Hylandale Through the years



Much of this was gleaned from a tape recording of Mr. Percy donated by Gerald Baugher

Mr. Hallock had a hard time getting the school started since the conference had balked it and few people wanted to work against opposition. The school roster gradually increased until in 1929 there were 55 students - but then came the depression! It hit hard in '31 and '32 . Mr. Percy had started a hatchery business and he had a hard time financially but he kept going.

Many miracles took place to encourage the workers. There was a large debt on the school. They owed $5,500 to some people in La Crosse and also $3,500 to the Rockland bank. During the depression they couldn't pay a penny on them. — They couldn't even pay any interest. By the time the depression began to lessen in '35 the interest on the $5,500 had raised it to $7,500 and the bank note was also considerably higher. It looked hopeless. Finally a lawyer wrote that the $7,500 in La Crosse would have to be paid right away. And so Mr. Hallock went to talk to the lawyer. When he told what they were doing and how they were working, the lawyer said, "Well, I think that they'll be willing to give consideration to an institution of that kind. I'll see what I can do." It seems the people who owned the mortgage had died and it was the heirs who were taking care of the mortgage, now. The next time he called Mr. Hallock he offered to cancel the $7,500 mortgage and have a mortgage of $3,500 if it could be paid off regularly at the rate of $35.00 per month. What a tremendous discount! The bank in Rockland also discounted the interest and gave us a low monthly rate to pay back, which was possible. This took place around

1935 or '36. God was looking after His own…

Everyone here at school was used to living simply. Many from the larger cities who had lost considerable funds in the crash of '29 would send their children here so they could learn the value of hard work and simple living. Those who were farmers often brought truckloads of produce that could not be sold because no one had money to buy them, and they would trade produce for schooling. Also some of the school gardens would have to be harvested all at once to save the crop. Then



there would be big canning bees where as many as could would participate and enjoy working together and even sometimes have a whole day off of school. Mr. Percy would fix up large containers with steam running through them to can tomatoes and each day it was a race to see if more were canned than the day before. If the apples were wormy, students would sit by the hour cutting out the bad and saving the good. Thrift was a virtue that all should cultivate. Singing often shortened the hours. Many thousand of two quart jars full of delicious food lined the shelves by the time winter came.

When the bread began to get old it was toasted and made into "crumbs" for breakfast. These were served with a bit of honey and cream which was doled out evenly to each student. Bread and applesauce and a little peanut butter in your bowl with milk and cream were also a favorite. The girls serving the tables which were family style, would sometimes give up their dole of cream to their special friend at the table without too much notice by the others. Each table had a Host and Hostess who changed periodically, they were to lead out in prayer and conversation. Many very valuable thoughts were passed around in this way. So although the money was short God was not slack concerning His promises and there was always enough to eat and mealtime was a blessing to all.

We had a boiler that was purchased to run the sawmill in order to build more buildings and when the note came due there was no money. This was a serious problem! One of our students, who was here at the time, apparently told his parents, and his parents sent a check to cover the amount. Thanks to the Lord!

Later, when Mr. Hallock was building the boys' dormitory, the building did not have a heating plant. It didn't have siding and a lot of other things and we needed a thousand dollars to finish that building so we could use it that fall. A car drove up in the yard, and a lady got out. Mr. Hallock didn't know who she was or anything about her. She said, "I believe you need this..." and what she handed him was a thousand dollar bill! It finished the building! The same thing had happened when the girls' dorm was being built. How good God has been to us in answer to our prayers. These things have made a lasting impression on our students.



Many of our students caught the vision of cheerful service and vowed that when they were able they would come back and "Help Hylandale". Half of the class of '44 came back to help. Rosemary Oliphant Nelson, Jane Guthrie Hallock, Evelyn Radies McNeilus, Frank Gillin and Rodney Pelton. Many, many others did that very thing. This has been such a blessing through the years. Vernon McNeilus (who later became a doctor) was one of these. Later he wrote in the Hylandale Life about some of the things he had learned at Hylandale. Very important was the ability to get along with others. This was not learned in the classroom but rather in the dormitory. Also important was Mr. Hallock's "Nothing succeeds like success", and Mr. Sheppler's "Remember thy Creator in the days of they youth. (Eccl. 12:1)" He continues, "English Literature from Miss Whalen will always be remembered. This was probably the class I enjoyed above all others. There were many valuable readings in this class. One of the most valuable courses



was Geometry. I still believe this was less than half mathematics and the rest was a course in logic. Indeed, it is an important course for any Seventh-day Adventist. Of course there are many others, but I would like to point out that there are many valuable things to learn both in and out of the class room."

After his time in the Armed Forces around 1948, Philo Baker returned and revived the print shop which had fallen into disrepair as there was not help to run it. This saved money as there were many things that needed to be printed.

School attendance continued to be good. And things were going well, but tragedy struck with the 1950's. One of the favorite work and maintenance staff members, Beauford Loga, became sick and passed away. He had graduated in 1933 and married Carolyn Mabie and they had four children at the time of his death. Carolyn spent much time through the years coming and going. She and her second husband, Don Angel, helping wherever she could. They have been a real blessing!

In 1951 Mr. A.W. Hallock succumbed to his illness but not before building a sweet little bungalow for his faithful wife at the beginning of the "Y" where she could retire without so many responsibilities. Although several folks still came to live with her, it was not so many and was much easier. She remembers one bright spot that brought much comfort to Mr. Hallock during his last illness. It was when Rodney Pelton, who had graduated from Atlantic Union College, came and said he would like to come back and teach. Frank Gillen from the same class was also able to come back. He had graduated from Madison College and had also lived through a bout with polio while there.

Mr. Percy was now called upon to lead the school. Although this was not his choice, he filled a great need and the students loved him. Mr. Hallock's dream from the beginning was to have a medical facility in

connection with the school, as Mrs. White had suggested, would be of benefit. And so, in 1952, Mr. William Griffeth returned as business manager and, with Mrs. Kingman, who had a burden for this type of work, began the necessary changes to make the building the Hallock's had been living in into the Health Haven. There were really no funds available for this undertaking but the Laymen's Foundation from Tennessee came and said they would put up the money to be paid back as funds were generated. There was to be a new board to operate the school until the debt was paid. The board consisted of Elder Larry Boyd of La Crosse, E. A. Sutherland, (Pres. of Laymen's Foundation), Prof. A.E. Jasperson, (Pres. of Madison College), Dr. V.E. McNeilus, (Surgeon, Hylandale Alumnus) and Mr. N. Howard, (Business man, Owner of Bethel Convalescent Home).

Now Hylandale had a administration building, two dormitories and a Health Home! Mrs. Kingman did a great job and soon we had several older folks who needed our love and care. Many students learned the basics of nursing and caring for the elderly. Some of the patients became great friends with the students and years later when the doors were finally closed some of the families would bring the patients back and beg to come back and just stay with the families here as they just wanted to be back at Hylandale. One man had fled Sweden from a troubled past and came and made his home here for several decades. Another welcome guest was Echo Kroehler who was a brittle diabetic. Her family were from the Kroehler Furniture Manufacturing business. She lived with us for many years. Her mother generously helped us with furniture for the parlor.

But we still had a large debt and it was not all a "Bed of Roses". The



central heating system was not working too well and the buildings were cold and not conducive to study. The boys sometimes complained that they had to break the ice before they could wash their faces each morning. Two furnaces

were ordered, one for the dormitory and one for the main building. We had need of new faculty members as few can continue too long, especially with families, when only a stipend could be eked out.

In 1954 Mr. Percy called his son, Harold and family, who were working at Paradise Valley Hospital in California. Jane could be girl's dean and Harold could teach and develop an industry for the school. Mr. Don Olds and his wife Opal would come to be in the boys' dorm and she would teach church school which was to be held at the Health Home as the small log cabin was finally torn down. For a time Mr. Olds would take the students out and sell books.

At one time one of our students who worked in the woods had somehow had an accident and made a large gash by his knee. He came down to the dormitory, sterilized some thread and a needle and sewed up his own wound. When he was asked why he didn't tell anyone and let them take him to a doctor, he told them his mother was having a hard time keeping up with the bills and he didn't want her to have any more expense. The wound seemed to heal fine.

In the fall of 1958 a group of recent graduates from Andrews came to help us for a year. They were led by a young man, Neil Mullins and his wife, Pat (Calkins). Pat's mother, Mrs. Calkins, had been girls dean for some time at Hylandale. Neil and Pat Mullins also brought several students with them. Mrs. Calkins worked at the Health Haven during their stay, which was much appreciated, but Mr. Mullins had his heart set on being a doctor. While they were here, they solicited funds and paid off the long standing debt to the Laymen's foundation.

The next year Mr. Jackson came to us. He was also from Andrews, he had become a Seventh Day Adventist and was baptized in Ohio in 1956. He became the dean of boys and also taught some classes. He was elected principal. It was then that Satan sent the school another blow. **Fire struck**!

Here is the article from Hylandale Life paper written by Ben Glanzer, who arrived right after the fire:

Fire Strikes Hylandale - "God is good!"

God's people; . . . . if they rely upon His strength . .will never become the sport of circumstances." (PP 412)

n Friday night, Sabbath morning about 1:30 A.M. - Nov. 22, 1961, a fire which started in the furnace room of the administration building of Hylandale Academy, completely destroyed the three- story building and its contents: desks, typewriters, files, records and much equipment. Gone with the building is our kitchen, dining room, the chapel, - in which we also had church services - and the lovely grand piano which Hylandale friends had so kindly provided in 1942. Just a few days before this fire the canning had been completed: 1300 quarts of tomatoes, 1100 applesauce, 150 peaches, 80 beets, etc. Also a supply of several pounds of flour, beans, etc., had just been put in for the winter. All this is gone, including the freezer which was stocked with food.

We pause. We remember. . . .

In 1935 when the girl's dormitory burned, A.W. Hallock, the founder of Hylandale Academy, was later in the day found quietly sitting in his living room with the Bible open on his lap. As one of the teachers troubled about the tragedy, came to see him, his first words were: "God is good!" The young teacher was dumbfounded. What could be good about this? Then she heard this faithful self-supporting worker who had weathered many a trial, and who knew his God, think out loud: "No one was hurt, and we lost only one building." The teacher was encouraged. So were many others. So are we. Little did brother Hallock dream that his moving observation twenty-six years ago would bring encouragement for another fire in 1961.

"No one was hurt, and we lost only one building," we are able to say again. " God is good," we say again.

The teachers, students, Health Haven workers, the friends in the community, - and we believe you - pray that in this emergency we might not "let down" brother Hallock and the other pioneers who founded this school with blood, sweat, tears, - and faith! After multiple years of joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats, miracles and perplexities; after many times proving the God of Israel and finding Him true to His promises, brother Hallock went to his rest in 1951. He awaits the call of God at the resurrection in the quiet little cemetery right here in the little town of Rockland, six miles from his beloved Hylandale.

It now falls to our lot to carry on and again prove Him who is the "same yesterday, today and forever". In faith we say, "Out of the ashes of Hylandale shall rise a new and better school!" With the help of the Holy Spirit we believe, "Moreover we KNOW that to those who love God, who are called according to His plan, everything that happens FITS INTO A PATTERN FOR GOOD." Romans 8:28 (Philips translation). We believe it even though we do not understand it. It would be much easier to carry on without this tragedy and inconvenience. But our wonderful God will take this experience and with His omnipotent ingenuity, make it fit "into a pattern for good!" He never forgets His people or His institutions! "God has made ample provision for His people; and if they rely upon His strength, they will never become the sport of circumstances." - Patriarchs and Prophets, p. 421

It will be thrilling to pray, work, and watch His providence for Hylandale in the coming weeks and months.

"God is good!"

Written by Ben Glanzer, Principal

And published in the November 1961 issue of the Hylandale Life

It was especially gratifying to us all to know that our beloved matron,

Miss Shorey, was not burned in the fire. She lived on the third floor of the main building and was used to all kinds of scares and didn't realize the danger she was in when the fire came. After repeated calls to her Mr. Ralph Hinchman, who was on the staff, ran up, broke into her room and carried her down the stairs just before the building collapsed. She was unhurt!

The board met and decided the best solution was to call the girls' dorm into multiple service. The girls continued to live upstairs but the parlor was re-papered with a new vinyl covering, (some kind friend donated $100 dollars for this purpose); curtains were provided and seats were secured from an old church. The pulpit was made by Mr. Hinchman and the sophomore class. The parlor was used for the chapel and some classes. The smaller parlor was used for the library and some more classes. Part of the basement was repainted a lovely melon green and an island was put in with oodles of cupboard space. There was also a large Dutch oven and other necessities. The other end of the basement was paneled with knotty pine and some tables were obtained so it became a pleasant dining room. The laundry suffered a bit for lack of space but everyone was content to put up with a few things that were inconvenient and school continued. Soon the routine was back in full swing.



A much needed station wagon was donated by a good brother. The large rotary mower was a blessing for the huge lawns needed mowing. At one point there was need of a small repair part and the sales man told them the motor alone on the machine was worth $144.00. They had bought the whole machine for $40.00. They also were able to purchase an electric welder at an auction for a very small amount. All these blessings were attributed to our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Jackson had felt a conviction for some time that he should go into

the ministry, and when the fire came he felt it was a signal that he must pursue what God had called him to do. Through prayer we were blessed that Ben Glanzer, well known through his singing with the Voice of Prophecy quartet, came just when we needed him. Although he told us he had no experience in being a principal, he got everyone singing and that is surely God's remedy when we are having trials. He and his wife also were a blessing to the Health Home as they had experience in this line.

The next year two of our staff members, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Jennings filled in for a year and then Mr. Percy again took over as principal.

During this time many friends from Oak Haven in Michigan had helped us and in a gesture of love it had been arranged to take our beloved horse, Dexter, over to help them with a project for a season, but Dexter had other ideas and as he struggled to keep from getting in the trailer he had a fatal heart attack. Ralph Jones had given him to us and he had been one of the favorites for many years. The boys on the wood crew could hook him to the logs and tell him to go and he would safely drag those logs just where they wanted them and then wait. He was a large work horse but the kids could ride him.

One year there was a horse show and horse race in Rockland .. Kurt



Ueeck decided to take him down and entered him in the race along with the smaller race type horses. Kurt rode him the five miles from Hylandale to Rockland and, getting there early for the race, he rode Dexter half way around the track and then turned him off the track and into the parking area. Dexter was a fast learner and during the race, at a full gallop, he faithfully executed the turn into the parking area. The rest of the horses were well behind Dexter and Kurt was able to guide him back onto the track. He still pounded past the finish line in 2 nd place. Bystanders were amazed and there was nobody happier than the group of horse lovers from Hylandale. Dexter was such a huge horse

and his back was so broad that it was no easy feat to stay up there. After riding him to and from Rockland and in the race too, I'm sure it was no easy feat walking again either!

Thinking about a new building brought inspectors out our way and we found there were several things to be done to meet the State Industrial requirements on some of our other buildings. We had to have two new fire escapes. We were told a La Crosse hospital had a used one that had cost $3,000. They sold it to us for $150. We were able to use half of it for each dorm with nothing left over. The manager said he thought the Lord had saved it for us as it had been there for two years and right after we bought it he had two chances to sell it for real money. He added he was glad someone got it that really needed it. An $800 fire alarm system was installed in a building in Sparta before it was sold to another party who tore it down. The alarm system was sold to us for $50 and it was complete enough for our two dorms and all that needed to be added were two bells and a control box. Twelve new exit lights were installed on separate circuits, outside doors were all changed to swing outward with doors added for fire escapes. Stairways were sealed and fire- proof doors installed. Five rooms had to be enlarged by changing partitions to make 800 cubic feet per room. It cost only $600 for all these changes, but of course now we needed funds for food to operate with and also to build the new building.

Fruit jars

Here is another intriguing chapter. After God makes the food to grow it must be prepared for winter use. All the fruit jars were lost in the fire along with their contents. So a month after the fire they put an ad in the paper asking for some two quart jars. Several individuals brought a few but one reply came from a business firm which had closed down the local canning of a national brand of canned milk. Brother Heppner went to see the man with the recently

acquired pick-up truck but was not prepared for the sight of 800 to 900 two quart jars piled high at the plant. Not knowing how much the school had promised to pay for them, he hesitated. The man said with a flourish. "Load them up and get them out of here. We need the room!" About an hour later Mr. Heppner came on campus with the truck loaded down and singing at the top of his voice, "The Windows of Heaven are Open".

The Heppner family were new to self supporting work and the Lord let him have the thrill of the fruit jar experience. Soon some of his children



came pleading for new shoes. Daddy could not afford them from his meager salary at that time. He encouraged the children to continue to pray which they had already been doing. In a few days a check came in the mail for eleven dollars, a refund for over payment from the telephone company which they had paid in Ohio before coming to Hylandale. The children got their shoes! Mr. Heppner set up a nice bakery while here and developed a large route of folks anxious to get some of his delicious healthful bread and granola.

One of our former staff members, Stanley Maulsby, was appointed to pour the footings and foundation (November 17, 1964) of our new main building. Although it wasn't ready for occupancy for some time, this was a great moral booster for our students and staff. By the time the building was finished and the new furnace was unloaded in the fall of 1969 every one was excited to move into the new structure.

A sad happening of this era was when one of our staff, Wayne Churches, was killed. He had numerous responsibilities besides teaching bookkeeping and doing general maintenance. He had also been working with others on the blue prints for the new building. Wednesday morning, Feb. 3, 1965 Wayne decided to finish the statements before eating or leaving his office. Around eight o'clock he phoned to have someone look after study hall as he would be late. His son, LeRoy, found him at his post of

duty apparently electrocuted while working on the large commercial copy machine he had just purchased from Army Surplus.

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IT WAS A MIRACLE!...

By Joyce Dence Swiatek written January 1962 & 2003

This is the story of Joyce (Dence) Swiatek. I was brought up in an Adventist home; oldest of 8 children. When I was 15 my parents were looking for an academy for me, preferably a small school where I could help earn the tuition. We went to Oak Haven in Michigan where we met Bill Jackson who was the Principal of Hylandale Academy in 1961. As he told us about the school, we became very interested, and it was decided I should go, though it was 1,100 miles from our home in New York. I interested one of my friends, Diane Kroneck, in going with me to be my roommate.

This year was a real turning point in my life. You know how young people have big ideas of being great in something. One of my interests was ice-skating, and I had a man who wanted to tutor me for the Olympics. But once at Hylandale; I got caught up in the classes and working in the kitchen. I also learned from the Spirit of Prophecy about dress reform and the importance of modesty; values that have stuck with me. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, truths that a student can learn in life is that "our Lord adapts Himself to our special needs. He walks close by our side, ready to supply all our necessities." SDG p.25. "It was a miracle how I got home for Christmas. My parents wrote and said they would send the money. But

when the time came my father was out of work. Not knowing this, I wrote home wonderingly for the $50.00 needed.

"A day later one of the girls said, 'Say, Joyce, mother says if you and the other girls going your way would pay $15 she would take you as far as Ohio.'

"I counted this an answer to prayer. Also another person was willing to take us on to New York state. In the meantime my grandmother and aunt had sent $10 each to my parents toward my fare home. Father was wondering where to find the other $30 to make $50 when he got my letter saying I only needed $15 - - he sent me $20.

"I had a wonderful vacation and realized more than ever the meaning of 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.' our home is very humble, but God is there. At home I realized I needed a pair of shoes and I also began to wonder how I would get back to Hylandale.



"On the way to see a friend at the hospital my father and I stopped to get the mail. As he went to the mail box I prayed that we might get some money. He was still out of work, and we needed groceries. The first letter we opened had $10 in it, with no name on it, and no word! We thanked God. Now we could buy some food.

"But I still needed to get back to Hylandale. Two days later a Christmas card came from a friend, with $50 in it! Now I could go back to school.

"My father decided to bring me to Hylandale by car. We took Sherman Leach with us - one of the young men from Oak Haven. When we got to Pullman, Mich., Brother Martin and some others were coming to Hylandale and had room for me. Again God was at work. This would save my father some money. We drove in to the little town of Pullman and bought the shoes I needed so badly. And Dad still had enough money to get

home. God does wonderful things, doesn't He!"

This was the year that the fire burned the main school building to the ground. After the fire 5 faculty members left, the classrooms were gone, the library, the chapel, the kitchen, the cafeteria, and 2 apartments. Because the cook left, Mrs. Hinchman asked me to be the cook. I was still 15. But that didn't stop me; I started my interest in cooking when I was 6, and had already helped cook for sometime, for our big family, so I said sure. The kitchen was then in the apartment of the girls' dean and we ate in the girls' chapel. The girls helped me, but it was my responsibility to cook 3 meals a day for about 40 people. Later the kitchen, and dining room was made in the basement of the girl's dorm.

In the middle of learning the ropes on making meals, we had a week of Prayer with John Kingman. Even though I had been baptized when I was twelve I believe I was converted that week. I had been getting up at 4:30 a.m. to make breakfast, but this morning it was very cold and the water was frozen. I was praying about the situation when God impressed me that I needed to read



the Bible first thing in the morning, and that he would help me to get breakfast ready in less time. I did and He did. By the time I was done studying, the water was fixed, and breakfast was still on time. God has helped me to become efficient through the years in my many projects, and I have made it a point to put Him first. He is such a faithful helper!

Ben Glanzer was principal the second half of the year, and I'll always be grateful for that, because I've used what he taught in voice and speech classes almost daily since then; singing and speaking. Praise the Lord!

Though I was allowed to go only that one year; as I was needed at home to do the housework while my mother taught the younger children; It was probably the most important year of my life. Since then I've been married, had 3 children and several businesses. I still have a health food store and I .manufacture soy foods. The company is called Joy Soy. I had a restaurant

for 6 years, and my husband and I have taught children with learning disabilities for 22 years.

Tom and I also have a prison ministry. Every Sunday night for 11 years we have had a choir where we teach the men to sing parts, and help them learn to read music.

Some times we just sing the hymns they want to sing, and ask them to share their testimonies. We have been allowed to take a karaoke in to record the choir. This has encouraged excellence, and we have recorded several cassettes to send, with a letter, to the families. This seems to be an effective witnessing tool. God is so good!

Christian education is essential for our children. Don't miss the opportunity, even if it seems impossible. God will make a way. Soon the battle will be over. Don't get weary in well doing. Jesus is coming soon.

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Fern Remembers

by Fern Rumble (Goodwill)

arrived at Hylandale at night in June of 1958. It was raining and we got stuck in the mud, my shoes came off, and I stepped in the mud. When we got to the dorm the lights were off and Pat Calkins Mullins who brought Gerry Casteel and I to school said, "Wait while I get the Girls' Dean." While waiting I sat down on a chair with water on the seat. It was dark and as I walked up the creaky stairs I was a little unsure that I would like the place. But I found I did like our dean, Rosemary Nelson, and that we shared the same birthday, December 5th. That year for my sixteenth birthday Anita Jones invited us both to her home;. There was a lovely cake with both of our names on it. Anita had made me a home- made teddy bear and I was so happy with it. I had never had a stuffed animal before.

Mrs. Calkins was here and of course Miss Lucy Shorey. I will always remember Miss Shorey for her music. I enjoyed her violin playing and sometimes she would make something special in the kitchen. She made the best sour cream gravy! I had never eaten it before. She also introduced me to the process of making hominy. She would pick out black walnuts by the hour to put in cake. It was delicious! I really thought a lot of Miss Shorey.



Esther Cook worked at the Health Haven at this time earning tuition for her two children, Marjorie and Jim. She later went blind.. Speaking of being blind, I recall working at the Health Home where a blind patient, Mrs. Poliver, would call out several times a day, "Who stole my girdle?" It's funny the things one remembers from so long ago. And there was Joe with his Parkinson's Disease, and Echo Kroehler with her Diabetes, Sue who was a retired Bible Worker, and Gus who was a refugee from Norway with no family but us. We learned to love them all.

My years at Hylandale were happy ones. I graduated in 1960. Bill Jackson was principle. He was a new Adventist at that time and had been in the Salvation Army earlier. He taught us to sing many of their songs that year.

Ethel Sheppler taught the Sabbath School Class for the academy girls and later I taught the little children's Sabbath School. Mrs. A.W. Hallock lived near and she was so sweet. The fire that took the Harold Hallock home made a lasting impression on me. Harold had helped his father, Percy Hallock, build this home back in the 1930's.

In 1958 Harold Schroeder furnished the funds to fix the road going into the school. Later working with them for 6 months I saw Christ's love in their good lives.

I could mention Dexter, but I'm sure others have. I had my first and last horseback ride on him. There were the cows that were sold and I can't

forget the lovely apple orchard on the hill.

Clifford Goodwill and I married in 1964 after I graduated from the school of nursing at Hinsdale. He, too, had been at Hylandale taking care of the gardens. We have continued in this line helping different schools get started raising cash crops and food for the table with our green house operations

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DAVID LAWSON'S STUDENT YEARS

have been asked to write on the times of Hylandale during the years I was a student and beyond when I returned to be a staff member and about the years while I was principal. Let me say that this will only be a brief accounting of those days and experiences. Were there more time to invest, a book could be produced from this time period alone. But reality being what it is, this is one person's memory and perspective of Hylandale from 1959-1962 and 1967 to 1980

I will first try to give a mental picture of the school during those years I was a student. I came to Hylandale in the Fall of 1959. I chose Hylandale when given a choice of academies to attend because it was described as "newly re-organized" and just starting a new school building program. I thought it would be neat to be in on the ground floor, as it were, rather than to try and fit in to an already established institution. And then there was the fact that one of my favorite childhood playmates (**Ron Keller**), suggested we attend Hylandale together. His older brother had attended Hylandale and that gave us 'special status' we thought.

When we arrived at Hylandale, **Neil Mullins** was in his second year as principal with a staff made up largely of young teachers who had come with him from Andrews University (EMC). This group of young teachers and staff members had come to Hylandale after hearing **Percy Hallock** talk of the need for younger teachers and staff at Hylandale. Of course, it probably didn't hurt that **Neil Mullins** had married **Patricia Calkins**, former

Hylandale student and daughter of **Mrs. G. Calkins**, who was in charge of the Health Haven.

Bill Jackson was the boys' dean. **Miss Hall** was the girls' dean. **Bob Brand** was the farm and work director. **Mr. & Mrs. Ron Crary** were teachers and staff members. Mrs. Calkins, as already mentioned, was in charge of the Health Haven and **Clifford Goodwill** was in charge of the school gardens and special assistant, and handyman at the Heath Haven. **Mr. Boze** and **Miss Shorey** were in charge of the kitchen. Miss Shorey had more or less retired and lived in an apartment in the top floor if the administration building, but always made the Sabbath desserts that year.



The student body was quite small that year (around 16 students). Some of the students said it was because the new faculty was far too strict and many students had decided not to return . Some had been asked not to return because of rule infractions the previous year. As for me, I knew nothing of all that, but found the young faculty to be a very dedicated group of idealists. They were trying to achieve the highest form of Christian education possible and felt they could only do this by setting the standards of the school at that same level. Some said their approach was not very practical. At any rate, they did ask for a larger degree of commitment and dedication to Christian education on the part of students at that age level, than many were used to.

This is not the forum to debate the right and wrong approach to Christian education, but is an attempt to relate what took place at Hylandale at that time. It is not always the standard you subscribe to or the theology you espouse that determines your success or failure as an educator, but how you affect the heart and life of your students and I for one can say that these teachers were a positive force in my life. The memory of their dedication and zeal, of what they tried to teach and accomplish, always calls me to a

higher plain. Please do not misunderstand my point. I in no way claim to have become all of what they were hoping for; I am saying that their fruits produced an influence and a call that is with me to this day.



It was **Neil Mullins** who first talked to me while I was an academy freshman about coming back to Hylandale as a teacher after completing my college education. **Ron Crary** was the one who first suggested I learn to preach and became an audience of one to listen and critique some of my first sermons . He made appointments for me to speak at some of the local churches. It was **Bill Jackson**, the former Salvation Army lieutenant that shared with me the art of personal study and prayer.

I remember picking trailer loads of apples in the orchard on the ridge, and later that fall being given the job of taking the school horse (**Dexter**) to the woods every day and pulling logs to the Sheppler Valley or to the ridge top above the Health Home. On Sundays, **Ralph Jones** would come with his tractor and buzz saw and we would spend the day cutting (buzzing) up these logs for fire wood, then loading and hauling it to the respective buildings. I remember picking tomatoes with **Clifford Goodwill** and hoping to someday have gardens as productive and well cared for as those he managed at Hylandale.

This staff was a gifted group musically. **Mrs. Crary** was an excellent piano player and I recall how amazed I was at her ability to transpose instantly a piece of music to whatever key one needed. **Neil Mullins** often played special songs for us on his trumpet and many a Sabbath afternoon was spent around the piano as **Bill Jackson** played whatever hymn or chorus we would request. As I have mentioned, Mr. Jackson came to the Adventist Church from the Salvation Army, and I always had the sense that, in spite of his very lively piano playing, he was always holding back a little. At that time many conservative Adventists were not ready for such a lively expression of praise. We students loved it, however, and knew we were



seeing flashes of his musical background when he would laugh and say, "We best not get carried away", and return to a more sedate hymn or number.

In the middle of my first year at Hylandale, the opportunity opened up for Neil Mullins to return to college and become a medical doctor. Bill Jackson became principal in his stead and kept his responsibilities as boys' dean. Other than this, we finished out the year without any other changes. However, at the end of the 1959-1960 school year, quite a few changes took place.

The Crarys left to pursue other self-supporting endeavors. Later, they opened a vegetarian restaurant and a health outreach ministry in the Madison, Wisconsin area. Bob Brand and Mr. Boze both left to pursue more education.

When the 1960-61 school year opened, there were several new staff and faculty members in place. **Mr. & Mrs. Babbitt** had joined the staff. Mr. Babbitt took over as business manager, while Mrs. Babbitt taught Home Economics. **Norwood Smith** joined the staff as Bible teacher and **The McCurdy family** also came to help. They were quite a large family and had a senior and Junior unit. Mr. & Mrs. McCurdy Senior taught some classes and helped with student supervision. Mr. McCurdy Junior took over as Boys' dean. Mrs. McCurdy taught piano and music.

Miss Ann Lucas came to manage the kitchen . The **Harley Mikesell family** came from Mondovi, Wisconsin and Mr. Mikesell took over as farm manager. The **Ralph Hinchman family** came from northern Wisconsin to help with building projects and manage the wood gathering. It took a lot of wood to fire the old steam boilers. Mr. Hinchman had been a successful building contractor and taught a class in wood working. Mrs. Calkins and Clifford Goodwill remained at the Health Haven.

The student body was a little larger (somewhere in the low 20's).

There were new students from Indiana, Illinois, and Washington state.

For me, there were a lot of highlights of that year. The first was when Principal Jackson loaded up the whole student body and many of the staff in cars and took us all on a spiritual retreat to the north woods of Wisconsin. I can't recall just how many cars were in that caravan, but I remember that we would always look back on inside curves and count the cars to make sure everyone was still together. We didn't have the cell phones or CB's in those days, I don't think that, with today's traffic, you could keep track of a caravan that way today.

Another highlight for me was when Mr. Mikesell (the farm manager) and Mr. Babbitt (the business manager) decided to use some of the money in the farm improvement fund to purchase a new Massey Ferguson 35 Special tractor. For a boy in love with anything to do with farm tractors, this was an exciting event indeed. I remember how proud those two men were of that new tractor. Soon after its purchase, we had a unit on proper tractor care in Mr. Mikesell's agriculture class. Mr. Babbitt made sure the tractor was washed and cleaned regularly, especially after use in wet and muddy conditions.



In the Spring of that school year, we planted hundreds of pine trees on the hillsides and steeper portions of the school's ridge farmland. Mr. Mikesell, who had a tree planting business in addition to his dairy farm operation before coming to Hylandale, brought his tree planter to the school. I spent many-a-day as his partner on the tree planter behind the new tractor.

Later that Spring, I got to take off a whole week of school to help Mr. Mikesell fulfill all of his tree planting contracts left over from his business in and around Mondovi. He told me many years later that he had never planted so many trees in so short a time as in the Spring of 1961. I'm sure he paid the school generously for my help . Money was always in short supply at Hylandale, and many were the prayer sessions asking God to

supply our need.

Another endeavor that helped bring money into the school was shocking corn for the local farmers. I can remember the skeptical looks on the faces of the tall Norwegian farmers' when we would arrive at a farm for the first time. Most of us guys were freshmen or sophomores and were still of small stature.



For that matter, many of the adult staff were on the small or short side. But by the end of the first hour of our endeavors, the farmers had pleased smiles on their faces. One farmer even said in his heavy Norwegian accent, that had he not seen it with his own eyes, he would never have believed that such little people could do such a big task in such a small amount of time.

Many of our staff had left successful careers and businesses to come and work at Hylandale. They often referred to the fact that they were looking for something more fulfilling than success in the secular world. This was not totally lost on our youthful minds and later influenced many of the decisions we would make in life.

With the exception of the Babbitts who had accepted a position at a school in the south, the 1961-62 school year found most of the same staff in place at the start of the school year. However, finances seemed to be tighter than ever. Principal Jackson came to me, senior class president (there were more offices than class members) and asked to borrow some of the money we had raised for class projects so he could purchase a load of stoker coal for the boys' dorm. They were heating the boys' dorm that year by mixing sawdust and stoker coal and had run out of coal to mix with the sawdust. This might suggest just how tight finances were.

Little did we know that this was but a drop in the bucket of woes that would face the school before that year was over. On a cold November night a fire started in the wood stacks in the boiler room of the administration

building. Shortly after midnight we awoke to the continuous peeling of the large bell in the top of the administration building. The shout of "Fire!! Fire!!" was not a part of a camp song, but an actual report on what was happening in reality right then.

The furnace room was already engulfed in flames with the fire eating away at the ceiling joists, trying to devour the last barrier to its entering the rest of the building. The small fire extinguishers were of no avail and the pump at the spring that supplied water to all the school buildings, except the Health Haven, picked that night to fail. We simply had no way to fight the fire once it started.

Someone kept ringing the bell and soon community members started arriving to see if they could help. We made sure Miss Shorey was safely out of her top floor apartment and before the fire broke through the ceiling of the furnace room, carried out as many records and priority items as possible. By the time the fire department arrived, there was nothing to do but watch in sad and silent shock as our administration building was consumed by the flames.



The big bell was now silent, never again would its ring call us to class or vespers. Gone were our class rooms and chapel, our kitchen and dining room. Gone was our beautiful grand piano that every visiting musician said was one of the best they had ever heard or played. The sense of loss was overwhelming. I saw students and faculty openly weeping. Many felt sure this was a blow from which the school could never recover.

Small schools are to a great degree the product of the original founder's faith and vision. It has proven difficult for them to survive the death of the founder and original staff. While they were alive there was a centralized sense of vision and direction. One can disagree with a founder but you can't tell him he doesn't know what his own vision is.

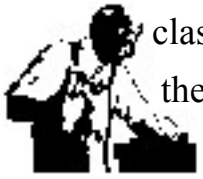
Successors to the founder's position are, in a sense, acting in his stead, but lack his legendary status. The successor must cope with the founder's

legacy without his autonomy. It can turn into a thankless job with no hope of ever seeing one's goals and vision coming to fruition.

After the fire, Mr. Jackson and most of his staff resigned, with the exception of the **Hinchmans**. Mrs. Hinchman assumed the responsibilities of girls' dean and cook. Mr. Mikesell stayed on briefly as farm manager, but left soon after a new staff was in place.

I never knew just how it came about, but soon after the fire, we students were all called together and told that most of the old staff was leaving, and new staff were coming from Oak Haven school to take over and finish the school year. We were then introduced to **Ben Glanzer** who had been asked to be the new principal. **Mrs. Glanzer** took over the responsibility of the Heath Haven. **The Davidsons** and the **Rouses** also came to join the staff at this time.

Needless to say, we went through a lot of adjustments. Some students became discouraged and left. We were holding classes in dorm lobbies and spare rooms. We had to use the girls' dorm lobby as a dining room and after meals were served, tables and chairs were cleaned and we then used it as a classroom. Mrs. Hinchman oversaw the cooking for the school in the kitchenette in the girls' dorm apartment. Things were quite crowded for weeks following the fire.



There had been some insurance on the administration building and this money was used to remodel the basement of the girls' dorm into a kitchen and dining room. We even had classes in the dining room once the remodeling was completed.

Ben Glanzer had in younger years been a member of the King's Heralds quartet and was a powerful and gifted singer. He started a choir and vocal music class. We were soon putting on concerts at nearby churches and nursing homes. He selected me and one other student, **Jerry McKee**, to join him in forming a male trio. He taught Jerry and me to sing with power

like he did. It took everything we had to try and match his power. After hearing our trio sing, my roommate said we "didn't make the rafters ring, we made them shake".



Mr. Glanzer could sing with the volume of a thunder clap, but also in a very soft, clear voice that seemed to reach every part of your soul.

Mr. Davidson was a teacher we all looked up to from the very start. He stood somewhere around 6 feet 6 inches tall. He had a way of expressing faith in you as a young person that made you want to do your best. He would reinforce good behavior or performance with a nod or thumbs up right when you were working, speaking, or singing.

It must have taken an extraordinary amount of courage and faith and energy to keep the school operating after the administration building burned, but the 1961-62 school year was completed in spite of the difficulties.

Pastor O.A. Lyberg, who attended Hylandale as a young man under **A.W. Hallock** was the school board chairman during this time of change and tumult. He was asked to be the commencement speaker for our graduating class. His theme was taken from the Book of Esther "It may be that you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this." He challenged graduates to apply this principle to their lives. To believe that God leads you to each responsibility in life or work at just the time He needs you there.

When I graduated in the Spring of 1962, I had experienced three changes in staff and administration. I had been at Hylandale longer than any of the teachers and staff. It wasn't until Mr. Percy Hallock resumed leadership of the school in the mid-sixties that more stability and continuity returned to the makeup of the staff.

In concluding this section, let me say that even though their tenure was rather short, when looked at in retrospect, I can never forget the hope and faith of those who came to give their strength and energy to the purpose and survival of Hylandale during my years as a student. In my opinion, it can

be said of them that they were looking to build a better place, to build a school whose designer and director was God. It was in this way, they became a part of the historic fabric and dream that was Hylandale.

THE CLERK WAS ASTONISHED

by Marge Lawson

oes example or conduct open the way for explaining our beliefs or telling of the love of Christ to others? I know it surely does and this is how I found out.

I was shopping around trying to make a wise choice in selecting a dress. I chose several and went to try them on to see if they would pass my standards for a dress. I had a pretty blue one on and the clerk commented on it and asked my opinion. I told her it was very pretty but I thought the neckline was too low. She said she didn't think so and that it would look just perfect with a corsage and a necklace. I told her I didn't wear jewelry, make-up, high heels, short dress, or dresses with low necks.



She was really astonished and called the near by clerk over and told her my beliefs. I told her I attended Hylandale Academy and that was also the standards we as Seventh-day Adventist Christian young people held. I told her my parents had raised me to disregard those kinds of clothing and adornings. Right away the one clerk said, "Well you really don't need any make-up. Just look at your color. My, but we need some."

Really if people didn't use it, most of them also would have color, for it is the make-up which ruins the natural color. These clerks told me it was really marvelous to have such principles and ideals in this day and age, and ended the conversation by saying, "Be proud of it!" And I did find a dress that was modest and in accordance with God's standards.



TRUDY'S MEMORIES

by Mrs. Trudy Daszkiewicz

think back to when I first got to Hylandale in 1964, I didn't know whether I was going to be girls dean or cook but ended up being both. It kept me busy. I started work at 5 a.m.

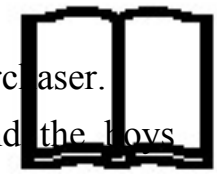
When I arrived there, the corn was just coming on. Harold Schroeder sent up a big truck load of corn and we were busy freezing that. There was so much corn that the students worked all night one night and Mr. Percy worked with us. About four in the morning he said it was time to get to bed and so we all took a break, got a little sleep and started in again the next day. We froze corn and froze corn. We took it to a locker in town in gallon bags. It was so nice to have later since all the work was already done. We'd have it a couple times a week. I liked to fix it on Sabbath because it was an easy thing to have for Sabbath. After about so long I decided the kids must be tired of corn so one week I didn't fix any. All I heard was "Where is the corn?" "Where is the corn?" "We want some corn." After that I didn't hesitate to fix it for Sabbath.



Then came apple season and we were kept busy canning applesauce. I was very glad for Mr. Percy. He did most of the hard work such as taking stuff out of the big boilers. He always did the hardest work on the corn, apples and tomatoes when we canned them. There was one apple, maybe a Courtney, which made a pink applesauce. It was so pretty and tasted so good, we enjoyed it very much. I hid some in back of the other applesauce so there would be some later on. We had applesauce in the morning and at

night, I'm sure the students got tired of the same thing over and over but no one complained.

I think one of the things that brought the most satisfaction was to see the young students who came to school leave so grown up and changed. I think especially of George Alder, he came in as such a ball of temper but when he left he was such a gentleman. I never saw anyone change that much. My first year there we had Mr. Maulsby as boys dean and I must say he was the best boys dean we could have had. He knew where his boys were and he always ushered them home after supper. Very rarely did he ever have a cold dormitory. He would have them up Sunday morning early, starting the fire to warm things up, then the furnace was shut down and cleaned when it cooled off, and the dormitory didn't really get cooled off that much.



Another one who I really appreciated was Ralph Jones as purchaser. He would come in with his load of goodies and the boys would all come to help him unload. They knew he would have a few goodies for them. Glenda Krause would help take care of some of the groceries for me and if any goodies came in I would tell her to hide them so that none of the kids would help themselves to them in the storeroom. She was very faithful in her work.

The first two years I was at Hylandale I was both cook and girls dean. The third year the Boyd Jones' had left, others came and I was just girls dean and worked in the office. I did the registrars work and helped with some other things. And I think I taught typing also.

When someone called in for a transcript we had to go through all the records of the teachers and get everything that we could which the student had taken and then we would make up a transcript for them. After the fire it took a lot of work to get everything recorded and organized so that when a student graduated his or her transcript was already prepared and all we had

to do was go to the file and pull the record. That was a source of satisfaction to me.

I also enjoyed working with the Annual and having the students help with that. I left in August of 1976. During my years at Hylandale I had many interesting experiences.

Missionary College I had to go take her to Orlando for some of her affiliations. We were in the cafeteria on Sabbath eating dinner when she said "Here comes Linda." I looked up and sure enough it was Linda. She came over to me and gave me her biggest hug so I knew I had been forgiven. Anyway, it was amusing, (Back at Hylandale I had said to Linda, "Don't ever say 'I WON'T' again, you can say "I don't want too; I hope I don't have too; please don't make me but never say I'm not going too. I think she learned her lesson and there was never any more trouble out of her.)

Hanna Hirschman always had a lot of energy, after lights were out at night and they were supposed to be quiet I could always hear her up there gambozing around or doing something. One night I went up and brought her down to the kitchen and gave her some walnuts to crack. When she brought the cup up to me there were only a few pieces in the bottom. When I asked what happened to them she said she had eaten them. So the next time I had her do it I told her I didn't care how many she ate but she should bring me a cup full. And so she did. I don't remember what I did with them but I know what I wished I would have done. I wished I would have saved them until the next time I brought her down and had her get a friend and use the nuts to bake cookies with to take upstairs!

One night during study period, Kay had gone to bed and she started screaming because of a bad dream or nightmare. All the girls were soon standing looking in the door. I told them she had just had a bad dream and they should go back to bed. Hanna slipped past me and went to Kay and patted her on the back and said "It's alright, Kay, it's alright. You've just had a bad dream." She did such a wonderful job of comforting her and I never forgot that about Hanna and I'm sure she has been a comfort to many others.



After I had been there several years I got a car and began taking the nursing home patients to town and to the doctor.

One day Mrs. Sands was with me, we were coming down the hill from Bangor where the stop sign is on "J". There were no brakes when I pushed in the pedal. I thought "What am I going to do?" I'm sure I prayed and I shifted down but I still came down that hill faster than I usually did. Mrs. Sands said "My land sakes a livin" girl, where are you going?" and I just calmly said "We're going down a hill" because I didn't want to let her know there were no brakes. By the time we got almost to the stop sign we were still going faster than I wanted to go and I didn't know what to do. It might ruin the car but all I could think to do was throw it into reverse. We saw Benny Sheppler coming from Bangor and I guess he noticed we were having trouble and he stopped and then followed us the rest of the way home. I kind of crept home, but I'm thankful to my guardian angel that we made it home safe and sound and nothing happened to the car.



I always enjoyed the lessons Mr. Lawson used to share with me when he was going to college for his psychology degree. It was very interesting and I appreciated that and it's helped me a lot in thinking things through.

When the kitchen was new, they were unable to find anyone to be the cook. I told Mr. Lawson I would love to be in there and cook. He said that it might come to that. Well, I wasn't sure I could be cook and registrar at the same time but I thought I'd try. About that time Dorothy Epp came to see her sister and she agreed to help with the office work while I did the kitchen. I helped her some but she did most of the work. I liked to keep the books balanced accurately and once I remember they were off a few cents and I worked and worked until I found the problem and was able to balance them. I also did the books for the Health Home, keeping them in balance.

Most of my memories of Hylandale are really good ones. I remember the kids would swing out on ropes over the hillside. Sometimes they would fall and get hurt so I would have to take them to the doctor. One afternoon

when I was working in the office the girls had a swing rope over by the nursing home and one of the girls called me "Oh, Mrs. D, one of the girls has fallen off the rope and she's hurt!" So I thought "Oh!" I remember I had a dress on. It was about that time we started wearing pant suits but I had a dress on this one day and I remember I had a summer coat on too because

"Kitchen Mystery". Anyway, this is what I did. Leftover oatmeal, vegetables (except for cabbage or beets), I'd take all these leftovers, little dabs of potatoes, little dabs of this and little dabs of that and I'd puree them all up and add some protein in it, so there was enough protein in it, whether it was eggs, cottage cheese or nuts. I had to be careful of the way I used



cottage cheese and the proteins in it. Sometimes I added peanut butter to it. And then I'd season it up and bake it. But when one of the two ladies I'd overheard talking was the cook, she hadn't pureed the ingredients, you would find pieces of string beans or other identifiable vegetables in the roast. That's why she thought I didn't use left overs in my roasts. Anyway there was one roast for which I didn't use leftovers. That was the cottage cheese loaf and that was a favorite of one of those ladies.

When Cindy Hallock was teaching biology at Hylandale she used to have her lab in the dining room, so her frogs and what not were kept in the dining room. She had a special covered area where she kept them. The year the Lawrences' were there she had some frogs and stuff there. Mr. Laurence liked the granola. He would have liked it more often but we only served it once a week because we couldn't afford it more than that. So he would take some and keep it out once he found out he couldn't get it special, I tried to treat everyone alike. He'd take a bowl of it and put it up in the cupboard. Sometimes he took bread and put up there also, I guess to toast it later. The kids knew about it and one day when he went to get it there was a frog in between the bread. We all laughed about that.

One thing I would like to say was the girls used to get breakfast on their own. I'd make a chart showing amounts needed according to how many servings so they learned and before long there wasn't much left over cereal.

I forgot to mention Mrs. Maulsby's help with the cooking, the first

year I was there especially. It was such a big help to have her come over every morning. We made out the menu's for the week and she would come over every morning and help cook. That was a big help.

Also there was a couple experiences with the students which were kind of amusing. One of them was with Kent Moses, he was driving the tractor one day. I was in the house and I heard him go by. He was going down the hill and I thought, "Oh Kent, that is too steep, you're going to tip over, that's too steep a hill!" Hanna was coming from the girls dorm to the main building and just then he tipped over. His guardian angel must have been watching over him because he didn't get hurt at all. I can't remember whether he jumped or what but the tractor just rolled right over. I heard Hanna say "God help that stupid fool!".



Another time was over fires. It was during vacation one year. Paul Hardin decided that the kids, Skeeter and Kay, needed a fire because it was chilly. We were using the oven to keep the one room warm and we were managing OK, but he decided he needed to build a fire so he told me afterwards how he hunted for something in the furnace room to start the fire, and then how he went into the storeroom and there was a box of soap. He got a pan from the kitchen and put the soap in it, then he had the emptied box and could use that cardboard. He took another piece of paper, a long stick, a dishtowel which he wrapped around one end of the stick and wrapped a piece of plastic around it, then he took a shoestring out of his shoe and tied it all to the stick and then started the fire that way. I used to joke that it was a good thing the furnace room wasn't wall papered or he would have had it stripped for fire starting material. But he got it going, bless his heart. So we had a fire and heat.

Then there was the time when we were living in the house at the bottom of the hill. It was Ronnie Chinihuk's job go down and start the fire so we could have a warm house. And this one morning I was awake and he

came in the basement to start the fire and all of a sudden there was a bang and a ball of flames out the window. I thought "What on earth!" I ran to the basement door and said "Ronnie! Are you OK?" No answer. So I called again and there came back a meek little "yes". And what he had done, of course you can guess. He had taken a little bit of gas and thrown it into the fire, thinking he could do it safely. And oh, I'm thankful that the house wasn't on fire, but anyway that was quite the experience.

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