musical contribution to the early Seventh-day Adventist church. The Belden-MacDearman line died out with Franklin and Emma's only daughter, Linnie, who never married.

The connections between these families in early Battle Creek underscores the fact that the infant Seventh-day Adventist church found spiritual and social strength in a nurturing network of intermarriages. Sadly, the talent and dedication of these three young couples were not passed on to grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The line of Hiram and Melinda MacDearman survived for only two generations, and the MacDearman name is preserved only in the archives of Adventist history.



James Edson White

William Clarence White

W. C. (August 29, 1854 - 1937), the youngest son of James and Ellen White, began his long career in publishing at the age of 20, when he couriered printing materials for his father's fledgling *Signs of the Times*. Just a year later he was elected president of the newly established Pacific SDA Publishing Association. While still a student at Battle Creek College, he joined its board of trustees, became vice-president of the Battle Creek Publishing Association, and was appointed a director of the Western Health Reform Institute. In 1882, he helped found Healdsburg College. Willie was instrumental in founding Australia's Avondale College in 1894. A year later he travelled to Switzerland to aid in the establishment of a European printing house. For many years, he served as editorial assistant and publishing manager for his mother.



William Clarence White

Franklin E. Belden

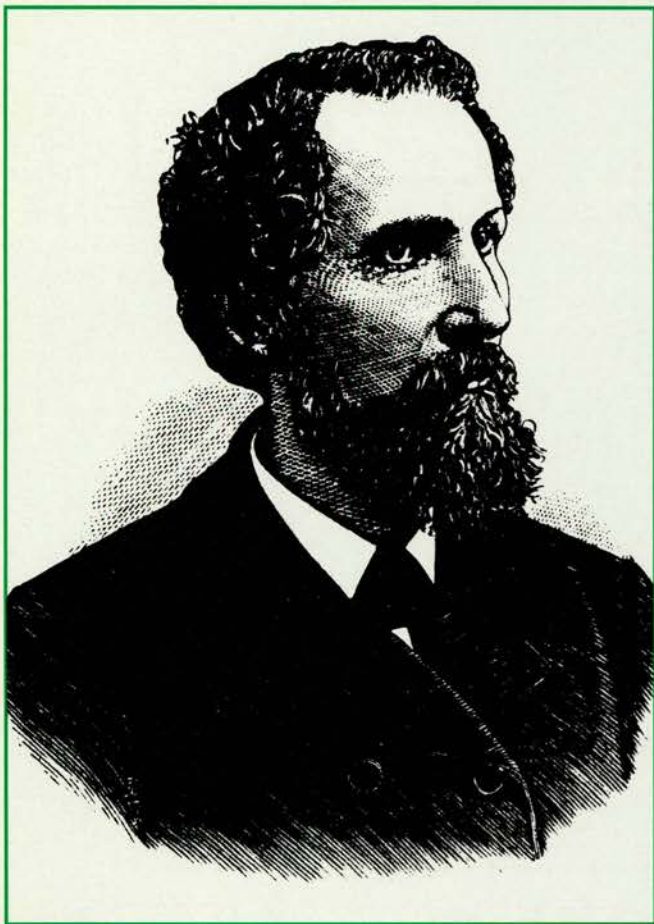
F. E. Belden (March 21, 1858 - December 22, 1945), a prominent early Adventist hymn writer, was a nephew of Ellen G. White, and brother-in-law to her son Edson, who married Hattie MacDearman, the sister of his wife, Emma. He wrote hundreds of our Sabbath School songs and hymns, both the music and the lyrics. In partnership with Edwin Barnes, he was musical editor of the early Adventist hymnal, *Hymns and Tunes*, published in 1886. Later, he edited the long-popular *Christ in Song*.



Franklin E. Belden

Burleigh Salisbury

Burleigh (September 16, 1832 - June 12, 1897) made his living as a merchant/tailor in Battle Creek. Along with his second wife, Clara Hurlburt, he became part of the pioneer dress reform movement which gained impetus through the Battle Creek Sanitarium.



Burleigh Salisbury

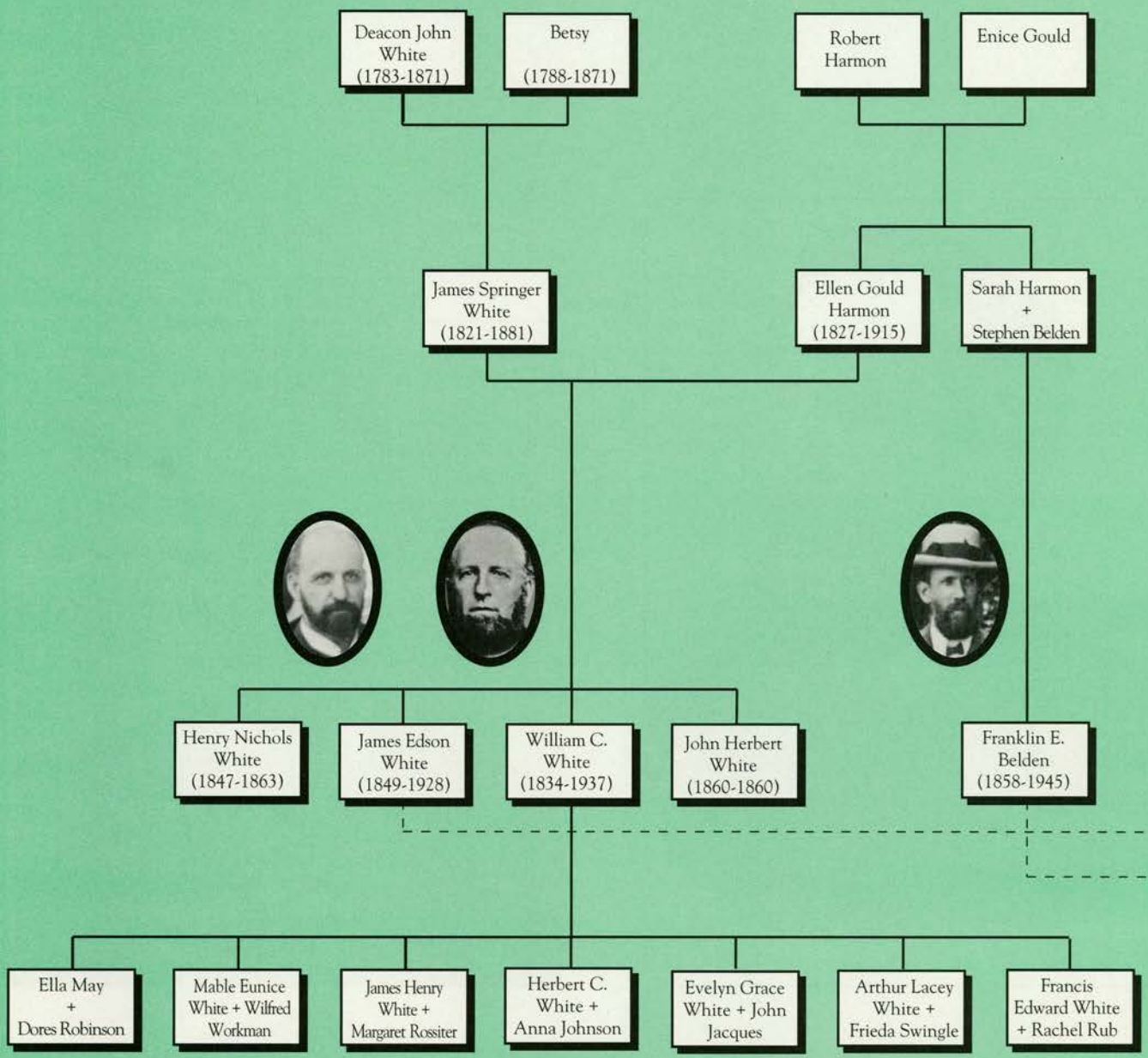
Homer Salisbury

As an educator, administrator, and editor, Homer (1870 - December 30, 1915) was elected secretary of the General Conference Department of Education. In 1913 he was called to be president of the India Union Mission. Burdened with the work in India, he took some time off in the Fall of 1915 to attend Autumn Council in Loma Linda. World War I was raging, and while returning to India, his ship, *Persia*, was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean. Tragically, Homer did not survive.



Homer Salisbury

Relationships Among the White, Harmon and MacDearman Families of Early Battle Creek, Michigan



Hiram C.
MacDearman
(ca 1824-?)

Melinda
Boyden
(ca 1825-?)



Henrietta
MacDearman +
Burleigh Salisbury

Emma L.
MacDearman
(1848-1917)

Evaline C.
MacDearman
(1853-1854)

Harriet C.
MacDearman +
Franklin Belden



Homer R. Salisbury
+
Lenna E. Whiting



Linnie L.
Belden



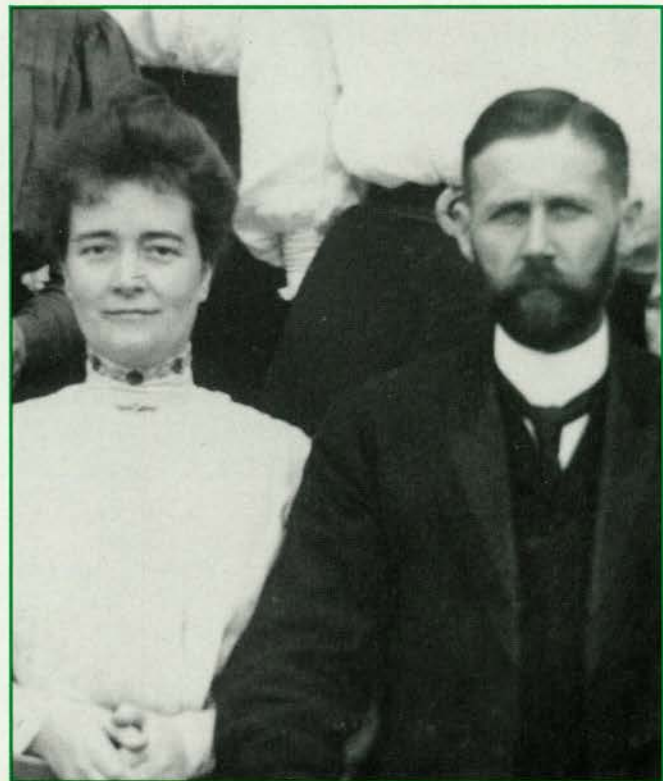
Emma MacDearman-White



Linnie Belden



Harriet MacDearman-Belden



Lena and Homer Salisbury



Left to right: F. E. Belden, Hattie MacDearman-Belden, Emma MacDearman-White, (believed to be) Burleigh Salisbury's second wife, Homer Salisbury. Front Row: Linnie Belden, Lenna Whiting-Salisbury.



Left to right: Emma White, Linnie Belden, F. E. Belden, Edson White, Hattie Belden, Lenna and Homer Salisbury.

"Snapshots from a Family Album"

Caption reads: "Grandmamma" (of Linnie Belden), so it is either Sarah Harmon Beldon or Melinda MacDearman.



Hattie, Frank and Linnie Belden.



"Snapshots from a Family Album"

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Moor Close and Sylvia's Garden

By Harry Leonard

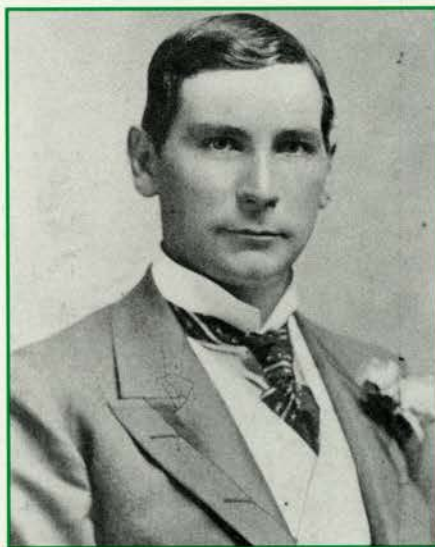


The Seventh-day Adventist church owns a number of interesting historic buildings in Europe. Ekebyholm in Sweden boasts a 17th-century castle with royal connec-

tions. The splendid Oud Zandbergen in the Netherlands dates from 1654. At little more than a hundred years old, Newbold College's Moor Close is but a youngster, but with its exuberant architecture and lovely gardens it is arguably the most charming building in the Seventh-day Adventist denomination.

The name "Moor Close" derives from an enclosed parcel of arable land. It is first recorded in a tithe award of 1838 when it was in the hands of one James Deane, Esquire. A house was built in the close in 1881 by a Mr. Hutchinson Brown. Built in the Victorian Gothic style, it was set well

back from what was then a small lane, and approached by a winding drive, at the entrance to which was a sizable lodge. Brown was still in residence in



1893 when he erected a new sign to the memory of the famous poet Alexander Pope in a small wood on his land.

The Evolution of the Manor House of Moor Close

Soon after the turn of the century, the house was in the hands of Charles Birch Crisp (1867-1958), who was, by then, on his way to his first million. He toyed with politics, invested his money successfully, and by 1912 was powerful enough to go against the Foreign Office's wishes and arrange a large loan for the Chinese government. Such a man had to have a house to match his growing importance, and in 1910 he commissioned an unknown, newly qualified architect, Oliver Hill (1887-1968), to enlarge the house and design the aristocratic gardens. Hill was strongly influenced by Edwin Lutyens, then the *guru* of British architecture and a leader in the Arts and Crafts Movement. The influence shows.

The eclectic Hill, later one of the leaders of the modern movement, transformed the house at Moor Close, inside and out. A whole new wing,

including a new entrance, a magnificent oak staircase, and suites of rooms, was added. The interior of the existing lounge was redone in Jacobean style. The dining room had blue scagliola columns and a large L-shaped lounge—evocative of the Rococo Period—with a marble fireplace and niches (replete with backlit alabaster keystones) for the display of china.

Hill's meticulous attention to detail, especially in the woodwork, showed the influence of the Arts and Crafts School, while his modernist leaning were revealed in the two very large bevelled plate glass windows which gave the inhabitants glorious views across the then open countryside at the back of the house. Moor Close must have been one of the first English manor houses to have such picture windows.

From the dining room one could enter the Palm Court, a beautiful conservatory where Hill's loving atten-

tion to detail is particularly noticeable. The lounge opens into what has been variously described as a small ballroom, a library, or a billiard room. Whatever its use, this room seems to have been left much as it was in 1881.

The exterior of the house is equally impressive and eclectic. The new wing has dormer windows in a large roof topped by twisted chimneys, all reminiscent of the Jacobean period—but the magnificent entrance porch would have been equally at home in the eighteenth century. The original house also had an exterior facelift, with the pointed Victorian gables being changed into Jacobean Dutch. The flat-faced original house front was transformed by a two story bay window—light, airy, and Renaissance in inspiration. Finally, a three-story square tower tops the whole edifice. Somehow the mixture works, and most visitors are charmed by the appearance of Moor Close.

A Complex of Gardens

For Oliver Hill, however, houses were much larger than their walls. The gardens, whether interior or exterior, were to be part of the living space, creating pleasure for residents and guests. When complete, the extensive gardens required the services of some twenty gardeners. Shrub-bordered grass walks to the west and east of the house provided impressive vistas. The paths haven't survived, but their remnants hint at their former glory.

A series of small compartments, starting with a blue-tile court and fig-covered pergola, led to the box-hedged Herb Garden of Cupid. Cupid, alas, is no longer standing. Down the steps to a water parterre, with its clipped golden yews, we find four ponds and rills with lilies. These compartments are bounded on the west by a terrace which originally had urns and statues on it

Opposite Page: Millionaire Charles Birch Crisp (1867-1958). This photograph was taken as part of his unsuccessful election campaign in Oldham, Lancashire, where he stood alongside the young Winston Churchill.

Right: Moor Close from Sylvia's Garden, Binfield, Berkshire, England. As seen here in 1924, Moor Close was, in its prime, a masterpiece of genteel English landscape art. Since it became the site of post-war Newbold College in 1945, however, no one has yet seen such a panorama as this. (©RCHME Crown Copyright.)



and is itself bounded by a once-balustraded wall.

Here steps went up to other gardens, which no longer exist. On the east of the house, outside of the former library/ballroom/billiard room (now a chapel) are four raised alpine beds. To the north of the house and beyond the complex of gardens already described is a large lawn, bisected by a path which leads to yet one more garden.

Sylvia's Garden

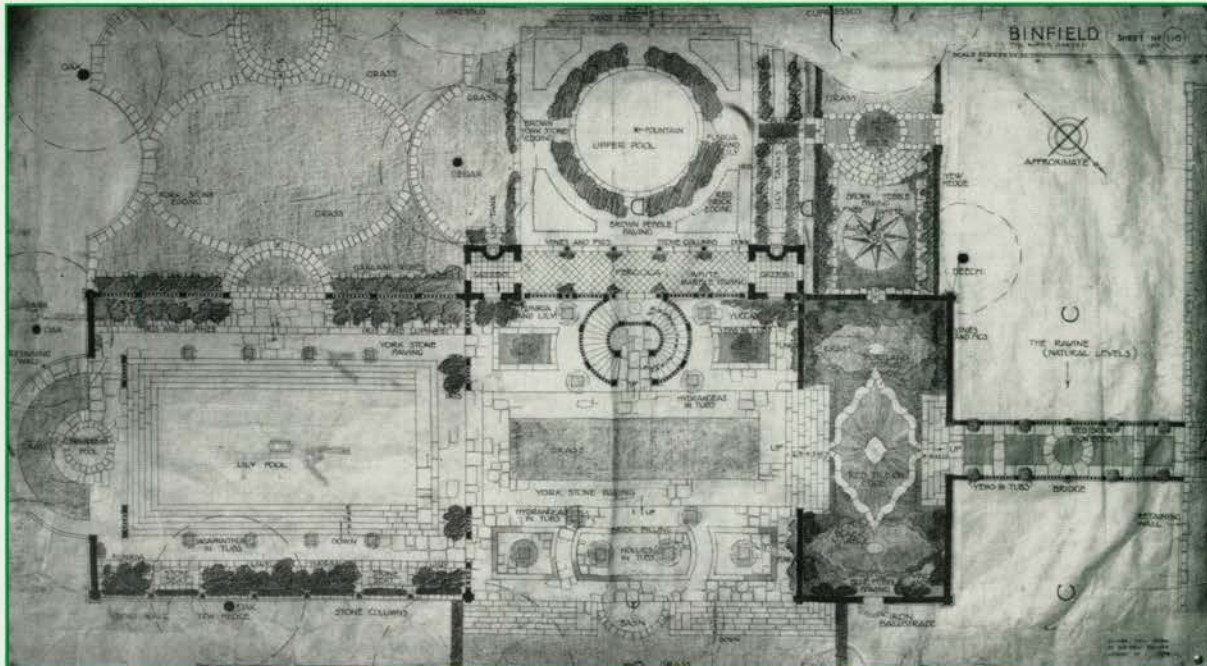
Sylvia's Garden was added some three years after the enlargement of the house and the construction of the gardens around it. Unexpectedly in late middle age, Crisp had discovered that he was to become a father again. In a gesture which only millionaires can afford, he commissioned a garden to commemorate the event. Again commissioned as architect, Hill threw himself into the task with all of the exuberance of talented youth, creating what he called the "Italian Garden."

The new garden was approached by a balustraded bridge across a natural stream which Hill (with some exaggeration) labeled a "ravine." Steps then lead to a large court with an elaborate tile-on-edge pattern, skirted by Portland stone and pebbles. Two small lawns are edged by blue slate. To the right, up a

course of steps, is a small court of colored pebbles in a star pattern. Straight ahead, down a further course of steps, is an oblong lawn surrounded by York stone paving and flower beds.

A raised pergola with gazebos at each end, which is approached by a twin, semi-circular, balustraded staircase in Portland stone, dominates this

area. The original floor under the pergola was white marble. Behind the pergola is another court bounded by lily rills, paved in pebble and containing a circular lily pool. The final compartment of Sylvia's Garden is a large lily pool with a fountain. It is bounded by York stone steps and paths and flower borders. Hill's planting



suggestions are brief, but it is clear that even at this stage he was a disciple of the great Gertrude Jekyll.

The garden terminates at a semi-circular platform overlooking a meadow and Popeswood Lodge, which Crisp purchased and renovated for another of his daughters. The visitor

who reaches this point and turns back toward the house is rewarded with one of the most inspired views in the whole garden. Hill's cunning use of levels and shallow steps creates a pathway for the eye up the series of steps back to the house. The whole thing is quite breath-taking, even today. What

it was like in its prime may be seen from the photographs.

It was a house and garden fit to entertain the great and the good. Among those who stayed there was the Prince of Wales (Edward VIII), who used Moor Close for private house-parties—with the Crisp family moving out for the duration. Other house guests included two prime ministers (Asquith and Lloyd George), and the opera singer, Dame Nellie Melba. As the garden matured, it received favorable comments in the architectural journals as well as society magazines like *Country Life*.



Opposite Page, Above: Institutional needs led to the destruction of the garden behind The Herb Garden of Cupid (c 1924) to make room for an ill-starred collection of fruit trees and, at one point, a humble field of cabbages. (© RCHME Crown Copyright.)

Opposite Page, Below: Architect Oliver Hill's original plan for Sylvia's Garden (c 1912) facilitates the restoration work. (Credit: British Architectural Library, RIBA, London.)

Above Left: What the past three generations have seen is rapidly advancing decay. Sylvia's [or the Italian] Garden having, apparently, been given up to the elements, college gardeners with an eye on economy rifled paving stones to repair walkways and planters nearer the house. The rest of the gardens lapsed into decay.

Above Right: Above, rotting beams hover starkly over what used to be the marble floor of the pergola, and one of the gazebos settles under its sagging roof.

Middle: Behind, beside the cobbled Star Court, lies the despairing torso of a classical demi-god, fallen in the undergrowth.

Below: Between the twin staircases (minus their balustrades), a doleful headless statue has long stood before the pergola, contemplating the ravages of wind and weather.

The Decline of the Garden

Crisp's fortunes began to decline in the late 1920's, and nothing he was able to do in the Depression of the 1930's was able to mend them. He spent much of his time trying to sell Moor Close, but in 1937 his creditors foreclosed on him. The house passed to International Stores, before Newbold College purchased the property in 1945.

After 1927, however, little had been done with the beautiful gardens. Newbold's college administrators, faced with post-war problems, perforce could do little about the decaying landscape around Moor Close. Concern with balancing the books outweighed the demands of aesthetic beauty. The large shrub garden to the West was plowed up to make way for an orchard. (Unsuitable soil caused the orchard to fail; the area has remained an under-utilized field ever since.) The shrub gardens to the East shared a similar fate, except that the ground was devoted to a farm and sundry buildings of no architectural merit.

Although the gardens immediately around the house itself were maintained, Sylvia's Garden gradually fell into ruin—despite the sporadic efforts of a few dedicated individuals. Moreover, the decay was accelerated by

certain self-appointed Gideons who took it upon themselves to destroy the classical statuary, which they deemed unsuitable for a Christian college. Some of the depredation, unfortunately, was less high-minded.¹

The Garden, then, decayed through the natural processes of time, active destruction, and neglect. A former staff member recalls a decision in the 1960's to allow the area to decay since the cost of repair was beyond the college budget. By the mid-1980's dilapidation was far advanced. Every course of steps was now broken and was a potential hazard. The roofs of the gazebos were beginning to collapse. The beams of the pergola were so decayed that a large storm blew one of them off. The York stone steps and path surrounding the lily pool had disappeared, as had all the balustrading, the marble floor of the pergola, and much of the floor of the pebbled star court. Sylvia's Garden had become a romantic but unsafe ruin. At this stage, the Alumni Association decided to raise funds for its restoration.

An Alumni Decision for Rescue

The Alumni have been dedicated and energetic in the restoration work. The bulk of the money so far raised for

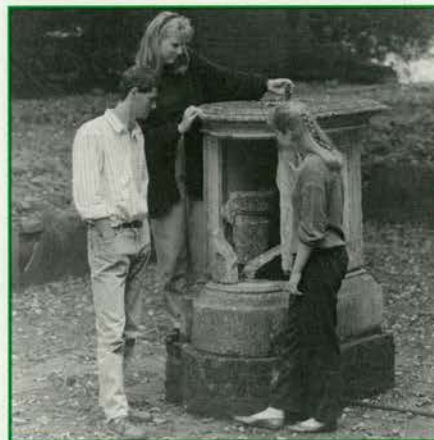
the restoration has come from former students who savored the beauty of the gardens and appreciated their stay at Newbold. The project, however, has also aroused interest far beyond the walls of Newbold. English Heritage, responsible for the maintenance of England's architectural heritage, showed immediate enthusiasm. The local environmental officer, who had just carried out a periodic review of buildings and gardens worth conserving, was interested. The nearby University of Reading also became involved, and one of their outstanding students was given a grant by English Heritage to survey the gardens and nearby woodland and to draw up a program of restoration and low-cost maintenance.²

A Progress Report on Sylvia's Garden

Much has already been accomplished. The rectangular lily tank, with its fountain and surrounding steps³ and the flower borders⁴ have been restored, and the two stone benches and the two stone planters⁵ have been reproduced in the style of the originals. The potentially unsafe features in the remainder of the garden—the roofs of the gazebos, the pergola, and all but one set of steps—have been restored,⁶ and a recent

Right: Many generations of Newbold students have walked through the romantic grounds of Moor Close and dreamed of what it might have been like. . . . Crossing the bridge over the natural ravine to Sylvia's Garden, however, could be hazardous to life and limb.

Opposite Page: The restoration of Sylvia's Garden has been an exciting project at Newbold College, funded by the alumni, English Heritage and local organizations. Today, all three courses of the steps, as well as the bridge, have been restored.



graduating class provided a sundial (in the style of the original) for the tiled court. While budgetary constraints have prevented the college administration from giving funds to the restoration work, they have been sympathetic and enthusiastic. They have committed themselves to maintaining the garden once the restoration is complete.

Of course, much work remains to be done. The restoration project has excited the local community, with considerable numbers of visitors coming on open days and being thrilled with what is being done. Some of the older residents can still remember the days when Charles Birch Crisp was the major landowner and employer in the village—and each has a tale to

tell. Students of garden architecture have also come, and Moor Close has appeared in at least two recent books on Edwardian gardens⁷ well as in an exhibition of the work of Oliver Hill.⁸ Thus Newbold College is becoming celebrated for its efforts at conservation.

It remains for us to reflect, however, on the reasons for the college's



neglect of the gardens over such a long period. Finances were clearly a major consideration—no educational institution seems to be able to run unsubsidized. But this may not be the whole answer. There is within any group looking for an imminent end to the world an understandable reluctance to spend money preserving what is ultimately to be consumed in the final destruction of a sinful world. And, as we have seen, there were (and probably still are) those whose attitudes to the arts was anything but sympathetic. They will also see statues as an inevitable opportunity for iconoclasm.

Happily such attitudes are changing. Adventists have become interested in the arts and in conservation issues. They are beginning now to see such an interest as part of what it means to be Sabbath-keeping Christians—the creative energies which the Creator has placed in his creatures are something to *celebrate*. Thus the gardens of Moor Close have become a legitimate area of concern. As one former student eloquently explained, “I tell people to contribute to the restoration. Heaven will be less of a culture shock that way!”

Notes

¹The dedicatory plaque of Sylvia's Garden was removed by an American Student as a memento of his stay at Newbold College.

²Approved by English Heritage, the report was the size of a small thesis. It points the way to repair, as funds become available. One of England's foremost experts on the restoration of historic gardens, Paul Edwards, has given time and advice free of charge. The Berkshire County Council, Bracknell Borough Council, and Binfield Parish Council have all made grants.

³The York stone steps were laid with the help of a generous donation from a family wishing to memorialize their father.

⁴Planting of the flower borders was

funded through grants from Newbold's Student Association.

⁵The two benches were a gift from a graduating class. The planters were built for free by the builder who replaced the paving (after he saw that funds were exhausted). In the autumn of 1993, he will repair the walls of the area and install a final set of steps (on which another stone bench will be placed).

⁶The last set of steps leads into woodland. It will be safely grassed over until more funds become available.

⁷Moor Close has already figured in one thesis and will appear in two more in June, 1993 (one at Oxford and one at the University of Manchester).

⁸The Oliver Hill Exhibition was sponsored by the Royal Institute of British Architects.



Right: For the first time in more than sixty years, the Lily Pond can now hold water to reflect the trees that partially screen the garden from the house. Repairs to the fountain and the steps hold the promise of the day when lilies can be planted again.

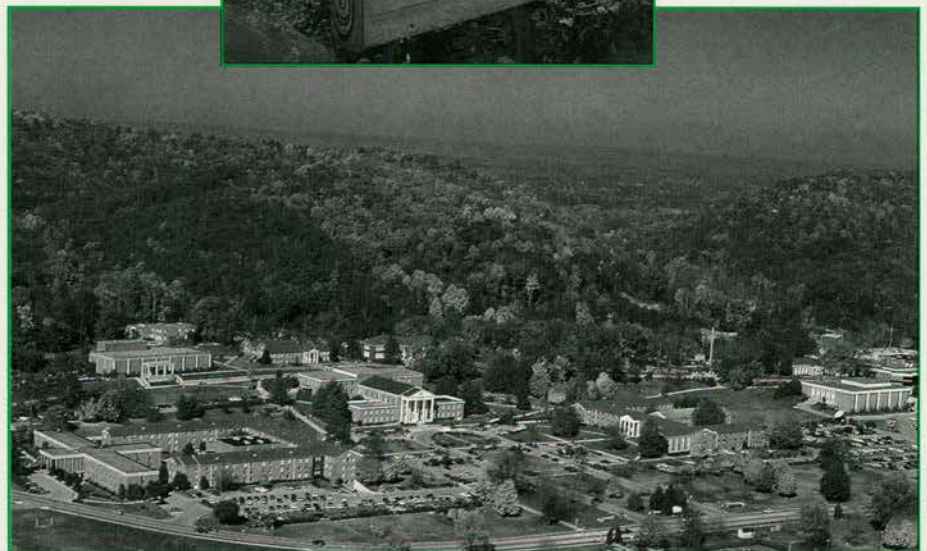
Prayer Gardens

Southern College

Well-kept gardens tend to have a “civilizing influence” on otherwise exuberant and sometimes unruly spirits. That, no doubt, is why colleges have long taken pride in campus landscaping; the contemplation of beauty is indisputably therapeutic. Southern College has gone beyond the usual nurturing of campus gardens by setting aside a Prayer Garden.

Situated in the scenic foothills of the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, the 1000-acre campus of Southern College is surrounded by a vast natural garden. Here each season has its turn at manipulating the over-all view

Inset: *The most precious spot within the campus, however, must surely be the secluded Prayer Garden, where a rustic testimony to the God of Love invites passersby to pause and reflect. (This little hideaway is a memorial to Symon and Leota King.)*



Prayer Gardens

The Garden Chapel at Hope

*"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth.
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than any place else on earth."*

The provincial slogan "Beautiful British Columbia" never rings more true than when one visits the campgrounds at Hope. The Fraser River and the circle of mountains above the valley make them among the most choice properties owned by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. In 1989, Walter Serack approached the conference officers to complain about the "grungy old army tent" that had been set aside for those who wished to have a place for prayer and counseling. Always eager to use his considerable skills in woodwork to the glory of God, he then offered to build a little chapel for this purpose—if the church could supply the materials. They said, "Go for it!"

Wally crafted the building over the next year, doing most of the work at home. Not the least detail was

overlooked—the stained glass windows, the chandeliers, the cabinetry and the steeple were all painstakingly, lovingly crafted. In the spring of 1990 friends helped Wally erect the little building in its garden setting. The garden was completed by two etched granite blocks, one displaying the "Ten Commandments," the other holding "Praying Hands." When Wally Serack died in the autumn of 1991, his ashes were buried near the "Ten Commandment" rock, surrounded by the flowers he loved. Today, the chapel, his dream made real, stands as a fitting memorial to his dedication and his life.



Prayer Gardens

Memorial Church, Avondale



Opposite Page, Above: A labor of love, the tiny Garden Chapel is reached by a path which winds through a manicured garden set out with seventy-five rose bushes (selected by Barry Minter) from the world-famous Minter Gardens nearby. The chapel has been used for private prayer and counseling, and has also housed intimate weddings.

Opposite Page, Below: Winter is past, and dedicated gardeners prepare Hope campgrounds for the summer activities. Planting flowers is as necessary as checking the water system when the camp reopens.

This Page, Below: The Garden of Prayer and its chapel (seating no more than a dozen people) was the dream of the late Wally Serack and his wife, Hazel (left), and their friends, Anne and Tom Saunders (right). Wally died a few weeks after this picture was taken.



The muted gray-green bushland around Avondale's Memorial Church gives no clue about the indoor garden which "happens" every year at the time of the Spring Service. All the outdoors, it seems—tree ferns and fountains, azaleas and palms—moves into the sanctuary for a special hour of praise. Each year brings worshippers a little closer to the Garden of Eden.

Left Above: In Avondale's Memorial Church, young people make music among the flowers for the annual Spring Service—a breath-taking combination of the best of Nature's abundance and the florist's art.



Right Below and Above: Whimsical stone shepherds shelter under their marble umbrella at the edge of the platform abloom with exotic plants, while terraced ranks of greenery reach up toward the familiar logo of the Three Angels—flying through the choir loft.



Hospital Gardens

St. Helena Hospital Health Center

In 1877 J. N. Loughborough selected the site for the west coast health institution which Ellen G. White had foreseen. Situated in California's Napa County, the property was a gift of a new convert, W. A. Pratt, and commanded a fine view of the valley. Here, under the management of Merritt Kellogg, the Rural Health Retreat opened in 1878. It has operated continuously ever since, making it the oldest Seventh-day Adventist medical institution in the world. (The facility was renamed St. Helena Sanitarium in the 1890's, and a four story hospital was added in 1907.)



The summerhouse (with the sanitarium in the background was shaded by old trees in 1896. Mrs. J. L. Ings (d. 1921) stands in the archway of the "Bird House." J. N. Loughborough built this gazebo-type garden house with its arbor (complete with a drinking fountain from the Crystal Springs) in 1886.



Left above: In 1988 the Abbott Oak framed the entrance to the new hospital wing and was designated a "Bicentennial Tree"—one of only fifty-six trees in America which had the honor of being "present" at the signing of the United States Constitution. This honor, however, was the last for the 300-year-old veteran. In a heavy rainstorm on March 1, 1991, it crashed into the garden and across the parking lot. (Wood from the Abbott Oak is being preserved for future uses.)

Left middle: Over the years a lovely garden has been developed behind the main hospital buildings. Old redwoods shade part of it while the seating area puts patients and visitors alike near the terraced rose garden and the fish pond with its little waterfall.

Left below: Named for Dr. George. K. Abbott (1880-1959), a long-time medical director of the hospital, the Abbott Oak dominated the St. Helena campus for 113 years. In 1956 it shaded a miniature millpond in the garden. The venerable oak became part of the hospital logo.

Right: A woodsy path leads to the old nurses' dormitory called Crystal Springs (named in 1886 for the excellent drinking water found on the St. Helena land). Today the building houses guest rooms and a small senior citizens' home.



Hospital Gardens

Taiwan Adventist Hospital

For more than thirty years, visitors to Taipei have been going to the gardens of Taiwan Adventist Hospital to see the topiary masterpieces of gardener Lin Ching-Tai. In 1958, Lin quit rice farming and took a job working in the hospital gardens. One day, two nurses asked him to cut down a large bougainvillea bush beside their apartment so that they could install a clothesline. He leveled the offending bush, but within a few months the nurses again asked Lin to deal with the large flourishing shrub. He cut it down again, but in a short time it reappeared. "This time I felt sorry for it. It tried so hard to live," Lin says. "So I decided to trim it to a manageable size and keep it under control."

Thus began Lin's imaginative project, the creation of a botanical "zoo." A procession of animals—a giraffe, a snake with a tiny twig tongue, a couple of dogs, and a variety of other creatures—soon lined the driveway at the entrance to the old hospital garden. Then Lin created Bible stories: Jesus, as a shepherd, tended His flock

while a lion dozed nearby. Along the brick wall, Lin sculpted a sequence of scenes reflecting aspects of the plan of salvation: creation, the flood, Abraham and Isaac, Jonah and the whale, baby Jesus, and the crucifixion. Then, whenever passersby questioned, "What is it?" Lin delighted in stopping to tell them the gospel story.



Top to bottom, left to right:

Lin Ching Tai of Taiwan Adventist Hospital, Taiwan.

Leafy "people" also populate the garden, like these agile peasants pounding rice in front of the hospital.

Over the years Lin's topiary work has been featured in gardening and travel magazines. Although he has received invitations to work for various foreign governments (including the United States), he has never been tempted. "I don't listen." He puts his fingers in his ears. "The Taiwan Adventist Hospital is where I belong, and all my family is here."

Another water buffalo grazes with a "bushey boy," playing a flute, on his back.

An elegant peacock fans its tail in front of the old buildings on the compound. It takes Lin three to five years to shape the bougainvillea bushes into full-grown "animals."

Lin's topiary skills have made Taiwan Adventist Hospital a showplace where city tourist buses stop. Loving his animals to life, he throws his arms around the prickly neck of a bougainvillea water buffalo, "drinking" out of a trash container. "These are my friends, you know."

Opposite Page: When the new ten-story hospital was built, the old Bible Story wall had to come down. As many animals as could survive were moved to the new garden.



Hospital Gardens

Sydney Adventist Hospital

The first ancestors of Sydney Adventist Hospital were the hydropathic work of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Semmens (Australians who had been trained in hydrotherapy at Battle Creek Sanitarium). In 1896, they rented a seven-room cottage in Ashfield, Sydney, for their practice. Over the next three years their escalating operation went on in Gower Street, Summer Hill. In 1898, a three-year nursing course was offered jointly by Avondale College and what had become the Sydney Medical and Surgical Sanitarium. Ellen White urged a new site for the sanitarium, however, because Summer Hill, she said, “does not properly represent the grand and ennobling work we have to do for the Master.” The evolution of the “Old San” into Sydney Adventist Hospital is a story of striking contrasts between “then and now.”



Opposite Page, Above: In 1898 eighty-five acres of prime bushland were purchased for £2,200. In 1903, the Seventh-day Adventists opened a 70-bed sanitarium, with Dr. D. H. Kress as medical director. Forty years later, the spacious hospital grounds were still little more than functional.

Opposite Page, Below Left and Right: The historic sanitarium itself eventually had

to give way to the modern hospital, of course. Still, many old-timers can remember when, fifty years ago, the quaint old "San" tower "floated" quaintly over trees set out on Spartan lawns. The new brick annex (1942), fronted by the orchard in bloom.

Above: The small staff of "The San" (1942) came under the direction of Dr. Charles Harrison (of Loma Linda, California) in

1926. He served as medical director for thirty-one years.

Middle and Below: Today shrubs and artfully designed flower beds provide the foreground to Sydney Adventist Hospital. . . . and park benches invite patients and staff alike to linger in the gardens.

Inset: Volunteers still maintain a "sanitarium" vegetable garden, providing some of the fruit and vegetables for the hospital kitchens.

Right Above: Still retaining remnants of the original bushland, the modern ten-story hospital (1973) with its strong School of Nursing, has become a showplace on what is now Sydney's exclusive North Shore.

Right Below: A conservative estimate sets the property's value at 400 million dollars. SAH is now the largest private hospital in New South Wales, Australia's most heavily populated state.



College Gardens

Atlantic Union College & Institut Adventiste Du Salève

Adventist college campuses demonstrate our innate urge to combine the material and the aesthetic, the practical and the sensory...

Atlantic Union College

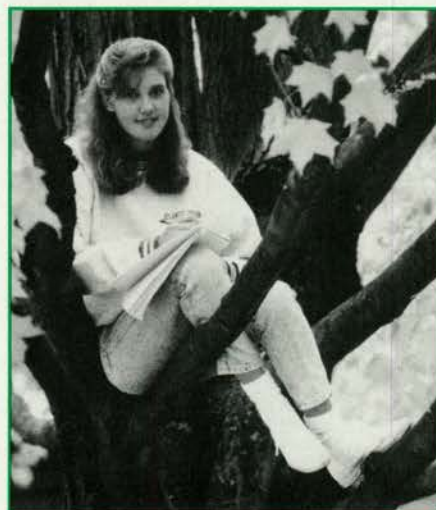
No college anywhere enjoys more of the contrasting gifts of the seasons than does Atlantic Union College in Massachusetts.



Above: The extravaganza of autumn in New England may be viewed from the vantage point of a window in historic Thayer Conservatory...

Left: ...or you may put your self right into the middle of the riot of fall colors.

Right: Then, after the interlude of winter, spring gardens burst forth to ensnare students walking from one class to the next.



Institut Adventiste Du Salève

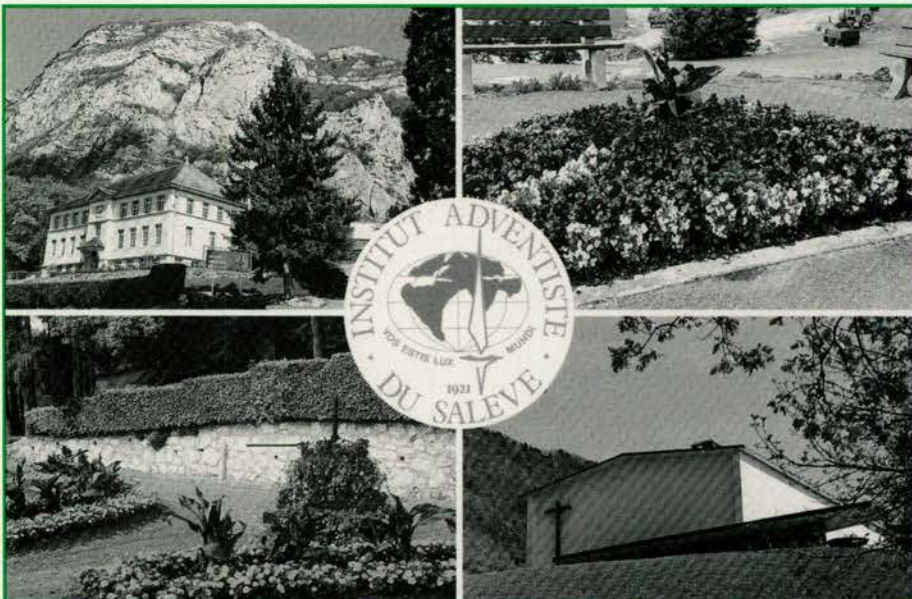


Above and Middle: The summer green lawns and the rainbow-hued gardens of the campus of the Institut Adventiste du Salève. They contrast with the bold, bald stone face of the mountain towering over the valley and looking toward Lake Geneva.

Below Left: The sparseness of modern architecture can always be softened by even a slim margin of flowers.

Above Right: A solemn row of park benches at the Institut contemplates a scarlet circle of blossoms, inviting too-busy people to stop and enjoy.

Below Right: A really reckless, extravagant splash of flower-color can actually lighten the hearts and speed the feet of students dashing across the campus between classes.



The Sanitarium Gardens Christchurch, New Zealand

A food factory set in gardens which have been winning prizes for the past fifty years? Does it sound unlikely? Perhaps, but that is exactly what you'll find if you visit the Sanitarium Healthfood Company factory in Christchurch, New Zealand. No other factory in the vast, multi-million dollar Seventh-day Adventist healthfood system, can match this one.

In the annual competitions, the gardens are judged for design harmony and arrangement, flowers (annuals and perennials), trees and shrubs, lawns, and cultivation and maintenance. The Healthfood Company gardens consistently score well, and frequently take the top prize. This is a major achievement in Christchurch, "The Garden City of New Zealand."

Founded by English settlers in 1850, Christchurch has always retained its English style. The temperate climate enabled the immigrants to satisfy their innate love of garden settings, both around their homes and in public parks.

In February, 1991, Mr. Glynn Litster, historian of the Sanitarium Health Food Company, examined the trophies, cups and certificates in the Christchurch factory and counted forty-three awards given since 1972. The Sanitarium has taken the "A-1 Challenge Trophy" in the T. J. Edmunds Factory Gardens Competition every year since 1931. In 1992, the Sanitarium gardens took the three A-grade awards in their category.



Opposite Page, Above: In 1905 the Christchurch Sanitarium shared the Papanui property with the food factory.



Opposite Page, Below: The first Sanitarium Health Food Company Factory in New Zealand was a small wooden shed built in Papanui in 1901. It did not, of course, give any promise of what was to come. Edward Halsey arrived from Australia, having established the first health food bakery in Melbourne in 1898, and another in Cooranbong in 1899. An ex-baker from Battle Creek, Michigan, he commenced the health food business in New Zealand in January, 1901.

Above: The old starch tank used in the

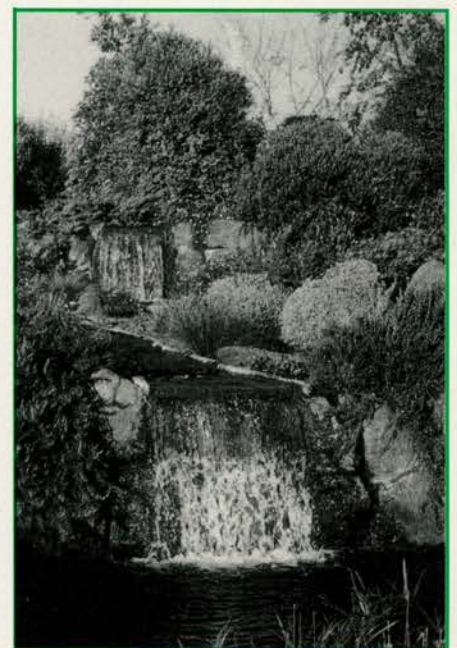


manufacture of gluten was surrounded by unsightly mounds of waste starch. Since its removal was problematic, the tank was converted into a fishpond in 1934.

Middle: In 1935 Christchurch had its once-in-a-decade snowfall. With a rustic bridge over the stream, the whitened flower beds in the foreground, and the Methodist church in the distance, the Papanui Gardens took on a picturesque winter dress.

Below Left: In 1931, Plant Manager Andrew Dawson decided that the factory property needed tidying up, rusty machinery, weeds and willow trees-gone-wild having taken over the land. He and H. J. Halliday, the New Zealand Manager for the Sanitarium Company, envisioned a garden setting to improve the staff's working environment and to present a more attractive image in the city. They planned better than they knew at the time. Edgar Taylor, a leading garden designer in Christchurch, laid out the first garden plots and planted trees and shrubs—many of which are still major attractions today.

Below Right: Planted with water lilies and surrounded by a dwarf hedge, this pond eventually led to further landscaping adventures, such as the building of a rock garden and a waterfall.



Clockwise:

Dressed in green uniforms with cream trim, four factory girls of the 1930's posed on the bridge over "Granose Creek." (The creek had been created out of the old storm drain for waste water.) Over the years, couples found the rustic bridge over the meandering stream, the rocky waterfall, and the fishpond with the fountain picturesque backdrops for their wedding photographs.

Today the original plan of the Sanitarium

gardens is mapped out in flowers in front of the factory.

Stone paths link one pool with another.

Five of seven Sanitarium gardeners posed for a group picture in 1988. Seated L-R: Frank Slade, Vera Livingstone, and Bert Powis. Standing, L-R: Gordon Livingstone, and Ian Godfrey (the present gardener). Mr. Godfrey's report for the gardens outlines month-by-month procedures for the care of the gardens.

Opposite Page, Above: Not only are plantings color coordinated, but flowers are ranked by height to create lovely artistic arrangements. The Sanitarium Company in Christchurch has always subscribed to Francis Bacon's belief that "a garden is the greatest refreshment for the spirits of man."

Opposite Page, Below: Scenes like this tasteful blend of lawn, flowers and trees are photographed by thousands of sightseers, and tourist-bus schedules include the garden, year-round.



Other Acknowledgments

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

The Photo Essays come from a variety of places, world-wide. We are grateful to the following persons and institutions for contributing photographs and information to make this garden-theme issue possible.

Prayer Gardens:

1. Southern College, Tennessee (Doris Stickle-Burdick, Director, Publications and Media Relations, Southern College, Collegedale, Tennessee. Photo credits, Mark de Fluiter.)
2. The Garden Chapel, British Columbia, Canada. (Hazel Serack, wife of the late Walter Serack, Sumas, Washington. Photo credits, Dorothy Minchin-Comm.)
3. Avondale Memorial Church, NSW, Australia (Photo credits: Harry Osmond, Cooranbong, NSW, Australia)



Hospital Gardens:

1. St. Helena Hospital (Pat Benton, Manager, Communications, St. Helena Hospital, Deer Park, California.)
2. Sydney Sanitarium (Neroli Zaska, Director of Public Relations, Sydney Adventist Hospital, Wahroonga, NSW, Australia. Other photo credits (1942), Gerald H. Minchin.)
3. Taiwan Adventist Hospital (Pictures from The Far Eastern Division of S.D.A., Singapore; John Koh-shun Lee, President of Adventist Health Services Asia; Madeline Johnston.)

Other Institutions:

1. Institut Adventiste du Salève, Collonges-sous-Salève, France (Jean-Luc Lezeau, Business Manager. Other photo credits: Alfred H. F. Lui, M.D., Montebello, CA)
2. Atlantic Union College, Massachusetts (Jocelyn Fay, Public Relations Director, Atlantic Union College, MA. Photo credits, David Perry.)
3. The Sanitarium Gardens, Christchurch, New Zealand (Cameron Myers, retired manager of the Sanitarium Healthfood Factories, Auckland, NZ; Peter J. Roberts, Manager, Christchurch Factory; and Glynn Litster, Sanitarium Company Historian, Morriset, NSW, Australia)
5. (Heirloom) The Palm Garden at Battle Creek Sanitarium (Materials and photographs supplied by Lila Jo Peck, Bill Peck, Duff Stoltz, and Mary Butler.)

My Father, The Garden, and The Soybeans: A Son Remembers

By Samuel M. Chen

The small village of Nan Xiang is thirty *li* (about ten miles) from Shanghai, China—a half-hour by train. There my father, Philip S. Chen, was born in 1903. The two main streets ran perpendicular to each other and everyone knew everyone else. There were few doctors and no hospital. Buddhism prevailed.

A twenty-bed, two-story inn, established by my great-grandfather in the mid-19th century, was a viable, if not overly-successful, venture. Well-water (hand-carried) and kerosene lamps were the most

modern amenities to be had at the hostelry. Here Philip was born, followed six years later by a baby sister, Esther.

Hard times came three years after Esther's birth. Their father died of unknown causes; three years later their mother died, also of unknown causes. Subsequently the grandmother also died, and the aunt who had helped with the children married and moved away. Philip and Esther had no one left but their grandfather—a man who occasionally got into trouble with the police for

smuggling opium.

Nonetheless, life was not entirely unhappy. The children played hopscotch and kickball on the street, skipped rope, and played with their cat and pet rabbits. In summer-time they created their own model airplanes for entertainment. By putting gum on the end of a bamboo pole, they could pluck a cicada out of a tree. Then they would tie a string around it and watch it fly. Chinese New Year was always the highlight of the year, with fifteen full days of festivities. New clothes, special food delicacies, and the staccato sound of firecrackers filled the wonderfully happy time. Moreover, the adults gave money to the children, to be savored and then spent when the shops re-opened after the holiday.



Left: Dr. Philip Chen with his youngest son, Sammy, in 1944, a "portrait of the author as a very young man."

Right: Philip Chen left Shanghai for the United States as an ambitious young intellectual in 1925.

Young Philip attended the local primary school, named Xue Qing (meaning “diligent”). There he proved himself to be, indeed, diligent, excelling in all his studies. When he left school, Grandfather Chen sent him to Shanghai to apprentice at a grocery store. Two years later he ran away, returning home to announce to his grandfather, “But I don’t want to be just a businessman.”

Near the family inn was a Seventh-day Adventist church where Philip had friends. Being left much to his own devices, he decided early to become a Seventh-day Adventist. Recognizing the boy’s potential, his church friends encouraged him to study at the Shanghai Seventh-day Adventist High School. To support himself there, he worked part-time in the Adventist Publishing House and learned printing. More importantly, he met two American missionaries, Denton Rebok and Ezra Longway.

Under their tutelage, he developed his tripartite plan for success: (1) Do everything according to God’s will; (2) strive with all my might to reach my goal; and, (3) always remember the importance of education. While at Shanghai Seventh-day Adventist High School, Philip also became friends with Moses Swen, a senior who had his mind set on going to America to attend Emmanuel Missionary College (now Andrews University) in Michigan. (Neither of them could know then, of course, that they would become brothers-in-law when, in the mid-1930’s, Moses would marry Philip’s sister, Esther.)

Philip Chen’s academic goals progressed from finishing the normal course in Shanghai to the earning of a BS degree in chemistry at EMC. Receiving the Tsinghua Scholarship for his good grades enabled him to survive financially.¹ Next he went to Michigan State College (now Michigan State University) to take a Ph.D. in organic chemistry. Doctoral studies, however, did not blind him to the attractions of his new classmate, the vivacious Helen Feng. A bright young teacher, she soon became the toast of the campus. Her many suitors vied with one another to take her to the theater, to restaurants, or to dances. Philip, however, was the only one to offer her the option of church.

One Saturday night Helen asked him, “Will you be attending church tomorrow, Philip?”

“No, I’ve already been today. I’m a Seventh-day Adventist,” he replied, hoping that her curiosity would be piqued. “Would you like to attend with me sometime soon?”

Ever the dutiful daughter, Helen wrote home to her parents in Peking (now Beijing). She indicated that there were a number of young men interested in her and that they offered her theater and dancing while Philip had invited her to church. Suspicious of these Western freedoms, her conservative Methodist parents advised: “Go with the one who wants to take you to church, and tell the others that you are too busy with your studies.”

In August, 1931, eight months after they met, Philip and Helen married. Two years later, in 1933, he became Professor of Chemistry at Madison College, a self-supporting institution in Tennessee. He was also given the management of the Soybean Food Research Laboratory. Father was a “natural” for this job, because in China the soybean has been a



Above: Helen Y. C. Feng in October, 1930. She was the first female Chinese student to attend Michigan State University.

Middle: Helen and Phillip met and courted on the campus of Michigan State University in 1931.

Below: To the end of his life, the love of learning and scientific experiment filled Philip Chen’s mind.



diet staple for centuries. Steeped in the science of chemistry as he was, my father now threw himself into the perfection of soy milk, *tofu* (soy cheese), and the flavorful seasoning of soy sauce—all a “new look” in nutrition and food chemistry in the United States.

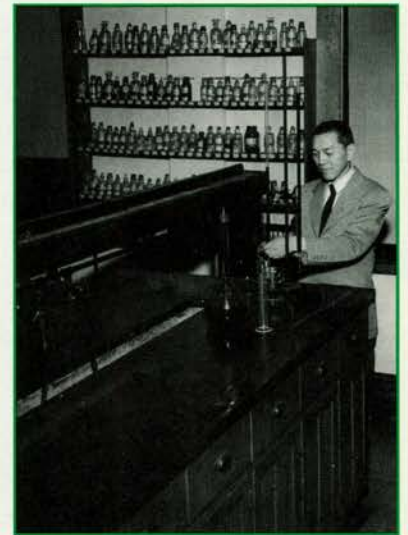
The “dirty thirties” meant hard times financially, with students and faculty alike making ten cents an hour. My mother shared my father’s passion for good nutrition. Even though the first of her six babies had already been born, she went to work making salads in the cafeteria. “But why,” I once asked her, “did you engage a baby-sitter at ten cents an hour when that’s all you made yourself in the food service?”

“Because,” she replied with her usual directness, “the baby-sitter didn’t know how to make good salads.”

In 1938 the Chen family moved to South Lancaster, Massachusetts. There my father was to spend the rest of his professional

life as Professor of Chemistry at Atlantic Union College. He would write many articles and books on a great variety of topics including soybeans, chemistry, heart disease, longevity, vegetarianism, and religion.²

After four years of house-renting, the Chens were able to buy a house behind the college powerhouse on Maple Street, South Lancaster. The half-acre of land they now had proved to be highly



productive. Six growing children meant many mouths to feed, and the garden provided the family's mainstay.

As soon as the ground dried out after the snow-thaw in spring, Father ordered in the school plow to work the land. Later he constructed a makeshift tractor from an old discarded gasoline engine. Eventually, when family funds had improved, he bought a commercial tractor. After the machine work of harrowing and disking was complete, he recruited all of his children. We picked up stones and weeds and broke up dirt clods. Then came the planting and fertilizing, primarily with natural fertilizer from our compost heap. We lugged water in buckets when we could not use a hose. Weeding involved hoeing, raking, and not a little groveling about on one's knees. To ensure that we planted in straight rows, Father set out wood stakes with string. He was orderly in all things, and the garden was no exception.

Consequently, we children inherited a fine legacy, born in the garden. Some of life's simple pleasures included wriggling bare toes in the warm earth and sinking teeth into a plump, juicy tomato, fresh off the vine. But there were also times when, with sweat dripping down my face, I'd look up at the hot sun after a particularly arduous session of weeding and wonder why Adam chose to eat the fruit Eve gave him.

If variety is the spice of life, however, our garden was indeed zesty—a veritable super-mar-

ket of its own. A lover of color, beauty, and design, my father reserved the front four or five rows of the garden for flowers: zinnias, nasturtiums, bachelor buttons, roses, dahlias, cosmos, and, on occasion, sunflowers (which sometimes grew to twice our height). After the flowers came the all-important soybeans. Then the other vegetables: corn, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, cucumbers, squash, radishes, potatoes (no, we didn't eat just rice), green beans, peppers, turnips, beets, eggplant. Occasionally we experimented with gourds and popcorn. Farthest from the house were the fruits: strawberries, raspberries, wild blackberries and all kinds of melons. A white grape arbor stood by the garage, near the U-shaped brick fireplace where we canned.

This great Chen garden spanned the years of childhood for all the siblings. My eldest brother

Opposite Page, Left: In the early 1940's Dr. Chen compiled an innovative wall chart of the Chemical Elements. He marketed it (mounted on muslin) to schools and public libraries and shipped it in cardboard tubes, to mail-order clients.

Opposite Page, Left: What his early laboratories may have lacked in sophistication, Philip Chen compensated for with ingenuity and effort.

Opposite Page, Below: A family portrait at Atlantic Union College, Massachusetts, in 1950. Standing L-R: George, Helen, Philip Jr., John. Seated L-R: Sam (with puppy), Mrs. Helen Chen, Dr. Chen, Ruth.

Below Left: Philip Chen was a much sought-after amateur magician. He loved to regale his audiences (particularly children) with all kinds of tricks...

Center: ...from rabbits in a hat to mysterious performances with chemicals.

Right: Fascinated by his father's magic arts, young Sam Chen, also learned how to get rabbits in and out of the hat.





Helen Feng Chen was a capable and loving partner to Philip Chen. Her part in rearing the six children earned her the honor of being chosen "Massachusetts Mother of the Year" for 1964. The news media were fascinated that in New England this award was going to a China-born woman.

Philip, Jr. recalls pulling a wagon around town trying to sell tomatoes for a dollar a bushel. Typically, we seeded 500 tomato plants a year. In better times, what produce we couldn't use (after canning and, later, freezing) we simply gave to the neighbors.

What set our garden apart, however, were the soybeans—no one else grew them. After the seeds were mixed with a nitrogen compound, we planted three to six rows of them, about five inches apart. The plants grew about three feet high, and allowed us children to slither along at ground level, undetected by our parents. We worked very hard on the soybeans, harvesting the pods when they were full but not overripe. Thus the beans

were tender, but still chewy enough to meet our Chinese standards of minimal cooking. The pods were right when the bean could be popped out by gently squeezing it between two fingers. We ate the beans fresh, canned or frozen. Mother's favorite recipe called for drowning them in a thick mushroom soup gravy. Tomato sauce was an alternative, but it ran a distant second. (Interestingly enough, salted cooked soybeans in the pod are currently in vogue as an appetizer in some *sushi* bars.)

My father made *tofu* by grinding dried soybeans which had been rehydrated overnight and then straining the milk through cheesecloth. Next he boiled the milk, precipitating the protein with calcium chloride or magnesium sulfate. On occasion, he'd cook the leftover pulp, seasoned with onions, and serve it to us.

My father firmly believed in the value of the soybean at a time when it was deemed by most to be more fit for animal than for human consumption. He attributed the healthy diet of China, the most populous nation on earth, to one vegetable—the lowly soybean. In some demand as an expert on soybeans, he spent a great deal of time and effort producing slides and other illustrative mate-

rial for his lectures. Some of these became the basis for his widely acclaimed book, *Soybeans for Health, Longevity and Economy* (1956).

Although once somewhat revolutionary and unpopular, his views have acquired credibility from the recent findings of medical science.³ Dr. Stephen Barnes, of the University of Alabama, recently initiated an exploratory research project on the possibility that soy compounds can halt the growth of breast cancer cells. Having learned that the breast cancer rate among Asian women is five times lower than among American women, he surmised that there was something significant to be discovered about the Oriental diet. Consequently the National Cancer Institute is funding further studies into the role of soy in cancer prevention.⁴ Moreover, bodybuilders have recognized for some time that soy is a great source of high-fiber protein without fat or cholesterol.

Following in our father's footsteps, my eldest sister, Helen Chung, majored in nutrition in college and went on to a masters degree at Cornell University. There she had the eminent nutritionist, Dr. Clive McCay, as one of her mentors. Father took the opportunity to send the professor copies of his soybean book and also his heart disease book, *Heart Disease—Cause, Prevention, and Recovery*. Impressed by Ellen White's prescient counsels quoted in the latter book, Dr. McCay requested further information. He quickly received copies of *Counsels on Diet and Foods* and *Ministry of Healing*, and promptly began lecturing

In 1976 Dr. Philip Chen had the opportunity to present his book, *A New Look at God*, to Dr. Paul Dudley White.



Treefall

One winter day he felt it:
an ache (a hurt from wrongs of long ago?)
deep within the substance of his pulp.

How long it'd been there
he couldn't say.
A day, a week, or maybe longer
Who knows when termites in the quiet night
begin to gnaw?

Within himself he sensed
a mad, misguided missionary
converting good to evil,
yielding fetid fruit.
If only he could reach inside and pluck it,
tall again, he'd stand,
leaves green once more.

But when they had him split as for a sacrifice,
they found the founding of their fears.
They had to close him up
to face the worst of nature on its terms.

So he went home,
knowing that the thing inside him
would not rest till it had sapped him dry;
only then would it, like him,
cease its labor.

The anorexia and the inability to eat
the pain that bored and bored,
and wouldn't remit, the weakness
and the loss of will (this most of all) to live
to fight the fight of one who knows he's going to lose
(how do you make a fight like that look good?)—
we saw him suffer these and so so much more
yet were as helpless, though less hopeless.

Through all of this
the one who suffered most next to him
was the one who shared his ground.
She shed the tears he could not shed
(but how he cried inside)
and smiled if he was able to keep down a meal, or two.
Always by his side,
what little energy she had flowed ever to him,
a flickering light in his darkness.

We watched him wither,
leaves drop one by one, at first,
then in clusters, even faster,
and when, roots rotted by the blight,
the trunk toppled and lay still in final rest,
we, branches of that tree,
all died a little.

Philip Chen died of pancreatic cancer on July 29, 1978. Shortly thereafter, his youngest son, Samuel M. Chen, M.D., wrote this poem (first published in the Loma Linda University Alumni Journal, May-June, 1984). As a doctor he images vividly the cancer death and as a son he pays a touching tribute to both of his parents. While the poem is his own, Samuel Chen (being the youngest in the family) relied on the help of his siblings in his reconstruction of his parents' careers for this biographical sketch.

Philip (1903-1978) and Helen (1902-) Chen shared many things together in their forty-seven years of marriage. Here they hold the beautiful wedding certificate given them by the Chinese Consul General who married them in Chicago in 1931. Together in retirement, the Chens recall a lifetime of achievement for themselves and their children (all of whom have entered professional life) and reminisce over Helen's book, *How to be a Mother of the Year* (1965). Her recipe was very simple: work, love, pray and (above all) praise God!



about Mrs. White at his Unitarian church. Ultimately Dr. McCay wrote three articles validating Ellen White's counsels on health. Editor F. D. Nichol published these in the *Review & Herald*.⁵ It gave my father enormous satisfaction when Dr. McCay said, shortly before his death, "Knowing what I know now, if I had life to live over again, I would live it as a Seventh-day Adventist."

In the early 1970's my parents retired and moved to Southern California. The home they found in Camarillo was ideal for two people who dearly loved to garden. Father took up grafting and at one time had a tree which bore twelve different kinds of fruit. The local newspaper featured what he called his own "tree of life."

In retrospect one wonders how to recount adequately the life of Philip Chen, this extraordinary, multifaceted man.⁶ As a teacher he was a superb scholar and a caring friend. As a husband and father, he practiced kindness and modeled utter honesty in all things. As a photographer, he created his own darkroom. And his skills in nutrition and food chemistry not only rendered him an academic expert but also a gourmet cook of Oriental dishes.

Sources

¹The Tsinghua Scholarship was established by the U. S. government from the indemnity money paid by the Chinese government to the United States for damages suffered during the Boxer Rebellion of 1911.

²The following is a partial bibliography of the research of Dr. Philip Chen:

1. "Chemical Elements



Wall Chart" (1930's). A "first," this chart was eventually published in the *Information Please Almanac*.

2. *Syntans and Newer Methods of Tanning* was used as a textbook by the Pratt Institute in New Jersey.

3. *Abstracts for the Leather Industry*. These numerous abstracts came about from his research at the Graton & Knight Technical School in Worcester, Massachusetts.

4. *Soybeans for Health, Longevity and Economy* (c1956, 1962)

5. *Heart Disease: Cause, Prevention and Recovery*

6. *A New Look at God* (c1962)

7. *Chemistry: Inorganic, Organic and Biological* (Barnes & Noble College Outline Series, c1968)

8. *Mineral Balance in Eating for Health* (c1969)

9. *Handbook of Chemistry for High School Students* (c1972)

10. *Entertaining and Educational Chemical Demonstrations* (c1974)

11. *A New Handbook for Chemistry* (c1975)

12. *The Joy of Being a Vegetarian* (c1977)

13. *A Practical Guide to Longevity* (c1978)

³See the lead column, "Soy Protein May Prevent Cancer," *The Healthy Appetite* (Worthington Foods)

⁴*Biochemical and Biophysical Research Communications Journal* (September, 1991). It has been found that the phytoestrogens or isoflavones in the Oriental diet can stop cancer cell growth in a culture of human breast tumor cells. The transfer of this study to human subjects has not yet occurred. Dr. Mark Messina, of the National Cancer Institute has published an article for the American Dietetic Association, however, which points out that other cancers (prostate, colon and rectum) occur less frequently among Asians than Americans.

⁵See Clive M. McCay, "A Nutritional Authority Discusses Mrs. E. G. White," *Review* (February 12, 19, 16, 1959, reprinted January 8, 15, 1981). The articles were later reprinted in brochure form.

⁶Philip Chen was very proud of the letter his daughter Helen received from Dr. McCay, written from Ithaca, NY, December 18, 1958: "Dear Helen: You added to my interest in the Adventist program, and your father helped me by lending me books about Ellen G. White. Cornell libraries are very poor in this respect. If I were to start life again I would like to be an Adventist. I believe their philosophy has the best solution of the problems of living amidst the strains of the American culture. I have made a slight beginning of discovering the wisdom of Mrs. White. . . . (signed) Clive McCay." (Cited in Roger W. Coon, "A Scientist Looks at Ellen G. White," in *A Gift of Light*. Hagerstown, MD: Review & Herald Pub. Assn., 1983, p. 51.)

RENDEZVOUS

The Orchid Connection

By Olivine Bohner

I grew up in Canada where the main houseplants were geraniums, or maybe fuchsias—if you were lucky. In winter my Aunt Annie used to put all her plants in a southwest window, where we could revel in their pink and red blooms while, just a few inches beyond the glass, the icicles glistened. I'd barely heard of orchids. To me they were rare and fragile, and I was quite grown before I saw my first one in a florist's window.

Later, living in tropical Guam, I became an orchid watcher. Fascinating creatures, orchids! A mystery hangs about them. They're not what they seem. You look at an orchid that isn't blooming—let's say a dendrobium—and it looks as though it's embarrassed, like the new kid in the school yard whose clothes don't fit. Its gray limbs are gawky. Some plants have stiff leaves and some are just leafless stalks sticking out at strange angles. Some plants look spastic or as if they're in pain. It almost makes you want to avert your eyes.

Any decent gardener would want to help, to put it out of its misery, or at least give it a pain pill. But it's hard even to stand it up sometimes. One branch may take off and grow to a rangy three feet while the other stalks just bunch together and watch it. After that it's overbalanced so that every

little breeze knocks it down. I finally hung my largest dendrobium on a big spike on the wall and tied up its arms so it wouldn't injure itself. It looked decidedly schizophrenic to me.

Being, as I said, a northern person who'd never been intimate with orchids, I could only wonder. I kept remembering the nice symmetrical plants I'd known—spruces and elms and tulips. Ah, tulips—now those flowers know what they're about. But orchids, well it did seem as though God had lost His blueprint. The whole project was clearly out of control.

Then one day I noticed a quiet little shoot come sneaking out of one of those dead-looking limbs. At first it looked bumpy; then the bumps swelled into bundles, and the bundles began to have shape, like a butterfly's chrysalis or maybe even a spaceship. Was this God's idea of a joke? (Well, it wouldn't be the first time.)

After that I was away for a few days, and lo, when I went out one morning there it was—a perfect white blossom as fresh as a Christmas angel. It smelled like grapes and had some fuzz around its throat as though it had considered being a bird and then thought better of it. I was glad it had become an orchid.

And somewhere in the background I could sense God standing there grinning and saying, "See. You can trust Me."



• H • E • I • R • L • O • O • M •

The Palm Garden at Battle Creek Sanitarium

As early as 1903, Dr. Kellogg had conceived of the idea of building a "Temple of Health" at Battle Creek Sanitarium. Due to the accent on diet, the consumption of vegetables at the Sanitarium had become phenomenal. Four brick greenhouses (each 134' x 34') were ready for use in the same year, for raising winter vegetables in the manner of Luther Burbank. In mid summer, the *Daily Journal* of July 7, 1913, described a Burbank garden in a 150-square-foot plot of land. The Palm Garden, however, was the *piece de resistance*. A fragment of exotica, it added to the fame of the Sanitarium for two generations. Finally, in 1941, a sad little news item appeared in a Battle Creek newspaper. The Percy Jones General

Hospital which had taken over Battle Creek Sanitarium had seen fit to remove the Palm Garden. With that an era departed and with it, indeed, the essence of the old "San" itself.

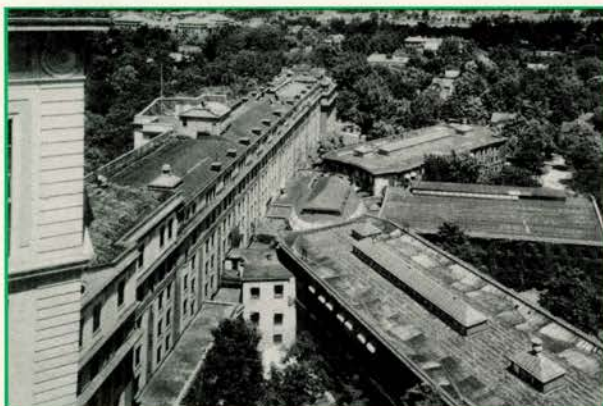


THE PALM GARDEN is a constant source of delight to patients and guests. This great enclosed glass dome, filled with tropical growths of various sorts, is located in the center of a wing, of which the main building is the church, while the rest is occupied by a corridor which connects the main building with the men's bath building on one side, and the women's bath building on the other, and the great Gymnasium beyond the gate. A corridor leads from the main lobby through the Palm Garden to the Gymnasium.

Here, under the spreading palms and towering banana trees, the guests sit or walk, filling their lungs with the fragrant air, and listening to the gurgling waterfall, of which glimpses can be seen through the dense tropical jungle of ferns and vines, they watch the golden openings in the discolored granite which sparkle under bright, the forest, projecting beams of sunlight and cast long shadows. Home-grown bananas have reached their maturity in the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The Palm Garden is separated from the great porch and lobby by a glass partition only, and its growth and abundant tropical atmosphere makes it a favorite place of resort.

The sight of great bunches of bananas, ripening on long stems, towering more than twenty feet in height, suggests the tropical jungles of Florida in the midst of the extended health-winning, pure tonic air of Michigan.



Palm Garden, Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich.



THE COLD PURE AIR which enters the body is spread out over a surface of two thousand square feet of membrane in the ramifying air cells and passages of the lung.

Under the microscope, thinner than the most delicate gauze, all the blood of the body passes every two or three minutes to be cleansed by this crisp, pure, prismatic air.

Eighteen times a minute the lung bath is repeated. In an hour, sixty times as many, or more than a thousand cold-air baths, which, stimulating and healing, encourage the sick body to right itself.

It is this most internal lung and blood bath, combined with all known dietic and other rational therapeutic aids, that makes the Battle Creek Sanitarium an ideal winter resort for the invalid and for those seeking better health.

Opposite Page, Left Above and Below: The plan for Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's three-pronged "Palace of Good Health" at Battle Creek Sanitarium called for a Palm Garden at its heart. Inside, guests sat congenially under the glass dome, amid palms and potted plants, in the semi-circular "apse" at the back of the Sanitarium building.

Opposite Page, Right Above: The sight of great bunches of yellow fruit ripening on the twenty-foot banana trees, made the publicity writers euphoric. The "tropic delights of Florida," they cried, are available in "the midst of the splendid health-winning, pure tonic air of Michigan." (All of this was a curious contrast to the other advertised winter activities of the Sanitarium—sleigh rides, outdoor walking parties, and such.)

Opposite Page, Right Middle and Below: As time went on, this "greenhouse-lounge" acquired more and more vegetation, making the Garden an even more secluded nook—one which harbored, on occasion, world famous men and women. Patients, even those in wheelchairs, could enjoy a mid-winter summer vacation without ever leaving the Sanitarium building.



Left Above: Thus, home-grown bananas in Michigan ceased to be a novelty. As usual, Battle Creek Sanitarium lived on the "cutting edge," and the Palm Garden was, to be sure, one of Dr. Kellogg's more fascinating and unique adventures.

Left Below: About 1921, Professor Mahlon Searns, head of the Music Department of Battle Creek Academy, staged the cantata, "Queen Esther" in the Sanitarium gymnasium. Photographs of the student-performers were taken in the nearby Palm Garden, which stood between the main lobby and the Gymnasium. From time to time, student nurses chose the Palm Garden as a place to pose for class pictures.

Right Below: The Palm Garden became a major attraction in advertising the Sanitarium as a "Mecca" for health-seekers. It also attracted many naturalists, eager to follow the path of Burbank. He sent the institution many choice plants—special gladiolus bulbs which had never yet been put on the market (valued at \$50.00 a dozen), rainbow-striped corn, giant zinnias, California poppies, wisteria, trailing morning glories and sweet peas, and more.



*The Fruits
of the Earth*

