HYLANDALE HISTORY

In the spring of 1916 a small group of experienced teachers selected and bought a farm in picturesque La Crosse County, Wisconsin, five miles from the railroad. The farm was in the hills, most of the cultivated part lay on the ridge while the much smaller portion lay in a narrow valley down near the road. Both the house and the barn were built of oak logs and indicated many years of past service. Owing to the illness of its owner, the farm itself was in a somewhat run down condition. Later a house and barn were also purchased on top of the ridge. Here these teachers announced their intentions of starting a school and they named it Hylandale.

There was little room in the log house and nothing about the place looked like a school. A few young people who were acquainted with the teachers knew their purpose and had enough confidence in the enterprise to venture schooling where they well knew work with many inconveniences must constitute a part of their education.

"Hylandale Association" is the legal name of the organization holding about 347 acres in property of the institution. It is incorporated with a solely philanthropic aim, receiving its charter from the state of Wisconsin in 1930. Hylandale Academy occupied the property, carrying on the specified work of the charter. It became a boarding school built and operated by its teachers and students working together. Its goal was to produce the best possible growth mentally, physically, and spiritually. Following is a copy of the article, which was printed in the La Crosse County Atlas of 1972 and submitted by Anita Jones.

HYLANDALE ACADEMY

Hylandale Academy was started as the result of a pioneer dream. In an era when schooling with a practical side was struggling to come into its own, A.W. Hallock had a desire to start a school that would be "built and operated by its teachers and students working together." Accordingly, he and his few associates came to this valley and almost literally started a school with the teacher on one end of the log and the student on the other. Having more grit than capital, they set to work to cut trees for lumber to be used for an administration building and dormitories.

The original charter, dated June 30, 1930 reads: "The undersigned have associated and do hereby associate themselves together ... for the founding of a practical school in the town of Bangor, La Crosse County, for the teaching and training of boys (and girls) in unselfish, unremunerative, missionary labor for the benefit of their fellow men. The institution so to be established shall be non-sectarian and undenominational in so far that any worthy person of good moral character may be accepted as a student or member, but it shall be sectarian and denominational to the extent that the religious doctrine taught shall be that of the Seventh-day Adventist Church."

The charter was signed by: A.W.Hallock; Rosa M. Whalen; Lucy F. Shorey; Percy Hallock; John G. Mundt: and P.E. Sheppler. It was notarized by: Howard Campbell and Mary Jane Evans.

Since its humble beginning, it has acquired some seven buildings and tutors approximately 50 students each year in grades 9-12, as well as giving training along several practical lines.

No solicitation of students is needed as enrollment is kept up by student telling student of the satisfaction gained by the learning of responsibility and usefulness.



The Hallocks

Across the terrain of an unsettled America, a stalwart young frontiersman led several expeditions and served as a guide to those who were heading west to earn their fortunes. This young man had studied the Bible with Evangelists Olds and Dickinson, and learned that the seventh day was the Sabbath and as Friday evening approached he would set up camp and wait for Sunday morning before going forward with his group. This was a little irritating to some who were anxious to be on their way, so some would branch off and continue on with the journey. The interesting thing is that young Norman Hallock would always seem to catch up and often reach the end of the journey before the others. God always seemed to honor his obedience. Norman Hallock had been born in eastern Canada of Pennsylvanian Dutch descent and had come to the United States, making several trips out west, living for a time in Colorado where he did mining before settling with his wife, Amanda, in central Wisconsin. They bought an 80-acre farm and had a family of nine children. Two children died while young but Lula, Bertha, Pearl, Bennie, Mable, Arthur and Nellie grew to adulthood.

Arthur Hallock was a quiet, thoughtful boy, although of a more serious turn of mind than the boys of his age. We know that he did lay on the floor, boy like, with feet up in the air. Perhaps he could think better that way; at any rate we know of one instance, as he lay thus he could hear his schoolteacher sisters upstairs figuring and figuring on some particularly difficult problem in mathematics. After giving them a fair chance with their pencils and paper, he called up the answer. (I

understand he hasn't been as generous with his answers since teaching his own classes.)

Arthur didn't have many close friends but we do remember a few. One he chose was every bit as smart as he and what is more, he looked like him too! So Victor Peerly and he would wiggle around in their seat together, answer questions, and in general give the teachers a hard time to tell them apart.

Arthur was not privileged to attend church school so the social affairs connected with his school life were not always the best for a Christian to attend. On one occasion he asked his mother whether he should attend a certain party and after quite a silence she said, "Well, I can't feel quite right about your going, Arthur". Afterward when asked if he were going he said, "No, not after Ma said what she did". And to this day he would rather be pounding nails than party going.

When he had finished his grammar schooling at Granton, Wisconsin, he entered Battle Creek College and began to prepare for his part in the grand work of spreading the third angel's message.

- - - A young lady enters the picture - - - - -

Mother Hallock was a mother, not only to her own family of seven children but also to any unfortunate child that needed a home. There wasn't an abundance of money but there was an abundance of love. One such "unfortunate child needing a home" was brought home by mother Hallock's two daughters. Nellie and Mable knew she would be welcome in their home. The newcomer, Nellie, whose name Mother Hallock soon changed to Hallie (as she already had a Nellie) had had a singular experience.

Hallie was living in Connecticut. She was seven years old when her mother died and her older sisters took over the household. The family was devote Catholics, attending mass faithfully in beautiful St. Patrick's church with exquisite paintings and expensive decor that was considered by those

who were judges of such matters to be the most beautiful Catholic church in all of New England.



At this time Nellie attended the parochial school in town like all good Catholic students but for some reason known only to the family Nellie was sent for a time to the public school nearby. Here for the first time in her life, she heard her teacher read from the authorized version of the Bible. — A few verses, a Psalm, or perhaps a story on our Saviors life. "How beautiful," she thought and laid it away in her childish mind. But already Nellie had begun to harbor misgivings about her church due to an experience her father had with the priest. Her father had worked hard in his garden after his regular job so he could sell the produce and have some money to buy Christmas presents for his family. After selling the priest celery and waiting for his money several days he asked for it but the priest had other ideas. He decided the money should be considered a gift to the Catholic Church and so he never paid the bill. Nellie (along with the other children) and her father were very unhappy about this.

When Nellie was a few years older and an inveterate reader she found two books on Rome which she read with interest. Thus the stage was set when at the age of twelve a neighbor a few doors down the street engaged her to help with their growing family of children. Dr. Smith and his family were Seventh-day Adventists and the whole family lost no time in acquainting Nellie with the wonderful third angel's message and she accepted it with gladness. Upon announcing to her family her determination to attend the Catholic Church no more there was consternation among the older children. When her sisters saw her lack of interest in the Catholic Church they talked of sending her to a convent. This turn of events frightened her and she confided in the Smiths who decided to help her run away. Accordingly, one night after visiting with her family but of course not telling them her plans, she went alone to the home of Dr. Smith's sister,

Mrs. Studevant, who lived in a distant wealthy part of town, and who became her hostess for the night. She had only gone a short way when she discovered she had only one glove and had to retrace her steps until she found it. Later she found that if she hadn't had this delay she would have walked into a whole house full of people visiting at this home. She was encouraged and felt that God was leading.

Now imagine if you will, a small girl of thirteen, walking at 4 o'clock in the morning, down the street, with a small valise in hand, toward the railroad station where mysteriously a man appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, handed her a ticket and with a few words soon melted into the shadows. The ticket took her far away to the home of kind strangers in a neighboring state. It so happens that while aboard this train she passed through the town in which lived cousins of hers. Their house was near the railroad tracks and she saw them from the window. But her train sped on and she finally arrived at the station of Buckland, Massachusetts



She was met by kind strangers who had come with horses and sleigh to take her to a temporary home ten miles out in the country. She was intrigued by the snow that came up to the horses' knees. Here the little city girl lived for two months experiencing many new things, such as eating her first milk gravy and seeing oxen for the first time. How she loved the mountains on the skyline. These kind Adventist people kept her until spring. Then she ventured back to the Smith home. Mrs. Smith decided to send her to Battle Creek, Michigan, and put her under the guardianship of Dr. Kellogg. While here she went under the name of "Helen Smith", however her stay there was rather short as her kind benefactress, Mrs. Smith, died of tuberculosis and in a few short months Dr. Smith passed away also, thus they could send no more money for her keep. She was only 13. What to do? A thoughtful lady in Madison, Wisconsin said she could stay with her for the summer and help her for board and room while other plans could be

made. While here one of the family friends from her home recognized her and quickly wrote to her father of her whereabouts. Her father was happy to know where she was but said it was all right with him for her to stay there as long as she was well cared for and happy. That is when she took back her real name of Nellie. When the Hallock girls heard of her situation they said, "You are coming home with us, mother won't care." Now she had a home and family again, but since there was already a Nellie in the family, Mother Hallock suggested "Hallie", as she had always loved that name. Thus she became Hallie and that is the name we all knew her as.

Here she learned to cook, sew, garden and do her share of household duties. Here she finished the local preparatory school and then went to Battle Creek College, always thanking the Lord for His watch care over her.



Hers was a sunny disposition and she often sang or hummed songs of praise as she worked. (Her lovely voice stayed with her and many of us have enjoyed her beautiful rendering of special music in the form of hymns or Irish songs she sang for the talent shows.)

Always well groomed and sensitive to fashion (in old New England "dressed up" attire demanded hat, gloves and a parasol) her petite figure became a real part of the Hallock home. A year or so after Arthur had gone to Battle Creek; Hallie finished her preparatory grades at Granton and was soon on her way to Battle Creek College.

Perhaps Arthur Hallock did not even notice her as anyone special until some time later when he noticed her singing in a quartet and saw her always smiling and cheerful around the campus with her two chums, Mattie and Alice Owen. And did she notice him? Well, we are told that he was the handsomest man in the college at that time, so we wonder --

Just what there was about Hallie that made Arthur Hallock want to propose isn't hard to guess. Perhaps it was her knack of making it cozy and brightening all those around her with her cheerfulness and singing. Maybe it

was her sterling character or her beautiful soprano voice that stirred him through and through. When he was a very little lad and used to be around the kitchen stool when "Ma" was combing the girl's hair he had to poke a chubby little finger through each curl before he was satisfied. So maybe it was the thought of having Hallie' lovely, always-in-place curls for his very own that made him pop the question.  And, Hallie, perhaps because she was so used to changing her name said, "Yes". At any rate, the wedding date was set for September 12, 1899. The old Hallock homestead was a beehive. Hallie was hustling and. bustling; should she wear-the old wedding dress worn by Grandmother Hallock, (it just fit her tiny waist) or should she have one of her own? She finally decided on the latter and Mother Hallock began clicking the sewing machine.

The day finally dawned. They made a fine looking couple. Mr. Hallock, quiet and dignified as ever, kept his knee knocking under control and Hallie made a lovely, smiling, bride in her new white wedding gown. Dr. Magan was there to officiate and it was a happy day. This was one day that Mother Hallock was thankful for a large family and she put all the younger ones to work. In due time all the guests were served, - the goodbyes were said and Mr. and Mrs. Hallock were on their way to Battle Creek College, this time not as students for Mr. Hallock was to teach carpentry and mathematics at the college.



It seems a strange time to pick but it was at this juncture that Mrs. Hallock decided that if she were to keep up with that husband of hers she would need more wisdom. So, wisdom was obtained even though it meant going about with a swollen and painful jaw for some time. But, wisdom was more important than beauty at a time like this and so there came through, some nice, white, full-fledged wisdom teeth. Be that as it may they honeymooned here for two years and then were sent to the good old State of Wisconsin where they worked untiringly to build the Bethel School



Walderly

It was during the years spent at Bethel that the Hallocks decided "what is home without a baby?" In fact they decided that three times and so it was that Norman, Alice, and Carroll came to bless their home.

While at the Bethel School Mr. Hallock became a great admirer of Professor Washburn, who was a man who studied the light given in the Testimonies a great deal. Perhaps it was somewhat of this influence that led him to have a burden for two schools in Wisconsin. It was about this time, too, that he attended a northern campmeeting and saw many fine young people who he knew would never be able to attend Bethel.. After talking to the Conference Leaders they asked him if he would lead out in a second school up farther north. He acted upon his impressions and got a good brother to donate a sizable piece of land for a school there to be known as Walderly School. But before moving he must build a building at Bethel for they had. had a fire. So instilling five young men with the spirit of self-sacrificing service and the joy of working for others regardless of pay, (as he has so many of us in this school) he persuaded them to stay by and help build the building receiving nothing but their room and board. This they did and received the inevitable blessing. Two of these boys, Arthur Jasperson and James Lewis have built a self-supporting school and sanitarium in the south called "Fletcher", and it is one they can well be proud of. Two more of these boys.

Andrew Peterson, and Warren Griffith continued on in the north helping to clear land and build the Walderly school.

If Mr. A. W, Hallock had any qualms about bringing his delicate little wife into pioneer country they were soon lost as she brought her cheery disposition and merry laugh into the barn that was to be their home for several years and set to work to make it a haven of rest where all were welcome. And. pioneering it was, too, as upon one occasion when Mr. Hallock had to be away the mercury fell to 40 below zero each night for some time and Hallie brought all her plants in near the stove but they still froze. She also had a hard time keeping her little ones from being bitten by the bedbugs which would crawl out at night from the barn walls which were filled with old hay or straw. She makes one think of the Bible passage which reads, "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her , so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands… She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens…..Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders." Proverbs 31: 10-13,15, 23



In spite of the hardships they were happy and blessed at the school. Every Saturday night Miss Whalen and the school family would walk through the snow to the Hallock's home and there they would play the organ and have a good sing for the evening.

A much debated subject in secular as well as Christian circles at this time was whether vocational subject should be a part of the high school curriculum. Here-to-fore Hebrew, Latin, music and the arts were stressed instead of practical work subjects. Knowing something about carpentry and logging Mr. Hallock decided manual training was needed. Mrs. E.G. White

had written that "such schools should be a place where folks could learn to work, learn trades, agriculture, and some type of manual training."

So Mr. Hallock added these things to his course of study. He started a sawmill (run by steam power) and a planer mill. The neighbors loved it as the settling of Wisconsin was in full swing and they patronized the mill. A business man from Minneapolis who owned a farm close to the school went so far as to ask his tenants to stop any unnecessary work on the Sabbath so as not to offend Mr. Hallock as they didn't want him to leave. Mr. Hallock was happy too. To see the young people come to school who wouldn't have had a chance to receive a Christian education without a way to earn it by working.

But the leaders of the church at this time were not happy with his enterprise. When they came to see how things were going they saw only an untidy campus with logs being hauled down with horses and machinery in motion. This looked more like a sawmill business than a school and ordered that he get rid of his undertakings.

About this time Mr. Hallock was offered the presidency of one of our largest colleges but he declined, having a burden for the boys and girls of Wisconsin, who, apart from work, would not be able to receive a Christian education. So he decided to start a self supporting school. This school would adhere to all the doctrines of the church but would receive no monies from the organized church. *It was to be a school wholly self supporting, depending on God's blessings to continue in operation*. There were several of these schools in the South but none in the North. He wrote to Mrs. White of his plans and her son wrote back telling him that his mother had him write for her as she was not well. She said there were hundreds of this type of schools needed and encouraged him to go ahead with his plans.

Where to start his school? He thought La Crosse County would be a good choice as a former student, William Griffeth, was canvassing for

religious books there and had sent him glowing reports of the area. Thus Arthur asked him to be on the lookout for a good place to start a school out in the country. He found just the spot in a farm about 5 miles south of Rockland. It was twenty-five miles east of La Crosse and lay in a fertile valley which had a few sheds in the valley and an old log house, but the farm house itself along with a barn was up on top of the ridge amongst several acres of good cleared crop land. There was some wooded area and a ridge road that came down to the valley and a graveled county road. It could be purchased at a reasonable sum and was known as the "Post Farm." After much prayer, arrangements were negotiated and it proved to be the ideal setting for the school they named Hylandale after seeing the hills and valley that comprised the property. The purchase was made in two phases, the property in the valley was purchased immediately and the Post Farm three years later.

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HYLANDALE

It was the 12th of May, 1916 when Hallie, then Mrs. A.W. Hallock, got a glimpse of the place she would call home for the rest of her life. She had come alone with the children, Norman, Alice and Carroll along with a couple of young men drivers, as Mr. Hallock could not come until school was out at Walderly Academy in June.

As the horses pulled the wagon into the "Y" (as the entrance to Hylandale has always been called because the driveway forms a "Y" with the main road), she was filled with joy and peace. Apple blossoms perfumed the air, the birds were singing, the cobblestone spring house (where everyone had to have a drink), and the rustic bridge over the creek presented a pretty picture and her heart warmed to her new surroundings.

They found the log house to stay in that night. We continue in her own words: "Our furniture and stock, also a load of lumber, had been shipped by freight. Our beds had been set up and other furniture put in place so after supper we were ready to retire. But there was one thing that bothered me very much. I did not like the idea of sleeping in a strange house without Mr. Hallock as the house looked so 'spooky'. There was a trap door right by the head of my bed. I had visions of seeing ghosts opening that trap door in the wee hours of the night. I got a bright idea. I pulled some of the heavy furniture on the trap door so it would not open so easily and then I heard the whip-poor-will whistling. It had come up on the porch to welcome us. So I

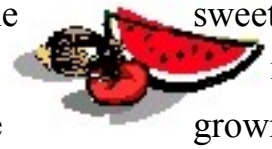


forgot about the ghosts and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning such a beautiful sight met our eyes. We were surrounded with apple trees in bloom. In front of the house toward the spring was a rustic bridge and a cobble stone spring house just beyond. We all had to have a drink from this wonderful spring. There were so many apple trees and such a variety, we thought this must be one place where Johnny Appleseed planted some of his apple seeds long years ago. We learned this farm was known for its great apples and during the season people came from miles around for crab apples to pickle and other varieties for eating and canning.

Mr. Hallock and Miss Whalen came as soon as school was out at Walderly. We were all very busy at planting and building. Mr. Hallock and some of the boys who came with him started our first building, the girls dormitory. Sometimes this was called the boys dormitory as it changed back and forth between the girls and the boys when needed . We had brought a car load of lumber and a saw mill so we were ready to make progress.

It was a very hot summer. We had plenty of rain so our crops were wonderful. We especially enjoyed the sweet corn, tomatoes and squash. The water melons and musk melons were a wonderful treat as these could not be grown where we had lived. We raised enough popcorn for nearly three years supply.



The Sheppler family moved here late in the fall of 1916. The dormitory was enclosed so they lived in the basement of this building. The next fall when the girls' dormitory was sufficiently finished our family and the young people moved in and regular school was started. The Shepplers moved into the log house until their home was finished. Bennie Sheppler was then a little lad of four. He did not like the idea of all those 'mountains' so very solemnly one day he asked his Dad to pray to God to remove - the ones nearest by - so he could see what was on the other side."

The Hallock's furniture had been sent on before, so making a home and planting a garden were her first priorities. She was glad for the longer growing season and the delicious fruit and vegetables the land provided. Mr. Hallock and Miss Rosma Whalen, who was to teach English, arrived in June when the other school was out, and pioneering began in earnest. Often their Saturday night entertainment consisted of a get together to sing. They were a close knit group.

Mr. Hallock soon had the saw mill up and running and the dormitory was built first with the help of the five or so boys who had come down with them. While it was being built the boys slept in the granary which was already on the property. Miss Whalen also taught church school that first year in the granary.

When it was finished the Hallocks moved to the dorm and stayed there three years before moving up on top of the ridge to the Post farm house for the next three years. Hallie had twelve people in her household at that time but given her ingenuity and resourcefulness she found room for all. They would come up and down the ridge in the sleigh during the winter months to school and church. Hallie's next move was to the Health Home when it was finished enough to move into.

Their pioneering days were not without mishaps ... The log barn had a hayfork on a track. Mr. Hallock had cautioned the boys about its use but one boy got on the fork, rode it out of the barn, dropped and broke his leg. Norman also broke his leg in a sledding accident and Carroll broke an arm. Luckily, "Bone Setter Jones" the local doctor lived in Rockland.

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Following is an article from the September 1951 issue of the HYLANDALE LIFE: Rosma M. Whalen's version

"The people of the State knew almost nothing about the humble little school just starting down in the valley, neither of course did they know of the message from Mrs. White given through her son, written in response to an inquiry from A.W. Hallock. In his letter he had told Mrs. White of the Walderly school he was then conducting , and asked her counsel. She had replied expressing approval and saying that from the light given her, there should be more such schools, where at small expense, young people could be given practical training along with their study of books. With this word from the prophet of God, he felt that he could not do otherwise than offer to young people the opportunity to make such a school.



And so Hylandale began. From the first, young folks, both boys and girls, shared the work of the school, as Mrs. E.G. White had counseled after the fire at Bethel. At that time Elder. McReynolds, the president of the Wisconsin Conference, had written to Mrs. White asking if she had any light regarding the building of another school house to take the place of the one destroyed by fire. She had replied, "No, except that students should be allowed to share in all the work, even in the planning of the building."

There were as I remember about a dozen young folks at Hylandale that first summer of 1916. They were Gladys Veian, Elwyn Brasier, Edward Engebretson, Kern Saltz, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Griffeth, and later Albert Monette. These, with the Hallock family and me all sat down to eat at the long table in the small low wing of that little log house. No electric or gas stove provided cool cooking. A wood fire did our cooking and furnished plenty of heat along with old Sol's rays on the roof above for the diners at the noon meal, especially the ones sitting nearest the stove. But no one minded greatly, and we had a good time together, with one or two natural

wits in the group to furnish fun for the rest. Mrs. Hallock was chief cook that summer, and morning, noon and night we knew a good meal awaited us. There was no electric refrigerator or even cool cellar. We kept our milk and other spoilable foods at the spring house ten rods away and from there we carried all our water for drinking, cooking, baking and washing, in pails. But who cared? The water was cool and sparkling, and we had visions ahead. For light at night, kerosene lamps served our purpose.

The work during that summer consisted of haying, hoeing, cultivating, picking and canning wild berries, drying apples, and last but most important of all, putting up the building which was to serve as a first house for Hylandale Academy. Mr. Hallock and Elwyn Brasier did the haying. Hay was cut on the hilltop field and hauled down the rocky, rutty, ridge road, then pitched into and stowed away in that low, hot. little hay mow! When the two came in from work their clothing was as if they had swum through a river. We women wandered through the lovely, dark woods in search of berries that we picked and brought home to can. Then came the apples, which to us, fresh from the appleless North, were a marvelous treat. Early the ground was strewed with bushels of small, half-ripe apples, and when we women demurred about using them so small and hard, Mr. Hallock, with an eye to economy, urged that we care for them all. So we dutifully gathered the little nubbins, and day after day and week after week, out under the trees we peeled and sliced them for drying. Those sour, withered, little, dried apples, we did not see the last of them for - -- was it years?

But of course the big task of the summer was the building. The two



who worked steadily at that were Mr. Hallock and Ed Engebretson (now since gone to his long rest). Day after day they dug away the dirt for the basement with hand and horse-drawn shovels. Then by hand they carried the great stones to build the wall from the front yard where they had been conveniently

deposited by a heavy rain. Looked back upon, it seems a herculean task, but it was taken in the stride, and always there was the vision ahead. By fall there was a basement ready to house the Sheppler family who arrived in November. Also there were unfinished rooms above, in which, that fall of 1916 we began school with sixteen young people answering the roll call."

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At one point in his life Mr. Hallock contracted cancer and his response to that news was to take his Bible and go up on the hill and talk to his God about the project he had embarked upon. The Lord healed him and Hylandale continued. Not that everything went smoothly. One student said she never saw a school whose very struggle for existence inspired such love and loyalty. Most former students today remember the good and put the hardships in the background .



Although there was not a lot of communication from Hallie's original home they did know where each other lived and later one of her sisters visited in her home and declared she had been blessed both spiritually and physically.

Before his death Mr. Hallock, with the help of students, built them a lovely little home at the entrance of the school which they enjoyed very much. After Arthur passed away at the age of seventy-four on September 2nd 1951, Hallie stayed on in the little cottage he had built for her. Several of the older ladies lived with her at various times. Nellie Hallock Sheppler, Miss Whalen, and a dear friend Ruth Holt from La Crosse spent several years with her. Hallie died at 90 years of age.

A letter by Amos Beline

written in 1985 to Mrs. Burdick

Dear Hylandale, And I do mean dear!
It was the best school I ever went to. The two years I spent there were the best years of my life. I was there when Mr. Percy came. I can still see in my mind the truckload of furniture he and his family drove in with and there was a motorcycle set on a frame fastened to the back of the load called a "Near a Car".

He brought a boy with them named Bob Swartz whom I roomed with the rest of that summer, then I went to Hinsdale for more education in the winter. The depression struck while I was still at Hinsdale and I was not able to finish my education. Since, I have worked here at Harris Pine Mills twenty-seven years to put my three young folks through church school, academy, and part of college - now it is the grand children.

I still have a picture of the saw mill at Walderly Academy near Superior. We lived near there where my father was a minister for the little Swedish Church, so my first grade was at Walderly. My first year in academy (ninth grade) was when the Conference took over Walderly. My father was very much in favor of Mr. Hallock's work. He had some hard arguments with conference ministers. He didn't despise them - They just didn't understand. After Mr. Hallock and Mr. Sheppler left they sold the saw mill, planers, shingle and lathe mills which were a good source of income in timber country, gave poor students work and built a school free of debt. After that the school soon had to close for lack of income.

I came to Hylandale for my last two years of academy. I may not have been a very good boy when I was there but now I am 81 and still love it and wish I could do something worthwhile for Hylandale.

Amos Beline

The greatest want of the world is the want of men-- men who will not be bought or sold, men who in their inmost souls are true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name, men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall. {Ed p.57.}

THE SHEPPLERS



Paul Sheppler was born January 15, 1871 and died 1948 at 78 years of age. He had 3 siblings.

Adventure stirs the heart of most boys as they are growing up, and so it was in the heart of a young boy in the territory of Alsace Lorraine on the border between Germany and France back just before the turn of the century. It seems there was some controversy about who should be ruling this little piece of land and sometimes they were ruled by Germans and sometimes by the French. Paul was French clear through his young body and thus he liked it better when the French were in power.

Paul Sheppler knew he had an uncle who had come to America some years before and he had a good job as caretaker for a hospital in a town called Madison, Wisconsin. Paul was determined to follow his uncle to America so after saving his money and studying about the new country he started out, by himself, at only 15 years of age. Having to walk quite a ways for the first leg of his journey and having never seen a train before he was almost petrified when he came to a town and saw this monster heaving and puffing steam from it's engine, but determination won over fear and he continued on. He soon found himself on a ship bound for the land of his dreams. Although we haven't too much information about this period in his life, he did find his uncle and somehow finished enough schooling so he could enroll at Battle Creek College. Although some of the German students used to tease him saying he was the "little German who calls himself a Frenchman" he did not let them know it



bothered him and he soon had many fast friends.

He had became an ordained minister also it soon became apparent that he knew how to handle money and he was asked by the conference to be the business manager at the new school they were starting up at Bethel, Wisconsin where A.W. Hallock had also been called to teach. It was while he was working here that he met and married Arthur's sister, Nellie Hallock, who proved to be a very good choice. She not only had inherited her mother's nurturing of children but also she was an astute money handler.

Paul and Nellie were sent to help with the establishing of the school at Walderly and after the turn of events there, they decided to come down with the group that were starting Hylandale School. This worked out very well since Paul was not only a minister and teacher but he had a real knack for making the land produce its treasures. He was appointed to care for the orchards, gardens and animals.

To begin with the family lived in a log cabin up at school. Then they built a large home up on the side hill below the county road. This was paid for in a large part by the house full of children that Nellie always took in and cared for. County agents from La Crosse knew where to come and they sent many children her way. Always there seemed to be some from Chicago and other cities. She loved them all and before she died I believe she counted more than 300 children who had been part of their household. They adopted two of these children as theirs and along with the three born to them they had five children in their own family. She always believed the best about each one and would not be easily convinced that any of her charges had done anything wrong. In 1936 they moved to a house down the road where there was a little dip in the road just off campus.



The county fair always yielded many blue ribbons to Hylandale because of the excellent work of

Mr. Sheppler. Their daughter, Virginia, remembered taking the stock to the fair. They would take them to Rockland, put them on the train, and she would ride in the box car with them to the fairgrounds in La Crosse. She loved it even if it was a little tiring because her love of animals is the first thing anyone thought of when Virginia's name came up. She was truly a friend to all the creatures God made until the end of her life.

"Pa", as Mr. Sheppler was called affectionately by his students, continued to teach until just before his death at 78 years of age. The girls back in the forties were expected to wear dresses or skirts to school and of course silk stockings which had seams up the back. They were always trying to draw lines up the back of their legs and fool the staff into thinking they had stockings on. Very few times would they make it through Pa's class without having to go back to the dorm and put on the proper attire.

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MEMORIES of "PA" by Ethel Sheppler

Spring sounds, odors, and activities are once again with us. They bring with them many memories of a man well known to us. It was nine years ago about now that "Pa" Sheppler had the stroke which ended his life.

It was typical of him that he was memorizing scripture when he was stricken. His eyesight had failed considerable in the last few months and he wanted to be sure he knew the scripture for the Sabbath School lesson so he could contribute his share of enlivening discussion. He knew most of the passages anyway but was refreshing his memory. Many are the students who were told to look in such and such chapter of the Book and about verse so and so for the answer to a query. I for one never found him to be more than a verse off if he didn't hit just the right one.

He had a wonderful sense of humor and his ready wit made his classes more interesting. His chapel periods were enjoyed by even the sleepiest students. He would often find the most interesting, unusual, or humorous articles in the Reader's Digest to give for his chapel talks. Still he was quite stern when the occasion arose. When noise or confusion started, his curt "Keep Kwite!" usually restored order very promptly.

His matter of fact acceptance of unpleasant situations put starch in other backbones as well. When their home burned and their rescued belongings were stacked in the yard in mid-February, he calmly surveyed them and said, "Well, a house is a handy thing to have after all." He soon was deep in plans for rebuilding. He loved children and had a great time with his grandsons. He loved to see things grow physically and spiritually. Won't he love the new earth! Hylandale Life 1957

Ethel Thompson Sheppler married the Sheppler's son Bennie. They helped at the school for many years, teaching first aid, overseeing laundry and editing the school paper. She also wrote the next article in December of 1970

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NELLIE HALLOCK SHEPPLER b y Ethel Sheppler

Nellie Hallock Sheppler, born Oct. 9, 1882. Died Nov. 17, 1970. Cold, factual statistics - but what about the person?

I met 'Ma' (Aunt Emma's name for her) Sheppler when I came to Hylandale as a student. However, I didn't really get much acquainted until I married into the family.

The first winter of our married life, we spent living with the Shepplers as there was someone living in the "little house." How I used to seethe inwardly at the conduct of some of those kids she kept. What I wouldn't do to them if I had the say so. Why, imagine anyone coming into our room,

opening our trunk, and using my comb to help himself to our peanut butter, (which we kept for our breakfast after the 'gang' had gone to school) - and all he got was a scolding and made to apologize! At the time I surely could think of a more fitting punishment!

Saturday nights were always laundry nights when the sun set early enough. When it didn't, Mother Nellie backed up to Friday and sometimes Thursday. We used to tease her about being a week ahead of herself. She couldn't even wait for the clothes to dry. She ironed many things wet and hung them on hangers to dry so she'd have her laundry out of the way. I used to think, "How foolish," but after we took foster children into our home, I found myself doing the same thing on occasion. It's interesting how age and experience changes one's ideas.



Remember all the bread she used to bake? She taught me how to make bread - and the apple sauce she put up - barrels of it. It just wasn't camp meeting without wheat sticks and some kind of fruit sauce. How she did love a treat of sweets! Although she tried hard not to over indulge, she rarely could resist a piece of candy or dessert. When we went through her dresser drawers after she passed away, we realized just how long she hadn't felt at all well because there was candy that had spoiled, tucked away.

As our own youngsters came along, 'Ma' acquired the name of 'Gram'. When she found out she had a grandson, she said, "Oh, I wanted it to be a girl - but don't tell Ethel. She can't help it." However, after the first inspection of the new arrival, it didn't seem to matter that he was a boy. At camp meeting the next summer, she proudly wheeled him around in his buggy and was real pleased when anyone mentioned that he looked quite a lot like his grandma. In fact, he made such a hit that she didn't seem to mind that the next two were boys also.

By listening to her recount the days of her youth, I gathered she was a

rather popular young lady. And, I think, quite independent and strong-willed traits she never lost. I never ceased to be amazed at the almost miraculous way in which she was able to get money for things she really wanted. There was always money for the cabin for camp meeting and for Christmas presents to the family and also for the church publications. There were always donations for Voice of Prophecy and something for the church school. While doing the necessary sorting of letters, receipts, etc. after her death, I found a receipt dated for October of this year for a payment made towards a needy student's tuition - all from a meager amount of Social Security!

Speaking of camp meeting and staying in the cabin with her - well, you'd better get to bed early if you wanted sleep because you wouldn't get any after 5 a.m. She always had her cot in the front part of the cabin so she wouldn't "bother" anyone and she always took a cold sponge bath every morning. (That's probably why she didn't look her age). Between the noise of the water trickling and sloshing in the pan and the rustle of papers and bags as she rummaged for her clothes, etc. (It sounded like mice having a race) - somehow the combination chased the sleep away. It's funny, but I think that is one of the things we'll probably miss most at camp meeting.



That and having her worrying if her hair looked all right. Her hair was a real problem to her - so much that she ordered a wig. It came after she was virtually bedfast in her last illness and she never wore it. She said to me, "You can take it off at the graveyard." We didn't put it on because she wouldn't have looked like our Gram.

In 1958-59, Gram and Virginia took a trip to California to visit her son, Odien, and family, other relatives and many friends. In her diary, she wrote of the good time they had and how much she enjoyed that winter. She was a very sociable person and really appreciated seeing all those folks. She

was so happy to be able to get acquainted with Odien's children and how proud she was of Odien's success! She thoroughly enjoyed the long newsy letters from his wife, Muriel, and shared them with anyone who would listen.



Five or so years ago, her eyesight failed considerably. She was virtually blind in one eye, distinguishing only light and dark; and the other was fast losing its sight. It was very frustrating to such an active lady and the family often discussed how best to handle the situation. Then came one of Gram's "boys", a Dr. Henner, to visit. He told her she could see again if she had cataract surgery. Upon his recommendation, she went to the hospital for the first time and had the cataract removed from one eye. With the Lord's blessing, even though she was bound to be too active after surgery, she regained the sight in that eye. A month later, the other eye was cared for. Several days after surgery, while she was still convalescing in the hospital, she was finally allowed out of bed for bathroom privileges. To Gram this was like being freed from prison! So early the first morning of this new freedom, she went to the bathroom and had her usual cold sponge bath. When the nurse's aide came in to give her a bath, she smugly informed her she had already had a bath. The puzzled aide asked who gave her a bath. She promptly replied she gave herself one in the sink in the bathroom. The concerned aide said, "Oh! And I suppose you bent over to wash your feet!" (A real "no-no" for cataract surgery patients at that time) Gram promptly replied, "No I didn't, I put them one at a time in the sink and washed them."

Last year when I was accepted for practical nurses' training, Gram was as pleased as I. Every dollar she could spare (and probably some she couldn't) went to help us as we struggled through the expenses of that year. She came to classes with me for one afternoon and seemed to really enjoy it. Her desire to have as many as possible ready for Christ's second coming

prompted her to give me enough little devotional pamphlets so I could give one to each of my classmates. Many times, she asked if anyone had shown any interest in being a Christian because of my influence. She made sure she was able to attend my graduation.

Many times Gram has spoken to me of her desire to see those she has cared for in Christ's kingdom. She has prayed much for each one. It seemed to me it was a good idea to ask Gram to pray about things. Her prayers were answered!

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AUNT NELLIE

by Mrs. Percy Hallock. Published in the Hylandale Life 1971

Dear Aunt Nellie! What an inspiration she was ! I remember when shortly after Percy and I were married, we came to visit her at Hylandale and how amazed I was at her motherliness and hospitality. She had so many children in her home -- There were babies on up to academy age. A case worker in Chicago had brought some and others were from La Crosse, Wisconsin and that area but she always had or made room for any child that needed a home and love.



I once asked her if they ever got on her nerves. She said, "Oh, if they get noisy or cross, I tell them to go out on the back porch and yell to their hearts content. It let's off the excess steam and they come back happy."

Nellie was the youngest of the Norman and Amanda Hallock children. There were Lulu, Bennie (Percy's father), Bertha, Mable (Mundt), Arthur W. (founder of Hylandale), Pearl, and Nellie. Her folk's home like her own was an orphanage in that any wayfarer or needy person, young or old, was always welcome.

Nellie was a born organizer and worker. She wanted things to be done quickly! (no fanfare). If others, even her older sisters, were in the way and talking, she would say, "If you'll just get out of the way I'll have this place scrubbed and cleaned in no time."

An incident showing her independence was while they lived in the log cabin. She had been saving her money, from care of babies, and hoped Arthur could build her a larger house but he was so busy building the school and buildings that she up and hired a carpenter to come build her a house. It was the large white house just below county road J.

She was a real inspiration to me - so cheerful, always looking at the brighter side and when things were hard and finances so "Nil" she looked ahead with faith in God and hope for the future.

She always thought of others and when Mrs. A.W. Hallock was left alone she went to live with her and Ruth Holt until Aunt Hallie (Mrs. A.W.) went to her rest. Then she went to live with her daughter, Virginia, until she had a partial stroke and had to go to the hospital but she was anxious to get back home. So she went to live at the Health Home. We enjoyed having her nearer again and were so happy when she began to feel some better and was able to walk about and enjoy visit with folks more as well as worshiping with them. Then she had another attack and couldn't walk or talk after this but could still smile and nod her head. She could understand and respond until the last. As I sat with her one evening they were singing the song "Home over There" she squeezed my hand and tried to talk. It sounded like "Jesus take me home." She passed to her rest that night.

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Hylandale, We Love Thee

by Mrs. Ralph Martin 1963

Grandeur of the hills and valleys
Where the Savior draws so near
And the birds sweet carols singing
Hylandale, we love so dear.

Oh, The flowers on the hillside,
And the whispering of the breeze
Oh, the babbling of the brooklets
And the friendliness of tree

For the study of the pages
Of God's sacred Word divine
For the burdens we have carried
These our young lives to refine

Soon we'll leave our Alma Mater
'Morrows dawn we each must go
Each to follow where He leads us
As our God would have it so.

Now the challenge of the future,
Let no chains of fear control
We must brave the heights for Jesus
We must battle for some soul

We may never be together
In His vineyard here below
But we'll strive to meet in Heaven
Where the streams eternal flow

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REMINISCENCES

by Kenneth Harrison

(In the early days of Hylandale Mrs. Sheppler used to take in many children who needed homes and thus in this article you will find her home referred to as an orphanage.)

In 1927, when I was 11 years old, my mother died and I and my brothers and sister were for two years in a church orphanage near Sparta, WI. The farm was a working orphanage and everyone had certain chores to do. My job was to keep two thirty gallon "GI" cans full of water. The water was carried in 3 gallon peanut butter pails from the spring house up a steep hill and about 500 feet from the house itself. In the winter the water spilled from the pails and would freeze making the footing slippery at best. The orphanage owner bought me a pair of metal caulk cleats to fasten to the shoes and they were a big help. On washday we had extra need for water and I had several helpers to keep the cans full as it was needed. As I remember it, the washing machine was driven by a gas engine.

We were well fed, happy, and taught to work. Everyone, including the orphanage heads were included in the various chores. The older children did the milking, then we had to put the milk through the separator. You had a big wheel to turn which had to be kept at a constant speed for good separating efficiency. When this chore was done, the girls had to wash the many cones and sleeves inside, sterilize, dry, and reassemble them for the next milking.

I don't remember any of the dairy products being sold off the farm. We made our own butter and much of the "blue john" was fed to the calves.

The older boys kept the wood supply stocked near the furnace room. The furnace kept the rather large building warm even in the coldest winters

and was kept stoked at various times of the night. Also in the basement was a large room with about two feet of sand on the floor and that is where the vegetables, mostly potatoes, were kept through the whole winter. Apples were wrapped in paper and kept in barrels.

There was no electricity. Kerosene (coal oil) lamps were used. In the main dining room where nightly homework was done, the table was lit up by Aladdin two mantle lamps and the light they gave forth was a wondrous thing. It was the girls' daily job to clean the lamp globes and when the cleaning was done they were wiped with a sheet of newspaper, the theory being that the ink in the paper gave an extra shine to the globes.



All flour came from the farm and was whole wheat. The bread was baked in a large oven in the basement. On birthdays a few loaves of white bread were baked and were considered as good as cake.

The first year I was there I helped in a minor way in the yearly threshing but was not able to eat at the threshers table, but the second year I was allowed to do so. Threshing time was a time to be remembered. The rig used was a self propelled steam engine that pulled the thresher, and behind it was a smaller wagon with the coal it needed. The usual way was for maybe a dozen farmers to work together. They would assemble with one or two teams each and wagons and men to work them. The steam engine moved, usually at night, and would be set up and ready to work early next morning. A huge flywheel on the side of the engine was connected by a long belt, always twisted in the middle to keep it on both pulleys. The engine was usually about a hundred feet from the thresher to lessen danger from flying sparks.

The wagons came in from the fields, some from way up on the hilltop, and fed the sheaves into the thresher. The grain went into a hopper and the straw was thrown out of a pipe and directed to a stack which was used later

for winter feed and barn use. The second year I was there I was allowed to sit on the thresher and there with a series of ropes and wheels to turn the shroud which opened up and down and sideways I could direct the straw where it was needed. Barley beards were the meanest to cope with as they could enter your clothes and the barbs would keep working their way in to pester and itch.

The ladies of the farm made it a point of honor when threshing time came to set a good table and until you have eaten a threshing dinner, you just "aint et" yet. There was much help as the farmers wives also showed up for a day of hard work with much talking, visiting, and of course a bit of gossip. Much of the meal was ready before the women arrived but they stayed and helped all day, feeding the men and cleaning up afterward. The men ate good with plenty of pie for dessert and then rested for 20 to 30 minutes, laying down in the shade. After resting it was back to work again. As I said, the second year I got to eat with the men at "first table." It was wonderful!



In the winter I helped in de-horning the cattle, the cows and bulls, both. The head was held by a rope and snubbed close to a post and the huge two-handled clippers, which looked like an extra large bolt cutter, would be used to cut the horns to whatever length decided upon. Many times a thin stream of blood would spout and stain the white snow until a type of pitch would be put over the fresh cut to stop the bleeding and prevent infection.

Lambing and shearing time was an "event" in the late 20's. The small lambs would often jump in the air and land on all four stiff legs. The ewes were taken into the shearing shed to be sheared. When released they were rather pathetic looking after seeming so fat a few minutes earlier. Incredibly, the lambs had no trouble finding their mothers even with their new looks.

At one time my brother and I captured a badger after digging him out from under a rock. I held a stick on his head and my brother caught him

behind the head with both hands but the animal was able to turn inside his loose skin and he had to drop the critter. We finally recaptured it and got him down to the house and put him in a steel drum so everyone could see him. We put a heavy cover on top but some time during the night the drum was overturned and he escaped. We always thought Ma Sheppler had set him free. After all, what could we have done with such a fierce wild animal? Wisconsin is named the "Badger State" and a fine animal it is!

(This is one of several article Kenneth had printed in the Sun Times when living in Sun City, Arizona He worked as a volunteer dispatcher for the Police Department as well.)

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ROSMA WHALEN

Into the trackless forests and cut-over timberland of Tuscolo County, Michigan, a young frontiersman stepped forth to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to the Indians, preaching the first sermon ever preached in Tuscolo County. Soon he was speaking their language fluently and riding a circuit regularly. This young man, William_ Henry Harrison, related to and named after the great pioneer Log Cabin President, was cut of the same rugged pioneer stock as were all the Harrisons. In addition to his preaching he opened up a trading post where Indians bartered their furs and hides for his merchandise. The ruins of a tiny frame church in Tuscolo remains today a memorial to the zeal and enthusiasm of this early, itinerant minister.

In 1848 he married Harriet Miller, a school teacher, who later became a staunch Seventh-day Adventist despite the fact he remained an outstanding Methodist minister until the time of his death on November 18, 1916, when he was killed from a fall backwards down the cellar steps. The Harrison's two daughters, Mattie and Cora, enter the story here because they married Frank and Ross Whalen. Mattie accepted the Adventist beliefs along with her mother, but Cora remained a Methodist until later in life when she became a Christian Scientist. Frank Whalen greatly opposed his wife's religion so in 1876 he and his brother moved their families to South Dakota to get Mattie away from her Adventist friends and relatives. This move brought a great deal of hardship upon them all at first, for they were far from other people and over a hundred miles from a railroad. They gave up much of the comforts of life to begin

anew on this strange frontier.

During the first winter they shared rooms in the home of another family where the upstairs bedrooms were reached only by an outside stairway. At night the parents would bundle little Gussie and Rosma up in their coats, hoods, and mittens and carry them upstairs to bed. Their provisions ran low and they were forced to finish out the winter largely on musty beans. Once the people with whom they were staying gave them some potatoes for the children. But the Whalens were not poor for very long. Soon they opened up a thriving merchandizing business and before many years were well-to-do businessmen.

Rosma was the only child of Frank and Mattie Whalen and Gus the only child of Cora and Ross, but because Cora Whalen was invalided much of the time, Rosma's mother cared for both of the children. Thus they grew up together like brother and sister. They played together, went to school together, did their little chores together, and rode their ponies together. Gus' literal dependence upon his "sister", Rosma, is evidenced by the following incident which occurred during their first year in school. Gussie was crying one day and when the teacher asked him what his trouble was, he sobbed, "I don't feel good. I think I've got the stomach-ache. Please, can't I sit with Rossie?" Thus we see that as early as first grade, Rosma was a real comfort to those in need of help.



Life on the lonely isolated prairie never squelched her mother's nor Rosma's faith despite Mr. Whalen's strong opposition, but when Mr. Whalen's failing health forced him off the farm, they were eager to encourage him to seek treatment at Battle Creek Sanitarium. He moved his family to Battle Creek in 1887 so they were already there when Rosma was ready for academy the following fall. Mr. Whalen's malady, undoubtedly brought on by hard work and the pressures of business and politics, closely resembled epilepsy and was diagnosed as a tumor on the

brain. Dr. Kellogg advised his going to Europe to see a famous surgeon who operated on the brain, so in 1889, he sailed for London taking a male nurse from Battle Creek as his attendant. It was during this voyage that he accepted the Adventist faith, but he did not tell his wife nor Rosma of his change of heart, saving it for a joyous surprise at his return. The surgeon refused to operate, and since he could receive no more help at the Sanitarium either, Mr. Whalen moved the family back to South Dakota in 1891.



Mrs. Whalen said the last two years of their life together, despite her husband's illness, were the happiest they had ever known. Gone were his prejudices and her fears. No longer did he oppose her worship on the Sabbath, no longer did he destroy her letters from her Adventist friends.

So the next two years were happy tranquil ones for the Whalens as they talked together often of their mutual faith and their hope of the future. Mr. Whalen died May 9, 1893 at their home in Madison, South Dakota, and was laid to rest in a near-by cemetery with Elder Luther Warren officiating. Though Rosma left Battle Creek at once to attend the funeral, she never arrived home in time for the service.

Mr. Whalen's death brought Mrs. Whalen back to Michigan where she spent most of her life with her parents in Tuscolo. It was to this sleepy little village that Rosma spent the rest of her vacations from school.

Rosma was an outstanding student scholastically on the campus of Battle Creek, but she lived by such a strict code of ethics that she cultivated a primness and reserve which was interpreted by some to be an attitude of superiority, but those who got to know her personally realized it was not a superficial touch-me-not attitude, but a dignity and restraint which kept her ever mindful of the high purpose of her life's calling. She was not what some call a good mixer because she disliked gossip and common-place "chit-chat" and wished to spend her time with

those who had similar goals and purposes in life as herself.

Rosma excelled in literature, writing, Latin, and algebra, but geometry was difficult for her. Her life-long friendship with George Judson grew out of her contacts with him in these classes. He helped her with geometry while she in turn helped him with his algebra and Latin. They shared a mutual love for poetry. They both felt the need of raising the intellectual level of teaching in our schools and all who took class work from Miss Whalen will recall the high level of learning she kept urging her students to attain.

During one of the years at Battle Creek a young professor, a graduate of a well-known College from the East, joined the staff. His youth, culture, and philosophical trend of thought soon won him much admiration from the students, including Rosma. Occasionally she puzzled over a trifling remark he dropped here and there, but never for long because of her deep confidence in him. But his influence was subtle and once she and one of her close friends talked together of leaving Battle Creek College to attend one of the old-established women's colleges in the East.



Later when this professor and his lovely wife, who had once dedicated her life to foreign mission service left the college, the truth was revealed. Rosma was overwhelmed when she learned that he had previously joined the staff only with the hope of regaining a faith he lost while attending a worldly college. His words, "I could never regain my lost faith," caused her to tremble at the thought of her own narrow escape. Nor did she fail to recognize that it was her love of culture and her desire for knowledge that could have carried her on to dangerous ground. Out of this experience developed a keen awareness on her part of the need to test all reading matter, classical or philosophical, by the great standard, "To the law and to the testimony." She never desired there after to search into the writings

of false teachers just to see if some nugget of truth might be found there. Knowing of this incident may help many to understand why she was not only extremely cautious of her own reading but also why she was equally careful of what she encouraged others to read.

It seems only logical to interrupt this sketch somewhere to mention Gus again since he and Rosma grew up together more as brother and sister than cousins. They were separated when Rosma went to Battle Creek, but only in distance, for Gus and Rosma had many similar interests in addition to their strong bonds of love to keep them forever close in spirit. By the time Gus was in his middle twenties he was president of a college in Colorado.

One summer soon after this he was traveling eastward to visit his friends and relatives, a wood tick bit him on the chest and he died of Spotted Fever while still on the train before he ever reached his destination. This was a severe blow to Rosma, making her aloneness in the world seem much more acute.



After graduation from Battle Creek in 1895, Miss Whalen stayed on to work in their offices and the library until she joined the staff at Bethel, following her mother's interesting career as Dean of Girls and instructor in English.

In 1907 when Mr. A.W. Hallock and Mr. P.E. Sheppler went north to establish Walderly Academy, she asked to join them despite the difficulties of pioneering a new school. Later she moved to Hylandale with the same group and lived there the rest of her life.

Our teachers lost none of their respect or dignity because they entered into our afternoon's work. Miss Whalen, that dear lady, who was second to none in knowledge of English and Literature, felt at ease in laundry apron or even her comical "business suit" which she used to don when headed for the berry patch. How often she skillfully guided our frivolous conversations into more constructive lines or offered a bit of advice in due season as she

industriously sorted dirty clothes or started the water in the tub. In the dining room we were served family style with a student Host and Hostess sitting at each end of the table. Miss Whalen encouraged them to lead out in conversation which was worthwhile. There was to be no gossiping only compliments and interesting facts. We learned to appreciate her character and the all around person she was.

Her classes always brought out the beauty of the great literature of the world - things that would help us in our spiritual life. Times when we were



rushing around and taking stair steps two or three at a time she would gently remind us that ladylike steps would be much more acceptable as we went out into the world. Her cultured manner was never repulsive and the campus was so much more attractive because of the flowers she planted in every corner she found. Up past the main campus a ditch had cut off a little area of land. Finding this, she soon had it transformed. Ever after it was known as "Miss Whalen's Park".

Times were often a little lean at Hylandale so for a something special she would save up money enough to buy a pound of butter and would be able to get some bread from the kitchen which she would make into "zwieback" and we would be called to her apartment to indulge in that crisp buttered treat.

Miss Whalen was always willing for students to come in the evening on her own time to help with lessons they should have finished long before.

Another incident which ought to be mentioned here is this. Miss Whalen's mother came to live with her after she was settled in her work in Wisconsin. A few years before her mother died, she fell and broke her hip making it impossible to walk again. Because of the sharp memory of her mother's declining years in a wheel chair, as she grew older Miss

Whalen had an unusual fear of breaking her own hip. And to be sure, she did. But modern medicine, with surgery and a silver pin, made it possible for Miss Whalen to walk once more. Although her hip was never really the same, and though she suffered much pain, she remained active until her brief illness just prior to her death.

It seems a bit of a paradox that Miss Whalen, a fine cultured woman, who in childhood and youth was raised in luxury, should dedicate her life to carving schools out of grubby farm land and cut-over timber areas of Wisconsin, doing daily menial tasks along with her teaching; that one who never had to work a day in her life toward her own schooling should understand how to build a school for students who had to earn all of their tuition. It seems a strange twist of fate that one coming from a background so rich in a heritage uncommon to the average person; that one related to three presidents, William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley, should live her lifetime in obscurity and die alone and unknown. What made her do it? That is the question that will always be asked by those who did not know Miss Whalen intimately. But those who did, know that it was her desire to serve—her desire to share the knowledge of the wonderful things of God—her desire to point up Beauty and Truth to young people. And because she carried out these purposes in her life, she will never be forgotten by those who knew her. as Judson King put it so beautifully and adequately, "The promise of her girlhood was fulfilled in her life work. She followed the gleam."

On a large rock in front of the library at Emmanuel Missionary College is a Latin phrase, "Lux et Veritas" which means "Light and Truth". This is the motto that the graduating class from Battle Creek College in 1895 inscribed on stone as a perpetual monument for their posterity. The rock is now weathered and eroded, the inscription dim, so dim that it is read only by

those who, upon knowing it is there, search for it. The perpetuity of this motto has not been by inscribing it on that monument of stone, but by inscribing it on the hearts of the class members. Miss Whalen was a member of that class who was greatly influenced by these beautiful challenging words, "Light and Truth." Wherever you saw Miss Whalen, you saw both "Light and Truth" along with that eternal verity, "Beauty", which is a combination of the two.

Thus in the flower beds, in the library, in old issues of "Hylandale Life", and in memories of these programs we see inscribed that motto, She has a deep abiding love for the beautiful - one of her favorite passages being "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It was not unusual to find her standing near some ugly spot or upon an un-landscaped terrace - - looking! Just looking! But what she saw was not ugly. It was beautiful, for in her mind's eye she envisioned colorful flower beds, smooth terraces, soft green hedges and stately trees. She saw a campus that would be restful to the convalescents, and edifying and inspirational to both students and staff members.



But not all beauty lies out in nature. Much of what good men see is the product of a good mind, and a good mind has its beginning with good thoughts. Thus began her never ending interest in the library. She wanted students to have good food for thought. Much of the gift money sent to her, not used to buy shrubs and flowers, went to add volumes to the library. Miss Whalen herself was a great lover of books and often committed choice paragraphs to memory which she shared with the girls while she worked, or wrote in letters to inspire those farther away.

She had a real aptitude for writing and could crystallize concepts and ideas into carefully thought out sentences and figures of speech that formed a style all her own. But it was a classic literary style. Nothing that came from her was poorly done.

In the early days of the school's beginning, when there was no money to hire a music teacher, Miss Whalen, herself, organized and conducted a girls' chorus. She also trained quartets and trios. The programs she planned and presented were always elevating and inspiring to those who attended.

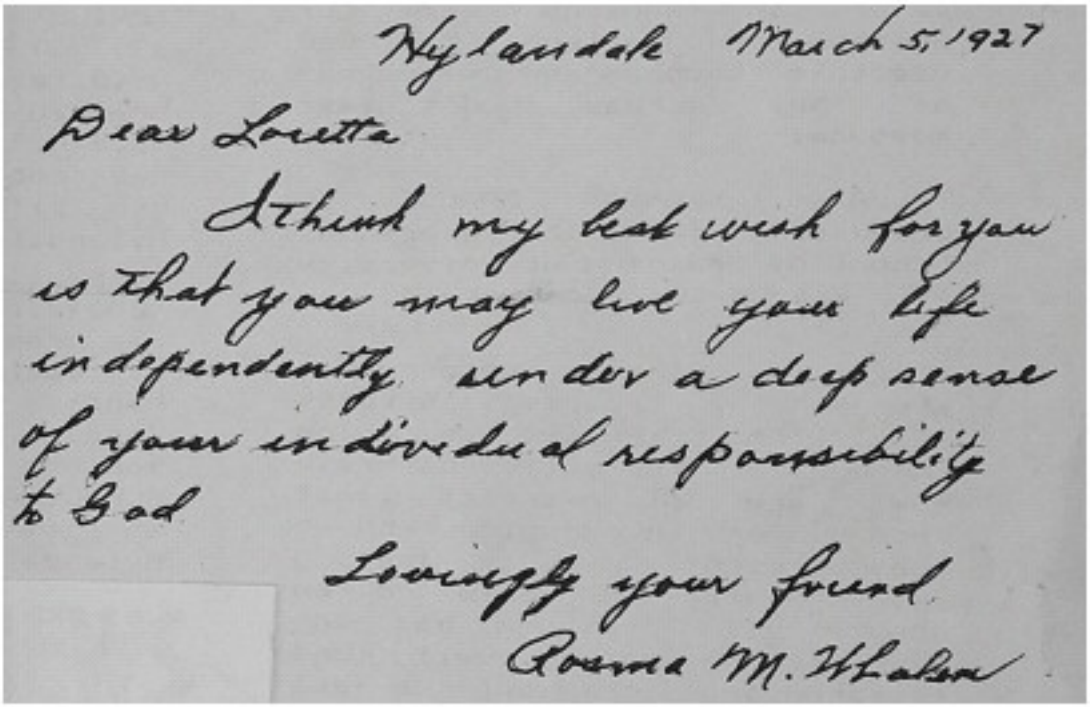
Thus in the flower beds, in the library, in old issues of "Hylandale Life", and in memories of these programs we see inscribed that motto, "Light and Truth", left there by the faithful work of their classmate Miss Rosma Whalen. Of no one could it be more fittingly said, "She fought a good fight. She has finished her course. Hence forth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness."

The last few years of her life she was retired from formal teaching but not from active service, even if she could do no more than write letters encouraging others or soliciting funds for books or shrubs for the school. She was also a very active correspondent for the "Bangor Independent."

She lived to be 79 and during her few years of retirement she lived with her life time friend, Mrs. A.W. Hallock.



(Most of this story was gleaned from the writings of a long time teacher and friend of Hylandale, Alfreda Costerisan, who did much research on the life for Miss Whalen who very seldom talked of herself. Miss Costerisan felt it a inspiration to give tribute to Miss Whalen's beautiful life.) (BELOW): A page from Loretta Buck's autograph album.



Hylandale March 5, 1927

Dear Loretta

I think my best wish for you is that you may live your life independently under a deep sense of your individual responsibility to God

Lovingly your friend

Rosma M. Whalen

The Orchard

A soft, gray Sabbath day in early fall;
The sweet outdoors was beckoning us away
So up the tree crowned hill we bent our steps,
And paused to view the scene spread out below -
Of cottages just peering through the trees
And tawny road meandering along.
Then turned our footsteps o'er the nut strewn grass
Past meadow green and corn field turning gold
Nor paused until the orchard met our questioning gaze.
How beautiful they stood - the long straight rows of trees
Abend beneath their weight of red and gold.

We walked until the setting sun came out
That glinted all the trees with light.
Then sat us down for a moment's reverie
A score or more years had passed away
But memory recalled that misty day in early spring
When a merry group we had come to plant those trees.

Scattered now that group to places far
But some of you who read these lines will think,
"Yes, I was one among that happy group"
And you'll be glad to know that now, per chance
The very tree your hands set out with merry glee
Is bending beneath its weight of red and gold.
One who shared our gladsome work that day
Whose wise and kindly heart and ready wit,
Had earned for him the homey name of Pa
He comes no more to mingle with our work or play'
But rests him now in God's sweet acre, beneath
The quiet sod. Perchance he'll ask us when we meet.
"And how about those trees we planted that May day?"

Written by Miss Whalen in Hylandale Life Oct. 15, 1949