Other Remembrances



Betty Clark's Story.

One day Mr. Clark was traveling between Sparta and his home town of La Crosse and came across a couple of boys hitch hiking to La Crosse and picked them up. (Hitch hiking was not so dangerous in those days) He asked them where they were from and found they were Lloyd and Russel Nolin. two brothers attending Hylandale Academy. As they talked they told him all about the school and what was happening there. Mr. Clark was very impressed with them.

Mr. Clark's wife died and left him with three young girls and two older boys to raise. He married again but somehow the oldest girl, Betty, who was eleven or twelve at the time, remembered how her mother did things and who also looked a great deal like her mother could not please her new mother. This was a big heartache to her and thus after going to school she would sometimes skip out and hang around town or the bus station just to think and be by herself, unbeknown to her father. The truant officer soon contacted the father but of course he had to work and could not control her every move. The truant officer suggested he send her out in the country to a school called Hylandale which was about 25 miles away.

That's when Mr. Clark remembered the boys he had picked up and all the things they had told him. He agreed to send her there. Since she was still in the eighth grade she lived in the Percy home; later moving to the dormitory when she was in the academy grades. She became an Adventist and graduated from Hylandale in 1941. After she married, both younger sisters stayed with her and also became Adventists. Betty worked 39 years in the girl's dormitory at Andrews University as an assistant to the Dean of Girls.

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Tena Recalls

By Tena Anderson

As you remember I was the little person (dwarf) who attended Hylandale. I came there my Sophomore year. Dr. & Mrs. Russell Mantz from Cedar Rapids, Iowa came to northern Minnesota each summer for about three months to their lake property. They attended our church during those summers. We became very close friends. They took an interest in me and told us about Hylandale and thought it would be the school for me. It was small and very spiritual they said. That August of 1953 they drove my mother and me down there. I'm sure contacts were made on the phone what I was to bring etc. So never having visited the school before, I came to Hylandale.



I really was very happy to get out of the public high school and attend an Adventist Academy. My typing teacher in high school didn't give me very much encouragement and told me I would never excel in typing as my fingers were too short. He certainly was badly mistaken, as when I attended Southern missionary College I excelled 60 wpm on a manual typewriter, and I also did well at Hylandale. I loved Hylandale, it was small and we were a family. And I was accepted. I know God had been directing in my life as he continues to do. I will never forget the first two weeks. I was really homesick, but I soon got over that. When I went home for Thanksgiving, I was indeed anxious to get back to my Hylandale.

I will never forget - Gertrude Calkins, my teachers, Percy Hallock Miss Shorey and her sister. Also homemade applesauce with Marge and Lucille's homemade bread. The family style meals and how the guys would hurry and empty the serving dishes so we could get them refilled! Miss Shorey, bless her heart, I don't know how she did all that work in the

kitchen! Her sister's "kerosene" (So named because her apartment always smelled like kerosene from the stove she used) candy and Carmel popcorn balls. However, it was a treat. Those chapel talks, vespers, Sabbath school and church in the main building. I must share with you those chairs, remember how the seat part would fold up? Well, being short, I just couldn't sit down like a lady, I had to kind of wiggle my way, and I remember I couldn't sit too far back, as the seat would fold up and there I would be with my legs up in the air!! How embarrassing. So I would gently have to move my body closer to the edge so the seat would not come down with a bang. This happened several times. So most of the time I found myself sitting on the edge of the seat. Even though it might have been uncomfortable I wouldn't have missed those chapel talks, etc. for anything. My favorite songs that I remember which were sung were (and I can still hear Percy's voice) "Just Over the Mountain in the Promised Land", "This is my Father's World" and so many others. Then there were the special banquets, simple but lovely.

My afternoon job was cleaning the girls' dorm and the main building. On Friday I did an extra super job, using oiled sawdust to sweep the floors. Oh, did they look nice for a few short moments - until all the students started tracking up the stairs.

I remember Saturday night activities. And all of my teachers were special. Mr. Frank Gillin and Anita Jones, my piano teacher. I will never forget the classmates I had as well as roommates. Joanne Shimek was one of my roommates and we had the room at the far end of the hall. Then it was Marlea Phillips who was a roommate too.

Our graduation class of 1956 was small and everyone held an office, I was class Pastor. Two summers I canvassed in North Carolina with Joanne Shimek and tried it in Wisconsin one summer also. Then after graduation I went to Southern Missionary College for two years and took a secretarial course. Then I worked at



the General Conference of Seventh Day Adventists, and later several nursing homes and various places.

I met my husband, George, in 1962 at a Little People's Conference in Asheville, North Carolina. We were married in September 1963. We lived in Great Neck, Long Island, New York till moving to California. I was not practicing my faith, however, it was still in my heart. In 1988 after much prayer from my family we started studying with our pastor and we were both baptized together on George's 57th birthday in 1990. George has always said that was one of the happiest days of his life. We have been California residents since 2001 and are very happy here in our new home. Our church is only 6 minutes from home and we are active members. We love this country living.

P.S. I might say we are quite active in Maranatha Volunteers International and have been on 30 plus projects in many parts of the world: India, Nepal, Australia, Africa, Argentina, Honduras, Venezuela, El Salvador and many others as well as U.S. projects. We have been blessed by helping and doing for others. We have three darling children that we sponsor in El Salvador. by Tena Anderson Baehm

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Hiram Thoughts by Hiram Eley

It was June 1941 that my sister, Dorothy, and I arrived at Hylandale Academy. Since it was our first experience away from home, we were very homesick, but everyone was friendly which helped. I worked in gardening and on the farm or dairy while my sister worked in the kitchen and harvesting garden goodies!

I worked quite often with A.W. Hallock doing carpenter work, brick making, or on the sawmill. Sometimes the old Buick motor would break

down and since Mr. Hallock was not a mechanic, he would trust me to repair the motor even though I knew little about mechanics myself. I would tell him what I thought was wrong and how I could fix it and I usually did.

He was a kind man but stood firm for principle. He expected me to do everything right, so I would try my best to please Him. I learned much about sawmills and how to cut lumber from a log.

I would listen with deep interest to his chapel talks every morning. He spoke of Ellen White and her talks at Battle Creek College when he attended there. He said she urged the students to give sacrificially for the Lord. On one occasion the students in response to her plea, brought much jewelry and money to make a pile to be given to the Lord.

When Mr. Hallock would become upset over a situation he might say, "Aw Pshaw," instead of swearing. He was a man of self-control. I would sometimes bring him sweet fruit like plums from the trees around. He thanked me and would lay them somewhere and I would ask him why he didn't eat them. He replied that he would gladly eat them at dinnertime and that we shouldn't eat between meals. This was an important lesson for me to learn which I practiced. He was a man of integrity - - not swerving in his beliefs.



I remember the time he needed to ride down to the Shepplers where he was rebuilding their home which had burned down. Since he had no one to take him there he asked me to take him on my motorcycle, which I did. After we arrived he remarked, "That was a very enjoyable ride."

I have many fond memories of Hylandale such as the delicious loaves of bread baked by Mrs. Hallock which she sold for 10 cents a loaf. Another 10 cents would buy a jar of her homemade jelly. Homemade apple or pumpkin pie baked by Miss Lucy Shorey's sister, Lydia, were 35 cents.

I split much firewood as I was fireman for the three buildings besides

helping cut many trees to feed the hungry fires. We run many a log through the buzz saw and didn't have the convenience of a chain saw, so we had to fell trees with a crosscut saw,

To sum it all up, I would say that Mr. Hallock played a major role in my character development and it will be good to see him on resurrection day, and I can tell him how I appreciate the sacrifices that many students might have a good education. In fact the faculty all worked together for the good of others. Mrs. A.W. Hallock was a dear sweet saintly lady who always seemed cheerful and would sing most of the time. We had many a talk together. She seemed to take an individual interest in every boy as well as the girls. Miss Rosma Whalen was also a great influence for good as well as others.

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I REMEMBER

by Roseileen Alder Gillin

My uncle, Henry Larson, went to Hylandale in the 1930's. He started late for school because he couldn't go until after the potatoes were all picked in the fall. There were not machines like there are now.

I was very small, about six years old but I remember him talking about Hylandale. Many years later I decided I wanted to go to Hylandale also.

I had to take the bus from northwestern Minnesota, it was a long trip. The bus driver left me off on a highway. I guess it was the one between La Crosse and Sparta, the one going into "Hy".

I waited along the road quite awhile with my luggage beside me. After awhile a car pulled up. It was Freda and Russel Nolin and their cute little children.

I loved Wisconsin but especially Hylandale. It was really beautiful back in the forties.

Miss Whalen was girls dean. She was so very nice and always willing to listen and give you help. Every one of the teachers were so nice. The Christian way of each one made us want to do good also. The teachers gave a lot of help to all the students.

I'm glad I was able to go to Hylandale Academy. I know it was a great blessing for me.

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LILA'S MEMORIES

By Lila Finkle Hilliard (class of '44)

My memories of Hylandale go back to when my sister, Ethel Finkle, graduated from there in 1935. I don't recall if it was Friday night vespers or Sabbath afternoon sundown worship but Mr. Percy was leading song service and we were singing, "Day is Dying in the West, Heaven is Touching Earth with Rest". To this day I never hear that song without thinking of Mr. Percy. And when I think of Mr. Percy so many other things come to mind, but always there is Mrs. Percy. And I am not too proud of one of the times at Commencement Day when she asked me to come and help her for a couple of hours so she could come to the Commencement exercises and I said, "No." I've always regretted that decision. Mr. and Mrs. Percy were always so good to me and I have fond memories of working for them.

I wonder if Ruth Hallock remembers the time we went horse back riding. She was riding her own horse, Star, and I was riding Rex. Rex got stubborn and wouldn't move so Ruth guided Star over by Rex and was going to lead Rex. Star didn't like that and kicked my ankle. That was the end of our riding for awhile. Ruth put the horses away - I could hardly walk. She was a crutch for me to get back to the dorm. I told her I didn't think I



could even walk over to Friday night vespers. Poor Ruth cried and begged me to try to come because if I wasn't there her dad (Mr. Percy) would ask her about it and she would have to tell him what had happened and then she would be grounded from riding her precious horse. So I ended up going to vespers and making sure that I jolly well didn't limp. Oh, the things we do to keep out of trouble!

Another time a group of us girls decided to go up in the attic with Halloween "noise makers' instead of doing study period. We each decided where we would hide when Miss Whalen came up to see what was going on. After awhile the door squeaked and everyone went to their hiding place. Everyone - except me. I just froze. I couldn't think what to do or where to go. So I was caught! Mr. Hallock wrote my mother a letter asking her to pay a fine for my mischief. My mother wrote back and told him that if I had that much energy I should do some extra work to pay that fine. I don't know how they got the name of one of the other girls, but she and I were given 30 hours of free labor. We cleaned windows in the Administration Building, even the transoms. The building was nice and clean when we finished.

I have many, many fond memories of Hylandale and my academy years there.

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HYLANDALE, HYLANDALE

by Sharon Oblander Peppar

Hylandale, Hylandale
How sweet the music of the name.
Hylandale, Hylandale
How yearn my lips thy praise to frame
And speak abroad a tale of God
In the flame of Hylandale

Hylandale, Hylandale
As quietly you lay at rest
All studious in thy heavenly quest
Thou coulds't not dream what God would deem
For thee best! Oh Hylandale.
Hylandale, Hylandale
Now bear thy bosom to the thrust
For spears of sorrow ever must
Precede the balm of Heaven's calm
His methods trust for Hylandale.

Hylandale, Hylandale
God calls thee forth His lambs to feed
The husbandman who sows the seed
Still bids thee toil the precious soil
In fields that need thee, Hylandale.

Hylandale, Hylandale
When souls who trudge through realms of care
Would faint 'neath loads too great to bear
One glance behind and they would find
A solace there in Hylandale.
Hylandale, Hylandale
How strong the magic of thy fame
Though the darkness dim our aim
We'll face the night and draw our light
From the flame at Hylandale.

JIM REMEMBERS



by Jim Lyberg

Here are a few memories I can share. I am 76, not yet fully retired, still run a small metal fabricating job shop, my specialty is producing high-grade stainless steel cases for AI technicians and veterinarians (since 1965).

In the fall of 1947 I started my senior year at Hylandale, after first visiting the school in the summer of '47. If I recall, Jack Harrison was the first one I saw of the students, who was doing the fence repair on the hill and we have been friends ever since. Jack was an easy-going friendly fellow and we got along very well, at one time room-mates in the dorm.

The humble dedicated staff deeply impressed me and helped me a lot. A.W. Hallock and wife, Miss Shorey,. Miss Whalen, Russell and Frieda Nolin, the Loga family, Percy Hallock and his wife, Lloyd Nolin, Shepplers in the community. and Ralph and Anita Jones, Linden McNeilus and family, and others bring back fond memories.

Hylandale had the classes in the morning, and practical work education and activities in afternoon. Russell and Frieda Nolin took a special interest in me and I was given the job of helping Russ in the shop. He was so patient with me, and how he could repair most anything, really impressed me. He was highly esteemed in the community by the local farmers, for all the ways he helped them. He would make trailers, install rubber truck tires on steel-wheeled manure spreaders, plus many other needed repairs. When working in the shop, Russ and Frieda would put on their record player some fine music including beautiful Strauss waltzes. Often they would have me visit

with them in their home playing hymns on their piano.

Lloyd Nolin, Russell s brother, was a top notch machinist and engineer and I was deeply impressed by one of Lloyd's creations. He designed a garden tractor with three-point hitch, a four-cylinder engine from a light plant and it looked like a Ford-Ferguson tractor but much smaller.

Hylandale teachers exhibited trust in the students which was very appreciated. One of my responsibilities was to drive the 1929 Model A one-ton truck hauling wood to the various buildings with the help of other students. On one trip to Bangor the truck had a flat tire so we proceeded to remove the wheel



nuts. We couldn t seem to break them loose, even though we used long pipe extensions, then finally they came loose, only to discover they were left-hand threads! New replacement studs had to be installed. Later, a year or two after my being there as a senior, the truck was no longer used, so I bought it from the school for $25. and made a home-made tractor out of it, using it for hauling racks, hay, pulling the road grader, etc. Russ and Lloyd gave me much design help making the tractor. I remember one pleasant job with that tractor was hauling shale rock from up by the ice cave, down to the driveway of Hallocks new home. Practical work was such a blessing to me and others.

My graduation was the spring of 1948, graduating with Jim Foreman, Lois Lee, my sister Doris, Irwin Krueger, five in all. Later that summer I worked for an SDA farmer near Jim Falls, Wisconsin. A letter came to me in early fall from Hylandale, asking if I would be willing to teach the church school from November on as the teacher they presently had was unable to complete the year due to health problems. The farmer family told me that since there was such a need,

they would release me to teach the school. It was a wonderful school year and I deeply appreciate the assistance given by Jim Bennett's new wife, Evelyn, who was very helpful, especially with the lower grades. Somewhere I have a picture of the students standing in front of the old log schoolhouse, wish I could share it now.

The fall of 1949 I went to Emmanuel Missionary College (now named Andrews University) and stayed only one semester, as my finances didn't make it possible to stay longer. Then I went to Hylandale to help in the maintenance and also helped to teach in the Academy occasionally, especially geometry, when the regular teacher was unable to be there (A.W. Hallock) That was a blessing to me. I was then invited to be a part of the regular faculty, but declined, telling them I did not have enough education to do the work . I later regreted that decision, having missed a genuine opportunity to be a part of the dedicated unselfish faculty.



The daily chapel services, and the Friday evening vespers were so inspirational. It was a real pleasure to play the piano for Vespers, and one favorite hymn was Wonderful Peace, often requested by Mr. Percy or Miss Whalen. It was also a joy to play for the Saturday night marches and entertainment. Many times Ralph Jones was urged to demonstrate his auctioneering skills in selling manure spreaders.

The principles of education Hylandale encouraged included unselfish service, dedication to the Lord, staff and students working together, simple, economical lifestyle, faith in God, mutual trust, small enrollment, family atmosphere, and many others.

One Sabbath afternoon, several of us fellows were on top of the hill behind the boys dorm, including Hiram Eley, Jim Bennett, Howard Bixler, and perhaps others. We noticed some girls walking up the

road past the ice cave, and I must have made some comment or wish, and so Howard Bixler handed me the keys to his beautifully-restored 1936 Ford coupe. He showed me a high degree of trust and I have never forgotten his kindness and trust. Hiram and I drove up the road,



offered the girls a ride (Doris, my sister, and her roommate, Toni, Hiram's sister). We squeezed into that small coupe and drove some back roads, including the scenic 162 road south of Bangor. We arrived toward dusk at the school, much to the relief of Howard and others. Thanks, Howard, for your trust and generosity! Howard owned a body shop in Rockland and did first-class work on cars. My memory tells me he did one fantastic job of repainting and reupholstering Loga's, 34 Chevy four-door. Howard and his wife recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Howard is still active as a machinist in his home shop, I was told. It is my hope that these memories will encourage others to also share their wonderful memories of Hylandale. God bless!

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What Hylandale Means To Me

By John Bottsford class of 52 published Hy Life '56

The visitor put on his hat, bade a cordial farewell, and drove swiftly away. Uppermost in his mind as he left the "Y " was the thought, "Well, now I have seen Hylandale!" Wait a minute! I beg to differ with this gentleman who is so typical of a certain type of visitor.

Yes, Mister, you saw some of the buildings, met a number of the fac-

ulty members, and even surveyed the gardens with an eye of scrutiny. But you didn't really see Hylandale. Please permit me to tell you what Hylandale really is to me.

An individual must fully grasp a number of intangibles before he or she may truthfully say, "I have seen Hylandale." The school in its pacific atmosphere is to me a bulwark of truth, a citadel upon a hill. An institution dedicated to instill in its young people the desire to love the Lord.

The academy is a co-operative enterprise. Where student and teacher bend their backs, wipe the sweat from their brows, and feel pride in their accomplishments - TOGETHER. Nature's beauty is another of this group that doesn't take a back seat in this evaluation of Hylandale and me. Many times, when weighted by problems and perplexing situations, the trek to the hilltop through the whispering wood has brought release. Enthralled in the wonder of God's creation, I have never ceased to be thrilled by the views which are better than the landscape painter's greatest efforts. Part of my academic education came here.

Above all, Hylandale is home to me. I was made a member of one large family. Careful instruction and wise parental decisions by a Christian faculty made me leave with more than with which I came.

You too may share this experience fellows and girls. You may know of those things you cannot touch, but definitely make a world of difference. And you'll say too, "This is just a small part of what Hylandale means to me!"

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I WONDER ? By Jack Harrison

I have wondered about many things since leaving Hylandale years ago, and I am sure others think about some of them, too. I wonder if Rattlesnake cave ever caved in?

Is there anything left of the house or barn up at the haunted house?

How about the sawmill, the log cabin, the lime crusher?

It is strange how these things would be sacred to me - but in my mind Hylandale was a sacred place operated by saints, and with these memories locked in, I resent anyone destroying them. Yet I know these things must go as did the great leaders there . . .

Remember back at the Portage Camp meeting where the Hylandale tent was placed? That's right - down near the men's bathrooms with all the odors and flies that go with it. Friends, the Hylandale tent in heaven will be at a place we can look up and be proud we were part of that wonderful school. We have no excuse not to be there. Jack Harrison, class of '49I

(As of August 2005, Rattlesnake Cave is still there and the young folks still go up and crawl into it and tell how one of the students once found some valuable old coin in it just like they used to do. There is only a small hole in the ground where the house on the ridge was, the log cabin is gone and also the sawmill and lime crusher)

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Lorraine's Memories

by Lorraine Alder Ueeck class of 1958

It was the fall of 1955 when I arrived at Hylandale. I was late, the school year had already begun. I had worked all summer and earned $20.00. With that money I had the opportunity to

buy a pretty little filly at the ranch where I was helping my sister Darlene (Alder Maulsby). But that was before another sister, Ruby Alder, showed up and told me I WAS going to go to Hylandale. I told her I had written them but never got an answer. "That's all right", she said "they are expecting you." So instead of buying the filly I bought dress material and a bus ticket.

I was a real "tom boy." I lived in jeans and helped in the fields driving the horses and later the F12 Farmall, so a change of wardrobe was required



because jeans for the girls was not acceptable for school at Hylandale. Since we didn't have electricity at home my mother helped me sew some suitable skirts and blouses on the old treadle sewing machine, using patterns cut from newspapers. There was no money for store bought patterns so my mother would look at the catalog, find something she liked, and then draw it out on newspaper. That was how I learned to do also. Once a few skirts and blouses were sewn I traveled the 400 miles by bus from Hawley, Minnesota to Sparta, Wisconsin. My first bus ride ever. The hills along the Mississippi and around Hylandale seemed as high as mountains, having come from the relatively flat land of Northwestern Minnesota. I never tired of looking at them and climbing them. It was scary to be late and be the new kid when everyone else was settled in, but I loved school.

Meals at Hylandale were three times a day with no lunches between. Having come from a Scandinavian family where lunches were three times a day, just as regular as were the three meals a day, I literally grew weak and shaky between meals but eventually my body adjusted.

That first year the girls' dean was Jane Hallock. She and Harold loved us kids. They seemed so much older than us but I think they must have only been in their mid-twenties. Anyway, in spite of a growing family they found time to keep us busy with hikes and an occasional pancake breakfast on top of the hill behind the dorm in the early hours of the morning. I remember

one night when a group of girls had strung a rope (after dark) from the bell in the Administration Building to a end room on the 2nd floor of the girls dorm. The plan was to ring the bell at midnight. But unknown to us, Benny Sheppler had spotted the rope and had looped it around a branch on a tree. Just before midnight we snuck quietly into the special room in the dark and started tugging on the rope, pulling and releasing, pulling and releasing. Why wouldn't that bell ring?? Then the door opened a crack and a voice whispered "Do you need some help?" Extra hands were soon on the rope and the pulling began again, but it wasn't long until a giggle gave away the fact that our new helper was none other than Janie, our dean.

Mr. Percy stands out in my mind because of his great love for the kids. Some of them were at Hylandale because they had been kicked out of other schools and this was their last chance at a Christian education. It made no difference to him. One kid was as loved as much as the other and he would encourage them, plead with them and use every method he could to keep them at Hylandale. He always thought the best of everyone. I well remember the rides in the back of the pick-up truck to some rock to climb, or maybe to the "Glass" church. Near Cataract,WI. We'd all be singing "Do Lord" or some other lively Christian song.



The fall colors, the falling leaves, the fresh smell in the air. The apples, canning applesauce and all the other activities involved in helping keep costs down and the school open were shared by all.

I remember one time Mr. Percy had me in his office over something. Can't remember what, but I do remember him saying as he shook his head "Lorraine, you're as stubborn as a mule!" I also remember Janie saying one time "Stubbornness is a GOOD trait if its trained in the right direction". I'm thankful to all my teachers at Hylandale who could see the potential in all of us students and who helped train us "in the right direction".

I'll never forget a lot of things about Hylandale Academy but Jane

and Harold Hallock and Mr. Percy Hallock were extra special.

The cost per month when I went there was $30.00. I didn't have it. I arrived almost penniless but some kind soul paid for my first year of tuition. From then on I worked my way, going home only for two weeks in the summer and for the Christmas holidays. Except one time. I got so lonesome that first year that I hocked my beautiful arch top guitar and bought a bus ticket home. It was only a couple weeks at home before I was lonesome for the activities and friends at "Hy", so back I went.



I worked in the kitchen at first but I guess I watched Janie working in the hallway of the girls dorm at the drafting board doing lettering so often and so longingly that I was offered a job at Screen Arts, which I joyfully accepted. I did lettering for awhile and I remember working in the dark room doing enlarging with the huge old camera, and learning to develop film. We stretched the fabric on the wooden frames and learned to use a squeegee to apply paint to the wooden wall plaques which Janie designed and Harold took orders for. Thousands and thousands of plaques were printed. We used to race to see how many we could do in an hour. There were several "runs". Each color was a different run, so each plaque had to be handled many times.

Summers were special. It was hard to see almost all the kids leaving, but the few of us who stayed worked hard and played hard in the summertime. Harold and Jane would take us swimming at Neshonoc Lake, or on a weekend camping trip. Sometimes we worked from early morning to late at night getting "rush" orders of plaques done. I remember Jean Tostenson and I working one morning about 5 a.m. and making up a poem about the work at Screen Arts. I don't remember all of it, but part of it went like this:

We get up early with our squeegee in our hand
and start printing plaques like a reckless man.
The boss, he comes a tearing through,

With the laces a'hangin' half outa' his shoe.
His hairs uncombed and a beard on his chin
To mess up the plaques would be like a sin.
We start in printing with caution and care
Cause we know if we don't he'll be tearin' out hair -—

I can't remember the rest, as it was just a way to pass the time and we had a lot of chuckles thinking up words that would rhyme.



One summer we were privileged to help Harold re-fabric an airplane, which he then took us for rides in. And in the fall, when the kids started coming back it was so exciting to meet them all again, to be already settled in and just have the fun of visiting with them all and meeting the new ones.

I took my four years of schooling at Hylandale in three years. It wasn't planned that way. I always loved school and so I took extra classes each year. At the end of my second year I realized I would only be one credit short of graduating if I carried the same scholastic as I had been taking each year, so I signed up for and took a course by correspondence during the summer, studying after my work day. Only I never thought to tell anyone or ask permission. At the start of my third year I took the statement showing completion and award of that credit and showed it to our principal, Mr. Percy. He was not very happy about it and had me come to his office each day during study hall for a long period of time where he drilled me on that whole subject to make sure I understood and had benefited from that subject. I was, however able to join the graduating class of '58.

That caused me some special grief. My best friend, Janice Perone, was in that class. She was going to be the valedictorian, but my grade point average was slightly higher so Mr. Percy announced that I would be the valedictorian. I was not happy about that turn of events. I didn't think it was fair to Janice and I told Mr. Percy so. He said that "fair" didn't enter

into the picture it was all about grade point average. I really did feel bad about that situation. And I was terrified about having to do the speech. It was probably the shortest speech in the history of Hylandale and I'm sure Janice would have done much better! Our class was small, only five of us. Besides myself they were Jean Tostenson, Janice Perone, Kurt Ueeck and Fred Dye.

Many of the things I learned at Hylandale have helped me throughout my life. I worked most of the time at "Screen Arts", the silk screen business that Harold and Jane started up. By working in every phase from layout and lettering to dark room photography and silk screen printing, I earned a credit and gained a lot of knowledge. At Hylandale I also learned book-keeping and typing and loved it all. I've always been thankful for the Christian education. I know I would never be in the church today if I hadn't gone to Hylandale. It was also at Hylandale that I met Kurt Ueeck. We've had a good life together and a lot of adventures in the last 45 years.

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Esther Tostenson's Memories

by Esther Tostenson Zimmerman

As I sit here in the wee hours of the morning my mind drifts back to a simpler time when my greatest decision of the day was which dress to wear and how many ways I could find to get out of class.



I remember getting up in the morning . stoking . The furnace, and fixing breakfast. One crisp morning as I cooked the oatmeal and toasted the homemade bread, I heard a strange noise coming from just outside the door. It sounded like a growl. I peeked out and here on the fire escape above me was a bobcat, who had smelled some food and had come to investigate. After while he went away and I was glad when he did.

I remember when Mr. Percy would take the boys to the ap-

ple orchard and bring back bushels of apples^ Then the canning would begin! Some of us would cut the apples into halves and cook them in the big steam kettle, while others squashed them through the colander and put them in jars. When they were finished processing Mr. Percy would stand back and look at the jars all lined up on the shelf and say, "All that good food and for not much cash!" Mr. Percy always liked to economize whenever possible.

I remember when the Hansons brought their snowmobiles and we built ramps down the hillside and we took turns riding and jumping those ramps. Then there was the inner tubes! We would start at the top of the hill and sail to the bottom. It was so much fun and no one was left out.



Sabbath afternoons the air was crisp and fresh and we looked forward to putting on extra clothes and trudging up and down the hills with Mr., Percy or one of the other faculty members.

Work! We all had various jobs to do to help pay our way through school. No one minded working, in fact some of us would rather work than study and it was reflected in our grades.

I remember the girls talking about how sweet the blossoms on the apple tree by the girls dorm smelled. Some of them even went so far as to talk about getting married by it when it was in bloom. I have always wondered if any of them ever did. Other times the choir under the direction of Mr. Lawson would all load into the old HyIandale bus and go to La Crosse or another church for a singing engagement. We enjoyed these outings even when our wonderful old bus would break down occasionally. As I remember these times I think of them as some of the best times of my life and sometimes I wish I could go back to a simpler time, when the greatest decision of the day was what dress to wear and how many ways I could find to get out of class.

(Editor's note- Esther must have decided studying wasn't so bad for she went back to school and studied nursing.)



SPRINGTIME AT HYLANDALE

Written by Carolyn Loga in 1950 and published in the Hy Life

No place that I have ever been in springtime has been quite as awesome and beautiful as here in our peaceful valley. Especially in the olden days when we weren't as conscious of the rest of the world traveling to and fro, did I thrill at the soft beauty of a moonlight night, the smell of the good earth, and the Whip-poorwills singing their half mournful music into the night. Somehow God seems to come closer to us in the springtime and His promises become more real as we see the trees responding to the call.

In memory I see Mr. Sheppler sorting the seed and planting only the best varieties for harvesting a crop he could be justly proud of as well as winning blue ribbons at the various fairs. And then of course the grapes would need a good pruning and much work on the berry plants. Practical lessons, hard work, good humor, and faith in God are some of the attributes of Pa Sheppler we may well pattern after.

Springtime at Hylandale to Mr. Percy means added work and responsi-bility, long hours and late; and the joy of seeing box after box of fluffy, bright eyed little chicks go to gladden the hearts of the children in homes round about. Of course the parents buy them for profit - but I sometimes feel part of Mr. Percy's pay comes when the children smile happily and hopefully yet half afraid, asking to hold the soft little chicks. The colored chicks that go into the boxes of regulars that are going to homes where little

folks live I feel spread good will and happiness. This is one more way that makes Mr. Percy one of our best loved teachers. If any have problems that seem too big they can find a sympathetic listener in Mr. Percy. His sympathy and concern make the problems diminish to much smaller proportions. And remember how we could get Mr. Percy off the subject in class so many times and we patted ourselves on the back thinking we had fooled him once more. Now it seems he knew what we were doing all the time but felt the lessons we learned from discussing things of interest, with the proper guidance, could do as much good for our practical education as "book larnin'".

I believe Miss Whalen waited anxiously for Spring all winter. With snow thick on the ground she could see in her mind's eye beautiful flower beds in different places on campus. Many folks have spoken of the beautiful splashes of color in her flower beds. Then of course Miss Whalen just planted watermelons and muskmelons for all to enjoy. Somehow I feel some of the adventurous young folks enjoy a little more than their share, especially on dark nights. I don't think you fooled her though and even as she shakes her head at your selfishness, she must smile at your mischief. Only God knows her long years of work in the educational field, her courage and faith in the face of all odds, and her love and respect of countless students through the years.



Miss Shorey made the little rock garden just outside the dining room door. The first asparagus and rhubarb from her own special garden always tasted especially good. More than one year do I remember that spring brought added zest to Miss Shorey's heart; and after the kitchen and dining room had had a thorough cleaning we all had a banquet fit for any king. Miss Shorey's pies always turned out just right and I for one could hardly wait for the big piece I hoped I would get. When I think of the orderly way she did things and the long hours of hard work she put in, I silently thank the good Lord for her unselfish years at Hylandale.

To Mr. A.W. Hallock springtime probably brings a mixture of emotions. Another graduating class will leave our school to step out on their own in the world, and while we have tried to instill Christian living in their hearts while here, we wonder if Satan's lies will overcome them. Mr. Hallock bears the heaviest burden in molding the lives of these young people. You can imagine what his thoughts must be to see a graduate start out by himself, from the comparative safety of our haven here, to buffet the world alone. We are glad Mr. Hallock is able to slow up some of the physical labor that he had with the building and carpentry class, and as their new home is completed we hope they will be able to enjoy it and take things a bit easier from now on.

There are others who have come and gone, giving what they could for a time to advance the work. Probably each of you will recall teachers and workers that you admired and at this time if you know where any or all of them are, why don't you send a friendly greeting on its way to warm their hearts.

Whether we meet again in this world or not let us pray in this springtime, that each one of us will be faithful and true to our God and to others so we can meet in the eternal springtime prepared for us.

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Memories that Come to Mind

by Charles Wold Student 1957 -'59

My first time at Hylandale we came by train from Bimidji, MN to Sparta, the "we" being my brother Wayne & myself. We purchased tickets for $11.35 each which sounds like a good price nowadays. We left at 10 p.m. at night and arrived in Minneapolis at 4:30 in the morning. After a two hour wait we caught another train to Sparta and arrived

there about noon the next day. We called Hylandale but no one answered the phone, probably because it was noon and everyone was eating. So we got a taxi to take us there. It cost us $2.50 from Sparta to Hylandale to get to the school. So we made it okay.

One of my first jobs at Hylandale was working with George Kendall, the boys dean. It was his first year there and the boys dorm was in bad need of a heating system. The school had purchased, or maybe received as a donation, a steam boiler for the boys dorm. It was all in pieces when we got it. It took us a couple weeks to get it put together but we finally got it working. It did a fair job. Some of the rooms were still kind of cold — it didn't seem like the heat would get to the far end to warm those rooms but we made it alright. One thing that happened there shortly after the boiler was put in was that someone noticed a lot of smoke up on the roof of the dorm. Come to find out some of the sparks from the chimney were landing on the wooden shingles and catching the roof on fire so Wayne and I and Emmerson Legg went up on the roof with a bucket of water. We had to go up through the attic and out the dormer windows. We splashed water on the little cinders that were burning on the roof, but while we were up there Emmerson Legg lost his footing and slid off the roof. He landed on the furnace room roof which was all concrete and he sprained both ankles really bad. He was out of commission for a couple weeks until his ankles got better. The Lord was good.

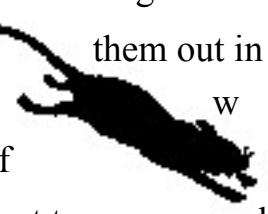
Another incident at Hylandale that I remember was during some Evangelistic meetings in Bangor. A fellow by the name of Joe Turner was helping with those meetings. During the day he would help on the farm at Hylandale. I think Mr. Peterson got the tractor ready for him to haul manure up the ridge and spread it around up on top. On the way up, just after he got on the Ridge Road he tried to shift gears on the tractor and missed it and the tractor started rolling backwards. He jumped off of the tractor but the front axle hit him in the leg as he



jumped.. It kind of sailed over the top of him but the axle did break his leg. He laid on the ground, and someone who had happened to see it called and a couple of us ran up there. We got an old door from what used to be the church school, down at the bottom between the ridge road and the boys dorm. We laid him on the door and carried him out. Mr. Kendall took him to the hospital to get his leg set. Later some of us called him Mr. "Turn-over" but we were grateful he was not hurt worse.

There used to be an apple orchard up on top of the hill behind the buildings and they used to make applesauce a lot. Sometimes we got out of school for a day to go up on the ridge and pick apples. We'd go up with the tractor and trailer with all the students riding on the trailer. We'd bring loads of apples down to the kitchen where the apples were unloaded and made into sauce under Miss Shorey's direction.

Do you remember the student named John Irwin, he was from Michigan. He had 8 pet white rats that he used to have in his room in a cage. Every once in awhile he'd close his door and let them out in his room to run around for exercise. One evening when he was ready to put them back in the cage he could only find five of them. Three were just gone, he didn't know where, so he went to bed as usual. He heard a lot of scuffling, scraping noises up in the attic on the ceiling over his head. The next day he went up there and hunted for his rats but he couldn't find them so he went back down to his room and took the light fixture down from the ceiling. He saw some of them poking their heads through the hole, so he finally got them down through the hole and back into their cage. John's nickname was "farm", I think Wayne gave it to him.



I can remember one Saturday evening all the students, boys and girls, went for what was called a "progressive walk". Of course some of the faculty went too. We would walk out the "Y" past Grandma Hallock's place

and then down towards Ralph Jones', then turn around and walk back for Vespers. Then Benny Sheppler would bring his movie projector up to school and show a movie. That was one of our Saturday night entertainments.

A few of us worked at Hylandale during the summer for our tuition for the following year and one Saturday night Harold and Janie Hallock had us "Summer Workers" come up to their place for a taffy pull. We all enjoyed that. I'm sure we all remember Ralph Jones who used to bring food and stuff to the kitchen for Miss Shorey. He got good deals on it from someplace in town, and he would come back with candy and sweets to sell to the students also. We didn't get very many sweets from the kitchen.

Do you remember the raccoon that Floydie Peterson had? The way we caught that little guy was up on the Ridge Road, its mother had been killed on the road up by Mrs. Hallocks. The young ones were hanging around their dead mother and some were run over also - all except one. The following day we saw it hanging around the dead racoons, but it saw us too and ran across the road and down the hill behind Grandma Hallock's. There was an old abandoned trailer house down below the Health Home, kind of out in the field and he had ran underneath it. Floyd went and got a flashlight We shined it underneath the trailer and saw the little coon sitting way back in the corner and the floor was rotten in the trailer house so we broke the floor up



and there he was looking at us, shivering and shaking. We got a gunny sack feed bag and reached down and picked him up. Within an hour he wouldn't let us alone. I guess he thought we were his mother and he had to be with us all the time after that.

I'm sure you all remember the place called "Hidden Valley" up over the ridge past Harold's house and down into a valley. We used to get there by going up the road past the barn and house and into the woods on the left

and over the ridge into the valley. There was an abandoned house and a couple sheds. One Sabbath afternoon we went there while we were working for the summer. There was a kind of trail we would follow, all in a line. There was a rattlesnake by the trail but none of us saw it. The last person in line heard it rattle and there it was. We were very fortunate that no one got bit that day.

I'm sure Kurt Ueeck remembers the time he found a rattlesnake up in Peterson's woodshed in the big house across the creek from the boys dorm, I'll never forget that! We took a shovel and disposed of it with the shovel. He was going to give the rattles to Lorraine. I don't know if he ever did or not. The snake's eyes were all milky looking. I've heard they are like that when they are molting their old skin and they are blind then, too.



One morning we woke up in the dormitory and it was so c o l d that the waterline between Peterson's house and the church school was froze up. So Harold Hallock, Ed Nelson and Ralph Jones were there looking the situation over and Harold got his welder and ran a long cord from the boys dorm. Using the leads from the welder they unthawed the line which was running right along the creek bed. It didn't take long till the water was running again.

I don't know how many of you will remember this, but one of the cows at school had twin calves. One died at birth and the other one was actually drowned by the hands of one of the younger boys. He went down to the barn and I guess he thought the calf needed water and it was drowned some way or another. At least that is what the farm manager, Mr. Peterson thought

On one of the occasions when Ralph Jones brought groceries I was one of the boys who bought a candy bar from him and I had a brand new jacket that I had just gotten. I had eaten half the candy bar and wrapped the

other half in the wrapper it came in and put it in my pocket. I went upstairs to my room and took off my jacket and laid it on the chair. -- Remember how we used to get squirrels every spring when they were babies? Well, we had some squirrels in the room. We used to let them run around some and I had let mine out. He was playing around and I wasn't paying any attention. He went over by the coat and I guess he smelled the candy bar in the pocket and he tried to get in and get the candy bar. But he didn't go into the pocket, he chewed a hole and tore the cloth on the outside of the jacket which made it look like an old rag. He ruined my jacket but he did get the candy bar. By the time I saw what was happening it was too late.



One Sabbath morning I went to church with Mr. & Mrs. Peterson and Floyd to Sparta. They never locked their door, in fact the door was left open with just the screen door unlatched. The raccoon, that Floyd had, knew how to open the screen door and get into the house and that's exactly what he did. He got in the house and up on the counter where there were eggs in a bowl. He took those eggs one at a time and pushed them off onto the floor so they would bust open. Then he'd go down and lap them up, eating the yoke and all. He did that with four or five eggs. There was also a fresh loaf of bread on the counter that he managed to push over the edge to the floor and he tried to drag it out the door but he couldn't open the screen door and get out at the same time. He'd get the door open but it would slam shut while he was trying to get the bread out. He finally gave up on it and went outside and went about his business. When we got home and Mrs. Peterson saw the mess she was horrified. She said "NO MORE RACCOONS IN THIS HOUSE" and from that day on there were no more raccoons allowed in the house.



I have a lot more memories of Hylandale but these are the ones I remember best.

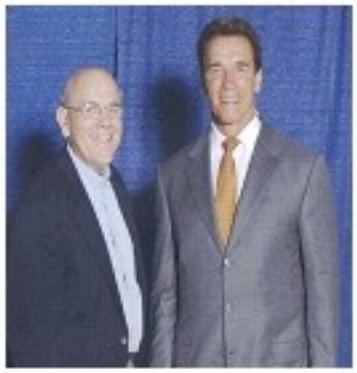
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CHICHEN DINNER CANDY BARS

By Floyd Peterson (Mayor of Loma Linda) published in the Hylandale Life Fall 1993

Picture shows Floyd with Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger

I'm 50 years old, somewhat bald, somewhat gray. But , as I attempt to write this piece, I just don't feel that old. It's because I know who might end up reading what I've written. I'm back in a slightly foggy 12 or 15 years of age or something and the readers are all a little older than me - Kurt Ueeck and Lorraine Alder, Dave Gunderson, Chuck, Wayne and Gary Wold and a dozen others I could name and a lot of faces I can't put names to. I was always a little younger - interesting how things like that stick with you, maybe have some effect on you your whole life. Somehow the times when I was older never seemed quite so important. Maybe that's how we all recall life when we were young?



Maybe it's because I lived at Hylandale from the third grade through the twelfth. I suppose that because those years are so important in forming our personalities that we recall a lot of funny little unimportant facts with vivid detail - like Dennis and Garwin McNeilus driving their Put Put down near Mr. Percy's but even more specific, on the seat under them was a rifle with an octagonal barrel. Why do I remember that once every other year? Or winning the prize of a Chicken Dinner candy bar offered by Mrs. Calkins for hearing the first Whip-poor-Will one spring. Instead why not more of the important things I should have remembered from Mr. Boyd Jones' chemistry class (well I did finally earn a degree in chemistry from Walla Walla College) or math skills from Ms. Rilla Ashton in algebra - the only class I ever cheated in - sorry Ms. Ashton! To pay for that I did obtain a graduate degree in bio-statistics which I now teach to medical and nursing students at Loma Linda University. I don't even remember who taught American History or Civics - though I've somehow managed to get elected and have now

served for years as a city council member here in Loma Linda, two years as Mayor pro tempore. Somehow it wasn't what happened in the class room at Hylandale that stuck - sorry teachers, it was just the little everyday living, the people, the teacher but not what you formally taught that I recall. On reflection, it may have been the hard work on the farm and in the plaque shop where I learned the most. I do remember the scolding from Mr. Percy that Jim Shelly (Where is he now?) and I earned when we smashed down some of Mr. Erlandson's corn on our way back from Hidden Valley. I'd have to name Bill Jackson as the one faculty who's influence I seemed to profit from most during my years at Hylandale. Thanks Bill.

I remember my several brief romances at Hylandale. Probably I shouldn't mention names here, I wouldn't mean to embarrass anyone - they're likely all rich and married to someone famous! The romances didn't last long - we were too young and times were too difficult, what with girls and guys separate sidewalks etc. - but they were a lot of fun. I wonder where they are now?

After finishing grade twelve (Pat Oblander was the other half of the senior class - I think I still owe her brother Leo $10.00) I went to Canada.



That's where Eileen found me. Twenty-six years, two daughters and three countries later I still think marrying her was the smartest thing I ever did.

Some of us spent a lot of time doing foolish things back then - made big bombs that could have killed us, took reckless chances with the tractor, hung by our fingers from Castle Rock with nothing but a hundred feet of empty space below (took me five days of hard remembering to recall the name of that rock). And after a long day of hauling hay, how do five fellows get to the swimming hole at the Rockland bridge over the La Crosse River with Kurt's motorcycle and an old bike? Put three on the motorcycle, tow the bike carrying two others and even pass a car on the way. -- funny

look on the face of that fellow driving the car.

Now to think that most of the kids we knew have become valuable citizens (much to the surprise of some of our teachers, I would guess!), contributing a lot of talent and resources to their church or community, paying many times over for the bit of trouble they may have caused. Having taught



school at various levels for the past 23 years in Africa, Canada and here in the US, I can assure you that I have received my dues several times over for my trouble making as a student - and so it all comes around.

This journey has been a spiritual experience - If a student (or my daughters) would just heed my advice, how much better things would go for them, I think! And then it strikes me - Someone up there somewhere, Who is infinitely wise and patient could say the same thing about me, "Petersen, if you would just follow My instructions how much better things would go for you". Oh! There is one other lesson I have learned - It's a risky thing to judge a young person. As a parent and a teacher I've done it too many times and most often I was wrong.

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And Beth Says

by Beth Lyberg La Joie

I came to Hylandale my freshman year in the fall of 1949. Wisconsin Academy had just moved to Columbus and opened their doors but my brother and sister had gone to Hylandale and loved it so I chose to come here, too.

The first year I roomed with Marvel Schlegel and later Barbara Eisele, among others. We changed rooms and roommates often and traded clothes as well. I had raised chickens at home that summer after eighth grade to earn money for my entrance fee and school clothes and I remember the

pretty gathered skirts I had made with our floral feed sacks which were popular then. Somehow one of my cutest blouses got traded away that I wore with the skirts. Before coming to school I would practice setting my hair in pin curls because "going away to academy" was very special in our family,

My first year or so I had the privilege of knowing Mr. A.W. Hallock. He was principal and taught my Old Testament History class and perhaps others. When he passed away several of us students sang at his funeral. Miss Whalen was still here and I remember visiting in her apartment in the girls dorm. She also taught English IV. Other teachers I recall were John Kingman who taught Bible, Rodney Pelton, (I was his reader for a while) Frank Gillin, and Mr. Percy. Ethel Sheppler had a shorthand class and I believe Philo Baker taught a typing class.

The first year Lucille Schimeck and I would harmonize on duets like "Beautiful Ohio" and other songs while we washed the school dishes. Pat Brush was there for a while also then we would blend in as a trio while we worked and it was fun.

That first summer I stayed to work on the gardens and in the kitchen. I got up at five a.m. and got breakfast for everyone for awhile. We slept out on the lovely second floor porch in the heat of the summer. One of the first persons I met when school started my sophomore year was Goldie Benson and we quickly became best friends and still keep in touch. Something I thought unusual that year was that there were three "Beths " in our class — Beth Bennett, Beth Kingman, and myself in our small school. My last three years I worked for Roseileen (Alder) and Frank Gillin as a mother's helper. Rose and I still keep in touch. I remember when Joanne Shimek arrived for her first year. Mrs. Shimek drove up in this huge low slung Hudson and Joanne and Lucille got out carrying an armload of pretty dresses on hangers. I thought they must be rich!

Students were not allowed to date as such, except for the boys and girls reception each year. We girls would revarnish our floors and make our rooms look extra special. Couples wrote notes however and would talk in the foyer while waiting for dinner. When we had marches on Saturday night we would get to march with our special friend part of the time. Some of the young people met their future mates this way.

We had wonderful musical heritage at Hylandale. I remember Mrs. Loga started a choir and some of the beautiful songs we sang such as,

"Calvary", "Living for Jesus", and "He is Mine" from the old paper covered "Gospel in Song". Later Bob La Bard had the choir. We girls wore black skirts and white blouses and the boys had dark slacks and white shirts. Mrs. Loga also organized a lovely girls chorus and I believe John's wife, Mabel Kingman, even directed music for a while. Then there were the smaller musical groups, a mixed quartet with Larry Perry, Dave Newman, Dedee Lett, and myself. The first girls trio consisted of Dedee Lett, Lucille Shimek, and Barbara Eislie and they were terrific. I'll never forget their rendition of "My Savior Speaks to Me". Later after they were gone from school, Joanne Shimek, my sister Marge, and I became the Hylandale Trio and what a wonderful privilege to be part of it. One of my special memories during that time was a Christmas Concert our trio put on serenading the students in both boys and girls dorms. We wore white sheets like choir robes and carried candles down the long halls.

I miss our three story administration building where most of our activities took place. A few steps up from the second floor class rooms was the principals office and the rest of the flight of stairs went up to where the Miss Shorey and her sister each had an apartment. Lydia Shorey made candy and sold to the students. Russell and Freda Nolin operated a small store that was later run by the Churches. Mrs. Calkins was our girls dean most of my years there and Ruth Hallock for a time also. What a shock it was later one summer when the house Mr. Percy had built burned. We girls wrapped blankets over our night clothes while the boys got as many things out as they could.

Our graduating class of 1953 was one of the larger classes with 12 members. We shocked the faculty by going on a "skip" day. For our misdeed we got a "D" in deportment that period among other things

I am thankful I could attend this school with it's beautiful, natural setting, and it's four green and white buildings all in a row. We were part of a work crew to keep the school going for others and we often traveled to give programs that other people and communities enjoyed. From Hylandale came many missionaries, nurses, doctors, teachers, ministers, attorneys, and other worthy occupations but when we get together we are all just one big family and we look forward to meeting that bigger family in heaven.