

## A Letter to the Maplewood Pioneers

6311 Blanchard Canyon Road,  
Tujunga, California,  
August 7, 1945

Dear Maplewood Pioneers:

It is just too bad we don't have a jet plane to enable us to be with you. How we would like to be there!

It seems a long time since we were all together at good old Maplewood. Time seems to have flown on wings and the young folk of yesteryear are now gray. Forty years make a difference. The faculty members,—Miss Hopkins, Professor Sheldon and ourselves are all old folk now.

We have been looking at the pictures we took of faculty and students when Mr. Bernstein was first president and I was first music teacher. Albert Goude, who left such kind pleasant memories behind him, was the first student; Miss Rosenthal stands out as genial matron, and the best cook an academy ever had. Miss Hopkins knew all about every one and was always on hand to help, and everlastingly busy. Professor Sheldon and O. O. B. were great hockey opponents, but a good pulling team at work.

In the second-year picture appears happy, friendly Wavy De Vee Tubbs, always willing and cooperative and a real asset to the overworked faculty. Elder Charles Emerson, Ralph Campbell and Elder S. E. Jackson were farm superintendents and how we loved all three!

But back to the students' pictures—There is tall, slender Johnson with a voice that seemed to roll out of the bowels of the earth! Don't you hear him and the rest of the quartette singing, "I cough and I sneeze with the greatest of ease, for I have a very bad cold?"

By the way, on a trip through the Northwest we met him and other Maplewood students.

Just look again at those early pictures and see the doctors, nurses, professors and preachers! Aren't we proud of them!

Several faculty members and a number of students are sleeping in death waiting the call of the returning Master. We wonder how many from Maplewood will meet under the Tree of Life. God grant that none will be missing.

We recall John Syphers who attempted to throw the president one snowy day but lost the bout. Hurray for the faculty!

Turn a leaf in the album and here are "The Big Four," Lottie Ulvic, Nettie Martinson, Grace Walker, and Miss Baade. What a handful of fun and enthusiasm, but just grand girls, every one of them.

Such pictures as "The Berry Patch" and "The Boys Bailing Hay" bring back familiar old scenes lightened by loved faces of long ago.

Now a peep at pictures on memory's walls. See the lovely spring flowers, the grand old maple trees, the lake and the birds, such pretty red birds and squirrels galore—friendly because old Maplewood was built on a spot where nature had been unmolested and the wild things knew no fear. Now it is dark, the wind howls mercilessly and a little brown bird flutters at the window,—Rosa Kozel takes him in where he is safe for the night. Dear Rosa, how did she ever stay single? Recently she moved to St. Helena.

At sort of a family reunion at Ontario, California, about two weeks ago we met Peter and Jeanette Gunderson, Frances Merickel Albee, Laura Merickel Livingstone and we enjoyed reminiscing about Maplewood.

One thing has cheered us not a little, and that has been the visits of Dr. Martinson and family. We have greatly appreciated being remembered by them as they have really put forth an effort to visit us when they came out here.

Occasionally we see Miss Hopkins. She is greatly loved at La Sierra, and Elder Sheldon often calls his old Maplewood president to fill the pulpit in one of the churches he pastors. Occasions that place them together on the platform are happy ones for there is a

tie that binds them that is made up of old struggles, hard work, worries and happy recreation hours, together with lots of determination to start young folk on the road to become workmen for the Saviour; and though the tie may be old it is as strong as though woven but yesterday.

Our latch strong hangs away out to welcome any strolling Maplewood student of those old days when we all pioneered together. "Dunmovin" welcomes you, the early students of one of the best academies of the denomination. God bless Maplewood and all of her sons and daughters. Sincerely as ever,

O. O. AND MYRTLE BERNSTEIN.

P. S. I am still conducting revival work and each Sabbath conduct services in one of our churches in this Southern California Conference. Listen in sometime! o. o. b.

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