MR LAWSON'S STAFF YEARS



It was in the Fall of 1967 when my wife and I made the decision to return to help at Hylandale. That same fall, **Mr. & Mrs. Steven Guthrie** also returned to help. Mr. Percy Hallock said we had arrived in the nick of time. He told us that just that summer, the school had come within one vote of being closed by the school board because they could not find young teachers willing to come and work at the academy.

Mr. Percy had persuaded them to let him continue to operate the school as best he could and keep looking for former students and graduates of Hylandale to come back to help operate the school. He was going around celebrating an answer to his prayers. While we appreciated such a great welcome, reality began to set in and we began to wonder if all those people who tried to discourage us from coming to Hylandale in the first place, might not have been wiser than we first thought. At any rate, we couldn't entertain this doubt for long because there was just too much to do. The Guthries moved into the girls' dorm and my wife and I into the boys' dorm. **Marvin & Beverly Schmit** had come to operate the kitchen. **Gordon Bennett** had been the former boys' dean and stayed on to teach history and a Bible class. The **Stan Maulsby family** had been helping at Hylandale while we were attending college and now lived in the big house across the creek (what had originally been the Sheppler home).

Mr. Maulsby was in charge of the construction of the administration

building and also worked many hours at Screen Arts. As most of you know, this industry, owned and operated by **Harold & Jane Hallock** employed a lot of students. This provided both an income to the school and helped many students pay their way through academy.

Mrs. Alder was in charge of the Health Haven, with **Mrs. Perone** as her assistant. **Mrs. "Dee" Daszkiewicz** was registrar, school secretary, and taught typing. **Mr. Ralph Jones** was the buyer for the school. The student body numbered 36.

A lot of reference was made to the year of the fire during that time period. Of course people meant the year the administration building burned and since that year (Fall of 1961) classes had all been held in spare rooms, dorm lobbies, the dining room (housed in girls' dorm) and occasionally the faculty homes themselves.

Progress on the new administration building consisted of the footing and under-floor plumbing and some of the concrete floors in place. There were just a few blocks laid on the outside walls.

While his wife worked as dean of girls and taught classes in English, Mr. Guthrie began to help in the construction of the new Administration building. My wife, Marjorie, supervised the laundry and taught health. She graduated from Hylandale a year behind me and had just graduated from nursing school that Spring.



I was boys' dean and took over the firewood gathering and woods crew. Most of the school buildings were still heated by wood-fired, steam boilers, so we needed a lot of it. It is hard to get heat out of green or sap-filled wood. So our goal on the woods crew that year was to not only gather the wood needed for the current school year, but have all the next year's wood supply cut and drying by early the next spring. I had a great crew, among them **David & Doug Ezler, Gary Ripley,** and **Kim Smith** are some names

that come to mind. By the end March of 1968, the wood lot was filled with cut and drying wood. This must have been something that had not happened often in the past because we sure received a lot of comments about it. Mr. Percy said the only time he ever remembered that happening in the past was when **Harry McNeilus** was a student at Hylandale and ran the woods crew.

We weren't really trying to impress anybody, but the real motivating factor in all this was that I could not forget trying to fire furnaces with green wood while a student at Hylandale. When I was first assigned the job as campus fire-man, I had such a tough time of it that even Mrs. Calkins took pity on me and let me use her fan to help create enough draft to keep the freshly cut wood burning.

By the beginning of the 1968-69 school year our enrollment was in the middle 40's. Our faculty was much the same as the previous year with the addition of the **Hansen family** and **Mr. Norwood Smith**.

The Hansen's were wheat farmers in northern Minnesota and had sent their son Dennis to Hylandale the previous year. He was joined by his sister Vernell in the Fall of 1968. When their mother heard we needed someone to take over the kitchen, she dropped everything and came to help us. Mr. Hansen joined her later when his farming was done for the season and helped work on the new Administration building, or whatever else needed doing. For a number of years while their children were attending academy, they would come and help us in the Winter months. They were the first to bring a snowmobile to the school and give all the kids and some staff members a ride across the snow covered fields and hills.



Mr. Smith, who had been a teacher at Hylandale when I was a student, returned to help as a Bible teacher and work supervisor.

Slow but steady, progress was being made on the new administration

building under the supervision of Mr. Guthrie. We were all dreaming of the day we could move into this new building and tried to help any way we could. Sometimes we gave more help than was wanted. I remember one day I took the wood crew to help and we were making fast progress laying block until Mr. Guthrie looked our work over. He allowed that we were working too hard and should take a long break and let him do that part of the building.

We weren't unemployed for long, because there was always something that needed to be done at the school. One didn't need to look long to find work to do, if you really wanted to work.

At the end of 1968-69 school year, the Guthries moved to Michigan to pursue other interests and **Miss Gillin** was to be our girls' dean for the 69-70 school year.

Don & Carolyn Angel came to help. Don was to be the maintenance man and Carolyn to be in charge of the kitchen. Carolyn had been a former student and staff member when A.W. Hallock was principal. Mrs. Angel was one of the best matrons we ever had. Her jolly spirit and good food went a long way in helping keep school morale high. Mrs. Angel also took over the duty of Hylandale Life editor.

We opened that school year with close to 50 students. Later that Fall I was asked to assume the responsibilities of being principal. Mr. Percy would continue as business manager and teacher.

The outer structure of the new Ad. building was mostly done. The roof was on and we had high hopes of seeing the inside rooms finished enough to soon begin holding classes there. Our student body was growing to a size that was hard to handle with only makeshift classrooms available.



During those years, once or twice a year, **Elder & Mrs. Wayne White** would come and spend part of their vacation with us

and my how work on the Ad. building would fly while they were with us. It was the Whites who helped over the years put so many of the finishing touches on the new Ad. building. They would come and do the work and pay for most all the materials needed. Another person that gave us invaluable help over the years was **James Baugher**. He even officially joined the faculty a couple of years to be our math and chemistry teacher.



I must take a little space to talk about our musical outreach program. It became one of our main public relation endeavors. It was my privilege to be the music director for most of the time I worked at Hylandale. Over the years we traveled to many churches in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Illinois to put on musical concerts and represent the school. There were years during the months of March, April, and early May, we hardly ever spent a weekend at the school because we were on the road with our choir and musical groups. I always tried to have a student male quartet along with the choir, as well as individual performers. But there were a few years when I couldn't find four fellows who could carry a tune well enough to sing in four part harmony, so one year we had a girls' quartet and a mixed quartet. Music was considered a very important part of our school curriculum in those years. For that matter, it has always been a Hylandale priority.

We opened the 1970-71 school year with 51 students. We had several new teachers come to join our staff. **Mr. & Mrs. Elwood Loga** came to help in the kitchen and maintenance departments. **Mr. & Mrs. Richard Rose** also joined the staff. Mrs. Rose taught English and Mr. Rose taught Bible. Mr. Angel took over the duties of boys dean and Mrs. Angel continued on as matron. **Anita Jones** (Ralph's wife) also came every day to teach higher level English, while Ralph continued on as school buyer. He was still negotiating those great deals he was always famous for.

Mrs. 'Dee' took over the girls' dean position with the departure of

Miss Gillin. Mr. Percy continued on as our business manager and math teacher. I believe this was the first year that we began to use some of the classrooms in the new administration building when the weather turned nice in the Spring. We didn't move into the kitchen and dining room for another year or so.

We started the 1971-72 school year with 55 students. **Mr. Ludwig** joined our staff as science teacher. **Mr. & Mrs. Glotzback** took over the boys' dorm. Don Angel joined Elwood Loga in the maintenance department and helped his wife with canning and such in the kitchen. **Mary and. Roger Rockwell** moved into the girls' dorm and Mrs. Dee returned to her duties as school registrar and secretary. **Ralph Jones** took over as business manager and Mr. Percy continued to teach Algebra and Bible and act as our school counselor.

It was about the this time that for a number of years our Seniors would go on Maranatha mission trips and helped to erect Adventist hospitals and churches in Inter America. .On some trips Harold Hallock flew them to their destination in a six passenger plane owned by Mulder's Nursing Home in West Salem. Mr. Percy went with them once and Mr. & Mrs. Mulder went on one of these mission trips and later the Mulders joined many other Maranatha trips to other parts of the world. Although they were not of our church they had a great love for God and for helping others to know Him. For being such a small school God helped us to get around quite a bit.



With the beginning of the 1972-73 school year, we welcomed the Guthries back to our staff. Mr. Guthrie taught a class in Earth Science, English, and General Business. Mrs. Guthrie taught English, Art, and Home Economics. **Mr. & Mrs. David Ripley** moved into the boys' dorm while Mr. Glotzback taught History, Bible, and Business. The Rockwells continued on at the girls' dorm. Mrs. Dee supervised the kitchen due to the

retirement of Mr. & Mrs. Don Angel. This was the first year in the new kitchen and dining room. The Logas left to pursue opportunities in Literature Evangelism. Mr. Percy returned to the responsibilities of business manager and continued his teaching load, and of course Ralph Jones was our school buyer.

Our student body was remaining constant at the 50-55 enrollment level. It sure was good to have a fully functioning Ad building again, even though we had only bare concrete floors and unfinished curtains, etc. It occurs to me as I try and give a little idea of that time period, that I have said little in detail about the individual students. But I could not even start that without writing a book. Just let me say, there are more than enough stories, serious and funny, tragic and happy to fill a large volume.

I will however tell one from about this time that involved me and a number of the male students. Hylandale had become known in the area as a place looking for old buildings to tear down in order to salvage lumber. There were a number of projects we had in mind. One of which was to build a repair shop for working on school cars, trucks, and tractors. At this time we were tearing down a barn along highway 16 on the way to Sparta. At the end of a particularly hot and steamy day the boys asked if we could go swimming in the La Crosse River near Rockland. I wasn't too hard to persuade and soon every one was taking a refreshing dip where the river had formed a half moon pool away from the main current. The guys found a log that would float and were soon trying to establish who could stay on the longest with the other guys trying to pull them off.



While watching them play it seemed to me we were missing someone. He was a new student and for this story I shall call him "Bob". I knew I had seen him in the water. I was sure he had been on the log when the guys first pushed it into the water. I shouted to **Brad Knutson** "Where is Bob?!"

Brad gave me a puzzled look and I said I don't think he ever came up when he was pushed off the log. Brad had had some life saving training as a swimmer and asked "Where did he go down?" I pointed to the place I had last seen him and Brad quickly swam to that spot and dived down. It seemed he was down a long time. The water must have been around ten feet in depth in this swimming hole and was not all clear enough to see anyone, even if your eyes were opened under the water.

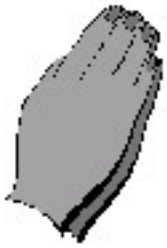
All Brad could do was feel blindly about, hoping to locate Bob. Brad finally returned to the surface to grab a breath of air, and said " I couldn't find him, but I'm going again!" I remember offering a silent prayer that Brad would be able to find Bob before it was too late. It wasn't as long this time before the surface of the water broke and Bob came straight up out of the water with Brad right under him. As soon as he hit the air, Bob started coughing and spitting out the river water, fighting to get his breath. Brad brought him safely to shore where he soon recovered and was breathing normally.

I asked Bob "Did you get caught on something under the water?" "No," was his answer.

"Did you hit your head or were you stunned in some way?" "No."

"Well, what did happen?" I finally asked. His answer was so quiet I could hardly hear it. "I can't swim".

It was my turn to be stunned and I asked "Then why did you ever get into the water?" He replied "I didn't want the other guys to know".



"You almost drowned, Bob, " I responded "worrying too much what others might think almost cost you your life."

I said a silent prayer of thanksgiving while Bob and I sat on the river bank, watching the others who, now that the tragedy had been adverted, returned to their fun as if nothing out of the ordinary had

happened. But when it was time to load up and return to the academy, the guys thought we all should give thanks to God that Bob was not drowned. So, we bowed our heads and prayed together. Bob was overcome with emotion as he thanked Brad for saving his life. Brad said something like "I'm sure glad you didn't weigh anymore."

To me this stands out as one of God's greatest miracles in our behalf while I was principal at Hylandale, and there were many miracles. Brad is a storyteller but I've never heard him tell this story, at least not in my presence, but I thank God for what he did through Brad that day. Brad was a true life saving hero.

As the 1973-74 school year began, **Mrs. Blanch Burdick** came to be our girls' dean. The Rockwells had entered the Literature Evangelism work full time and needed to move in order to meet the demands of Mr.Rockwell's territory. **Mr. & Mrs. Ron Norton** came to join our faculty. Mrs. Norton served as our Matron, while Mr. Norton worked as our maintenance man and taught some industrial arts, such as welding and plumbing. My brother and his wife came to help around this time**. Jon Lawson** took over the wood crew and taught class in math. His wife, **Pam,** took over the laundry . Our student body still continued to grow.

I should say, that starting in 1971 we began to have former students and graduates come back to serve as staff at the school. They had been students we taught when we first came to Hylandale. As might be expected, they proved to be some of our best help over the years. The Rockwells and the Ripleys are examples of such. Come to think of it, most of Hylandale's staff during these years had attended as students at some point in time; not all, but a high percentage.

We opened the 1974-75 school year with a total of 64 students. Needless to say, our dorms were bulging. One girl said, you had to suck in your breath and stand real tall in order to fit everybody in . I recall we took



part of the girls' dorm lobby and made it into two additional rooms. The girls' dorm had ten rooms upstairs that were suitable for two girls per room. Even with the additional rooms, we could only comfortably house 24 to 26 girls. That year we opened with 32.

It was almost as crowded on the boys' side of the campus where we were trying to house 28. Usually after the start of the school year the enrollment will go down a bit. Homesickness, dissatisfaction, or something of the like, but this year, the student body increased during the school year and we ended the year with 70 students. We had a grand total of 80 for much of the year.

This year Blanch Burdick was again our girls' dean. This was my fifth year as principal. Mr. Percy was still teaching Math. Jonathan Lawson was teaching Government, Geography, and Algebra. Dave and Lynn Ripley were again in charge of our boys' dorm and taught business and crafts. Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie taught classes in English, Science, and Art. James Baugher was our chemistry and Trigonometry teacher. Mr. & Mrs. Norton carried their same responsibilities as maintenance man and Matron, while teaching classes in their respective fields.

Boyd and Martha Jones came to be in charge of the Health Haven. Mr. Percy was business manager. Mrs. Dee was still our registrar and school secretary. **Mr. & Mrs. Rockwell** moved close by and helped us on a part-time basis. She as assistant matron and he as a work supervisor.

We were always on the look out for suitable industry that would work well into our work study program and help us to teach young people practical skills and at the same time help bring in money for the school. Mr. Jon Lawson was working at restoring some kind of farm income and one day while we were getting a tire fixed for the school tractor I happened to wander into an adjoining building. I found a man building farm wagon



running gears and mentioned to Jon that I thought we could do something like that at the school. He agreed. Soon after I had an opportunity to share this idea with **Harry McNeilus** of Dodge Center, Minnesota. Harry was a former Hylandale student and owned a steel supply business in Dodge Center, Minnesota. He said he would donate enough steel for us to build a wagon or two. We were off and running. Before long we had added the



fabrication of (Hay) bale catching racks. We built a few prototypes and I went out and talked to implement dealers. In less than a week we had orders enough to keep us busy for a year.

For the next three years, this industry provided a substantial income for the school; helping to supplement staff salaries and needed improvements. It was not problem-free and not without its critics, but some good things happened as a result of it. Funds were donated to erect a new building in which the industry was housed. Many of the young men became excellent welders while building wagons and bale racks. We made great contacts and relationships with the surrounding farming community. For the most part, farmers who used our wagons liked them and said they held up well. I am told that there was trouble with some welds holding when some surplus steel that had been stored outside was used, but for the most part, we had few complaints.

Mr. Guthrie was running a sign making endeavor that taught students skills in woodworking. Wood signs were built for the local businesses in the area. As you can tell, everyone was very busy indeed. These, for the most part, were good times for the school. God blessed the school with many successes. We were not without problems. We were soon to face one of the most rapid inflationary periods anyone had ever experienced. Electricity and fuel oil more than doubled in a few months. I remember starting the school year with fuel oil at 12 cents a gallon, then within 6 months it rose to 64 cents a gallon.

As the 1975-76 school year started, most of our staff remained in place. The Nortons accepted a position at a large Seventh Day Adventist church and **Mrs. Diane Weirather** came to be our matron and home economics teacher.

The school farm once again had a small dairy operation going. Using the stone walls of where the old Percy Hallock home had burned years before, Mr. Jon Lawson and his crew built a small barn, and added on an approved milk house. Through the generous donations of the McNeilus family and others, a well was drilled and silo erected. Harley Mikesell, the farm manager of years before, donated stanchions, milkers, a vacuum pump and lines. We even had people donate some cows. Before long, we had a little milking herd of 12 cows. Ralph Jones still was our school purchaser and Anita was teaching private piano lessons to many of the students.

As the 1976-77 year approached, because of the severity of the inflationary spiral, the school board voted to increase tuition substantially. This was a necessary move, but many families were already feeling the financial pinch. Some who had been planning on sending their children to Hylandale decided they had better send them to public school. So, for the first time in ten years, our enrollment declined. With tuition income down and expenses rapidly climbing, it became difficult to balance everything out. The spirit and confidence of our staff was good and so we moved ahead in faith and prayer that God would help us through. Most of the staff continued on in their previous positions. Pam Lawson, Jon's wife, assumed the responsibilities as matron with the departure of Mrs. Weirather.

Gary Ripley came to join the staff as assistant boys' dean and a work supervisor. Mrs. Daszkiewicz, after so many years of faithful and dedicated service, accepted another position elsewhere.. In addition to her duties as girls' dean; Mrs. Burdick became school registrar and secretary.

It was during this year that Mr. Guthrie sought and received



permission from the board to borrow enough money to erect a new building in which to house his woodworking business. Taking a loan for the expansion of the steel fabricating building was approved at the same time. Perhaps, in retrospect, it was a poor time to try expanding, but over the years these buildings have more than proved their worth and have been instrumental in helping keep some outreach work going at Hylandale to the present time. In spite of mounting financial difficulties, we had a good school year with so many blessings.

At the beginning of the 1977-78 school year, Mrs. Burdick left the girls' dorm and concentrated on her duties as registrar and secretary. Mr. & Mrs. David Ripley changed dorms. Mrs. Ripley became the girls' dean and Mr. Ripley concentrated more on the business affairs of the school. The size of the student body had a rebound somewhat, but it was still a very difficult time.



The David & Carolyn Broers family came to take over the boys' dorm. The Broers had been neighbors a few years before when Dave was working as the Drug and Alcohol Prevention & Intervention counselor for a nearby county. From there they had accepted a position with Hinsdale Sanitarium & Hospital. After a term of service there, they came back to join our staff at Hylandale.

My last year as principal of Hylandale was the 1978-79 school year. We had our share of critics and doom sayers on the outside, but this was never a part of the faculty on campus. They worked faithfully and tirelessly in most cases for little or no compensation to speak of. Of course we didn't always agree, but there was never much bitterness or rancor. During my last year as principal, **The Findlays** and **The Glicks** came to help at the school. Mrs. Findlay was matron and Mr. Findlay helped with the industrial endeavors. Mr. Glick took over as farm manager. Mr. Jon Lawson became boys' dean while the Broers accepted other positions. The Glicks both

taught classes for the school as well.

Because of many contributing factors, after prayerful consideration, I resigned as principal at the end of the 1978-79 school year. My wife and I had been there for 12 years; 9 1/2 of which I served as principal. It was a privilege to meet and work with all those young people, and with all those staff members who joined their efforts with mine in the operations of Hylandale. Someone asked me the other day if knowing what I know now, would I still have made the decision to return to Hylandale. In all honesty, I would have to answer, "yes". I believe God wanted me there during those years and if you could read some of the letters that students who attended Hylandale during those years have written to me, telling of what Hylandale meant to them, and how it has helped them later in life, you would know why. I am glad to have been a little part of Hylandale history.

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Life

Written by Mike McNeilus for Sophomore English class in 1981

Life is a chance that we get today
For living and learning and going our way.
Life can be long, life can be short,
Life can be fun, life can be sport.
Life is a story filled with glory.
Life is for living, life is for giving,
Life is for sharing, life is for caring.
Life is the time that we are allotted
For things to be worked and things to be plotted.
We live life each day, as we go on our way
And as we pass by we seldom ask why
Or take time to look or pause by a brook.
Life can be great when for Jesus we wait.





PLANE CRASH OVER ALASKA

by Doug Flahaut

I found myself at the age of 24 in Alaska flying airplanes on wheels and floats as a bush pilot making $60 per hour. I was living out my dream of being both Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, and flying. Flying was everything to me. I had my flying license before I could legally drive a car. I had it all.

Aug 20, 1978, Sunday, just off Kodiak Island, Taylor aircraft BC 12D on floats, 85 HP, 1946 airplane. I was spotting salmon for a fleet of fishing boats. I took off out of Karluk Lake and headed out over the ocean swerving suddenly to head toward a boat, but not one of ours. They had out their purseine net. The boat had hold of one end of the net while the skiff took the other end. They were turning toward each other so that the net would make a large circle. They would take long aluminum poles with cups at the ends and would splash these in the water to make bubbles in the open slot. The salmon would stay away from the bubbles and just swim around following the edge of the net, not even going down and out. Once they get that all together they purse the net. With the floats on the top and lead weights on the bottom, the line connected around the bottom of the net is pulled in and that purses the bottom, thus closing it off. The net is then pulled closer to the boat till all they have is back-to-back, flopping fish. They use a second smaller brail net to hoist them into the boat hold until they get the purse net

almost empty; then all hands grab hold of it and pull it in over the edge of the boat. Now they are standing in knee-deep fish which they kick over the edge into the hold.

As the spotter of fish I would look and find salmon. I would fly over them and determine where a school was headed, what kind and how many there were and if they had been up the rivers or not. If I saw any boat that had some wrapped fish I would immediately go over to find what kind they had in their net. This made my job easy; I would know what fish were in the area then, and would report this information back to my fleet.



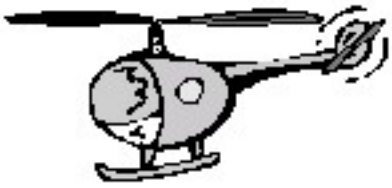
My habit was that I was a hotshot. I was bullet proof. I would tip the plane so that the left wing tip was straight down and I was making a very small circle over the net. Usually in one complete revolution at 80 feet over the water I could get all the info I needed. The problem this day was that there were wind gusts up to 80 miles per hour. My plane only went 83 mph. That is not enough difference to keep from stalling. I got a gust from the tail which dropped my airspeed down and I stalled. It rolled the plane over on its back and down I went. What must have been the surprise of those on the boat to see a strange plane fly close over their net and then crash into it? I'm under water from the first minute, but the plane is still floating. The fishermen jump into their skiff and zoom over to the plane and then jump into the water.

I want to stop here and express to you how cold the water is. One time I was out fishing with my friends, Wild Bill and Ralph, an Eskimo. Our net got caught in the propeller so we drifted closer to shore where it was only chest deep in water so that one of us would go under to cut the net loose. Ralph couldn't swim and since I've been a lifeguard all my life, I volunteered to do it. I can normally hold my breath for 3 minutes but when I hit that water I had no control of my breathing. All I could do was gasp a

breath every two seconds. I could not stop. They pulled me back in the boat and the Eskimo had to do it anyway. That water is really cold.

Back to the story. The fishermen dive in to save me but find the plane doors jammed. They keep trying but without success till the plane sinks down past 15 feet deep. The plane continues to sink down to somewhere between 100 to 200 feet deep. The men go back to their big boat quick and head for shore slowly dragging a net load of salmon, seaweed, maybe a seal, the plane, and me, unconscious. I had been "lucky." I had just happened to crash right into their net.

They are now close to shore in about 15 feet of water. They jump back in the skiff and come back after me. They break the plane's skylight, cut me loose and drag me out. We estimated that I was 15 to 20 minutes under the water for all this to take place. Now it also just happened that they had a good radio on the boat so that they could call for help. The signal was not strong enough to reach Kodiak Island but the message was passed on from village to village by radio till it reached Kodiak where the largest U.S. Coast Guard base in the world is located. It just happened that a rescue helicopter was warming up at the time the call came in. It was fully manned and equipped and about to go out for a practice session, just sitting there on the pad with the rotors turning. It just happened.



The fisherman give me mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, bundle me up and wait for the chopper to arrive. The base is 150 miles away, so by the time I get to a hospital about two and a half hours pass. When they take my temperature at the hospital it is still too low to register on the thermometer. My brother who lived nearby, and my girlfriend, who worked at the hospital, were called in to identify me. I was still unconscious. Usually seriously injured patients were medivaced over to

Anchorage to the better facilities there. But the doctors figured I would not live so they decided not to. However a young boy had fallen off a cliff and seriously injured his back so they were going to fly him to Anchorage and thus they kind of threw Doug in also.

At Anchorage the doctor that specialized in backs had gone fishing (my back was fractured in two places) so I was sent over to the hospital at the Air Force base.



Can you imagine that phone call to my parents. We think we are bullet proof when we're young but we are far from it. Think before you leap. The decisions that you make in a moment sometimes change the rest of your life and maybe all eternity. When you're in the car with "friends" and one passes over some drugs, "try it, or are you chicken."? This is one of those decisions. Really you must make that decision ahead of time that with Christ's help all your steps will be God directed.

My parents flew up and stood by my bedside for over a week. The doctors said, "He will not live or if he does he will be a vegetable." But I came to and would start asking my dad questions, "What happened?" Then I would go unconscious again. In and out, over and over again. They flew me to Seattle, closer to where my folks lived and finally I stayed conscious. I noticed that when someone came to visit me his face turned white. I knew I must look a mess. One time when no one was there I took my IV on wheels and stumbled over to the mirror to see what I looked like. My jaw was broken, I was missing quite a few teeth and as I looked into the mirror, I said to myself, "That's the end of any normal life that you will ever have."

But the thought also came to me at that moment, at 3:00 am, that everything I had ever done in my 24 years of life I had done for Doug. I made a vow with God that that record would change. I did not want it put

on my tombstone that Doug only lived for himself. I determined that I would invest myself in other people.

First, in my mind, I needed a wife. I lay there going over the list of all the girls I knew. And I knew that my current girlfriend of three years was not the one. I checked off this one then that one till I came to Luanne Hallock.. And I knew that no one could hold a candle to Luanne. We were good friends. I knew that she was a good Christian and I wasn't. That was the problem. I knew that she would not have me the way I was. So I went



over the list again but no one else even came close. Amazingly, at the time I crashed into the water, Luanne who was visiting in Indonesia was very strongly impressed to pray for me. We were not corresponding but when she got back she came to visit me at my folks home. I was getting somewhat stronger now but my teeth were wired shut so all my meals had to go through a straw. Luanne, in her humor, brought me a three foot straw all curved around, with which I ate pizza or peanut butter sandwiches or anything else that I could whiz up with milk in the blender.

The doctors had said, "He won't live." Then later "He may live, but won't ever walk." Later that same year I went parasailing, flew planes again and went back to work in Alaska. While living on Mission Lake where I kept my plane, living in a small trailer, one night I heard a voice say clearly, "Marry Luanne." I got out of my bunk to see who was there. No one. I heard it again.

Weeks later I finally got up enough courage to ask her. I stumbled "I want you to be thinking about possibly marrying me because I'm thinking of asking you." I had not even kissed her yet.

Her reply, "If you are going to ask me, ask me!" So I did. And she said, I'll think about it."

We became Mr. and Mrs. Doug Flahaut in June 1979 and I am still

keeping the vow I made to God to invest myself in other people, both for now and for eternity. How is it with you? What do you want on your tombstone?

Many in this world think that God does not exist, or if He does, that He doesn't pay much attention to us. They say that all of this was just coincidental. But I know God, my heavenly Father of which it is said, "Nothing is too great for Him to bear, for He holds up worlds, He rules over the affairs of the universe. Nothing that in any way concerns our peace is too small for Him to notice. The relations between God and each soul are as distinct and full as though there were not another soul upon the earth to share His watch care, not another soul for whom He gave His beloved Son." Steps to Christ p. 100.

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Sequel

After their honeymoon down the Yukon River in a canoe for 500 miles they came to help us at Hylandale. Doug was boys' dean and taught some classes during the next two years. (1979-81) but as Carl Jones had come to take care of the boys Doug decided to go back to Walla Walla College and finish his schooling. This he did but they returned to us in 1984 after graduation.



This time they lived with and took care of Grandpa Percy. Doug taught classes that year, made Boomerangs growth charts and other decorative wood products and later took over the running of the Hylandale Steel Shop which Duane Bennett had been operating. Our Steel Shop caters to the business men and farmers around including the Amish who many

times bring their machinery for Doug to help them figure out how to do different operations without the use of electricity. The shop is still open (2005) and he has built a huge bicycle which stands at the main corner going into Sparta to advertise the Bike Trail. The wheel is eighteen feet high and the rider's head towers up to 26 feet. Folks from the Children's Museum in La Crosse have found him just who they needed to help them build a replica of the Mississippi River flowage and we find more and more people calling him for their needs. One hardly ever can go up to the shop without finding someone there because they want to talk to Doug. (many times on religious subjects.) He is also a local elder and a favorite Pathfinder leader for our church . Luanne is a registered nurse and worked several years as such, taught our church school for a couple of years, teaches special classes in the community, and is a favorite of all of the children .

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Continuing On

Dan and Carole Pratt came in 1979. He became our Principal and Carole was a real blessing with the music! They had two little ones, Honali and Zack. They led out for two years and were able to take the whole school on a mission trip to Mexico which was a highlight in the memory of many of our students. Dan was able to come back a couple years later and helped the school and did some work at the "Sawdust Factory" which Dennis Lawrence had started as an industry in the wood shop. (They made beautiful wood picture frames.) Dan had to be gone part of the time but was a great help when he was here and helped with another trip to Mexico at this time.



Another teacher who was here during this time was Mike Polski who

had graduated from College and was teaching while waiting to get into medical school. After talking to a Adventist Doctor whom we met in Mexico on one of our trips he decided to take his training in Guadalajara, Mexico, which he did. Today he is a M.D. working in Texas.

Marilyn and Darrell Brown, arrived in the spring of 1981 and stayed until the fall of 1985. It was a blessing to have Marilyn take over the girls dorm and also the kitchen work when needed. There was always more maintenance work than could be done so Darrell had plenty to do, also. Carl and Donna Jones were in the boys dorm and we were ever so grateful for Carl and his crew of boys who braved the heights and put a new roof on the girls dorm.



Many of these folks took over different jobs when needed changing from dean to matron to registrar to teacher or whatever was most important.

Ralph and Anita Jones daughter, Shelaine, married Duane Bennett class of '72. Duane served as boys dean and was able to start the Steel Shop for the school under a plan that Linden McNeilus had devised. He furnished the material to begin and paid back by a certain percentage each month. Duane and Shelaine also took over Ralph Jones' farm and have been wonderful neighbors as he is a carpenter and as such he is always being called upon to help here and there. He is also our Church Elder.

Rick and Twyla Hallock filled in one year at the girl's dorm and Rick worked in La Crosse to make a living. After moving to their own home in the valley they have spent many hours volunteering their time to help where needed. Anita Jones served as principal for a year. Mike and Jane Brown came and we tried hard to keep the school going, We had payed off the debt on the buildings with help from faithful donors but had no money to pay teachers They were good teachers. (and very musical) We knew how hard it would be to ever start up again but when the state authorities insisted on a new well before we could use the dormitories and also we had to have

a new sewer system we chose not to borrow more. Many folks in the valley kept students in their homes but not enough money was generated this way.

Since closing the boarding academy in 1986 we have gradually paid off all our debts and have a sewer system that could handle several hundred people. We have drilled a new well and our water passes the tests for public drinking. We continue having Church services in our main building each week and the boy's dorm has been turned into a nice home where our youth pastor currently lives. Our Church School still operates with Danielle Lawson as our teacher. The girls dorm still stands but is in need of repair. We are hoping to repair the Health Home soon as it is also in much need and we could use it to good advantage for our summer Mega-Book programs.

Brief notes from all around:

"Hylandale was home to me. I was made a member of one large family. It was an institution dedicated to instill in its young people the desire to 'love the Lord'." John Botttsford

"I really appreciate what Hylandale taught me about work and the enjoyment that comes from a job well done." Larry Perry

"While at Hylandale Academy I learned that if the goal was set and you worked with unrelenting persistence, nothing was impossible." Brad Knudson

"Those years at Hylandale made a big impression on me. I believe it would do every young person good to experience at least some of the things we had at 'Hy'." Otis Arms

"I have many fond memories of Hylandale where it was my privilege to work side by side with A.W. Hallock who taught me many practical things, such as how to run the sawmill, do carpenter work and make brick. His virtuous life also made an indelible impression on me. It was at Hylandale I made my decision to follow the Lord all the way and to enter the colporteur work which lasted 27 years." Hiram Eley

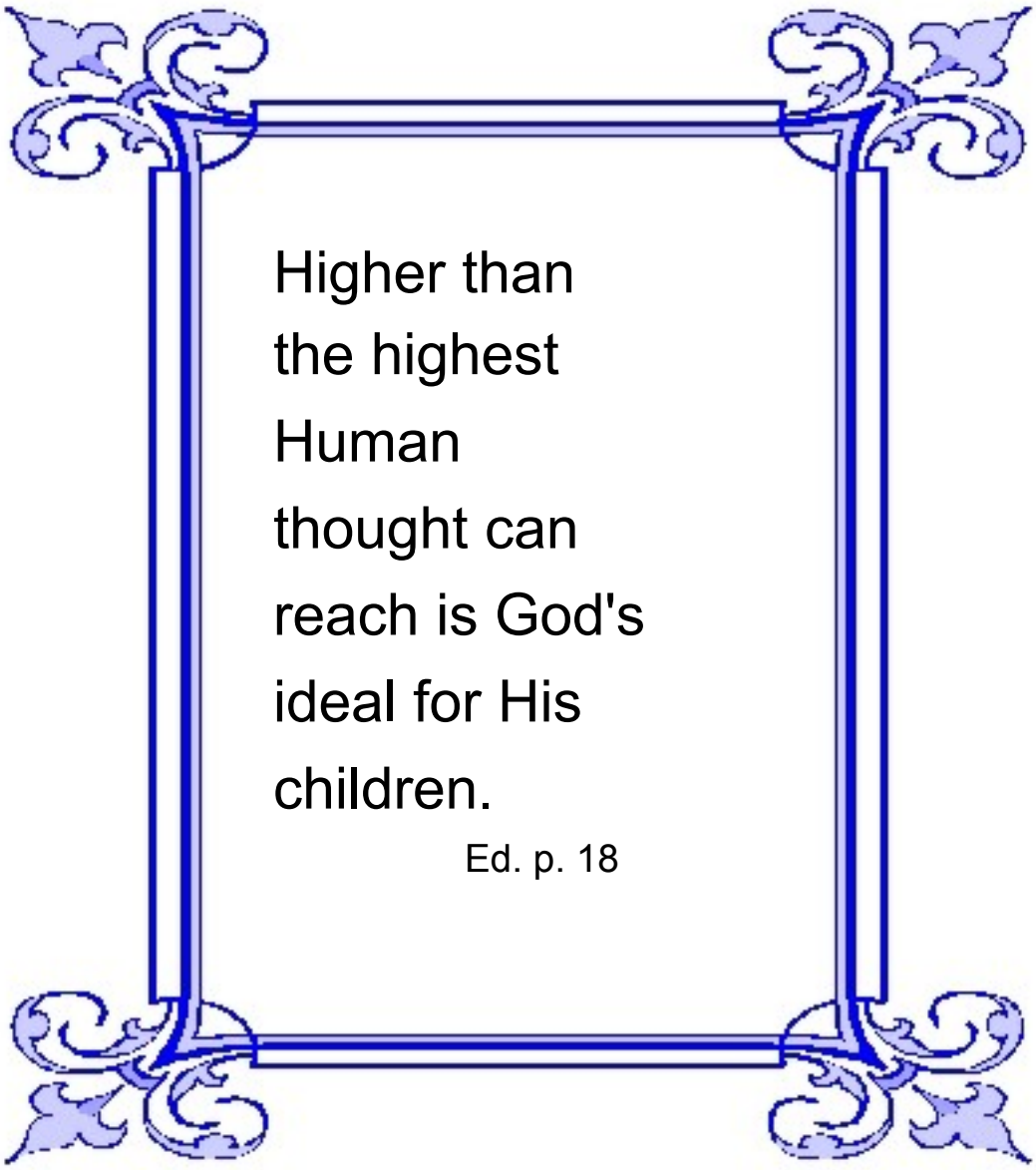
"I really appreciate what Hylandale taught me about work and the enjoyment that comes from a job well done. I'm still working in the woods." David Eszler

WHERE?

By Leburta Guthrie Nash

Where did the students of yesteryear go?
Are they spreading more light? Does anyone know?
Growing mid shadows that never settled around
Reaching more light that in Christ can be found.
Such Witness like flowers, will brighten the day
O'er many who struggle in sins disarray.
I'm sure that through the world they bound
Many would like to hear where you can be found.
It's always refreshing as stories are told
Of blessings and wonders from Hylandale unfold.
Like the schools of the prophets for God's special time
We loved and remembered the school bells chime.
Precious the memories of Northern Lights on the hill
And the lime stone rocks with evergreen frills.
A place of God's choosing, God's man humble and true
Has lead many to Christ who God's truth never knew.
All lived there protected by God, lest some fell
We learned many lessons and learned very well.
Many ex-students have traveled the wide world o'er
Telling all people God's mercy is sure.
So tell us your stories of His love and care
We think of you often but we question "Just where?"

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Higher than
the highest
Human
thought can
reach is God's
ideal for His
children.

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