

# MISS SHOREY

Miss Lucy Shorey was born in Vernon County, WI, one of the eldest children in the family. She attended the local public school and Teachers Institute which allowed her to teach in those days. After finishing she taught for several years.

Next we find Miss Shorey at Madison, Wisconsin taking the nurses course. Finishing this, she nursed in various hospitals in Wisconsin and at Rochester, Minnesota. During World War 1 she worked in an army camp hospital and during this time she was one who suffered from the flu during the terrible epidemic of 1918.

She arrived at Hylandale in the 1930's and was indeed a great blessing to the staff who were always struggling to meet the needs of their students. It seems no one could have satisfied the hunger of those hungry energetic young people better than Miss Shorey who was matron for some 30 years.

Many hours were spent in faculty meetings carefully picking out hickory nut meats which she and her kitchen crew had laboriously climbed the hill and picked up one by one. These were then carefully guarded to use in delectable desserts. She had a pantry that we called "The Inner Sanctum" which she kept locked and no one was allowed in that special room lest there would be no goodies for all to share.

Often parents would trade produce for tuition and what fun it was for a big crew to sit around washing and paring the bad spots out of apples to can for the winter.

Miss Shorey, during her time at Hylandale has supervised a large number of girls in preparation of foods as well as teaching them to sew and other vocational class work. Evelyn Radies worked in the kitchen much of her four years at Hylandale and after her marriage to Vernon McNeilus came

back to help carry the burdens of matron for a year. Thus she learned to appreciate the sacrifices Miss Shorey had made through the years. She remembers coming over to chapel in the morning, (which was always first in the day) and seeing Miss Shorey always there a few minutes early spending time reading. Good books and good music go hand in hand and Miss Shorey enjoyed both. She was an accomplished violin player and often her sweet music was wafted out on the air as she played special music for church.



Other words of appreciation came from Lucille Jenkins Crowe and Marjory Lyberg McNeilus, seniors of 1955 who came to love her for her kind and thoughtful spirit. They say for instance - - when we gathered around the table for our afternoon duty assignments she would often bring some treat composed of cake, pie, rolls, or some other dainty. They noted that she was always patient when they made a failure of the gravy, or darkened the bread more than it should have been, or even forgot the yeast. Marge says she doesn't recall of Miss Shorey ever raising her voice. What fun it was when she rearranged the seating in the cafeteria, and how we would hope to be seated near or at least at the same table as our special friend. We enjoyed working with her very much.

Many were her pretty bouquets gracing the church. In summer there were the wild flowers from the surroundings and in winter she would fashion paper or silk flowers when no others could be found. In the dining room there was the terrarium with a little stream and bridge and a small ceramic boy with a fishing pole and of course there were growing plants used for the forest with small animals hiding amongst them. From winter to warmest spring you could always see some decorative array of flowers and plants to make it seem homey and keep everyone cheerful.

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## "IT'S SOMETHING I'll NEVER FORGET!"

( Marge Lyberg McNeilus wrote this for a class in writing she took later in life)

At the young, impressionable age of fourteen it was my privilege to go away to a small Seventh-day Adventist boarding high school called Hylandale Academy. It was picturesquely situated among the wooded green in summer - white in winter - hills of a remote area near La Crosse, WI. I was able to attend this school my entire four years and have many fond memories of the place, its Christian teachers, and the friends that I made while in attendance.

It was a work oriented school where you attended classes in the morning, then the students went to their various jobs in the afternoons. Of course there were always those students who had to keep the dormitory warm. Some had to cook the meals, thus get up long before those of us that liked the warmth of our flannel sheeted beds. They braved the chilly, snowy elements in the dead of winter to make life easier for the rest of us.

Approximately fifty students were there my first two years and my older sister, Beth, was in attendance as well. As a family we loved to sing, and what a special feeling to be included my first year in the 'Ladies Trio' with Beth and Joanne Schimek. I was in the ladies trio my entire time at Hylandale, and I have done a lot of singing throughout the years. I still have a dog-eared trio book that we used to sing from, which gives me such warm nostalgic feelings. Even today ladies trios are one of my favorite groups.



Several times a year Miss Shorey would change our seating in the dining room. As we walked around the tables glancing at the tags next to the plates, it was a suspenseful time, until you found your name. On occasion, if we were fortunate, we would be seated next to our "steady". I recall buttering bread for my friend Donnie, to make it easier for him because he had a broken collarbone.

It was at this unique school, while in attendance my junior year that I met Dennis, whom later became my husband. He claims when he first walked into the dining room, he looked around and spotted me. He thought to himself that I was the girl he wanted for "his". How can one judge from a glance? I don't know (you'll have to ask him). Dennis prides himself on being able to make a lasting decision on whether he likes someone or not, from a first impression. Apparently it  worked! We are still together and just celebrated our 35 an- niversary on November 25.

Saturday night suppers consisted of bread, applesauce and cheese. I looked forward to those simple suppers, and still can jars and jars of applesauce in the summertime to be enjoyed during the year.

The school was quite strict in many ways and you didn't get to spend much time with your special person. However, one job I had was baking the whole wheat bread which was consumed by the hungry, growing students, and the faculty. The bread baking process can be prolonged, if necessary, and it made a wonderful opportunity for special friends to sneak over to the main building. There in the kitchen or dining room, in the evening, we would have an opportunity to chit chat. One night Dennis and I were at the main building entrance, doing something as daring as Dennis putting his arm around me. We heard a surprising knock on the entry window. The dreaded voice of Miss Shorey boomed out, "You are out of order", as she shook her thin bony finger at us. This was acceptable behavior to us but not to her. We did go our separate ways, wondering when we would be called on the "red carpet" at Mr. Percy's office. The dreaded call never came. Many years later I attended the funeral of Miss Shorey - the matron who did not report us to the principal!

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## KITCHEN DUTY

by Jean Tostenson

**Kitchen duty surely is fun!**
**Always, always on the run.**
**First for breakfast, up at five,**
**What an hour to be alive!**
**Then it's dishes, they're never done,**
**Stacks and stacks and then some.**
**But after a'while we get them done,**
**And ready we are for a little fun.**



**Next 'dinner' we hear the bells chime**
**And oh! What a rush to get there on time.**
**The boys and girls are in a gay mood,**
**You'd think by their actions they'd never seen food.**
**Then dishes again! Won't we ever get through?**
**Tho' there's five of us girls to make up the crew,**
**How we long to get through**
**And be out having fun.**

**The afternoon's work goes off like a charm,**
**A few giggles never did anyone any harm.**
**So we laugh and have fun**
**'Till we get our work done.**
**Miss Shorey, the matron, she's the boss,**
**My, how riled she gets when things get lost.**
**And even though she fusses and scolds,**
**We all love her from the depth of our souls.**
**Now don't you think**
**I've done well to mention**
**Some of the things**
**That go on in the kitchen**



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# HYLANDALE

## 1916 —1930

School was started in 1916 with sixteen students. The Hallocks moved to the Post farm until a building was finished in the valley, which took 3 or 4 years. Mrs. Hallock wrote, "When it was enclosed we moved from the farm on the hill to this building and the dormitory boys moved with us. Mr. Hallock was acting as principal and boy's dean. We also had school in this building. The Administration building was started next and as soon as this was enclosed with the heating system installed we had another moving day. It was enjoyed by all even though the classrooms and the chapel were unfinished. We had plenty of room. We had by this time an enrollment of about fifty students and a church school of fifteen average.

"One morning in chapel Mr. Sheppler suggested it was time to start an apple orchard. So the students solicited among friends and with the help of the faculty 400 trees were planted on the hill. The final plaster for the Main Building, which was the chapel was bought with the money paid to us for the care of two little girls. This was over two hundred dollars!



"Our car was called a Jitney, it had quite a history. It was a used car and came to us from Boston, Massachusetts. We appreciated this car as it had power to take us over the places where the roads were almost impassable."

By the year of 1925 students were charged $12 per month and 26 hours of labor per week. If a student would stay for the summer and was a good worker they could earn all of their tuition and some even earned $19 to $75 above their tuition. The charge for taking folks to and from the station was 25 cents. The literary work of the school was five years work above the seventh grade. The terms were 12 weeks long and they taught one major study at a time along with Bible for 45 minutes and a drill each day. Drill work was reading, spelling, penmanship or sight singing. Instruction was offered in piano and organ also.

Mr. Percy Hallock and his family arrived at Hylandale and lived in the log house for a short time but he set about to build a home up past the barn at the south end of the campus. This was done by hauling large stones down the hill with a stone boat behind the horses and then mixing cement and pouring it between the stones to make a solid foundation. Harold remembers hauling many loads down from the ridge road later on when he was around ten years old to finish a garage for the dwelling.



Although there were several graduations the first found recorded was in 1929 consisting of Norman Hallock, Neva Mundt (White),and Ida Geese (Edwards) and in 1930 there was Virginia Sheppler, Thelma Campbell and Carroll Hallock.

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# Memories

Joy Levendowski
in a letter dated Oct. 30, 1985

In 1927, when I was sixteen years old, my parents decided to send me to a private school. How fortunate for me that they chose Hylandale Academy. There we received spiritual and vocational training along with our schooling. We learned responsibility and we also learned to work together. All in all we were one big family.

One may think that because it was a religious school we had no fun but quite the opposite is true. We went hiking and horseback riding. The school owned the riding horses. One time when my roommate Nimfa Mung and I were riding, a strap broke and I fell off my horse but I didn't even get a bruised spot.



We also had picnics and marsh mallow roasts. The best ice cream I ever tasted was grape ice cream at one of those picnics. Miss Lucy Shorey, who supervised the cooking, mixed the ingredients and we froze it in an oversize ice cream freezer which we turned by hand.

We enjoyed the boys reception when the boys got together and entertained with a program, games, songs and lunch. The girls also entertained once a year with the girls reception. Our cooking class gave a program one evening. Appropriately it was staged in one end of the long dining room. A not too high curtain was drawn across from wall to wall and behind this the girls stood - arms up in the air - with a slipper or shoe over each hand looking as though they were upside down. My part of the program was to compose a short introductory poem and I stood in front of the curtain to recite my poem. One of the girls gave a piano - logue. We really had a fun program.

The semester I was assigned breakfast preparation I set my alarm at 5 A.M. We had to get the milk from the spring house as there was no refrigerator and the milk was kept in tall pails which sat in the water keeping it cool and fresh. Delicious whole wheat bread was baked in the school bakery. We usually had cooked cereal for breakfast and maybe some fresh apple sauce made with apples from the orchard. Our meals were very nutritious thanks to Miss Shorey who planned the menus. She taught cooking and nursing classes. Her private room was in the girls dormitory and since she was a talented violinist some times we would hear lovely music coming from her room.

Our preceptress, Miss Rosma Whalen was a dainty little lady who taught algebra, English and literature. I remember those 1000 word themes we wrote in English and composition class. One room in the dormitory was filled with her loom where she wove rugs.

Each of us kept our room in order and usually there were two in each room. I enjoyed every roommate I had in the three years I was at Hylandale. Sometimes Vala Noblitt and I did our studying early in the morning. At one time Katherine Heinemann, Esther Scwandt and I occupied a large room adjoining the dining room on first floor. Katherine and I would rise early and take a fresh air run to the mill and back before the other girls were out of bed. Another time, when the dormitory was filled to capacity, Lillian West and I roomed in the "apple room" which was on the walk to the basement not far from the kitchen. Ordinarily apples were stored in this room but it was converted into a bedroom when needed.



I will never forget the two men who supervised the entire academy - Mr. Paul Sheppler and Mr. Arthur Hallock. Both taught Bible in the classroom plus other subjects. The Sheppler family was always a large one as they shared their home with any who needed a home. Mr. Sheppler was teacher, preacher and farm supervisor. He knew the Bible from beginning to

end. Mr. Hallock supervised the mill work and carpenter work. He was a man of many talents.

My thoughts often return to those happy days spent at Hylandale. I can see Dora Barton running her fingers over the piano keys. She was blessed with a beautiful alto singing voice. Mae Morrison, a black girl that lived with Shepplers gave me piano lessons. She also was an accomplished pianist. Mary Baker could play a tune on an ordinary carpenters saw with a violin bow. Whenever I hear a male quartet I think of Warren Scott, Carroll Hallock, Harley Telfer and Kenny Engelbert. How they could sing! Audrey Caflish was our sunshine girl. She had that sweet personality.

Memories - how sweet! Those Christian educators at Hylandale will have many stars in their crown and I hope and pray that there will always be a Hylandale Academy. Joy Umberger Levendowsky

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# MORE MEMORIES

by Joe Romeo

I graduated from Hylandale back in 1940. My experiences at Hylandale changed the course of my life from "Gangs" in Brooklyn, N.Y. to a Christian life. I thank God for Hylandale Academy, Professor Hallock, Sheppler, Miss Whalen, Miss Shorey, Alfreda Costarison, and many, many others. I worked one summer in the 1930s for Ralph Jones tending sheep. Ralph taught me to ride horses. He was a fine man. Joe has lived in Glendale, California most of his life since leaving Hylandale and is now 85 years old (2005) .

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# MR. & MRS. PERCY

Mr. Percy Hallock and his wife came to Hylandale in 1929. He was born on Sept 17, 1896 at Granton, Wisconsin. Growing up on the farm that his parents owned, he learned lessons of work and toil, thrift and vision. He became a teacher in a local school. In 1923 he married Josephine Rothenbach during the Camp meeting at Fond du Lac du Lac, Wisconsin and the couple went to Emmanuel Missionary College. After one year he graduated and was asked to work at Bethel Academy in Wisconsin. He was the farm manager for two years and the boy's dean for three years. Josephine had graduated as a teacher from Clinton Theological Seminary in Missouri but her family lived in Wisconsin.

Soon there were two little ones and it was somewhat a chore to keep them quiet and happy, confined to a small apartment, when it was supposed to be quiet for the academy boys to get their lessons. They would have much preferred to ride their trikes up and down the long halls. Percy had visited his uncle at Hylandale at times and was not fully in sympathy with his work, thinking that he was doing a good work but that perhaps Mr. Hallock should not irritate the conference by emphasizing vocational training but rather the "Arts". The vocational training took so much more equipment and the conference had tried it for a little while but were not able to come out financially.

While at an elders meeting at Bethel Academy the elders got to talking about Hylandale and saying many things which weren't true about starving the students and other things which painted a horrible picture of Hylandale. Well, Mr. Percy knew these things were absolutely untruthful - - just plain lies! After listening for awhile he stood up and told them that he had had contact with the school and although he was not fully sympathetic with everything he knew that many of the things that had been said were not the truth, and mentioned some that he absolutely knew to be wrong. They stopped talking about Hylandale quickly and changed the subject. After the meeting was over, the President of the conference met Percy on the steps and said, "Say, we didn't put you on that committee to say the things you said at that elders meeting."

Unconsciously, his sympathy to Hylandale increased not because of hearing those things but because of the hint that he should keep still and not talk well of Hylandale in the conference. That bothered Percy.



He had been farm manager at Bethel for two years, boys dean for three years, and his wife was rather nervous living in the dorm with the children. He began thinking of another job and knowing that A.W. Hallock needed help he came to check things out and decided to stay. The humorous side of the story is that after he had been here for a few years he noticed the name of a student that was the same as the conference President that had reproved him. Then more students with the same name came and one of them later became his daughter-in-law.

Because of the duplication of the Hallock name, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hallock became known as Mr. and Mrs. Percy, and that has been the accepted name all through their life. Mrs. Percy was a wonderful help as she took many students into her home and did all the little things that kept Mr. Percy able to keep up with all his many duties. When a country school up on the ridge needed a teacher for their little one room school they called on

her. Later in life she took in older adults that needed a home and thus supplemented the family income when things were very tight up at school and there wasn't enough funds to go around to the staff. They had 4 children of their own - Harold, Ruth, Le Roy, and Roger. Roger was taken very severely ill when only a baby which left him mentally deficient. This took much love and patience on the part of Mrs. Percy but she cared for him for many years until she could no longer keep track of him at home and had to relinquish his care to an institution. Mrs. Percy passed away in our Health Haven in 1971 after a battle with cancer.

The student enrollment at Hylandale had started out small but by the time Mr. and Mrs. Percy arrived in 1929 (during the depression) the roster was up to fifty-five. The depression hit hard in 1931 and '32. Mr. Percy had started a chicken hatchery business and it was a struggle to keep it going but with God's help his flock was the top producing flock of chickens in Wisconsin and one of his hens the best in the U.S. Many of the students remember working in the hatchery which he had in the basement of the house he had built up past the school barn.



Back in the thirties electricity was just coming into it's own. It was time to electrify all the farms around and since there were few people who knew much about it, Mr. Percy saw it as an opportunity. He got some books and studied them until he knew how to do the job. Soon most of the farmers around were keeping him busy wiring their farms. It is interesting to meet the scores of farmers around that knew Percy from this project. Many of the students who worked with him on the wiring have chosen to be electricians for their life work. An article by Ralph Jones tells his thoughts of Mr. Percy this way:

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# He's My Friend

*by Ralph Jones*

"I was all ears and eyes. Like any freshman on the first day of school I was eagerly taking in a sea of new faces belonging to schoolmates and teachers. My father had made arrangements for me to attend this "advent' school close by home because of his failing health. I was needed desperately at home to do the farm work, so it was unthinkable for me to board in town as my sisters had done. Consequently, my father had decided to send me to Hylandale with the stipulation that I was not to be taught 'religion'. Although my father thought our principal, Mr. A.W. Hallock a 'prince of a man' his thorough Welch Presbyterian upbringing left him with no leanings toward a new doctrine.

"I gathered up my books and entered the Algebra room and gazed at my new teacher. Why, he seemed to be all arms and legs! Father had thought religion something to be taught from a book - but the saintly goodness and genuine concern for others that I saw shining from Mr. Percy's face that day was already 'teaching me religion'.

"Religion in an algebra class? Yes, indeed! (Father would have been alarmed!) Mr. Percy gave us a daily dose in that class as I witnessed his patient explanations and re-explanations of the intricacies of mathematical formulas until the dawn began to appear in even the slowest of our young minds.

"He integrated religion into biology class with the same unconscious modesty that had permeated our algebra class. He traced the origin of life back to a loving Creator as our personal Savior and thus to order our lives according to God's great plan. His own life being a graphic picture of such acceptance. We students looked forward to Friday mornings when Mr.

Percy would have chapel. He pointed out again and again that success and happiness were not dependent on "things" but rather on personal qualities such as perseverance and dedication.

"Mr. Percy's teaching continued even on Saturday nights. He was our favorite teacher to lead marches and games and our noise didn't seem to get on his nerves as it did some of the older teachers. How we laughed at the discomfiture of the students who did not yet know the secret of his solemn and deep pronouncement, 'I am the honest and upright judge; I demand honesty as the answer to every question.' How we would howl at the look on their faces when they finally realized they didn't have to answer all those revealing personal questions such as who do you like the best in the girls (or boys) dorm? but only to say the word 'honesty'!

"Then there were the programs. We never tired of the 'Bee Story' when Mr. Percy would turn actor and pretended to wrap his long legs around a tree trunk or to run them across stage with an imaginary smoker. His philosophy that Christians should be the happiest people in the world was not lost on the student body and I, the little Welch Presbyterian" from down the road, was slowly and imperceptibly being "taught religion".

"Since my father died when I was 17 years old, I adopted Mr. Percy. If I needed advice or just wanted to talk things over with someone I always came to him and I never went away empty. Mr. Percy spent over 50 years teaching at Hylandale and died in 1990 at age 93. When he gets to heaven I'm sure there will be a group of students around him."

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## RUTH'S STORY OF HER DAD

by Ruth Hallock Ruth is Mr. Percy's daughter and remembers this story from when she was young.

I think this incident took place in the spring of 1940 or '41. One Sunday afternoon a man drove up in an old pickup truck. He asked if I would ask my dad to come out as he would like to talk to him. LeRoy and I had been playing outside at the time. Dad came out and he got in the man's truck and they talked for a while. Dad got out of the truck and the man drove away.

Dad came into the house shaking his head. He said to mom, "We are going to have to be very careful on what we spend for the next few months. I just gave the man fifty dollars." (that was a lot of money in those days) Mom looked pretty shocked. Dad said, "He had to need the money pretty bad, to come to me, after the false stories he had told. I felt God wanted me to loan him the money. He is the young electrician that came to Bangor a couple of years ago.



A year went by, and again I was outdoors playing with the dog, when the same man drove up and asked for dad to come out to his truck. Dad got in and they drove out on the road and parked and talked for a long time. When dad came back to the house he had a big smile on his face. He said I am so glad I loaned him the money. He paid it back today and told me his story.

He had tried to borrow money from the banks and

friends and no one would loan him any money so he could move to where he could find work. They had a new baby and they did not have enough business to pay his bills. He was going to commit suicide if dad had not loaned him the money. There was no reason dad should loan him money, except he had heard what a good man dad was.

A few years latter he opened an electric store in La-Crosse. Dad had had a small electric store in Bangor and had the General Electric franchise, but when Dad closed his store he lost the franchise, however when someone wanted any electric appli-ance from dad he could get it at wholesale from this man's store for his customers anytime. So dad was well paid back.

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A kind, courteous Christian is the most powerful argument that can be produced in favor of Christianity. {CM 73.2



## FIFTY YEARS AGO

by Viola Van Zile Erlandson

'Twas at Hylandale in - thirty one -
Our education really just begun -
For Audrey, Dick, Dora, Alex and Vi
'Twas graduation at good old 'Hy'.
We'd spent many happy days at school
Where we were taught the Golden Rule

For Mr. Percy, the newest arrival
On the faculty, taught us survival.
His classes were always discussions of interest
For he was young and very ambitious.

Mr. A.W., the principal and founder of 'Hy',
So capable and practical with never a sigh,
Was expert and building with helpers so young
Until the task learned was finally done. -
A new building with chapel & classrooms aplenty
Library, Dining Room, Kitchen, and Pantry.

Miss Shorey's apartment shared on third with
The Print Shop - putting out orders not blurred.
There Sheldon and helpers had plenty of fun
Printing stationary and business orders well done.

It really was fun doing things we'd not done
While earning and learning - rising bell to set of sun
It was pounding on lath for the new dining room
That Lede and Vi started - for plastering soon!

Miss Whalen, our girl's dean was ever on hand
To help us and guide us to the Promised Land
Her study hall presence and little tinkling bell
Told us she was coming and all would be well.

It was good old laundry where activity was "art"
Ed hauling us water with his horse and cart.
Not only helpful but with care and love -
The laundry girls labored with hand irons and wood stove.

Audrey, Myrtle and others pressed the boys suits
So that on Sabbath they dressed like "Dukes".
Finding lost articles in the "unknown" box
Was like finding a treasure to keep under lock.

Pa Sheppler taught French and Bible, too,
As Farm Manager and Gardener his ideas were new.
His kindness and good nature were always abused
By students taking advantage in classes - amused!
The farm was inviting for boys doing chores

Marcie and Ginny there riding horses - no sores!
The farm on the hill was a place to behold,
Then down the Ridge road the hay was hauled
The house on the "Post" farm is most tumbled down
But guests always visited hoping "ghosts" were in town

The mill was a place where Mr. Hallock was boss,
Many boys rolled the logs as the lumber came 'cross.
Caroll firing for steam in the old engine there,
While whistles and noise told us action was here.

The Health home was home to the boys of the school
Mrs. Hallock and A.W. were enforcing the "rule".
Lukie and Grace were the helpers there -
Mrs. Hallock had chores more than she could bear!

The old spring house at the foot of the hill
Was a cool place to keep milk and to fill
The pails with water for laundry -
And for others checking that all would be merry.

At the Sheppler home many children found shelter
With Odien and others - some things helter skelter-
Their family was large including Virginia and Benny,
For ""Pa" and "Ma" Sheppler adopted so many

Twas always a place where happiness and chores
Kept everyone busy inside and outdoors.

The little log school house where Annie Fasecus taught
Was grade school for kids if knowledge they sought,
Many memories for those who entered the doors,
And quaint was the place with it's old wooden floors.

Climbing the hills behind the girls dorm
Was most fun of all for those who were warned
To see the eclipse was a special treat
But who wanted to see it - even though neat.
Out in the night with their blankets so warm
Many watched delighted at the sight of the moon
And eagerly saw the eclipse overhead,
While Lede and Vi snuggled warm in their beds!

Mr. and Mrs. Percy's new home was up past the barn
Where chickens were hatched and protected from harm.
Bob Swartz and others who helped with the chores
For Ruth and Harold were just little scores.

Happy were all that were entertained here
For Hallocks were host to many a dear-
'Twas here Elder Lockhart and daughter drank cream

And yet on their cereal for they were not lean!

It was Miss Shorey who could make soup and sour
cream gravy
Delicious wheat bread, creamed potatoes, pie - maybe,
With applesauce and cream for supper, we did not suffer.
Little did we realize her chores were heavy
As we peeled potatoes and washed dishes many!
Her readings at programs were always well rendered
And her violin music kept us surrendered.

All the joys of the school cannot be told
But through it all we've lived and proved
That for others we must live
And to Him our hearts must give!

From Hylandale's humble beginning
With kerosene lamps and outdoor plumbing -
Have come teachers, missionaries and doctors
More capable than most worldly scholars.
Let us always thankful be
That God made man as well as tree -
To Him we owe our very being
And a reunion with Him we'll soon be seeing!



# RALPH

# & ANITA JONES

## Prince of a Man

Anita Jones wrote this first part for "Hy" Life in 2002

Goodness shown out of his brown eyes like a light from a bulb. When something was funny they fairly danced with merriment, when serious they denoted a great faith in God's willingness to help his people with their problems. He had embarked on a project that took a lot of prayer and hard work - that of making a school where many students not able to afford to go to church sponsored academies would have a chance to work for their education expenses, "and help us make a good school," he would say.

When a neighbor down the road, a devout Welsh Presbyterian, for some reason decided that A.W. Hallock was a "prince of a man", he brought his son up to enroll him in Hylandale. (He was needed on the farm so it was impossible for him to board in town and attend high school as his sisters had done.)

"But," Mr. Jones said, "there are two things I DON'T want you to teach my son — one is farming (I'll teach him that) and I don't want you to teach him anything about your religion."

Mr. Hallock, diplomat that he was, said "We will let the boy decide for himself." (The "boy" was Ralph Jones)

And so Ralph Jones did choose for himself and he chose the path his teachers chose before him - that of service to others. After graduation he was baptized and continued to farm next door and also continued to go up to

the church, visit, and help at the school. Before too long he became acquainted with Mr. Hallock's secretary, Anita Oliphant, who had graduated some time before and had returned to help out at the school. They married in 1946 and, living close by, continued to help out at Hylandale.



Ralph was very much loved and you could often find him with a stream of kids following as he told them jokes and riddles. Ralph had a contagious and inspiring enthusiasm for living. Who else could have brought so many blessings through his ability to buy so much for so little while being our purchasing agent? Or who else could auction off farm machinery to our studious girls for entertainment? The neighbors around used to come and laugh with us as Ralph would give his reading "Little Bessie's Mother" for programs on Saturday night. He always brought lively, thought provoking discussions as Sabbath School teacher or leading out in the song services.. This has not been just for a year or two, but continued on through the years as he served at various times as farm manager, purchasing agent, or business manager. Ralph has always given of his bounties and donated money for many much needed improvements such as the covering for our parking lot, our chapel grand piano, new song books when needed, or some special food treat for the school and much, much more.

As Ralph was serving in these areas his wife, Anita, was serving in her own area of expertise. Since she had earned her teaching certificate at Andrews University before getting married, she was a wonderful addition to Hylandale. She taught at various times in our church school and also in the academy when needed. Her quiet unassuming ways were an inspiration.

The Wisconsin Conference also recognized her talents along these lines and this is part of a letter written to her on her eightieth birthday by Elder Dale Ziegele, who was the Educational Secretary for Wisconsin. "What a thrill to my heart to observe the impact of your confidence in what

kids can do. Your ability to express that confidence in each of them, even in those you might have to search carefully to find it, has consistently produced great results. After hearing your small classroom make excellent investiture presentations and sing with confidence, my wife and I coveted the opportunity to have our own sons in your classroom. The labor of your heart and hands have produced sterling young adult professionals. Thanks for planting confidence in their hearts - - - The world needs more people like you!"

(Ralph lived at home until two years before he passed away in June 2005)

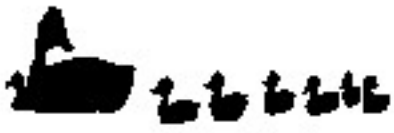
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## IT'S COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME

by Ralph Jones

I consider myself privileged to have been reared in a country setting. Although I spent long hours with a hoe in the corn fields, split and carried wood to the wood box, brought water from the spring and forked many a load of hay, the fresh air and exercise gave me a zest for living.

Nature was unfolding all around me and it was a thrill to come upon a bird nest while cutting thistles or to watch lambs frolic in the spring. Mounted on my pony and with old Shep (the dog) at my side, I would hunt through the woods for a fresh cow. (One had to be keen and sharp to find the well hidden calf and not be fooled by the mother's misleading actions.) How I would gasp to see a mother duck lead her newly hatched ducklings to the creek for their first swimming lesson only to have them glide gracefully over the water like pros! How I would laugh at the new



colts unstable legs! Then, again, how chagrined I would be to see my tabby cat lead out the kittens for which I had been searching for a few days!



Among my fond growing up memories, also, stands my mother. The aroma of fresh baked cinnamon rolls seemed to be a part of her cheery, bright kitchen and gave me a sense of security that many children to not experience today.

The day my dad told me that I could hitch up our horses, Kit and Queen, and go help the neighbors thrash, I thought the ultimate of pleasure had been reached. As the old steam engine chugged away, great care was taken that each bundle was laid straight on the apron. Since I had no size to recommend me, I was careful to do my work well.

I was in my early teens before I realized that city folks took a dim view of country living. Upon my infrequent town visits I would be hailed as a "hayseed" or a "country hick". No doubt my bare feet, straw hat, sun burned nose or blue denims made this evident, nevertheless, my blood pressure would rise while my muscles ached to give them a poke. Mother frowned on this behavior, however, so I had to resort to other means to defend country living.

The opportunity came on the annual "Play Day" observed jointly by city and country schools. A ball game was organized between our country school and a city school. We had practiced many hours at our school without the benefit of a paid coach such as the sophisticated city school had and what we lacked in experience we made up for in enthusiasm and team spirit. Since I am left-handed I was elected to pitch. I didn't know anything about the "spit ball" or "slider" but I knew I was supposed to give them the "dark one!"! Our catcher was rather unique, also, weighing in at 208 pounds she could also double as a backstop! Anyway, the score was 14 to 3 in our favor when the ninth inning was over and many "hurrahs" were in order for the

"country hicks".

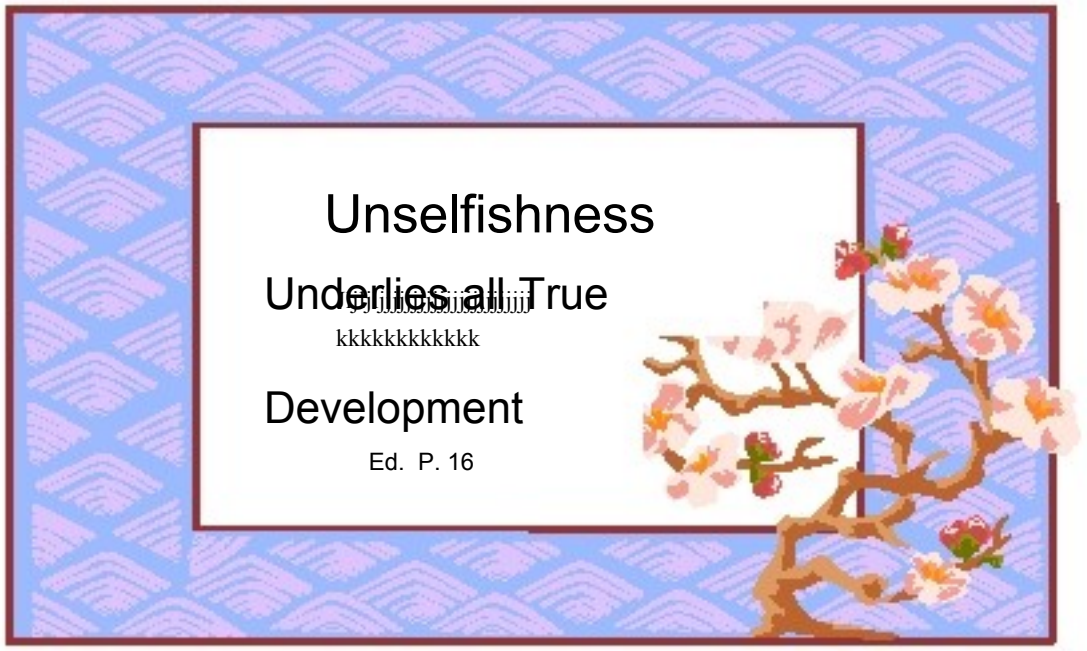
One day I rode my pony, Billy, in to town. Two boys who owned ponies there challenged me to a race. Since Billy was in very good shape having "raced" me to school and back every day, a distance of three miles each way, I readily agreed to race them. My opponents and their city friends were ready for an exciting match and all three ponies took off at the starting line amid many cheers for the city ponies. When Billy and I reached the half mile finish line I looked back. Not a spectator or pony was in sight; all had vanished. Their defeat by a "country hick" was more than they could take.



Country living grew more complicated for me as my father died when I was 17. Being close to nature, however, was where I wanted to be. I love to see the Cardinal appear and announce a snow storm. To me the Bob-white's call says, "More wet, more wet" and the Whippoorwill tells me in the spring, "Plant your corn, plant your corn". In the summer his call sounds like, "Wash your feet, wash your feet" and in the fall it sounds like, "Feed your stock, feed your stock". The owl and I have a strange communication also. When he hoots on the hill he is announcing colder weather and when his voice comes from the valley then warmer weather can be expected. When the Killdeer screams up and down the creek and the Red-winged Blackbirds return to the marsh the winter will have given up. The trees also have a well defined language. When the Maple leaves turn inside out I can predict rain. When the Hickory nuts hug their shucks tight or the corn its shucks, one can prepare for a hard winter; if they are loose, a mild winter can be expected.

Yes, I can heartily recommend to you country living. Its rewards include fresh air, physical exercise, joy of accomplishment, peace of mind and contentment with faith in a Creator.

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Unselfishness
Underlies all True
kkkkkkkkkkkk
Development
Ed. P. 16



# LETTERS, LETTERS & LETTERS

Memories of **Ken (Pank) Stepanske** as written in a letter to Mrs. Burdick in 1985

Your "Hylandale Life" April issue recently came to our house and we noticed a picture of a building that looked very familiar to my wife and me. She (Aledra Caflish) lived in it a year before I came to Hylandale in June of 1931. (The first girl's dorm) It was the girls' dorm for 2 years of the time I was there and then the boys were transferred into it so the girls could live and be with Principal Arthur Hallock in his home. In other words we changed dorms. I spent three years at Hylandale and graduated in 1934. This building has many happy memories for us. A new building was built on just about the same spot as the one shown in the photo after it burned in about 1938. My sister, Lillian, was one of the occupants at the time. She lost everything she owned with the exception of the night clothes she had on. The fire broke out in the early morning hours and burned the building down completely. The cause was thought to be an overheated furnace.

My first recollection of the building was the first evening I spent at Hylandale. - - I was a city boy - - away from home for the first time in my life. Mr. Percy picked me up at the railroad station in Rockland late in the afternoon. I brought $200.00 with me to buy plaster, lath, etc., to finish the administration Building and then I could work on the project with "A.W." as we lovingly called Mr. Hallock. Anyway, after supper that evening the boys got together to play softball in front of this building. It wasn't much of a baseball diamond with it's rocks and rolls, but we could run the bases. The first time I came to bat, I knocked the ball clear over this building and from that time forward I was 'in' with the boys. Never had a lonesome time in the

following three years.

Other recollections of the building were enjoyable too. The first floor as basement contained the furnace room and the laundry. The girls did the laundry and we boys had to supply them with water hauled in barrels on a wagon or sled drawn by two horses. The first Sunday I was there I was assigned to this job with Biff Loga. We had a couple of colts harnessed together for the first time and before we could get our barrels full we had a runaway wagon. Biff driving and me holding on for dear life trying to hold the wagon together. Quite an experience to say the least. Later Ed Wilke did most of the hauling and was the envy of most of the boys because he got to go in where the girls were working and visit with them.



One time during the year, my roommate (Glennister van Zile) dared me to see who could run to the top of the girls dorm and back down and not get caught. The dorm being three floors and a basement. We started at the base of the steps at the right side of the building. We both did it! We were called in by "A.W." a few days later and were called down for that. Can't remember the punishment but I know it was fair.

Another time a friend (Elwood Gustafson) and I walked our girlfriends home from our evening meal. When we got to the porch we heard Miss Whalen coming down the stairs so we decided to hide. Two water barrels were standing on the porch - I took one and Gus took the other. His turned out to be about half full so you can imagine how he fit into that. We had quite a laugh for a long time and never did get chastised for it.

The year we boys occupied this building, my room was on the top floor with only one other room beside it. We could go out on the roof and jump out onto the hillside in back quite easily but not too easily get back in! We had to sneak up the stairs. We were sure Mr. Stanchfield knew about

this but he didn't do much about it. He was fair as long as one did not lie to him. We had closets between the two rooms up there and we cut a hole in the wall between them so we had a party room out of the top floor. Ted Curry was my roommate and Linden McNeilus and his roommate in the other. We would go to the kitchen and get fresh bread and sugar and then go to the spring where milk and cream were kept cold, and get a pitcher of cream and go back to the dorm for a feast. We lived in that building only a year and then it was back to the Health Home location for the next year. Stanchfields were there only that one year but we have remained friends with them all the rest of our lives. Those three years at Hylandale were very important to me. (Published in Hylandale "Life" in 1985)

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## SCHOOL DAYS

by Viola Erlandson Van Zile

In 1929 my brother, Glenister, Van Zile, ( an 8th grader) and I (a junior) arrived at Hylandale. The grade school was held in the little log cabin beyond the Girls' Dorm. I think Aileen Sheppler was teacher. Mr. Percy had just moved to 'Hy' from up north - had a new home, a chicken hatchery, a print shop and he was busy installing electric lines - Rural Electrical Authority - for neighboring farmers. He was a teacher and ran the school store. I helped Mr. Percy at times and I also worked at the school store with him at one time.

I enjoyed working in the kitchen with Miss Shorey too, and one time I had the job of filling the kerosene lamps and cleaning the chimneys as each room had it's own lamp. Miss Whalen had a special one with a much brighter light which was used in our study hall at night. We didn't mind not having electricity - we didn't even mind the outside plumbing

There were 55 students at 'Hy' that year. The dorms were full and

several girls had a room on 3rd floor of the Main Building. Miss Shorey's apartment was also there, and the print shop.

My brother, Glennister Van Zile, joined the navy in March, of his senior year. He was on the U.S.S. Colorado when Amelia Erhart was lost at sea, and he spent 6 months in Antarctica with one of Admiral Byrd's Expeditions.

We both admired Mr. A.W., Mr. Sheppler, Miss Whalen, Miss Shorey and Mr. Percy. They gave their lives for us kids. And those were happy days. All the buildings were new. Aledra Caflish and I even put lath on the new building where the chapel and classrooms were. The kitchen and dining room were on the lower level. Our girls dorm had the laundry in the basement and we carried water from the Spring House on Saturday nights to fill the four boilers that would be ready for the laundry crew on Sunday morning. Later Ed Welke with his horse and wagon brought water in barrels and put them on the porch outside the laundry room.



Percy got his Hatchery going but the crash of '29 was very much felt in most everything in the years following. At one time Mr. Percy bought some roosters for a hundred dollars each in order to keep his stock up in the ratings but because of the depression he ended up having to sell them for fifty cents each. But the Lord continued to bless him and soon his chicks were among the highest rated on the national level.

Tuition was often paid in produce. Truck loads of peaches, apples, or perhaps potatoes or honey. This of course was canned or stored and was a wonderful help in feeding the students.

Because bathroom plumbing was still only for the more elite in those days the little path to the rose garden out behind the girls dorm was well worn and didn't get to be deleted until some time in the early forties.

Everyone worked and everyone was happy. Mr. Sheppler had planted

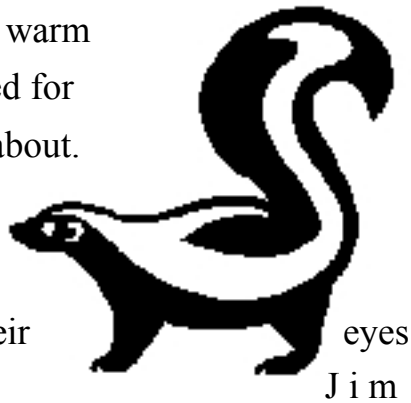
vineyards between the girls dorm and the main building. He was our French teacher and a jolly good one. Thanks to all 'Hy' personnel.

## The Skunk that went to School

Since Hylandale is located in such a beautiful valley away from any towns, many of the memories that students have are taken from nature. Here is a memory written by James Nash.

There were two boys at Hylandale back in 1932 who loved to go walking over the hills. One morning they were walking below the entrance road when they saw a mama skunk go into a small log. The boys slipped up to the log and listened and could hear little ones in there with "Mama". Joe said, "You watch and I'll get a sack of straw to plug the log"

James stayed and listened and when Joe got back they plugged the log and carried it to an old hen house that had an empty room. The old hen house had some chickens in one end, then a feed room and two empty rooms at the other end. They boys put the log next to the feed room, tied a string to the straw sack and eased it out after they had put some warm milk and home made bread near by. Nothing happened for awhile and then "Mama" put her head out and looked about. "Mama" tried the milk! She liked it!! (must have been poor hunting the night before)



Time seemed to fly. The little ones soon had their eyes open and came to look at their surroundings. Joe and Jim along with their dog, Peggy, who would lay at their feet, would sit and watch each day while the little "kits" (skunks) would play all around - sometimes even with Peggy's tail. They never seemed to let out any stink. No, never! And each morning and evening the boys would bring more bread and milk for "Mama's" family.

When it came time for school to start Joe would go to the academy

and James would go to the log schoolhouse as he was still in the eighth grade. One morning it was James' turn to feed the bread and milk so he did it on the way to school as it was a little later than usual. Most times when the little ones were fed they would finish, then play awhile and go back into the log and take a nap. But! This morning "Little Nuisance" (who was a real pet) decided to follow James' trail to the log school.

Just before recess the teacher, Miss Hughs, (later Mrs. Boyd Jones) gulped out, "James! Don't move your feet!" Of course Jim was quite surprised to hear her say that so emphatically - - He just had to squirm to look! Whoa! There was Nuisance sound asleep between his feet! What to do? The other kids were scooting away and some even out the door. James just reached down and scratched baby's tummy. She liked that, opened one eye' shut it' and went back to sleep. James slipped his hand under her, cradled her in his arms and took her back to "her nest." The school kids couldn't understand - - There was no odor, no smell! None of these little kits ever sprayed around the log area or at Joe, James or Peggy. They knew they were safe and cared for.

Thus lessons of caring were passed on by nature as well as the teachers. Such as a young one who was far behind in his studies and was not going to pass just because he played around and did not do his lessons. When he finally woke up to the fact he was remorseful and went to see his teacher, Miss Whalen. When seeing his situation she (who had already stretched her schedule too far) replied, "I really have no time in my schedule but if you



are willing to get up an hour earlier I shall too, and together we can get you caught up.") Thus he was able to pass through her sacrifice and caring.

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## Carl Henderson remembers his connection with Hy.

Somewhere around 1918 or 1919 I went to 'Hy' from a farm near Victory, Wisconsin. That is about 25 miles south of La Crosse. I was not an Adventist and I went because my pal, Walter Gees was going. My folks agreed to pay the tuition ($12.00) per month and I was to work the rest off like the other students did. I loved it at Hy but had a lot of adjustments to make, especially in my eating habits. I remember one time that first winter there that I sent for some canned beef (Sears Roebuck and Co.) And when it came I had a real feast (I thought). I ate it all except a taste that my best friend, Norman Hallock, wanted as he had never tasted meat. It was a long time before I was converted to the idea of vegetarianism. I went four years to "Hy" and then to Madison, Tenn. for three years and then in 1927-1928 I taught History, Mathematics, Science and Church History at Hylandale. Then I came out here to Washington and it was not until 1943-1944 that I taught at 'Hy' again, and then only for one year, as I got sick and had to come back to the West.

I have always had a great love in my heart for 'Hy' and will always pray for the advancement of the work there. May the Lord bless you all.

Carl Henderson

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' The highest evidence of nobility in a Christian is self-control. He who can stand unmoved amid a storm of abuse is one of God's heroes. '

{MYP 134.2}

**The Holy Scriptures are the perfect standard of truth, and are place in education should be given the highest**

**Ed p 17**

# Carl Lahde Story




(We received this very interesting letter from CARL LAHDE, a student from the early 30's. A former student, ETHEL SWANSON, now deceased, had encouraged him to write his story to us. He retired in 1978 and moved to Stevensville, MT

I loved the teachers when I went to school there. They would tell us about the old Battle Creek days. I was a young boy and the stories thrilled me. I was also a new Adventist. It was those teachers that grounded me in the truth I love so much.

I had an older sister that had become acquainted with an Adventist young man by the name of Meyer, who lived a block from us in Harvey, IL. I became acquainted with his brothers but we soon moved to Waukesha, WI. They had told me about the Sabbath but in Wisconsin I started to go to the Presbyterian Church with the public school friends I had made. One Sunday the preacher spoke about keeping the Ten Commandments. All of the sudden something clicked in my mind. I am sure it was the Holy Spirit that impressed me. How come, if the Bible says to keep the seventh day holy, are these people going to church on the first day of the week? I pondered that for a while, but could not put things together. I was only ten years of age.

My dad lost his job for some reason, and we moved, back to Chicago Heights on a farm. My stepmother would not stay, so my dad, brother, and myself lived there. My brother, Fred and I went to the local school one year, but told our dad we were not going back. There was a lot of foreign students and we had been threatened with sticks, stones, and

knives and were afraid to go back.

One day my brother and I were building a raft near a creek bridge where we lived. Across the bridge came my sister, the Meyer's boy she was soon to marry, and his family. Just **as** soon as I saw them something came over me very strongly and said, "Carl, you should not be doing this on the Sabbath!" I was really shaken. It was the Sabbath and for the first time I realized that God does speak to people. I was greatly impressed. I was only eleven at that time.

My sister got married, and my brother and I were invited to come live with them in Harvey. I started to go to church with them and continued to go. I heard Elder Ray Kinney preach on building our house on the Rock, and I understood it. I graduated from the eighth grade and was baptized into the Seventh Day Adventist Church the following summer. That is when the trouble began.

When my dad found out I had been baptized he was furious. He moved to Harvey and made me live with him. I was 13 years at that time. He tried to make me eat his pork, which I refused to do. He then called in the neighbors, who poked fingers at me. They said I was too young to make decisions, that I should do what my father said, eat what food he supplied, and not to act like a Jew by going to church on Saturdays. Father did not want me to go to church. I was having a miserable time. When my sister and her husband found what I was going through, they got together with some friends, and when my dad was away at work, they put me on a train to Hylandale.



Soon after I arrived, Percy Hallock came to the school. and shortly had his 34th birthday. I lived at Pa Sheppler's house across the valley from the main building. He used to tell us about his experiences in France. Also when coming to America he was looking for his aunt's place, and ran into a barbed wire fence cutting his upper lip. That left a scar. Maybe that is why he wore a mustache.

The following year I was not able to attend Hylandale. There was a deep depression and times were very hard. I was sent to Chicago Conference

Academy, a day school. I was doing well in my subjects and had not caused any trouble of any kind. Then one day in history class I was looking at my book when the room became *very* quiet, so I looked up, and the teacher was glaring at me, and continued to do so. Finally I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "You know what is the matter. I said, "No I don't." Then he said, "Get up and leave the room." I felt embarrassed and puzzled. As I went out the door he said, "Don't come back until you are ready to apologize to the class." What could I have done to cause such a reaction? I did not go back. Two days later the overbearing, dictatorial principal called me into his office and told me I had to apologize to the teacher and the class for what I had done or leave the school. I said that I had not done anything wrong, and if I had, would he tell me what it was. He said, "You know what you did." I said, "No, I don't." He again said to either apologize or leave the school. I said good-bye and left puzzled, disappointed, and wondered about what Christian-ity was all about. I did not lose my faith. Thank the Lord. About ten years later I met a man at campmeeting who had sat across the isle from me that day at school. I asked him what happened. He said, "Carl, I guess I will have to apologize to you. I flipped a wad of paper and it landed on the teachers desk. The teacher thought that you had done it." Satan was trying to discourage me but I was grounded enough to hold on.

When I was fifteen, I attended a public school in Harvey. The teacher at the head of the class of 35 students was an evolutionist, or perhaps an atheist, or both. He won all the students to his belief except me . One day in class he said that everyone in class, except one, would pass and looked hard at me. I decided if I was not going to pass because I was the only **C**hristian, then there was no use to stay, so I left in the middle of the year. Again Satan was trying to discourage me.



My dad seemed to be mellowing, and wanted to go down to Alabama where his dad had bought some land and then passed away. He said, "Do you want to ride bicycle down to Alabama with me?" So

I said, "Sure!" We had many interesting experiences on the way down. After we arrived and built a little cabin, he said, 'I got you here and now you are going to give up this Saturday business." He wanted me to wash the clothes and chop the wood on the Sabbath and no other day. I refused. He got so angry that he would pick up something to hit me with and I would run out the door. I would have to spend the Sabbath all day out in the woods by myself. There were no other Adventists in the country but I was not alone. I had the presence of Jesus and the Holy Spirit with me. I prayed much but I was sad. I would walk by the stream and observe nature.

Three months later my brother, Fred, came down. We talked it over and persuaded my dad to cut the timber off of the twenty acres and go back up north. I was glad my brother came for at times my dad would be so angry at me for not working on the Sabbath that he would swing an axe at me and I had to take off in a hurry.

There were no chain saws in those days, so my brother and I worked from daylight to almost dark as fast as we could pull the six foot cross cut saw. Then we would jump into the stream with our clothes on to wash the salt out of them. We cut that twenty acres of timber in three weeks time, while my dad washed clothes, chopped wood, and made the meals. Of course he had to help my brother on Sabbath.

When we were back in Illinois, my dad took me into Chicago to get a job. I was taken to the Western Union for the purpose of delivering telegrams. The man doing the hiring said he could use me. I told him I was a Seventh Day Adventist and that Saturday was the only day I wouldn't be able to work. He said that was the day he really needed me. When I told him I was sorry I could not work on that day he did not hire me. By the time my dad and I were out of that building dad was screaming and yelling at me so loud that everyone on the street turned to see what was going on.



When we got back home, he started in again. He was so angry that he picked up a hammer and swung it at my head. If it had connected I'm sure I would not be here today but I ducked and went out the door. I was disowned and told that he wished I had died when I was a baby. I never lived under his roof again.

That fall I went back to Hylandale. It was a Little heaven compared to what I had gone through. I worked in the dairy, in the woods cutting trees, and also fired the wood furnaces for the school. I suppose that I woke people up in the dark of early morning as I went from building to building singing the Christian songs I had learned by heart. I liked to sing them loud enough to reverberate off the hills but no one ever complained. I later sang in the school quartet. We traveled all around the community and even many areas far from school.



Returning to Illinois, I was asked by the Broadview Academy principal to continue my education there. I said I had no money. I was told I could work in the woodshop with the other boys for half a year and then start school and I agreed. When we asked how much we would be earning they said they would let us know. We worked eight hours a day and ten hours on Sunday. In the middle of the year we found we only had about 20 dollars credit. We were angry. Many of the boys quit and dropped out of the church. We found there were some who were embezzling money from the woodshop income. Again, Satan was trying to discourage me. It was hard on a young boy like myself but I wanted to be one of God's children and held no hard feelings, against all of these people who had worked against me through the years.

At the beginning of the school year, there was a Saturday night entertainment in the cafeteria. I had asked the Lord to help me find a good SDA Christian wife. They were having some of those fancy marches and I

walked in and sat in the corner. I was watching the others have a good time when I saw a little girl come around the far end. She was beautiful and looked like a nice girl. At that moment the Lord revealed to me that she was going to be my wife. I knew this with assurance. I did not know who she was , but it did not take me long to find out. The boys who told me said a lot of fellows had tried to get her and could not. I later found she had the highest character rating among the student body of some three hundred students. When I got acquainted with her, our first date was going "Ingathering."

Through the years I have found that when it is in the heart to obey God, he opens doors for us. If we relate to our trials properly, the Lord will help us. On April 25th we will have been married 55 years. We have had a beautiful relationship during this time because we both want to please God. Our love for Him has reflected in Him giving us love for each other. We have made the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy our guide. We have not gone ahead of these guides, neither have we lagged behind. This has kept us free from, the new theology, and the "celebration" type service. Neither have we gotten into that Jubilee and literal time setting that is going around. We thank the Lord for the spiritual discernment that he has given us. Our library consists of nearly a thousand books many of which are source books. We have seen souls baptized from Bible studies given and some from doing Literature evangelism. I would like to see in the kingdom those friends and teachers I had when I attended Hylandale. I remember those spiritual Friday evening services we had when I attended there. The professor read from the Spirit of Prophecy. These inspired words touched the hearts of the young people and they would testify and they lived their testimony. We students felt very heavily the presence of the Holy Spirit in those meetings. We saw many real conversions.



There was an atmosphere on the campus during the Sabbath hours that made a person know God was present on that *day.* Those who preached on the Sabbath would preach way past one o'clock, since we ate dinner at two p.m. on Sabbath. The students were asked if the preaching was too long and they said no. The messages were so good and spirit filled, that the students were fed and they wanted to continue as it was. I never forgot that.

I recall one student who was a doctor's son. He came from California, and was very spoiled; not many liked him. He fired the furnaces for a time. Then we noticed a great change in him. He did not tell us what happened but he was now a Christian. Many years later I met him at campmeeting in California. It was then he told me his story. He said that one night he walked into the main building to check it. He heard a voice coming from the office above the stairs. He tip toed part way up the stairs to see who was there. It was Professor A. W. Hallock, our principal, praying very earnestly. This student observed that he went right down the line of students praying for each one. The student waited until he heard his own name which moved him greatly. He said he was converted right on the spot. He left the main building an entirely different person than when he went in. Since then he has been in the Lord's work for many years in California.

I remember when times were hard and the dairy herd was mortgaged. Money wasn't coming in as it should. Finally the lenders were coming to take the herd away. It was a sad day. The cows were to be picked up at noon. All the students were gathered in the chapel that morning to pray about this serious situation. Just before noon the mailman came down the country road and stopped at the mail box. Someone was sent to get the mail. It was opened and found that someone was impressed to send money to the school and it arrived as the men were about to take the cows. There was enough to pay the mortgage on the cows. Oh how we rejoiced! This impressed us very much.



One day I rode a horse to a neighboring farm. It was afternoon and I stayed longer than expected so decided to take a short cut back to school. As I entered the woods it became pitch black and I could not see anything so I let the horse pick his way down the hill. Suddenly he stopped. Instead of urging him on I waited to see what he would do. Then it happened! It was like someone had taken hold of his bridle- not the same as a horse picking his own way -I could tell he was being led. He turned to the right for a little way and then down the hill again. I knew he could not see any better than I could. Finally we got down to the county road where it was lighter out of the woods. I put the horse in the barn and went to the dorm, but I had questions in my mind. The next day I retraced the way I had come, and found the horse had come to **a** drop off about 15 feet high. If we had fallen off of it we could have both been injured or killed and no one would have found us for some time. I believe the Lord sent his angel to lead us safely in that dark place. I never forgot that experience, and I was most grateful to God for His protecting care.



God Bless all of You — Carl Lahde

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# A Neighbor Remembers Hylandale

**by Carl W. Friske**

**Letter dated January 15, 1985**

I am 86 years old and I can remember when A.W. Hallock came from Northern Wisconsin to look for a place to start an academy. He stayed at the Gaylord Hotel in Rockland for several days while looking for a good location. He decided some place in Fish Creek Valley looked pretty good..

He also visited around Rockland's 2 depots, 2 grocery stores, the department store, Post Office, creamery and lumber yard. I remember to this day the long time he spent with my father, the village blacksmith. My father also had a hardware store and sold machinery too; plows, cultivators and wagons. I think a Mr. Griffeth was also with Mr. Hallock. They discussed many things with my father at that time. They left and went back to northern Wisconsin but some time later we heard that they had come back to the hotel and that they had purchased the farm in the valley which the school is on now. A short time later Mr. A.W. Hallock came back to my father to buy a light wagon to haul things from Rockland up the valley so they could move in.

I was the Rockland mail carrier from 1928 for 35 years so lots of your old students know me. I am getting so poor at writing I am ashamed of how I write now. I appreciate what your school has done for so many students for so many years that I wish to mail you $25.00 to use for anything that you wish to use it for.

Yours very truly in Christ

Carl W. Friske

P.S. Please keep the Hylandale Life coming to me. I enjoy it so much. and read every word, it always brings old times back to me

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## THOUGHTS FROM ELDORA

By Eldora Lemon Hatcher

Back in 1929 Franklin Lemon (my uncle) came to Hylandale and was in the boys dorm for only a part of the year as he was needed at home but he returned in 1931 and 32. This time he boarded in Percy's home, He remembers how in his hatchery Mr. Percy did what he called trap nesting. Each hen had a number. When the hen got into the nest to lay an egg a door would come down and she couldn't get out until she was let out.. When she was let out he would note the hen number and mark the egg. He had incubators and the chicks which hatched from the most productive hens sold for a higher price.

Soon after my father died in 1940 I (Eldora) also went to Hylandale and stayed with the Shepplers. They had a full house. I believe there was a Ted Mabie, Frank Gillin. Odein Sheppler, Harold Schutter, and Bennie Sheppler, Aunt Emma and a parrot always kept things very interesting Aunt Emma was older and when anyone would come to the door she would be sitting there and start saying, "There isn't anybody home at this house. There isn't anybody home at this house." Some salesmen and those who did not know the household were sometimes turned away but the students always seemed to get a good laugh from it all. Virginia worked as a nurse in Minneapolis and I really enjoyed it when she came home as they let me go to the barn when she was there. . Ma Sheppler gave me a lot of mothering, n when She was kind but firm. No nonsense! But one has to be firm with a flock like that. I thought Bennie was a lot of fun.. The next year I lived in the dorm but had to leave at the end of the first semester to go home and help my mother. Glen Lemon came and helped with the school farm.

Later I married Dick Fisher, another student from Hylandale, whose cousin, Clarence Collier, had been one of my teachers. We had seven children and one of our daughters and her husband, Beverly and Marvin Schmidt, came and took care of the kitchen work there. for a time.

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